

# The Singing Anchor



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

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Deep down in the sparkling blue sea, where sunbeams danced like silver ribbons, lived a young mermaid named Merrow. She had warm light-olive skin, wavy teal hair that fell past her shoulders, and a shimmering blue-green tail with translucent fins. Merrow loved to explore the coral reefs and collect tiny shells for her necklace. Every day brought a new adventure, and she was always eager to discover what lay beyond the next rock.



One sunny morning, Merrow swam farther than usual. She passed swaying kelp forests and schools of rainbow fish. Suddenly, she heard a soft, sweet melody floating through the water. It sounded like a song from long ago. Merrow's amber eyes grew wide with wonder. She followed the sound, her heart beating with excitement. What could be singing in the middle of the quiet sea?



The melody led her to a rusty old anchor half-buried in the sand. Its iron arms were covered with green moss and tiny barnacles. Merrow swam closer and listened. The anchor hummed a gentle tune, like a lullaby mixed with a sailor's whistle. She touched its cold, rough surface. 'How can an anchor sing?' she whispered. The song seemed to wrap around her like a warm hug.



Merrow tried to understand the words, but they were too faint. She sang along, hoping to catch the tune. The anchor's song changed, becoming faster and happier. Merrow clapped her hands and did a little spin in the water. But she still didn't know what the song meant. She decided to find someone wise who could help her solve this mystery.



Merrow remembered Old Coral, the whale historian who lived near the great trench. He was enormous, about the length of a sunken ship, with deep slate-blue skin and pale barnacle patches. His long grey-white whiskers drifted like seaweed, and round brass spectacles perched near his kind dark eyes. He always carried a satchel of kelp-paper scrolls. Surely he would know about the singing anchor.



Marrow swam as fast as her tail could carry her. She found Old Coral humming to himself while reading a scroll. 'Old Coral!' she called. 'I found an anchor that sings! Can you help me understand it?' The old whale smiled, his eyes twinkling. 'A singing anchor? How delightful! Lead the way, little one.' He gathered his satchel and followed Marrow through the blue water.



When they reached the anchor, Old Coral listened carefully. His whiskers twitched with joy. 'Ah,' he said, 'this anchor remembers the songs of a sailor who sailed these waters long ago. Each tune is a piece of his journey.' Merrow's eyes sparkled. 'So the anchor is like a music box of history?' 'Exactly,' said Old Coral. 'And we can learn his story by listening.'



Old Coral pulled out a kelp-paper scroll and a piece of charcoal. 'Let's write down the songs,' he said. Merrow hummed the first tune, and Old Coral drew little waves and a tiny ship. The anchor sang a song about a storm, then one about a pod of whales, and another about a faraway island. Merrow danced around the anchor, her tail shimmering with delight.



As they listened, the anchor's songs painted a picture of the sailor's adventures. One song was slow and sad, about missing home. Another was fast and happy, about a treasure found. Merrow felt like she was sailing right beside him. 'We should share these songs with everyone!' she said. Old Coral nodded. 'Music is meant to be shared, and so is history.'



Merrow and Old Coral made a plan. They would invite all the sea creatures to a concert at the anchor. Merrow swam to the coral reef and told the fish, the turtles, and the seahorses. Old Coral sent messages with the dolphins. Soon, everyone was excited to hear the singing anchor. They practiced humming the tunes so they could join in.



On the day of the concert, the sea was full of shimmering scales and curious eyes. Merrow stood by the anchor and waved her shell necklace. 'Welcome!' she said. 'Today we will hear the songs of a brave sailor.' Old Coral unrolled his scrolls and told the story between each song. The anchor sang, and the creatures listened, their hearts glowing with warmth.



When the last song ended, the sea erupted in cheers. The fish splashed, the turtles clapped their flippers, and the seahorses whistled. Merrow beamed. 'We did it!' she said. Old Coral patted her shoulder with a gentle fin. 'You did it, Merrow. You brought the past to life.' The anchor hummed softly, as if it were happy too.



From that day on, the singing anchor became a favorite gathering place. Merrow and Old Coral held concerts every full moon. Each time, they shared the sailor's songs and stories. New creatures came to listen, and the tale spread across the ocean. The anchor's music kept the sailor's memory alive, reminding everyone of the adventures long ago.



Marrow kept a special shell to remember the first song. She wore it on her necklace next to her tiny shells. Whenever she felt lonely, she would swim to the anchor and hum the tunes. The anchor would sing back, and she would feel the sailor's journey in her heart. Old Coral often joined her, his deep voice blending with the melody.



The wise whale historian wrote down all the songs in his kelp-paper scrolls. He stored them in the great library of the sea. 'History can be preserved through music,' he told Merrow. 'And you, little mermaid, are a wonderful historian.' Merrow blushed, her amber eyes shining. She knew that she would always treasure the singing anchor and the story it held.



And so, the singing anchor never stopped singing. Its melodies drifted through the ocean, carried by the currents and the creatures who loved them. Merrow learned that even old, rusty things can hold beautiful secrets. With kindness and curiosity, she had helped keep a sailor's story alive. And whenever the anchor sang, everyone remembered that music can remind us of adventures long ago.