The Girl and the Golden Owl
Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Girl and the Golden Owl

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

Maya was a girl with warm light-brown skin and wavy black hair tied back with a ribbon. She loved to explore, and her canvas satchel was always full of notebooks and pencils. One sunny afternoon, she climbed a hill behind her village. At the top, she found an old stone building with a curved roof and a dusty dome. It looked like a forgotten observatory.

Maya pushed open the creaky wooden door and stepped inside. The room was dim and dusty, with cobwebs in every corner. Suddenly, a pair of huge amber eyes blinked at her from the shadows. It was a plump owl with soft, shimmering gold feathers. Around its neck hung a tiny brass key on a leather cord. 'Hello,' Maya whispered, her heart beating fast.

The owl ruffled its tufted ear feathers and gave a gentle hoot. 'I am the guardian of this observatory,' it said in a soft, wise voice. 'I have watched over it for many years.' Maya's curious dark-brown eyes widened. 'What is this place?' she asked. The owl explained that long ago, people came here to look at the stars. But now, everyone had forgotten it.

Maya looked around at the dusty shelves and the old telescope in the corner. 'We should clean it up!' she said. The owl's amber eyes sparkled. 'I would like that,' it said. Maya opened her satchel and pulled out a notebook. 'Let's make a plan,' she said. Together, they decided to start with the main room.

Maya found a broom and swept the floor while the owl flapped its wings to chase away the dust. They cleaned the windows until sunlight poured in. Maya's mustard-yellow dungarees got covered in dust, but she didn't mind. The owl used its brass key to open a cupboard full of old cleaning supplies. 'This key opens every door here,' it said proudly.

Next, they tackled the telescope. It was big and brass, with a long tube pointing at the ceiling. 'It's broken,' Maya said, noticing a cracked lens. The owl nodded. 'It has been broken for a long time.' Maya carefully wrote down everything they needed to fix it. 'We can find a new lens,' she said. 'My satchel has room for notes.'

They searched the observatory and found a spare lens in a wooden box. Maya climbed a ladder to reach the telescope's top. The owl flew up beside her, holding the lens in its beak. Together, they fitted it into place. 'It fits!' Maya cheered. The owl hooted with joy. They tightened screws and polished the brass until it shone.

As the sun began to set, they finished the repairs. The observatory looked clean and welcoming. Maya's arms were tired, but she felt happy. 'We did it!' she said. The owl perched on the telescope and looked at her with its gentle, knowing expression. 'You have worked very hard,' it said. 'Now, let's see if it works.'

When night came, the stars appeared one by one. Maya pointed the telescope at the sky. She looked through the eyepiece and gasped. 'I can see the stars!' she cried. They were bright and clear, like tiny diamonds. The owl looked too. 'Beautiful,' it whispered. They took turns looking at the moon and the twinkling stars.

Maya wrote in her notebook about everything she saw. She drew pictures of the stars and the owl. 'I want to learn all about them,' she said. The owl told her stories about the constellations. It knew many secrets of the sky. Maya listened carefully, her dark-brown eyes shining with wonder. She felt like she had found a treasure.

From that night on, Maya visited the observatory every week. She brought her friends to see the stars. The owl welcomed everyone with a soft hoot. The observatory was happy and busy again. Maya learned that old things hold wonderful secrets. She also learned that keeping knowledge safe is a special job.

The owl gave Maya a small brass key of her own. 'You are the new guardian,' it said. Maya wore the key on a ribbon around her neck. She felt proud and responsible. She promised to take care of the observatory and share its wonders with others. The owl hooted happily. 'I knew you would,' it said.

Maya and the owl became great friends. They spent hours together, looking at the stars and talking. The owl told her about the history of the observatory. Maya wrote it all down in her notebooks. She wanted to remember everything. The owl was wise and kind, and Maya trusted it completely.

One evening, Maya brought a special book to the observatory. It was a book about astronomy that she had found in the village library. 'This will help us learn more,' she said. The owl's amber eyes gleamed. 'Knowledge should be shared,' it said. They read the book together under the starlight.

The observatory became a favorite place for the village children. Maya showed them the telescope and told them stories. The owl watched over them all. It was never lonely again. Maya knew that she had made a difference. She had saved a piece of history and made a friend for life.

And so, the girl and the golden owl looked after the observatory together. They kept its secrets safe and shared its wonders with the world. Maya learned that even old, forgotten things can become special again with a little care and friendship. She visited her owl friend every week, and the stars shone bright above them.