

The Talking Sandwich



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Talking Sandwich

Yavuz DEMİRKİRAN



Molly sat on a park bench at lunchtime, her red backpack beside her. She unwrapped her cheese sandwich, golden-brown and warm. The cheese oozed at the edges, and a tiny paper hat sat on top. She was about to take a bite when a small voice said, "Please don't eat me!" Molly jumped. The sandwich had two shiny black olive eyes and a lettuce-frill smile.



"You can talk!" Molly whispered, her hazel eyes wide. "Of course I can," said the sandwich. "And I have big dreams. I want to see the world, not become lunch!" Molly looked at her curly hair puffs in the sandwich's olive eyes. She had never met a talking sandwich before. It wore a lettuce leaf scarf, and it looked very determined.



Molly thought for a moment. She was curious and kind, and a little cautious. But the sandwich's dream was so big and brave. "Okay," she said. "I'll help you. But we must be careful. The park is full of hungry pigeons." The sandwich bounced with joy. "Adventure awaits!" it cheered. Molly packed it gently into her red backpack.



They set off across the park. Suddenly, a plump pigeon with slate-grey feathers and a red string on its leg landed nearby. Its bright orange eyes stared at the backpack. "Mine!" it squawked. More pigeons fluttered down. Molly ran, her white sneakers pounding the grass. The sandwich shouted, "Faster, Molly!" They dodged and weaved, but the flock followed close behind.



The pigeons were fast, but Molly was faster. She dashed behind a big oak tree and held her breath. The pigeon leader with the bent tail feather strutted around, looking left and right. "Where did they go?" it grumbled. Molly and the sandwich stayed perfectly still. Finally, the pigeons gave up and flew away. "That was close!" the sandwich whispered. "Let's go!"



They hurried on, but a new obstacle appeared: a picnic blanket spread out on the grass, covered with plates and cups. "We have to cross it," Molly said. "But it's scary. Someone might see us." The sandwich poked its olive eyes out of the backpack. "We can do it together," it said. "Just be quick and quiet." Molly nodded and stepped onto the blanket.



Halfway across, a cup wobbled and a spoon clattered. Molly froze. A man reading a book looked up, but he didn't see the tiny sandwich. He just scratched his nose and went back to reading. Molly tiptoed past a plate of cookies. The sandwich whispered, "Those cookies look tasty, but I'm not staying!" They reached the other side safely.



Beyond the park, they entered a busy food market. Stalls overflowed with fruits, breads, and cheeses. The air smelled of cinnamon and fresh herbs. People hurried by, and vendors called out their wares. Molly held her backpack tight. "Where should we go?" she asked. The sandwich peeked out. "I don't know," it said. "But I'll know when I see it."



They wandered past a fish stall and a tower of oranges. The sandwich's olive eyes grew wide. "So many foods!" it gasped. "But none of them are magical like me." Molly smiled. "Maybe there's a special place for magical foods." The sandwich nodded. "I hope so. I want to belong somewhere." They kept walking, listening to the market's happy noise.



Then the sandwich spotted something: a small restaurant tucked between a bakery and a flower stall. A sign above the door read "Magical Eats." Through the window, they saw a teapot pouring itself and a muffin doing a little dance. The sandwich's cheese edges wiggled with excitement. "This is it!" it cried. "This is where I belong!" Molly felt happy and a little sad.



Molly carried the sandwich to the restaurant door. A friendly woman with a kind smile opened it. "Welcome!" she said. "We love magical foods here." The sandwich hopped onto a table and looked around at the dancing muffin and the pouring teapot. "I've found my home," it said softly. Molly's eyes filled with tears, but she smiled. "I'm glad," she whispered.



The sandwich turned to Molly. "Thank you for helping me," it said. "You listened to me, and that made all the difference." Molly hugged the sandwich gently, careful not to squash its cheese. "I'll miss you," she said. "But I'm happy you found your dream." The sandwich gave her a tiny lettuce-leaf wave. "We'll always be friends," it said.



Molly walked back through the market, her red backpack lighter but her heart full. She thought about the talking sandwich and its big dreams. She had been cautious at first, but listening to her funny friend had led to a wonderful adventure. As she passed the flower stall, she smiled. Sometimes, the best friendships start when you simply listen.



Back at the park, Molly sat on the same bench. The pigeons were gone, and the picnic blanket was folded away. She opened her lunchbox and found another cheese sandwich, but this one was quiet. She took a bite and thought of her friend. She hoped it was happy, dancing with the muffin and the teapot.



That evening, Molly told her family about the talking sandwich. They laughed and asked questions. Molly's hazel eyes sparkled as she described the escape from pigeons and the crossing of the scary picnic blanket. "You were brave," her mother said. Molly nodded. "And I made a friend," she said. "All because I listened."



Molly never forgot the talking sandwich. She learned that listening to others can lead to surprise friendships. Whenever she packed a cheese sandwich, she smiled and whispered, "Have big dreams." And somewhere in the magical restaurant, a sandwich with olive eyes and a lettuce scarf smiled back, remembering its brave friend Molly.