

The Midnight Toy Market



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Midnight Toy Market

Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN



Ethan had a favorite toy: a silver airplane with a broken propeller. Every night, he wished he could fix it. One evening, Grandpa Tobin, the old man from next door, whispered, "Follow the fireflies behind the train station at midnight. There's a market for toys like yours." Ethan's eyes widened. He clutched his airplane and waited for midnight.



At midnight, Ethan tiptoed behind the old train station. Fireflies danced in the dark, and a hidden market appeared! Stalls overflowed with tiny wheels, shiny buttons, and colorful fabric patches. A brass mouse with a red ribbon and a thimble hat scurried up. "Welcome to the Midnight Toy Market! I'm Pip. Need a repair?" Ethan nodded, amazed.



Pip led Ethan to a stall where Grandpa Tobin sat fixing a teddy bear. His white beard was fluffy, and his round spectacles twinkled. "Hello, Ethan! Let's see your airplane." He examined the broken propeller. "A new spring and a small screw will fix this right up." Ethan watched as Grandpa Tobin worked with gentle hands.



Grandpa Tobin explained, "Every midnight, toys come here for a second chance. We fix them instead of throwing them away." Ethan looked around. Toys of all kinds waited patiently: a doll with a torn dress, a robot with a loose arm, a wooden train with a missing wheel. "This is amazing!" Ethan said. "Can I help?" Grandpa Tobin smiled. "Of course!"



Just then, Mrs. Patchwork bustled over. Her patchwork coat swished as she walked. "We have a problem!" she announced. "Our supplies are running low. No more springs, no more wheels, no more fabric patches!" Pip squeaked, "Without materials, we can't fix the toys. The market might have to close!" Ethan's heart sank. He had to help.



Ethan thought hard. "Where do you get your supplies?" he asked. Mrs. Patchwork sighed. "We used to find them in junk yards, but people throw away less now. We're running out." Pip's wire whiskers drooped. "If we can't repair toys, they'll end up in the trash." Ethan looked at his airplane and had an idea.



Ethan remembered all the unused things at home: a jar of buttons, old fabric scraps, a box of springs, and even a broken clock. "I can bring supplies!" he said. "My house is full of things we don't use anymore." Grandpa Tobin's eyes sparkled. "That's a wonderful idea, Ethan! Every little bit helps."



Ethan raced home and searched through drawers and closets. He found a tin of buttons Grandma had saved, a bag of fabric scraps from Mom's sewing, and a box of springs from an old machine. He filled a basket and hurried back to the market. Pip cheered when she saw him. "You're back! And look at all these treasures!"



Mrs. Patchwork clapped her hands. "These buttons are perfect for the doll's eyes!" She showed Ethan how to sew a patch onto the teddy bear's paw. "See? Old scraps become new again." Ethan smiled. He helped sort the supplies, and soon the repairers were busy fixing toys. The market buzzed with happy voices.



As the night went on, Ethan learned to use a tiny screwdriver. He tightened the robot's arm and replaced the train's wheel. Grandpa Tobin said, "You have a gift, Ethan. You see potential where others see junk." Ethan felt proud. He watched as each toy was repaired, its owner's face lighting up with joy.



But then Pip ran up, her gears whirring. "We've used up the last spring! The music box can't be fixed." The repairers looked worried. Ethan thought about the box of springs at home. "I'll be right back!" he said, and dashed home again. He returned with a handful of springs and a coil of wire. "Will these work?"



Grandpa Tobin fitted a spring into the music box. It played a sweet tune. "Perfect!" he said. Mrs. Patchwork hugged Ethan. "You saved the market! With your help, we have enough materials for weeks." The toys cheered. Ethan's airplane was fixed too, its propeller spinning smoothly. He flew it around the market, and everyone clapped.



At the end of the night, Grandpa Tobin gave Ethan a small brass key. "This is for you. Whenever you need us, come back at midnight. And remember, repairing and reusing is better than throwing away." Ethan promised to return. He waved goodbye as the market faded with the sunrise, but the key stayed in his pocket.



Back home, Ethan told his family about the market. They laughed, thinking it was a dream. But Ethan knew it was real. He started a box for unused items and told his friends about the joy of fixing things. "Don't throw it away," he'd say. "It might have a new life!" His airplane sat proudly on his shelf, good as new.



The next midnight, Ethan returned with a wagon full of supplies. Grandpa Tobin and Mrs. Patchwork greeted him warmly. Pip wore a new ribbon. "The market is saved thanks to you!" she squeaked. Ethan felt happy. He had made a difference, and he had new friends who valued the same things he did.



And so, behind the old train station, the Midnight Toy Market continues to open every night. Toys are repaired, stories are shared, and friendships grow. Ethan learned that fixing and reusing objects can be more meaningful than replacing them. And sometimes, the best adventures are found in the most unexpected places, with friends who help make old things new again.