

The Little Seal's Letter



Çınar BİBER

The Little Seal's Letter

Çınar BİBER



In the sparkling Arctic, where the ice shines like diamonds, lived a little seal named Pippin. He had soft silver-grey fur with dark speckles, big round brown eyes, and a small red scarf that kept his neck cozy. Pippin loved to slide on his belly and splash in the cold blue water. But sometimes, when the sun dipped low, he felt a little lonely.



Pippin's best friend was a walrus named Wally, who lived far away across the frozen sea. They had met one summer and laughed together for days. Now Wally was gone, and Pippin missed him very much. "I wish I could tell him I'm thinking of him," Pippin sighed. Then he had an idea: he would write a letter!



Pippin found a scrap of pale paper and a bit of charcoal. He wrote slowly, his flipper wobbling: "Dear Wally, I miss you. The ice is bright and the fish are tasty, but it's not the same without you. Your friend, Pippin." He read it twice and smiled. Now he just needed someone to carry it across the great white Arctic.



Just then, a white bird with a black cap and bright orange beak landed nearby. It was Tilly the tern, a messenger who flew over the ice all day long. "Hello, little seal!" she chirped. "You look like you have a secret." Pippin held up his letter. "It's for my friend Wally, but he's very far away. Could you help me?"



Tilly tilted her head and looked at the letter. "I know Wally! He lives near the big glacier with the blue ice caves. I can fly there," she said kindly. Pippin's eyes grew wide. "Really? Oh, thank you!" He carefully folded the letter and tucked it into Tilly's tiny brown satchel. "Fly safe!" he called as she took off.



Tilly soared into the sky, her long pointed wings catching the wind. Below her, the Arctic stretched out like a giant white puzzle of ice floes and dark water. She flew over snowy hills and past sleepy polar bears. The wind was cold, but her heart was warm with her important job. She kept the satchel close and flew on.



After many hours, Tilly grew tired. The wind blew harder, and snowflakes swirled around her. She landed on a small iceberg to rest her wings. "I must be brave," she told herself. "Pippin is counting on me." She took a deep breath, fluffed her feathers, and flew up again, determined to find Wally.



At last, Tilly spotted a huge brown shape on the ice below. It was Wally the walrus, with long white tusks and a thick bristly moustache. He wore a blue knitted hat with a pom-pom, and he was humming a little tune. Tilly swooped down and landed right in front of him. "Special delivery for Wally!" she announced.



Wally's small eyes opened wide. "A letter? For me?" He took the paper gently in his flipper. He read it slowly, his moustache twitching with joy. "Pippin remembers me!" he boomed. "Oh, this makes me so happy!" He read it again and again, and his big walrus heart felt full and warm.



"I must send a message back," Wally said. He found a smooth piece of driftwood and scratched a note with a sharp shell: "Dear Pippin, I miss you too! The glacier is cold, but your letter warmed me up. Keep your scarf on and think of me. Your friend, Wally." He gave it to Tilly with a grateful smile.



Tilly tucked the driftwood message into her satchel and waved goodbye. "I'll fly fast as the wind!" she promised. She rose into the sky, over the blue ice caves and the snowy hills. The journey back seemed shorter because she carried good news. She flew through the night, guided by the friendly stars.



Back at Pippin's icy home, the little seal was waiting. He saw Tilly coming and barked with excitement. "You're back! Did you find him?" Tilly landed and pulled out the driftwood. "He sent you a message," she said. Pippin read Wally's words and his round eyes sparkled. "He misses me too!" he cheered.



Pippin hugged the driftwood to his chest. "Thank you, Tilly. You're the best messenger in the whole Arctic!" Tilly bowed her black-capped head. "It was my pleasure. Friends should always stay close, even when they're far apart." Pippin nodded. He tied the driftwood safely to his red scarf so he could keep it near his heart.



From that day on, Pippin and Wally wrote letters often. Tilly carried them back and forth, sometimes with a little fish treat for Pippin and a seashell for Wally. The two friends couldn't wait for each message. They learned that a letter is like a hug that travels across the snow and ice, no matter how far.



One sunny day, Pippin wrote: "Dear Wally, I hope you're well. I'm sending you a picture of the sunrise I saw today. Tilly will bring it." Wally replied with a drawing of his blue hat. They laughed at their silly pictures and felt close, even though the Arctic stretched between them.



Pippin sat on the ice with Tilly beside him, watching the northern lights dance. "Friendship can travel any distance," he said softly. "All it needs is a kind heart and a brave messenger." Tilly chirped in agreement. And far away, Wally smiled under the same sky, feeling warm inside. The little seal's letter had done its job.