

The Magpie's Museum



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Magpie's Museum

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK



High on a hill, in a tall oak tree, lived a magpie named Maggie. She had glossy black and white feathers, a long tail that shimmered blue-green in the sun, and tiny round spectacles perched on her beak. Around her neck she wore a small red velvet bow. Maggie was very proud because she ran her very own museum.



Maggie's museum was tucked inside a hollow branch. She loved to collect shiny and unusual things. A bottle cap here, a silver button there, a piece of broken mirror that sparkled. Each treasure sat on a tiny shelf made of twigs. Maggie would polish them and say, "Welcome to my museum!" to anyone who visited.



One sunny morning, Maggie flew down to the meadow to look for new treasures. She spotted a red mitten lying on the grass. "Ooh, how bright!" she chirped, and tucked it into her bag. Then she found a blue marble glinting by a log, and a small red toy car near a mushroom. "Perfect for my museum!" she said, and flew home.



But back in the meadow, Rosie the rabbit was hopping about with worried eyes. Her soft cream fur was fluffed up, and her long floppy ears drooped. "My red mitten!" she cried. "The one with the tiny star stitched on it! It's gone!" She searched under bushes and behind stones, but the mitten was nowhere to be found.



Not far away, Benny the bear cub was patting his pockets. He was chubby and brown, with a little blue scarf around his neck. “My blue marble!” he grumbled. “I had it right here in my pouch. It’s my favourite, because I won it at the summer fair.” He looked under leaves and inside hollow logs, but the marble had vanished.



Meanwhile, Pip the mouse was scurrying through the grass. He was tiny, no bigger than a teacup, with a green leaf cap on his head. “My toy car!” he squeaked. “The little red one! I was playing with it near the mushroom, and now it's gone!” He dashed here and there, his whiskers twitching with worry.



The three friends met by the old oak tree. Rosie was almost crying. "My mitten keeps my paws warm," she said. "My grandmother knitted it for me." Benny sighed. "My marble reminds me of the happy day I won it." Pip nodded. "My toy car is my most prized possession. I saved up for ages to get it."



Just then, Benny looked up. “Look!” he said. High in the oak tree, something red was fluttering. It was Maggie, flying into her hollow with a red mitten in her beak. “That’s my mitten!” gasped Rosie. “And there’s my marble!” said Benny, spotting a blue glint. “And my toy car!” squeaked Pip. “We must ask her to give them back.”



The three friends climbed the tree and knocked on the hollow. Maggie popped out, adjusting her spectacles. "Welcome to my museum!" she said proudly. "I have the finest collection of treasures in the forest." Rosie stepped forward. "Please, may I have my red mitten back? It's very special to me." Maggie looked surprised. "But it's so pretty on my shelf."



Benny spoke next. "My blue marble means a lot to me. It reminds me of my happy day." Pip held up his tiny paws. "And my toy car is my favourite thing in the whole world." Maggie looked at their worried faces. She had never thought about where her treasures came from. She only thought about how shiny they were.



Maggie looked at the red mitten, the blue marble, and the little red car. They were lovely, but the animals' sad faces made her feel uneasy. "I didn't know these belonged to you," she said softly. "I only wanted them for my museum." Rosie smiled gently. "We understand. But they mean different things to us."



Maggie thought for a moment. Then she made a decision. "I will return them," she said. "But perhaps you would let me display them here sometimes? I could keep them safe and cheerful, and you could visit." The three friends looked at each other and nodded. "That would be nice!" said Benny. "As long as we can take them home."



So Maggie gave back the red mitten, the blue marble, and the toy car. But she had an idea. She asked her friends to bring their treasures to the museum for a special display. “I’ll make a shelf for each of you,” she said. “And you can tell visitors the story of your treasure.” Everyone agreed happily.



The next day, the museum had a grand opening. Rosie's red mitten sat on a soft cushion. Benny's blue marble sparkled under a tiny lantern. Pip's toy car had a shelf all to itself. Maggie had written little labels with twigs and leaves. "Welcome to the Maggie's Museum!" she chirped. "Where every treasure has a story."



Word spread through the forest. Animals came from near and far to see the museum. They brought their own special belongings to share. A squirrel displayed an acorn cup, a hedgehog showed a shiny pebble. Maggie beamed with pride. "Sharing makes the museum even better!" she said. And everyone agreed.



Now Maggie's museum is full of shared treasures. Rosie visits often to see her mitten kept safe and cheerful. Benny and Pip love to tell visitors about their precious things. Maggie feels warm inside because she learned that sharing makes everyone happy. And her museum is the happiest place in the whole forest.