

When I Grow Up, I'll Be...



When I Grow Up, I'll Be...

*Sevgili İpek,
Sana sağlıklı, mutlu, başarılı ve
sevgiyle dolu bir hayat diliyoruz.
Nebha&Ahmet*

A Girl Who Never Keeps Still

Once upon a time, there was a girl called **Ipek** who could never keep still. She hums as she wakes up, pedals wherever she goes and turns roly-polies instead of walking.

She wants to know everything: how pizzas puff up, why trains whistle, where tulips come from. And this sunny morning, a very big question is waiting for her in the garden.



The Big Question

Round and round the garden path goes **Ipek** on her bicycle.
Ring-ring! Then she hops off and tumbles across the grass in a
perfect roly-poly.

Mom and **Dad** clap from the bench.

“You can do so many things,” says **Dad**. “What will you be when
you grow up?”

Ipek opens her mouth. She closes it again. A baker? A singer? A
gymnast? There are far too many to choose from!

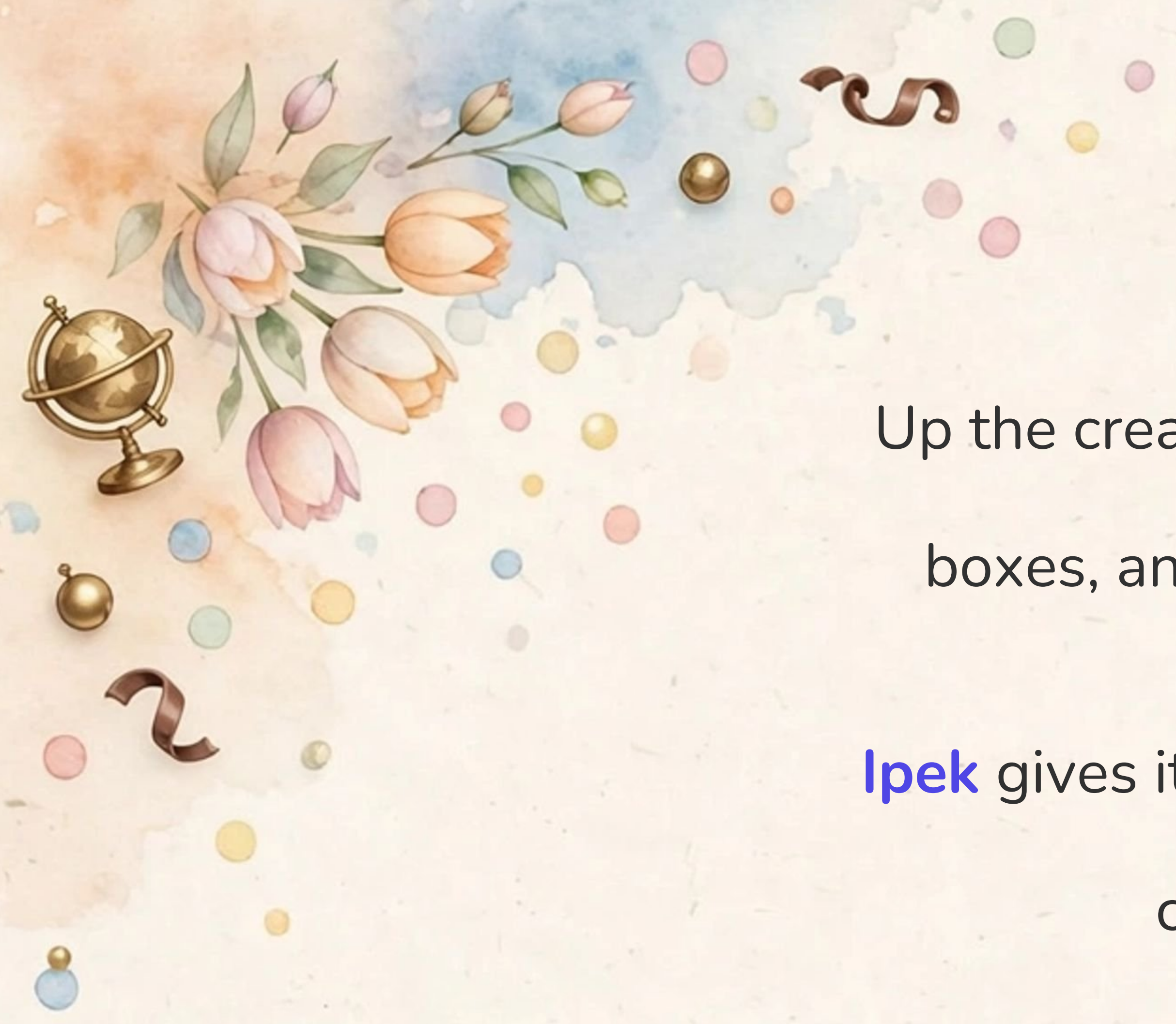
“I don’t know,” she whispers, and her cheeks go pink.

