

The Enchanted Paint Bucket



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Enchanted Paint Bucket

Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN



Oliver was a curious boy with messy black hair that stuck up in tufts. One sunny Saturday, he found an old paint bucket in the garage. It was covered in dusty cobwebs and had a label that said 'Magic Paint' in sparkly letters. Oliver's hazel eyes widened. 'I can paint my room!' he cheered, and a green smudge of paint landed on his cheek.



Oliver carried the bucket to his bedroom. The walls were plain white, and his furniture looked bored. He dipped his brush and painted a bright blue stripe on his old wooden desk. The desk had two round brass knobs for eyes, and suddenly they blinked! 'About time someone gave me some color,' the desk said in a bossy voice. 'Now, listen here, everyone must follow my rules!'



Next, Oliver painted his small round chair a soft pink. The chair had a little knitted grey scarf around its backrest. It quivered and its button eyes looked down shyly. 'Oh dear,' whispered the chair, hiding behind the desk. 'I hope nobody notices me.' Oliver giggled. 'Don't be shy, little chair!' But the chair just trembled more.



Then Oliver painted his tall wardrobe a deep green. The wardrobe had a red bow tie stuck to its doors, and suddenly the doors swung open like a laughing mouth. 'Knock, knock!' said the wardrobe. 'Who's there?' asked Oliver. 'Wooden you like to know?' joked the wardrobe, rattling with laughter. Oliver laughed so hard he almost dropped his brush.



Soon the whole room was alive! The desk barked orders: 'Line up, everyone! No talking unless I say so!' The chair whispered, 'Please don't shout,' and hid under the bed. The wardrobe told joke after joke: 'Why did the paintbrush go to school? To get a little brush-up!' The room was a noisy, giggly mess. Oliver didn't know what to do.



The desk tried to run the room like a classroom. 'Sit up straight! No slouching!' it ordered the chair. The chair quivered and its cushion shook. 'I'm trying,' it squeaked. The wardrobe interrupted with another joke: 'What did the desk say to the chair? You're looking a little down!' The desk glared, but the wardrobe just laughed harder.



Oliver tried to paint over the blue stripes on the desk, but the paint wouldn't come off. 'You can't change us that easily,' said the desk bossily. 'We're enchanted now!' The chair whispered, 'I liked being quiet.' The wardrobe said, 'Why did the boy cross the road? To get to the other side of the room!' and laughed until its doors shook.



Oliver felt worried. He didn't want a bossy desk or a noisy wardrobe. He just wanted his quiet room back. 'How do I undo the magic?' he asked. The desk said, 'You can't! I'm in charge now!' The chair peeked out and whispered, 'Maybe if you accept us as we are, the magic will fade.' Oliver thought about that.

ehtdeldenh
larresolckie
osh chbbt
ldoen.

enlolotible
buttonl kiness
hlotbaloer



Oliver decided to try being kind. He said to the desk, 'I like your blue stripes. They make you look cheerful.' The desk stopped bossing for a moment and said, 'Really? You do?' Oliver nodded. Then he said to the chair, 'You don't have to hide. You're perfect just as you are.' The chair's button eyes widened, and it stopped quivering.



The wardrobe told another joke: 'What do you call a desk that tells jokes? A laughable desk!' The desk chuckled, and the chair giggled. Oliver laughed too. The room felt warmer. The desk said, 'I suppose I don't need to be so bossy.' The chair said, 'And I don't need to hide.' The wardrobe said, 'And I'll keep telling jokes!'



Suddenly, the magic paint began to glow. Oliver realized that accepting his furniture was the key. The paint faded from the desk, the chair, and the wardrobe. Their faces disappeared, but their new colors stayed. The desk was still blue-striped, the chair pink, and the wardrobe green. But now they were just furniture again—quiet and still.



Oliver smiled. He liked his room better than ever. The blue stripes reminded him of the bossy desk, the pink chair of his shy friend, and the green wardrobe of all the jokes. He didn't need magic to make his room special. He just needed to appreciate what he had. And maybe a little paint didn't hurt.



From that day on, Oliver kept his room tidy and cheerful. He often thought about the talking furniture and smiled. Sometimes he whispered to his desk, 'Good job holding my books.' And to his chair, 'You're comfy.' And to his wardrobe, 'You hold my clothes perfectly.' The furniture didn't talk back, but Oliver felt they were happy.



Oliver learned that changing how things look doesn't solve every problem. The magic paint had made his furniture come alive, but it also made a mess. By accepting his belongings as they were, he found peace. He still loved to paint, but now he painted pictures, not furniture. And he always kept a green smudge on his cheek for luck.



One day, Oliver found another old bucket in the garage. It said 'Magic Paint' again. He looked at it and laughed. 'No, thank you,' he said. 'I like my room just the way it is.' He put the bucket back on the shelf and went to play. The sun shone through his window, and his room was quiet and calm.



Oliver sat on his pink chair and did his homework at his blue-striped desk. He glanced at his green wardrobe and smiled. He didn't need magic paint to make his room special. He just needed to appreciate what he had. And that was the best magic of all.