

The Beaver's Secret Elevator



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Beaver's Secret Elevator

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK



Barley the beaver lived beside a rushing river, in a cozy lodge made of sticks and mud. He wore a soft red neckerchief and carried a tiny canvas satchel with a brass buckle. Every morning, he explored the forest with his big round eyes wide open. One day, he spotted a tall oak tree with a strange, shiny crack near the bottom.



Barley pushed the crack with his paw, and a little door swung open. Inside, he found a tiny elevator with a brass lever and a sign that said, 'Sky Village — Push to Go Up.' His buck teeth chattered with excitement. He stepped inside and pulled the lever with a brave grin. Whoosh! The elevator shot upward through the tree trunk.



The elevator slowed and stopped with a gentle ding. The doors opened onto a wooden platform high in the branches. Barley gasped. Tiny houses with curved roofs and round windows sat among the leaves. Little lanterns glowed, and a winding path led to a tiny village square. It was a miniature sky village, hidden above the forest!



Barley stepped out and saw a tiny fountain shaped like an acorn. A little wooden sign pointed to 'Puzzle Path' and 'Lookout Tower.' He wanted to explore everything at once! But the paths twisted and turned, and some had tiny gates with locks. He needed help to solve the puzzles and open every gate. So he hurried back down the elevator.



Back on the ground, Barley found his friend Pip the bluebird, wearing a little yellow aviator scarf. Pip carried a tiny brass spyglass on a string. 'Pip!' called Barley. 'I found a secret elevator in a tree. It leads to a sky village! Will you come explore with me?' Pip fluttered with excitement. 'I'll be your lookout!' she chirped.



Next, they found Hazel the hedgehog, in her green knitted vest with wooden buttons. She carried a small woven basket for collecting treasures. 'Hazel,' said Barley, 'we need a puzzle-solver for the sky village. Will you join us?' Hazel smiled shyly. 'I love puzzles,' she said. 'And I can keep our treasures safe in my basket.'



The three friends returned to the tall oak tree. Barley showed them the secret door and the tiny elevator. 'It's small,' said Hazel, 'but we can squeeze in together.' Pip fluttered above. 'I'll fly up and meet you there!' She zoomed upward. Barley pulled the lever, and the elevator whooshed up with a happy rumble.



Up in the sky village, Pip was already circling the lookout tower. 'I see a puzzle gate by the fountain!' she called down. Barley and Hazel hurried over. The gate had three colored buttons: red, blue, and green. 'Which one opens it?' wondered Barley. Hazel studied the buttons closely. 'Look,' she said, 'there's a tiny picture of a bluebird above the blue button.' Pip landed. 'That's me!' She pecked the blue button, and the gate swung open.



Beyond the gate, they found a path lined with tiny lanterns. At the end stood a little workshop with a sign: 'Fix the Windmill.' Inside, a tiny windmill was stuck. 'We need to turn the gears,' said Barley. But the gears were too small for his paws. 'I can do it,' said Hazel, using her tiny paws to spin the gears. The windmill whirred to life, and the lanterns glowed brighter.



Their next stop was the Lookout Tower, a tall spiral of twigs. 'I'll fly to the top and spy out the next puzzle,' said Pip. From above, she called, 'There's a bridge of stepping stones over a leaf pond!' They hurried to the bridge, but one stone was missing. 'We need something flat and strong,' said Barley. Hazel pulled a smooth piece of bark from her basket. 'I collected this earlier,' she said. They placed it over the gap and crossed safely.



As they crossed the bridge, they heard a soft hoot. A large grey-brown owl with round spectacles and a purple shawl sat on a branch. 'Hello, little explorers,' said Grandpa Oak. 'I am the keeper of the sky village. You have solved many puzzles already. But the biggest wonder is the Star Garden. It needs teamwork to open.' Barley's eyes sparkled. 'We're a team!' he said.



Grandpa Oak led them to a gate with four keyholes. 'Each of you holds a key,' he said. 'Barley, your key is courage. Pip, your key is observation. Hazel, your key is careful thinking. And together, you make the fourth key: teamwork.' They each placed a paw, wing, and tiny hand on the gate. It glowed and swung open.



Inside the Star Garden, tiny flowers shaped like stars twinkled. A small fountain bubbled with sparkling water. 'It's beautiful!' whispered Hazel. Pip flew up and saw a tiny box on a pedestal. 'A treasure!' she chirped. Inside were four tiny star-shaped medals. Grandpa Oak smiled. 'You earned these by working together. The sky village is open to all who share and care.'



Barley tied a medal around his neckerchief. 'We couldn't have done it without each other,' he said. Pip looped her medal onto her spyglass string. Hazel placed hers in her basket. 'Let's promise to come back and explore more,' said Hazel. 'And to always work as a team,' added Pip. They all nodded happily.



Grandpa Oak gave them each a tiny star cookie for the ride down. 'Come back anytime,' he said. 'The sky village will always welcome friends who help one another.' They squeezed into the elevator and waved goodbye. As they whooshed down, Barley felt warm inside. He had found a secret elevator and a wonderful village, but the best part was sharing it with friends.



Back on the ground, Barley, Pip, and Hazel sat by the river and shared their star cookies. 'What was your favorite part?' asked Barley. 'The puzzle gate,' said Hazel. 'The lookout tower,' said Pip. 'Mine was the Star Garden,' said Barley. They all agreed: the sky village was magical, but teamwork made it truly special. And they knew many more adventures awaited them.