



The Sunflower Village

by Mehdi Irvani



Hamid skipped through the vibrant sunflower fields of Ghez-ghal'eh, a village nestled in the West Azarbaijan mountains. The towering sunflowers swayed in the gentle breeze, their faces turned to the sun. He loved the smell of the earth and the buzzing of bees, a symphony of summer.



Winter arrived, and the landscape transformed. The once-green fields were now covered in a blanket of snow. Hamid bundled up in layers of warm clothes, bracing himself against the icy wind that whistled through the village. His cheeks turned rosy as he helped his family tend to the animals.



One day, a fierce storm swept through Ghez-ghal'eh. The wind howled, and snow piled high against the houses. Hamid's family huddled inside, listening to the creaks and groans of the old wooden home, worried about the livestock.



After the storm, Hamid ventured out, carefully navigating the deep snow. The village was quiet, the sunflower fields buried. But Hamid saw something beautiful: a community coming together. Neighbors helped each other shovel paths and check on their animals.



As spring approached, the snow began to melt, revealing the rich earth. Hamid helped his family prepare the fields for planting. He knew that the sunflowers would soon return, bringing with them warmth, color, and a renewed sense of hope.



Summer bloomed once more, and the sunflowers stood tall and proud. Hamid, standing amidst the golden fields, smiled. He knew that even though the winters were harsh, the beauty of Ghez-ghal'eh and the strength of its people would always endure. The sunflowers were a symbol of their resilience.