“There’s no hurry,” says **Mom**, giving her a cuddle.

But the question buzzes in **Ipek**’s head like a bee. Maybe the attic,
full of old treasures, can help.







The Globe Wakes Up

Up the creaky stairs climbs **lpek**, into the dusty attic. There are boxes, an old trunk and, in the corner, a big wooden globe.

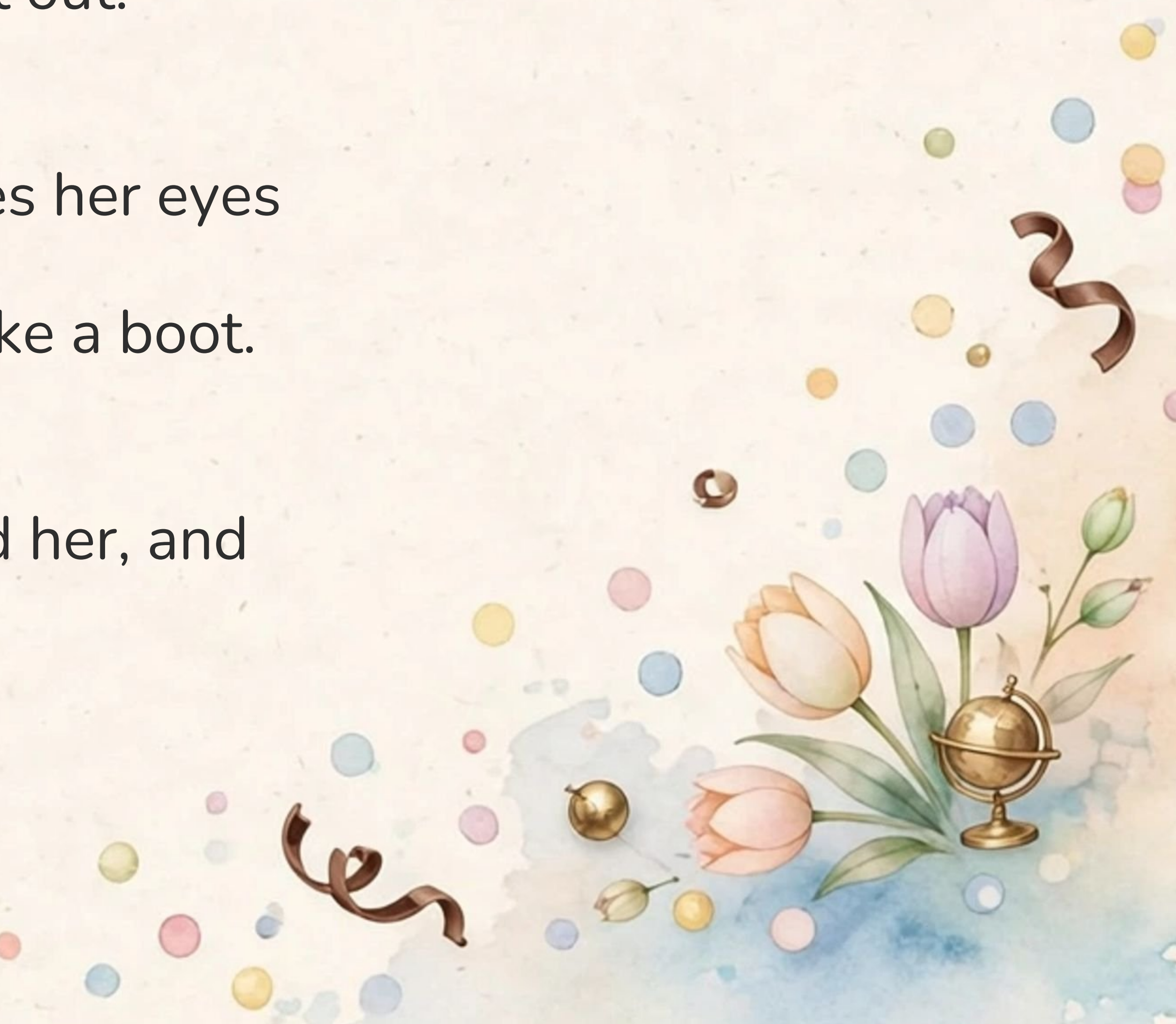
lpek gives it a little spin. Whirr! Suddenly the globe glows with colours, and two painted eyes blink open.

