

The Seal Who Loved Stories



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Seal Who Loved Stories

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK



In the deep blue ocean, where sunlight danced on the waves, lived a young seal named Sela. Her fur was glossy silver-grey with soft dappled spots, and her amber eyes sparkled with curiosity. She carried a small woven kelp satchel, deep green and always full of treasures. But Sela's greatest treasure was not shells or pearls—it was stories. Every year, she waited eagerly for the seabirds to arrive, bringing tales from faraway places.



Sela loved stories more than anything in the wide ocean. She would listen for hours as the seabirds described icy mountains, sandy deserts, and bustling harbors. Each story was like a shiny pebble she tucked into her heart. Her friends often saw her floating quietly, imagining distant lands. 'What are you dreaming about, Sela?' asked Finn the dolphin, splashing nearby. 'Stories,' she whispered, her whiskers twitching with delight.



One crisp morning, a puffin named Pip landed on a rock beside Sela. He wore a tiny blue scarf, a token from a faraway shore. 'I have a new tale!' he chirped, tilting his head. Pip told of a festival where seabirds shared stories under the northern lights. Sela's amber eyes grew wide. 'A whole festival of stories?' she breathed. 'I wish we had one here.' Pip nodded. 'Why not start one?' he suggested.



Sela's heart raced with excitement. An underwater storytelling festival! She imagined friends gathered in a circle, tales flowing like currents. But where would they meet? How would she gather everyone? She swam to Granny Coral, the wise ocean elder. Granny Coral's pale pink and lavender arms swayed gently, and her pearl-like bubble necklace glimmered. 'A festival sounds wonderful,' she said, tapping her driftwood stick. 'Let's plan it together.'



Sela and Granny Coral chose a cozy spot in a kelp forest clearing. Finn the dolphin zoomed off to spread the news. 'A storytelling festival!' he called to the turtles, the seahorses, and the shy octopus. 'Bring your favorite tale!' Sela practiced introducing each story, but her voice trembled. 'What if no one comes?' she worried. Pip fluffed his feathers. 'They'll come,' he said. 'Stories are irresistible.'



The day of the festival arrived. Sela waited nervously, her kelp satchel heavy with story-pebbles. First came Finn, his sea-glass beads jingling. Then a parade of friends: slow turtles, darting fish, and even a grumpy crab. Pip flew overhead, guiding everyone to the clearing. Sela's whiskers twitched with joy. 'Welcome!' she called, her voice stronger now. 'Welcome to our first storytelling festival!'



The audience settled on smooth stones and swaying kelp. Sela opened her satchel and pulled out her first story. 'Once, a little seabird flew over a rainbow sea,' she began. Her voice grew steady and warm. She told of brave journeys and kind strangers. When she finished, Pip clapped his orange beak. 'Now I'll share a tale from the north!' he chirped, and the ocean filled with wonder.



Pip told of snow-covered cliffs and glowing skies. The turtles told a slow, gentle story about the moon. Finn shared a tale of a daring rescue, his sea-glass beads sparkling. Everyone listened, their eyes wide. Even the grumpy crab forgot to frown. Sela realized that each story was a gift, and together they painted a map of the world. The kelp forest seemed to glow with friendship.



As the last story ended, a hush fell over the clearing. Then Granny Coral spoke, her voice like soft waves. 'You see,' she said, 'stories can travel farther than any fin or wing. They connect distant places and make friends of strangers.' Sela looked around at her friends, their faces bright with wonder. She felt a warm glow inside. Her big idea had worked—the festival had brought everyone together.



The festival continued until the stars twinkled above the waves. Friends shared more tales, laughed, and sang. Sela's kelp satchel was empty now, but her heart was full. 'Same time next year?' asked Finn, his smile wide. 'Yes!' everyone cheered. Pip tied his blue scarf tighter. 'I'll bring stories from every shore,' he promised. Sela knew the ocean would always be filled with stories now.



After the festival, Sela and Pip sat on a rock, watching the sunset. 'You did it,' Pip said. 'You made a place where stories live.' Sela smiled. 'We did it together,' she said. 'Stories are like friends—they grow when shared.' She looked at her empty satchel and realized it would soon be full again. The ocean hummed with new tales, and Sela's heart danced with joy.



From that day on, Sela's storytelling festival became a yearly tradition. Seabirds from faraway places marked their calendars. Friends old and new gathered in the kelp forest. Sela learned that stories are like seeds—plant them, and friendship grows. Her silver-grey fur shone in the dappled light as she welcomed each guest. The ocean was never silent again; it was always whispering with tales.



One evening, as the festival ended, a young seahorse approached Sela. 'Will you teach me to tell stories?' she asked shyly. Sela's amber eyes sparkled. 'Of course!' she said, handing over a small pebble from her satchel. 'Start with this.' The seahorse beamed. Sela realized that sharing stories was the best treasure of all. The ocean filled with whispers of new tales waiting to be told.



Granny Coral watched from her perch, her pearl necklace glowing softly. 'You've created something beautiful,' she said. Sela nodded. 'I couldn't have done it without you,' she replied. Granny Coral chuckled. 'That's the thing about stories—they bring everyone together.' The kelp forest rustled in agreement. Sela knew she would always collect stories, but now she would also give them away.



As seasons passed, Sela's festival grew. Birds, fish, and even a wandering whale came to listen. Pip visited every year, always with a new scarf and a new tale. Sela's kelp satchel was never empty for long, but she no longer kept the stories to herself. She shared them freely, and in return, she received friendship from every corner of the ocean. The festival was a beacon of connection.



And so, in the deep blue ocean, where sunlight dances on the waves, a seal named Sela still listens to seabirds and collects their stories. But now, she also shares them with the world. The underwater storytelling festival reminds everyone that stories connect distant places and make friendship grow. Sela's amber eyes shine with the joy of a thousand tales, and the ocean hums with wonder.