

Ongee's Story



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Hello.

I'm Ongee.

I'm a tiny, warm droplet.

I live with a sweet girl named Ssing-ee.

Ssing-ee is the owner of this room—and my very best friend.

She loves everything warm,
so she loves me very, very much.
Of course, I love her too.

Whirr, whirr—
"It's so cold.
I don't want Ongee to get chilly.
I'll close the window."
Ssing-ee quickly closed the clear window.

Then she closed the thick, frosted one too.
Once the frosted window was shut,
I stayed safe inside the cozy room,
keeping Ssing-ee warm and happy.

The next day,
the wind came knocking again.
Whirr, whirr—
"It's cold again today,"
said Ssing-ee, shivering a little.
She closed the clear window tight.

But just then,
"Ssing-ee! Come eat your dinner!"
It was her mom calling.
"Okay, Mom!"
Ssing-ee answered and ran off to eat,
leaving the frosted window open.

Night came, and everyone fell asleep.
I stayed by Ssing-ee's side,
keeping her warm as always.

Then I heard something.
Sniff, sniff...
Shiver, shiver...
Huh? What's that sound?
I floated over to the clear window
and peeked outside.

Oh no...

Baby trees and a tiny kitten were shivering outside!

Wait, wait!

Hold on, little friends!

I'll come warm you up!

Thump! Thump!

Huh? Oh right...

The window is in the way...

What should I do?

If I don't hurry,

they might freeze!

Shiver, shiver...

Tremble, tremble...

I couldn't just stand there.

I threw myself against the window.

Thump! Thump!

Every time I hit the window,

a little bump grew on me.

One by one,

my bumps started to cover the window.

I kept bumping into it until I fell asleep.

Morning came.

Ssing-ee woke up,
pulled back the curtains, and gasped.

"Oh no! I forgot to close the frosted window last night!

Huh? What's this?"

She stared at the window,
her eyes wide.

"Ongee! Oh my goodness, what happened to you?

You're all covered in bumps!"

She called out to me again and again,
her voice full of worry.

Hearing her,

I slowly woke up.

I'm here, Ssing-ee...

Ssing-ee looked at me with worried eyes.

"What happened, Ongee?

Why are you covered in bumps?"

I took a deep breath
and told her everything that happened last night.

And then, I shared my wish.

Ssing-ee, please let me go outside, just once.

I'll hurry and give a little bit of my warmth
to the tiny kitten and the trees.
Then I'll come right back.
Ssing-ee shook her head firmly.
"No, you can't!
Do you know how dangerous the winter wind is?
You might never come back!"

I begged again.
But we can't just leave our friends to freeze, Ssing-ee.
Please, just this once...
Please let me go.

Ssing-ee bit her lip, thinking hard.
Finally, she said,
"Okay.
But you must promise me—
come back before it gets dark! Promise!"
I smiled brightly.
I promise!

Ssing-ee carefully opened the window.
The cold air rushed in.
But I wasn't scared.

I fluttered out the window, happy and full of hope.

First,

I flew to the tiny, trembling tree.

Here, little tree.

Take some of my warmth.

Rustle, rustle—

The tree shook its leaves happily.

Next,

I flew to the tiny kitten,

shivering in the cold.

Here you go, little one.

It'll be warm now.

Meow—

The kitten looked up at me,

its eyes sparkling with tears.

Seeing my friends smile

made me feel so, so happy.

Time to go back!

Ssing-ee must be waiting!

I still had a little bit of warmth left.

I could make it home!

As I hurried home, I heard a soft sound.

Shiver, shiver...

Tremble, tremble...

Huh? Who is that?

I looked around, and saw tiny bugs
shaking in the cold.

Oh no...

I stopped in the air.

My heart was torn.

I really wanted to go home.

Ssing-ee was waiting for me.

And I didn't have much warmth left.

If I gave it to them...

I might not make it back.

But their little red hands...

their freezing feet...

They were staring at me.

Not saying anything—

just waiting.

I closed my eyes.

I knew what I had to do.

Here, little bugs.

Take this...

I gave them my very last bit of warmth.

The bugs rubbed their hands together,
smiling with joy.

Ah... it's cold.

Now I was the one shivering.

I never knew what cold really felt like...

It was so sharp.

So icy.

I felt sleepy.

Really sleepy...

Everyone...

Just a little nap...

I'll be okay...

I'm o...ka...

After that,

Ongee said no more.

She floated quietly,
no longer moving.

Back at home,
Ssing-ee was starting to worry.
“Ongee’s so late…
Did something happen?”
“Ssing-ee, time for bed,”
called her mom.
“Okay, Mom…”
Ssing-ee went to bed,
but her thoughts stayed with Ongee.
She fell asleep with a worried heart.

In her dream,
Ongee was shining.
Bright, beautiful, and full of light.
“There you are, Ongee! Let’s go home!”
But Ongee didn’t answer.
Ongee was smiling—
playing with the kitten,
the trees, and the little bugs.
Ongee looked so happy.
Ssing-ee smiled too.
“If you like it there…
you can stay, Ongee.”

A warm little drop
slid down Ssing-ee's cheek.

Drip.

A droplet.

A tiny, warm droplet.

It was Ongee.