“Hello, **lpek**!” it says in a crackly voice. “I heard your big question.

Put your finger down, and I’ll take you to try it out!”

lpek giggles. She spins the globe once more, closes her eyes and... tap! Her finger lands on a country shaped like a boot.

“Italy!” says the globe. Golden light swirls around her, and whoosh, the attic is gone.







Pizza Chef in Naples

Bump! She lands in a busy little restaurant in Naples, in Italy, the city where pizza was born. Through the window, Mount Vesuvius stands sleepy and blue.

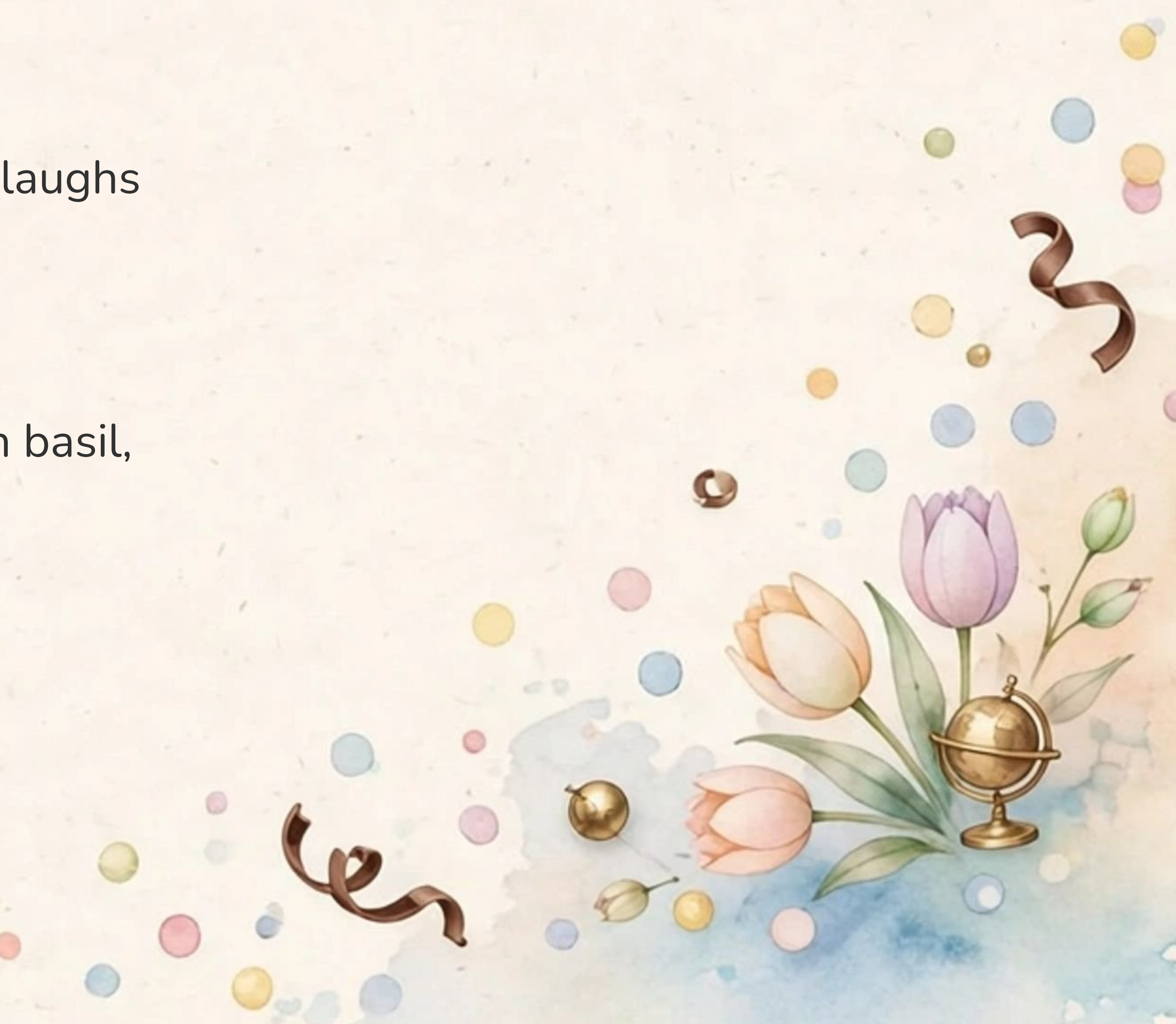
“Benvenuta!” says the pizza chef, and he ties a white apron around her.

