

The Deer and the Bluebird



Çınar BİBER

The Deer and the Bluebird

Çınar BİBER



In a wide green meadow, where the grass swayed softly in the wind, lived a gentle deer with warm tan fur and a creamy belly. Each morning, before the sun peeked over the hills, the deer woke and stretched his slender legs. He loved the quiet hush of dawn. "What will I find today?" he wondered, twitching his small, rounded ears.



One cool sunrise, a flash of sky blue darted over the deer's head. A little bird landed right on his nose! She had bright blue feathers, a warm orange chest, and round black eyes. "Hello!" she chirped. "I'm a bluebird. Who are you?" The deer blinked his large, friendly eyes and smiled. "I'm just a deer who loves mornings," he said.



"Mornings are the best!" the bluebird sang, hopping onto the deer's small antler. "Follow me, I know a secret." The deer trotted after her, his tiny white spots bouncing along his back. They crossed the green meadow together, past tall grass and sleepy stones. The sky turned pink and gold. "Almost there," the bluebird whispered, fluttering her delicate wings.



Suddenly the meadow ahead began to glow. Tiny buds poked up through the grass, and one by one they opened into flowers of every color. Red, yellow, purple, and blue! "Oh!" gasped the deer. "They only bloom at sunrise," said the bluebird proudly. "And they close again when the sun climbs high. We have to hurry!" The deer nodded, his dark eyes shining with wonder.



So the two friends began to explore. The deer stepped carefully between the flower beds, his soft hooves barely touching the ground. "Look at this one!" he said, sniffing a purple bloom. The bluebird darted from petal to petal, her blue feathers shimmering. "And this one smells like honey!" she chirped. Together they wandered deeper into the blooming meadow, side by side.



The sun rose higher, and the flowers swayed in a gentle breeze. "Do you come here every day?" the deer asked. "Every single morning," the bluebird said, landing on his antler again. "But it's more fun today." "Why?" asked the deer. The bluebird tilted her head. "Because now I have a friend to share it with," she said. The deer's heart felt warm and light.



The next morning, the deer was waiting in the meadow before the sun came up. He heard a cheerful whistle, and there was the bluebird, flying straight to him. "You came back!" she sang. "Of course," said the deer. "I wouldn't miss it." They watched the sky turn from gray to gold, and the flowers bloomed all around them like tiny, colorful stars.



Each sunrise brought something new. Some mornings they counted flowers. Some mornings they raced the wind. "I found a whole patch of yellow ones!" the bluebird called one day. The deer hurried over, his cream belly brushing the tall grass. "They look like little suns," he said. "Let's call them sunflowers," said the bluebird, and they both laughed.



One morning, the sky stayed gray and cloudy. "The sun isn't coming," said the deer sadly. "No flowers today." The bluebird landed on his nose. "Then we'll wait together," she said. They sat in the quiet meadow, close and warm. After a while, the deer said, "Even without flowers, this is nice." The bluebird nodded. "Because we're together," she chirped.



The clouds drifted away, and a thin golden light broke through. "Look!" cried the bluebird. A single small flower opened right beside them, bright pink and brave. The deer leaned down to see it. "Just one," he whispered. "Just one is enough," said the bluebird. They sat together watching that one pink flower glow in the early light, and it felt like the best morning yet.



From then on, the friends made a promise. Every morning, no matter the weather, they would meet in the meadow. "Rain or shine," said the deer. "Rain or shine," agreed the bluebird, tapping her tiny foot. So they shared misty mornings and golden mornings, quiet mornings and singing mornings. And with each sunrise they spent together, their friendship grew deeper and stronger.



Their days together were filled with small, happy discoveries. The deer learned that flowers sometimes bloomed in funny shapes. The bluebird learned that deer walk very quietly. "You're like a big, gentle shadow," she teased. "And you're like a little blue spark," he said back. They explored every corner of the meadow, and every corner felt brand new when they were together.



One day the bluebird asked, "Why do the flowers only bloom at sunrise?" The deer thought hard. "Maybe," he said slowly, "they bloom for the ones who get up early to see them. For friends like us." The bluebird chirped with delight. "Then we'll always get up early!" she promised. And they watched the colors appear once more, spreading across the meadow like a soft, painted blanket.



The meadow became their special place. Other animals began to notice the gentle deer and the cheerful bluebird, always side by side. "What do you do out there?" asked a curious rabbit. "We watch flowers bloom," said the deer. "And we share mornings," added the bluebird. "Sounds lovely," said the rabbit. "Can anyone join?" The deer and the bluebird looked at each other and smiled. "The meadow is for everyone," they said.



So the rabbit came along the next sunrise, and so did a little hedgehog and a sleepy owl. They all sat together as the flowers opened, one by one, in a rush of warm colors. The deer felt happy. "Our meadow grew," he said. "No," said the bluebird, perched on his antler. "Our friendship grew. The meadow was always this beautiful. We just learned to share it."



And so, every morning at sunrise, the green meadow fills with beautiful flowers, blooming only for those who come to see them. The gentle deer with his soft tan fur and the little bluebird with her bright chest still meet there, rain or shine. They wander side by side, watching the colors appear. Friendship, they know, grows through mornings shared and small joys found together.