

The Beaver's Moonlight Bridge



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Beaver's Moonlight Bridge

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK



Down by the wide river, where the water hummed a soft song, lived a beaver with warm brown fur and a flat, wide tail. Every morning he wore his red tool belt and yellow hard hat. He loved to plan things, and he loved his neighbors even more. The river curled around the little town like a friendly arm, and the beaver often sat on the bank, thinking and watching the water go by.



One evening, the beaver noticed something important. When the sun went down, the animals could not cross the river safely to visit one another. The stones were slippery, and the water ran dark and quick. "We need a bridge," the beaver said, tapping his large front teeth. "But not just any bridge. A special one, for nighttime." His small round ears twitched with excitement as an idea began to grow.



The beaver unrolled a big paper plan on a flat rock. He showed it to Owl, who wore a purple shawl and round spectacles. "A bridge that only appears in the moonlight?" Owl asked, her golden eyes wide. "Yes," said the beaver. "The moonlight will show the path, and the supports will hold it strong." Owl nodded slowly. "A clever plan," she said. "But plans need many helping hands."



The next morning, Rabbit hopped over with a woven basket and a green vest full of pockets. Her long ears stood up tall. "I can gather sticks!" she said. "Lots and lots of sticks!" The beaver smiled and handed her a list. "And stones, too," he said. "Small ones, smooth ones, the kind that fit together snugly." Rabbit wiggled her fluffy tail and dashed off to begin.



All day long, the animals worked together. Rabbit brought armfuls of sticks. The beaver stacked them carefully, checking every angle. Owl carried smooth stones in her beak, one by one. The riverbank filled with happy sounds: snapping twigs, clacking stones, and cheerful chatter. "This bridge will shine like silver," Rabbit said, hopping in circles. "Just wait and see!" The beaver smiled and kept on working.



A young muskrat watched from behind a tall reed. He wore a blue scarf and a small satchel bag, and his long thin tail flicked nervously. "A bridge that only appears in moonlight?" he whispered. "What if it isn't strong enough? What if it wobbles? What if—" He chewed his short whiskers and worried. The muskrat wanted to help, but he also wanted to be sure.



That evening, the beaver gathered everyone by the water. "The bridge is almost ready," he said. "Tonight, when the moon is full, we will test it together." Rabbit clapped her paws. Owl nodded wisely. But the muskrat stayed quiet, hugging his satchel. He looked at the bridge and thought, "I should check it myself. Just to be safe." He slipped away without a word, his blue scarf fluttering.



When the moon rose, round and bright, something magical happened. The bridge shimmered and glowed, a silver path across the dark water. The beaver stood at one end, his yellow hard hat shining. "It's beautiful!" Rabbit gasped. The moonlight danced on every stick and stone, and the river sparkled underneath. The whole town glowed softly, as if the night had put on a special coat.



But the muskrat did not cross with the others. He hid behind a bush, watching the glowing bridge with wide dark eyes. "I'll test it later," he told himself. "When everyone is asleep." His long tail twitched, and his rounded snout wrinkled with worry. He wanted to trust the beaver's planning, but his cautious heart whispered, "Check it. Check it twice."



Late that night, when the town was quiet, the muskrat crept to the bridge. The moon was still full and bright. He stepped onto the first support and pressed down hard. Nothing moved. He tugged a stick and shook a stone. Nothing wobbled. "Hmm," he said, surprised. He climbed underneath and tapped each magical support, one by one, holding his breath.



The bridge held strong. Every stick was snug. Every stone was steady. The muskrat walked all the way across, then all the way back, his blue scarf flapping in the breeze. "It's safe," he whispered, and his worried heart felt light and happy. "The beaver's plan really works!" He sat on the bank and smiled at the silver bridge, proud of the careful planning that made it strong.



In the morning, the muskrat found the beaver and told the truth. "I was worried," he said, "so I tested your bridge at night. I'm sorry I didn't ask first." The beaver did not scold him. He just smiled warmly. "Thank you for checking," he said. "Now we know it holds for everyone. That's what good planning does—it makes us strong together."



That night, the whole community crossed the moonlight bridge. Rabbit hopped, Owl glided, and the muskrat walked proudly in the middle, his satchel bouncing. The moon shone down on the silver path, and everyone laughed and chatted as they crossed. "It's like walking on starlight!" Rabbit said. The beaver smiled from the bank, his flat tail tapping happily on the ground.



"Good planning made this bridge strong," the beaver said to everyone. "And every one of you helped." The muskrat nodded. "Next time," he said, "I'll help plan too." Rabbit cheered, and Owl gave a wise, gentle hoot. The moonlight bridge glowed softly, a path of friendship across the dark water, and the little town felt closer than ever before.



From that night on, the animals crossed whenever the moon was full. The bridge appeared like magic, but it was really made of sticks, stones, and careful thinking. The beaver kept his plan safe in his tool belt. The muskrat kept his scarf wrapped tight and his worries small. And together, they all learned that thinking ahead helps a community shine.



And so, under the soft silver moon, the beaver bridge glowed on. It reminded everyone that a good plan, built with many hands and checked with a brave heart, can carry a whole town safely across. The moonlight danced, the river hummed, and the friends crossed together, happy and safe, all because they planned and worked as one.