

The Peppercorn Prince



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Peppercorn Prince

Yavuz DEMİRKİRAN



In a cozy kitchen, on a high shelf, stood a royal pepper mill. Inside lived Prince Pepper, a tiny prince no bigger than a peppercorn. He had warm tan skin, glossy black hair shaped like a crown, and bright amber eyes. He wore a crimson velvet jacket with gold buttons and a little gold crown. Every morning, he polished his tiny wooden pepper mill and dreamed of adventure.



The pepper mill was his kingdom. Its walls were carved with tiny swirls, and its handle was a grand tower. Sir Grinder, a wooden guard with brass fittings and glowing copper eyes, kept watch. 'Stay inside, Your Highness,' he said. 'The kitchen is a giant, dangerous place.' But Prince Pepper's amber eyes sparkled. He wanted to see the world beyond the mill.



One morning, Granny Sage lifted the pepper mill. The lid was open! Prince Pepper tiptoed to the edge and peeked out. Below him stretched a busy kitchen full of pots, spoons, and tasty smells. 'Oh!' he gasped. 'It's huge!' He jumped onto a spoon and slid down, down, down, landing softly in a bowl of flour. Puff! A cloud of white dust tickled his nose.



Prince Pepper sneezed. A tiny sneeze, but the kitchen was loud. He ran past a loaf of bread, under a wooden spoon, and around a giant egg. Everything was big! A carrot looked like a tree, and a teacup like a swimming pool. He climbed a mountain of potatoes and shouted, 'I am Prince Pepper! I am on an adventure!' But no one heard his tiny voice.



Suddenly, a grey mouse with a white belly popped up. He wore a red neckerchief and a thimble as a hat. 'Who are you?' asked the mouse. 'I'm Pip!' Prince Pepper bowed. 'I am Prince Pepper, from the royal pepper mill.' Pip's whiskers twitched. 'I know that mill! It's on the shelf. But you're so small! How will you get back?' 'I'll find a way,' said the prince bravely.



Pip led Prince Pepper through the kitchen. They dodged a rolling lemon and hid behind a honey jar. 'Watch out for the cat,' whispered Pip. 'And Granny Sage's broom!' Prince Pepper's heart beat fast, but he kept going. He had never seen so many colors and smells. 'Your kingdom is tiny,' said Pip. 'But this kitchen is a whole world!'



Back on the shelf, Sir Grinder felt a rumble. The royal pepper mill wobbled. 'Oh no!' he cried. A crack split across the lid. 'The mill is breaking!' He tried to hold it together, but the crack grew wider. 'Prince Pepper!' he called. 'Where are you? We need you!' But the prince was far away, exploring a forest of broccoli.



Prince Pepper heard a faint crack. 'That's my mill!' he cried. 'I must go home!' He ran as fast as his tiny boots could carry him. But the kitchen was huge, and the shelf was high. 'How will I ever get back?' he said. Pip tugged his sleeve. 'Don't worry. We'll find a way. Size doesn't matter when you have friends.'



They hurried past a sink full of bubbles and a stove that glowed warm. Prince Pepper's boots slipped on a wet spot, but Pip caught him by the jacket. 'Thanks, Pip!' he puffed. 'We're almost there.' But then a shadow loomed. Granny Sage's broom swept across the floor! 'Look out!' squeaked Pip. They jumped into a teacup just in time.



Inside the teacup, Prince Pepper caught his breath. 'That was close!' he said. 'I'm so small,' he sighed. 'I can't do anything big.' Pip shook his head. 'Small doesn't mean weak,' he said. 'You're brave and clever. That's what matters.' Prince Pepper smiled. 'You're right. Let's keep going.' They climbed out and ran toward the shelf.



At last, they reached the shelf. The royal pepper mill was cracked and crooked. Sir Grinder stood beside it, looking worried. 'Your Highness!' he cried. 'The mill is broken. We can't get back inside.' Prince Pepper looked at the crack. It was small, but his kingdom was inside. 'We need to fix it,' he said. 'But how?' asked Sir Grinder. 'I have an idea,' said Pip.



Granny Sage bustled over. 'Oh my,' she said, seeing the cracked mill. 'This old thing needs a mend.' She pulled a tiny screwdriver from her apron pocket. 'I can fix it.' She tightened a screw and glued the crack. Prince Pepper watched, holding his breath. 'Will it hold?' he asked. Granny Sage smiled. 'It will now. There. Good as new.'



Granny Sage set the mill back on the shelf. 'You must be the little prince who lives inside,' she said, peering through her glasses. 'I've heard about you.' Prince Pepper bowed. 'Thank you, Granny Sage.' She chuckled. 'You're small, but you've got a big heart. That's what counts.' Prince Pepper's cheeks turned rosy. He felt proud.



Prince Pepper climbed back into the mill. It felt warm and safe. Sir Grinder saluted. 'You saved the kingdom, Your Highness.' Prince Pepper shook his head. 'We saved it together. Pip, you're my hero.' Pip blushed under his thimble hat. 'Any time, Your Highness.' They promised to meet again. 'I'll visit,' said Pip. 'And I'll bring crumbs!'



That night, Prince Pepper sat on his tiny throne. The mill was fixed, but his heart was full of new friends. He thought about the big kitchen and all he had seen. He was small, but he had been brave. 'Size doesn't matter,' he whispered. 'What matters is courage and kindness.' He smiled and waved to Pip through the mill's little window.



And from that day on, Prince Pepper explored the kitchen often, always with Pip by his side. Sir Grinder learned to trust the little prince's courage. Granny Sage left tiny treats on the shelf. And the peppercorn prince knew that home was not just a place—it was the friends who helped you find your way back. Even the smallest prince can do great things.