

The Kitchen of Silly Spells



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Kitchen of Silly Spells

Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN



Oliver found the magic kitchen behind a small blue door in his grandmother's house. The door was hidden behind a curtain in the hallway. When he pushed it open, he gasped. Spoons were stirring themselves in mid-air, and a copper kettle was humming a little tune. Everything smelled like cinnamon and warm bread. Oliver's round amber eyes grew wide with wonder.



Oliver stepped inside and his gap-toothed grin spread across his face. He wore his oversized white chef hat and red-and-white striped apron. In his pocket, a tiny wooden spoon peeked out. The kitchen was full of dancing plates with happy closed-eye smiles, and the kettle puffed musical steam. 'I could cook a wonderful dinner for my family!' Oliver said, clapping his hands.



A honey-coloured wooden spoon hopped out of Oliver's pocket. It had carved swirls, two friendly brown eyes, and a checkered dishcloth scarf. 'Hello, Oliver,' said the spoon in a gentle voice. 'I am Spoon. This kitchen is full of silly spells. But if you work with them, you can make magic.' Oliver nodded, though he wasn't sure what Spoon meant.



Oliver decided to start with soup. He reached for a big pot and a long wooden spoon. But the spoon wiggled out of his hand and started stirring by itself, faster and faster. 'Stop!' Oliver cried. The spoon splashed broth everywhere. Spoon patted his arm. 'Don't fight it,' said Spoon. 'Watch its rhythm. Then join in.'



Next, Oliver tried to boil water for pasta. The copper kettle with the blue lid bow began to sing opera loudly. Its spout shaped like a singing mouth puffed steam, and the water boiled over in a rush. 'Too hot!' Oliver yelled. The kettle just sang higher. Spoon said, 'It loves to sing. Maybe you can conduct it, like a choir.'



Oliver lifted his hands like a conductor and hummed a slow tune. The kettle's rosy cheeks puffed, and it slowed its song to a gentle hum. The water bubbled softly, just right. 'Bravo!' sang the kettle. Oliver giggled. 'That was silly, but it worked!' He wiped his forehead and smiled at Spoon.



Then Oliver set the table with the six white plates painted with blue swirls. But the plates had thin dancing legs and happy smiles. They spun across the table, waltzing and giggling, and scattered the forks and napkins. 'Please stay still!' Oliver begged. The plates only danced faster. Spoon said, 'They love to dance. Dance along, and they'll follow your lead.'



Oliver took a deep breath and began to sway. He tapped his feet and twirled, and the plates twirled with him. Soon they settled into a gentle rhythm and placed themselves neatly on the table. 'That was fun!' Oliver laughed. The plates closed their eyes and smiled. Spoon nodded wisely. 'You see? Patience and practice.'



But the soup was still splashing and the pasta water was cooling. Oliver felt flustered. 'I'll never get this right!' he sighed. Spoon said, 'One thing at a time. First, the soup. Stir with the spoon's rhythm, not against it.' Oliver watched the spoon's lazy circles, then gently stirred along. The spoon slowed down and let him take over.



Oliver moved to the kettle and hummed a steady tune. The kettle sang along, and the water boiled perfectly. Then he danced a slow waltz with the plates, and they set themselves in a neat stack. Bit by bit, Oliver learned to guide each utensil's magic. 'I'm doing it!' he cheered. Spoon smiled. 'You are learning.'



Just when Oliver thought he had it all under control, the kettle hit a high note and the plates spun wildly again. Oliver wanted to rush and fix everything. But Spoon said, 'Remember, magic works best when you don't rush it. Take a breath.' Oliver stopped, closed his eyes, and counted to three. Then he hummed a calm tune.



The kettle softened its song, and the plates slowed their spin. Oliver stirred the soup gently and added a pinch of salt. He moved with the utensils' magic instead of against it. The kitchen filled with a warm, delicious smell. 'You see?' said Spoon. 'Patience and practice. That's the secret.' Oliver grinned his gap-toothed grin.



Oliver tasted the soup. It was perfect! The pasta was tender, and the plates had arranged themselves beautifully on the table. The kettle sang a soft, happy song. Spoon hopped onto Oliver's shoulder. 'You did it,' said Spoon. 'You worked with each utensil's special magic.' Oliver felt proud. He had learned to be patient and to practice.



When Oliver's family came to the table, they gasped. A wonderful dinner was waiting: steaming soup, perfect pasta, and a beautiful table. 'How did you do this?' asked his mother. Oliver smiled. 'I had a little help from some silly spells,' he said. The kettle tooted a happy note, and the plates did a tiny dance.



Oliver hung his chef hat on a hook and tucked Spoon back into his pocket. 'Thank you, Spoon,' he whispered. 'You taught me that learning new skills takes patience and practice.' Spoon winked. 'And magic works best when you don't rush it.' Oliver knew he would never forget this day in the magic kitchen.



From then on, Oliver visited the magic kitchen often. Each time, he practiced stirring, conducting, and dancing with the utensils. Sometimes things still went silly, but Oliver didn't mind. He knew that with patience, practice, and a little help from a friend, anything was possible. And the kitchen always smelled of cinnamon and warm bread.