

The Boy and the Starling



Çınar BİBER

The Boy and the Starling

Çınar BİBER



Theo sat on the old wooden bench at the edge of the park, his sketchbook open on his knees. The sky was turning soft and pink as the sun began to set. Suddenly, a dark cloud of birds swept across the sky. Theo's dark brown eyes widened. It was a flock of starlings, hundreds of them, flying together.



Theo watched, amazed, as the starlings swooped and turned in perfect time. They moved like one giant bird, twisting and spinning without ever bumping into each other. He grabbed his pencil and tried to capture their dance on paper. His short curly black hair blew in the breeze. 'How do they do that?' he whispered.



Just then, Theo's grandpa Lou came walking up the path, tapping his wooden walking stick on the ground. 'Watching the starlings again, Theo?' he asked with a warm smile. Theo nodded. 'They move like a painting in the sky, Grandpa. All together, like a team.' Grandpa Lou sat down beside him. 'That's right, Theo. Starlings are the best team players in the sky.'



Theo spent the next few days watching the starlings whenever he could. He noticed how they seemed to talk to each other without words. One bird would turn, and the others would follow in a smooth, flowing wave. Theo filled page after page of his sketchbook with drawings of their swirling shapes. His sky blue t-shirt was covered in pencil smudges.



One afternoon, Theo had an idea. He would make a big art project showing the starlings flying together in perfect harmony. He wanted everyone to see how beautiful teamwork could be. He ran to find his best friend Mira, who was playing in her green hoodie. 'Mira, I need your help!' he called. 'I'm going to build a giant flock of starlings!'



Mira's hazel eyes sparkled with excitement. 'That sounds amazing!' she said, her purple beaded bracelet jingling as she clapped her hands. 'What do we need?' Theo showed her his sketches. 'Lots of paper, scissors, glue, and string,' he said. 'And we need to work together, just like the birds.' Mira grinned. 'I'll gather supplies!'



The next day, Mira arrived with a big box of art supplies. 'I brought paper, markers, and glue!' she announced. Theo's friend Sam came too, carrying his yellow backpack. Sam was tall and sturdy, with round glasses that made him look very smart. 'I'm good at measuring and cutting,' Sam said. 'I can help with the big shapes.'



The three friends spread their materials on the grass in the park. Theo showed them how the starlings moved in curves and swirls. 'We need to make each bird, but they have to fit together like a puzzle,' he explained. Sam measured carefully with his ruler. Mira cut out bird shapes with her scissors. Theo drew the swirling patterns.



It was hard work. Some birds didn't fit right, and the glue got messy. Mira's ponytail bounced as she hurried to cut more shapes. Sam adjusted his glasses and checked the measurements again. 'This is tricky,' Mira said. 'Maybe we should give up?' Theo shook his head. 'The starlings don't give up. They keep trying until they get it right.'



Just then, Grandpa Lou walked by with his walking stick. He saw the children working and smiled. 'You know,' he said, 'starlings don't all fly alone. They work as a team, and that's why they can make such amazing shapes in the sky.' The children looked at each other. 'Let's try again,' said Sam. 'Together.'



Theo had an idea. 'Let's each be in charge of one part of the flock,' he said. 'Mira, you make the front birds. Sam, you do the middle. I'll do the back and the swirls.' They all nodded. Working in their teams, the pieces started to fit together. The flock began to take shape on the grass, a beautiful swirl of paper birds.



Mira's front birds curved gracefully. Sam's middle birds held the shape steady. Theo's swirls connected everything. They worked for hours, and more friends came to help. Some cut paper, some glued, and some held the string. Everyone had a job, and everyone helped. The giant flock grew bigger and bigger, just like the real starlings in the sky.



Finally, they hung the artwork between two trees. The paper birds seemed to dance in the breeze, just like the starlings had done. 'It's beautiful!' Mira said, her gap-toothed smile wide. Sam nodded. 'We did it together.' Theo looked at their creation. It was more wonderful than he had imagined, because everyone had helped.



Grandpa Lou came to see the finished project. 'This is magnificent,' he said. 'You children worked as a team, just like the starlings. When everyone cooperates, amazing things can happen.' Theo smiled. He had learned something important: no one bird makes the flock, and no one person makes the art. It takes everyone working together.



That evening, Theo sat on the bench and watched the real starlings swoop across the sky. They moved as one, just like his paper flock. He thought about how much he and his friends had accomplished by working together. His heart felt full. He picked up his pencil and began to draw again, this time adding his friends to the picture.



Theo learned that teamwork makes big things possible. Just like the starlings in the sky, when people cooperate, they can create something remarkable. His art project now hung proudly in the school hallway, a reminder to everyone that working together is the best way to make dreams take flight.