The Cinnamon Clock
Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Cinnamon Clock

Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

Emma skipped up the garden path to her grandmother's house, her red sneakers crunching on fallen leaves. She carried a small green backpack filled with crayons and a notebook. Grandmother Rose opened the door with a warm smile, her pearl earrings twinkling. 'Come in, my curious one,' she said, and the house smelled of lavender and love.

In the hallway stood a tall wooden clock, polished and dark, with brass fittings that gleamed. Carved cinnamon leaves curled around its cream face, and a tiny brass chimney puffed a faint cloud of scent. Emma stared at it, her hazel eyes wide. 'Grandmother, what is that clock?' she whispered. 'It smells like cinnamon!'

Grandmother Rose chuckled, her crinkly brown eyes sparkling. 'That's the Cinnamon Clock, Emma. Every hour, it lets out a different smell. Each scent holds a family memory.' Emma's freckled nose twitched with curiosity. 'A memory?' she asked. 'Like a story?' 'Exactly,' said Grandmother Rose. 'Sit with me, and we'll see what the clock shares today.'

Just then, the clock chimed softly, and a puff of cinnamon scent drifted through the air. Emma breathed deeply. 'It smells like Christmas!' she said. Grandmother Rose nodded, her silver bun bobbing. 'When your father was a boy, we baked cinnamon rolls every Christmas morning. He always ate the first one, still warm from the oven.' Emma smiled, picturing her dad as a little boy.

The next hour, the clock puffed again, and the air filled with the smell of fresh bread. Emma followed the scent to the kitchen, where Grandmother Rose was kneading dough. 'This one is from my mother,' she said. 'She baked bread every morning before the sun rose. The whole house woke up to that warm smell.' Emma closed her eyes and imagined it.

Then came the scent of roses, soft and sweet. Emma traced it to a vase of pink roses on the windowsill. 'These were your grandfather's favorite,' Grandmother Rose said, her voice gentle. 'He planted a rose bush for our first anniversary. Every year, it bloomed more beautifully.' Emma touched a petal and thought of a grandfather she never met.

The clock chimed again, and the air turned to the sharp, clean smell of pine. Emma spun around. 'Pine trees!' Grandmother Rose laughed. 'When your mother was small, we camped in the forest every summer. She collected pinecones and made little houses for the fairies.' Emma giggled, imagining her mother as a girl with pinecones in her pockets.

Next came the smell of chocolate, rich and sweet. Emma's mouth watered. 'Chocolate cake!' Grandmother Rose nodded. 'For every birthday, I baked a chocolate cake. Your uncle always asked for the same one, with fudge frosting and sprinkles.' Emma licked her lips. 'Can we bake one today?' 'Maybe tomorrow,' Grandmother Rose said with a wink.

The clock chimed, and a soapy, clean scent filled the air. Emma wrinkled her nose. 'Soap?' Grandmother Rose smiled. 'My sister and I made soap every spring. We picked lavender and stirred it into the mixture. The whole house smelled like a garden.' Emma thought of her great-aunt and the soap she used, and it made her feel close to family she barely knew.

As the afternoon went on, the clock shared more scents: coffee, apples, and even the smell of rain on a summer day. Each one brought a new story. Emma listened, her big hazel eyes shining. 'Grandmother,' she said, 'the clock is like a treasure chest of memories.' Grandmother Rose hugged her. 'Yes, and now you are part of those memories too.'

Emma looked at the clock with new eyes. It wasn't just a clock; it was a keeper of family stories. She touched its carved cinnamon leaves gently. 'What will it smell like when I'm grown up?' she asked. Grandmother Rose smiled. 'That depends on the memories you make, my dear. But I hope some of them include me.'

Emma opened her green backpack and took out her notebook. 'I'm going to write down all the stories,' she said. She drew the clock with its tiny chimney and wrote 'Cinnamon Clock' in big letters. Grandmother Rose watched, her crinkly eyes proud. 'That's a wonderful idea. Stories are meant to be shared.'

For the rest of the visit, they baked cinnamon rolls together, the warm scent filling the kitchen. Emma rolled the dough and sprinkled cinnamon, her gap-toothed smile wide. 'Now we're making a new memory,' she said. Grandmother Rose beamed. 'Indeed we are. And the clock will keep it safe for you.'

As the sun set, Emma hugged the clock goodnight. It chimed softly, as if saying goodbye. Grandmother Rose handed her a tiny jar of cinnamon. 'For when you miss the clock,' she said. Emma tucked it into her backpack, feeling its warmth. 'I'll be back soon,' she promised. 'The clock has more stories to tell.'

On the way home, Emma thought about all the scents and stories. She realized that the clock wasn't magic just because it made smells. It was magic because it helped them remember happy times. Small things, like cinnamon or bread, could hold big memories. She smiled, knowing that family stories were the best treasure of all.

From that day on, Emma noticed scents everywhere—her mother's rose perfume, her father's coffee, the pine trees at the park. Each one reminded her of Grandmother Rose and the Cinnamon Clock. She learned that even ordinary things could hold big, happy memories. And she knew that the clock would always keep their family stories alive, one scent at a time.