

The Glass Giant



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

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On a quiet hill above a foggy valley lived Jasper, a giant made of glass. His body was clear with a soft blue-green tint, and a faint golden light glowed in his chest like a heart. He wore a simple belt of green vines and no shoes. Jasper loved the hill, but he kept very still. One small bump, he worried, could crack his clear body into a thousand pieces.



Every morning, Jasper watched the sun rise over the foggy valley. He saw birds fly and clouds drift, but he never joined them. "The world is full of sharp corners," he said to himself. So he stayed on his hill, careful and kind, polishing his glass arms with soft moss. He wished he could help someone, but he was afraid to move too much.



One day, a sound floated up the hill: a wooden flute playing a wandering tune. Jasper peered down and saw a young woman in a mustard-yellow cloak. Her curly dark hair was tied in a loose bun, and a leather satchel hung at her side. She looked up at him with hazel eyes. "Hello!" she called. "I'm Mara, and I'm lost. Can you help me find my way?"



Jasper knelt down slowly, afraid to make a sound. "I am made of glass," he said. "I might break if I help you." Mara smiled warmly. "Even glass can be kind," she said. "I just need someone to point the way through this foggy valley. I have been walking in circles for hours." Jasper looked at her tired face and felt his golden heart glow a little brighter.



Mara sat on a smooth stone and told Jasper about her travels. She played her flute for him, and the notes danced in the air. Jasper listened, and his pale-blue eyes glowed softly. "Your music is beautiful," he said. "But I am too fragile to go down into the valley. What if I trip and shatter?" Mara shook her head. "You don't have to go anywhere. Just help me from here."



Jasper raised one clear hand and pointed toward the east. "The path to your village is that way," he said. "Follow the line of pine trees, then turn left at the big grey rock." But the fog was thick, and Mara could not see the trees. She sighed. "I need a light," she said. Jasper looked at his transparent body and wondered what he could do.



Just then, a sunbeam broke through the clouds. It struck Jasper's glass shoulder and scattered into a thousand tiny rainbows. Mara gasped. "Jasper! Your body makes sunbeam patterns!" She clapped her hands. "If you stand in the sunlight, you can shine a path for me!" Jasper blinked. He had never noticed that before. He moved carefully into the light, and his glass body sparkled with colors.



Jasper turned this way and that, and the sunbeam patterns danced across the foggy valley. A glowing path of light appeared on the ground, leading toward the east. "Follow the light!" Jasper called. Mara waved her thanks and hurried down the hill, her yellow cloak flapping. Jasper watched until she was safe on the right path, his heart glowing warm with joy.



From that day on, Jasper practiced making sunbeam patterns every sunny morning. He learned to tilt his head and stretch his arms so the light fell just right. The patterns were beautiful, and the birds and butterflies came to dance in them. Jasper still worried about breaking, but he felt a little braver. He had helped someone, and nothing had shattered.



Then one evening, a thick fog rolled into the valley, thicker than ever before. It swallowed the trees and the path, and travelers got lost in the grey swirl. Jasper heard voices calling from below, frightened and tired. He knew he had to help, but the sun had set, and there were no sunbeams to reflect. What could he do?



Jasper remembered the golden light in his chest. It was not sunlight, but it was warm and bright. He took a deep breath and let his heart glow as strongly as it could. Then he held out his clear arms, and the light shone through them, spreading a soft golden glow into the fog. A glowing path appeared, gentle and welcoming.



Below, a small family in grey and brown wool coats saw the light. They held their lanterns and walking sticks and followed the glowing path step by step. Jasper kept his arms steady, even though his glass body trembled. "This way!" he called softly. "You are almost safe!" The fog swirled around him, but his light shone through it like a friendly star.



The family reached the top of the hill and saw Jasper for the first time. "You are made of glass!" said the little child, eyes wide. "But you helped us!" Jasper smiled, and his pale-blue eyes glowed. "Being fragile does not mean I cannot help," he said. The family thanked him and continued on their way, safe and warm. Jasper felt his heart glow brighter than ever.



Mara returned to the hill a few days later with a woven blanket for Jasper's shoulders. "I heard you saved a family in the fog," she said. "You are a hero!" Jasper shook his head. "I am just a glass giant who learned to shine," he said. But he wore the blanket proudly, and his sunbeam patterns danced across the valley every sunny day.



Now Jasper is not lonely anymore. Travelers wave to him from the valley, and he waves back carefully. He still lives on his quiet hill, but he knows his glass body can reflect sunlight and his golden heart can glow in the fog. He has learned that being careful is good, but being kind is even better. And sometimes, being fragile is a special kind of strong.



So if you ever get lost in a foggy valley, look up at the quiet hill. You might see a glass giant with a kind heart, shining a glowing path just for you. And you will know that even the most delicate things can help, and that a clear heart is the brightest light of all.