

The Violin of Four Seasons



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Violin of Four Seasons

Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN



Leo lived in a cottage at the edge of a meadow, where the wind always carried a tune. He was nine years old, with warm light brown skin, wavy chestnut hair, and a small freckle on each cheek. He loved music more than anything, and he carried his worn violin case everywhere he went. Every morning, he played a little song to greet the sun.



One day, Leo's grandmother, Mira, called him to her garden. She was short and stooped, with silver hair in a loose bun and a forest-green shawl embroidered with leaves. From a wooden chest, she lifted a violin that glowed like honey. "This violin is special," she said. "It plays the music of the seasons. Take it, and listen well."



Leo took the violin home and placed it gently on his bed. The moment he touched the strings, the room filled with the sweet scent of spring flowers. The violin sang a happy melody, light and quick, like birds hopping on new leaves. Leo laughed and danced around his room, and the violin seemed to laugh with him. "Spring!" he cried. "You play spring!"



All spring, the violin sang cheerful tunes that made the daffodils nod. Leo played it in the garden while a small songbird with glossy blue-black feathers and a white chest chirped along. Leo named the bird Pip. Pip wore a thin red thread around one leg like a tiny bracelet, and he followed Leo everywhere, echoing each bright note with a happy trill.



When summer arrived, the violin's music changed. It played lively rhythms, fast and warm, like crickets humming in the tall grass. Leo tapped his feet and Pip fluttered in time. Together, they marched through the meadow, and the violin's song made the sunflowers sway. Leo discovered that the magical violin had a new voice for every season, and he loved each one.



Autumn came with golden leaves and cool air. The violin's music turned soft and gentle, like a lullaby whispered to falling leaves. Leo played under a maple tree, and the harmonies floated up like smoke. Pip perched on a branch and sang a quiet echo. Leo felt calm and cozy, and he understood that the violin was sharing the season's secrets with him.



Then winter arrived, and the violin played quiet, sleepy lullabies. Snowflakes drifted down as Leo played by the window, and the music was as soft as a blanket. Pip puffed up his feathers and nestled close. Leo smiled, for even in the cold, the violin found a warm song to share. Each season brought a new melody, and Leo treasured them all.



But one morning, the violin got stuck. No matter how Leo played, it would only repeat one tune—a bouncy summer rhythm that didn't fit the snowy world outside. Leo tried and tried, but the violin refused to change. Pip chirped worriedly. "What's wrong?" Leo whispered. The violin's magic felt tangled, like a knot that wouldn't come undone.



Leo ran to Grandmother Mira's cottage, his scuffed shoes leaving prints in the snow. Mira listened to the stuck tune and nodded slowly. "The violin has forgotten the other seasons," she said. "You must help it remember." She tapped her walking stick, and the brass bell tied to it jingled. "Go into the countryside and collect sounds from nature. Every season has a song to share."



Leo set off with his violin case and Pip on his shoulder. He walked through the snowy fields, listening. He heard the crunch of his boots and the whisper of wind through bare branches. He cupped his hands and blew a soft, snowy note. Pip chirped it back. Leo tucked the sound into his memory, like a treasure in a pocket.



As Leo walked, the air grew warmer, and the snow melted into spring. He heard birds singing and brooks bubbling. He stopped to listen to the drip-drip of melting ice and the rustle of new leaves. Pip fluttered ahead, scouting for sounds. Leo collected them all—the patter of rain, the hum of bees—and his heart filled with hope.



Then summer returned, and Leo heard crickets and cicadas buzzing in the grass. He listened to the rush of a river and the buzz of dragonflies. The world was full of lively rhythms! Leo hummed along and stored each sound. Pip sang a bright echo, and Leo felt the violin case tremble slightly, as if the violin were waking up.



Autumn came next, with its soft winds and rustling leaves. Leo heard the gentle tap of acorns falling and the hush of the forest. He gathered these quiet harmonies, one by one, and Pip added his own soft chirps. Leo's pockets felt full, not of things, but of sounds. He turned for home, ready to share them with the violin.



That night, a tall, flowing figure appeared in Leo's room. It was the Season Spirit, with hair like drifting petals and a robe of green, gold, orange, and white. "You have collected the sounds of all seasons," the spirit said gently. "Now play them for the violin, and it will remember." Leo nodded, his heart beating fast.



Leo lifted his bow and played the sounds he had gathered—spring's birds, summer's crickets, autumn's leaves, winter's hush. The violin quivered, then burst into music that changed with each phrase. It played all four seasons at once, a beautiful, swirling song. Pip chirped joyfully, and the Season Spirit smiled before fading into the dawn.



Grandmother Mira came to listen, her brass bell jingling as she walked. "You see?" she said, her eyes twinkling. "Change brings new chances to be creative." Leo smiled and hugged her. From that day on, the violin never got stuck again, and Leo played its music for all the seasons, always listening for the next new song nature had to share.