He shows her how to stretch the dough, then toss it high in the air. Now it’s her turn. Spin, spin, up, up... flop! The dough lands right on top of her head like a floppy hat.

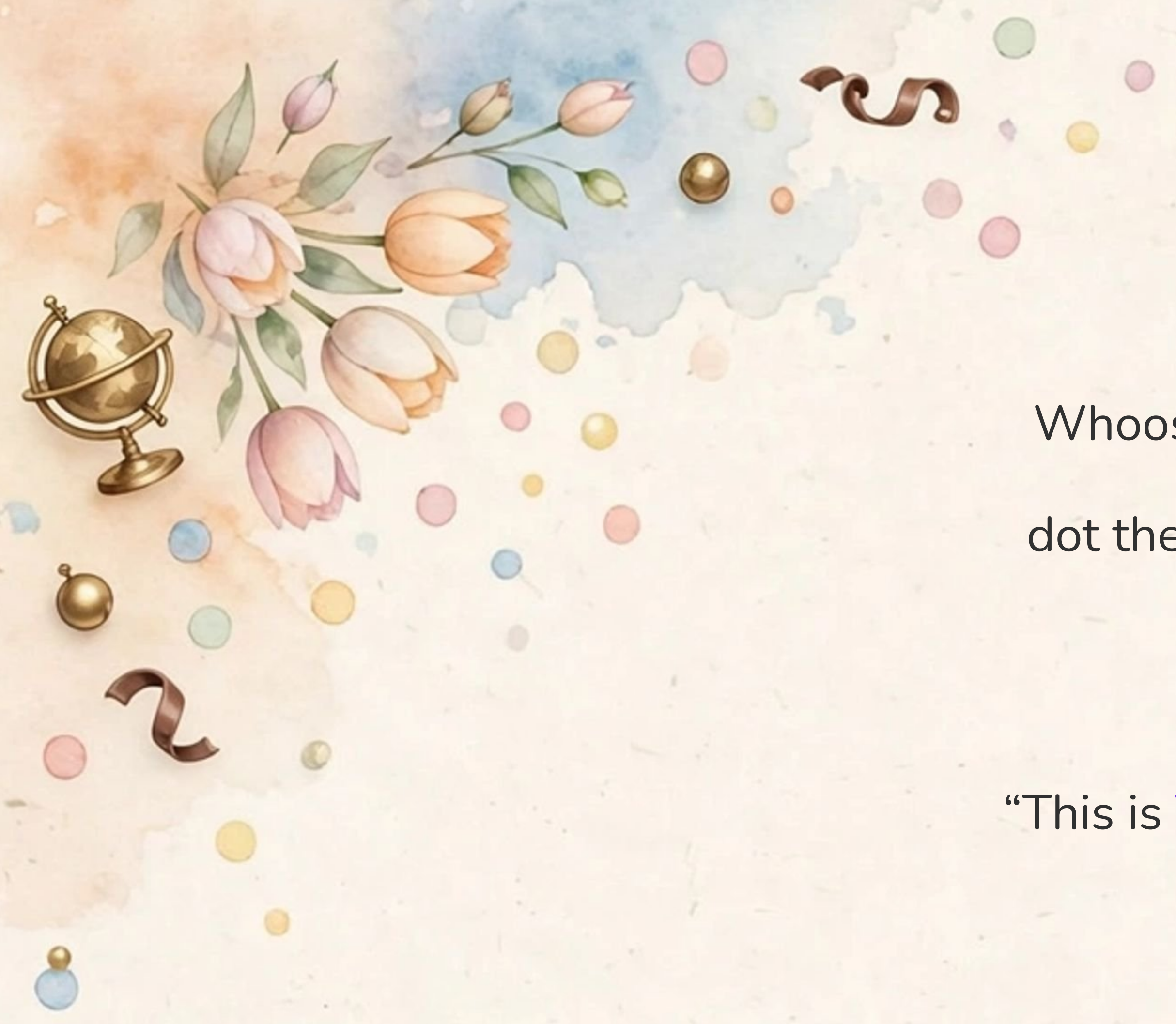
The chef laughs so hard that his moustache wobbles. **Ipek** laughs too.

Together they add red tomato, white mozzarella and green basil, the colours of a real Naples pizza.

“Brava, **Ipek**!”







The Vet and Tembo

Whoosh! Now **Ipek** is in Kenya, where flat-topped acacia trees dot the golden savannah. By a sparkling river, a kind vet waves her over.

“This is **Tembo**,” says the vet. “He’s a baby elephant, and today is his check-up.”

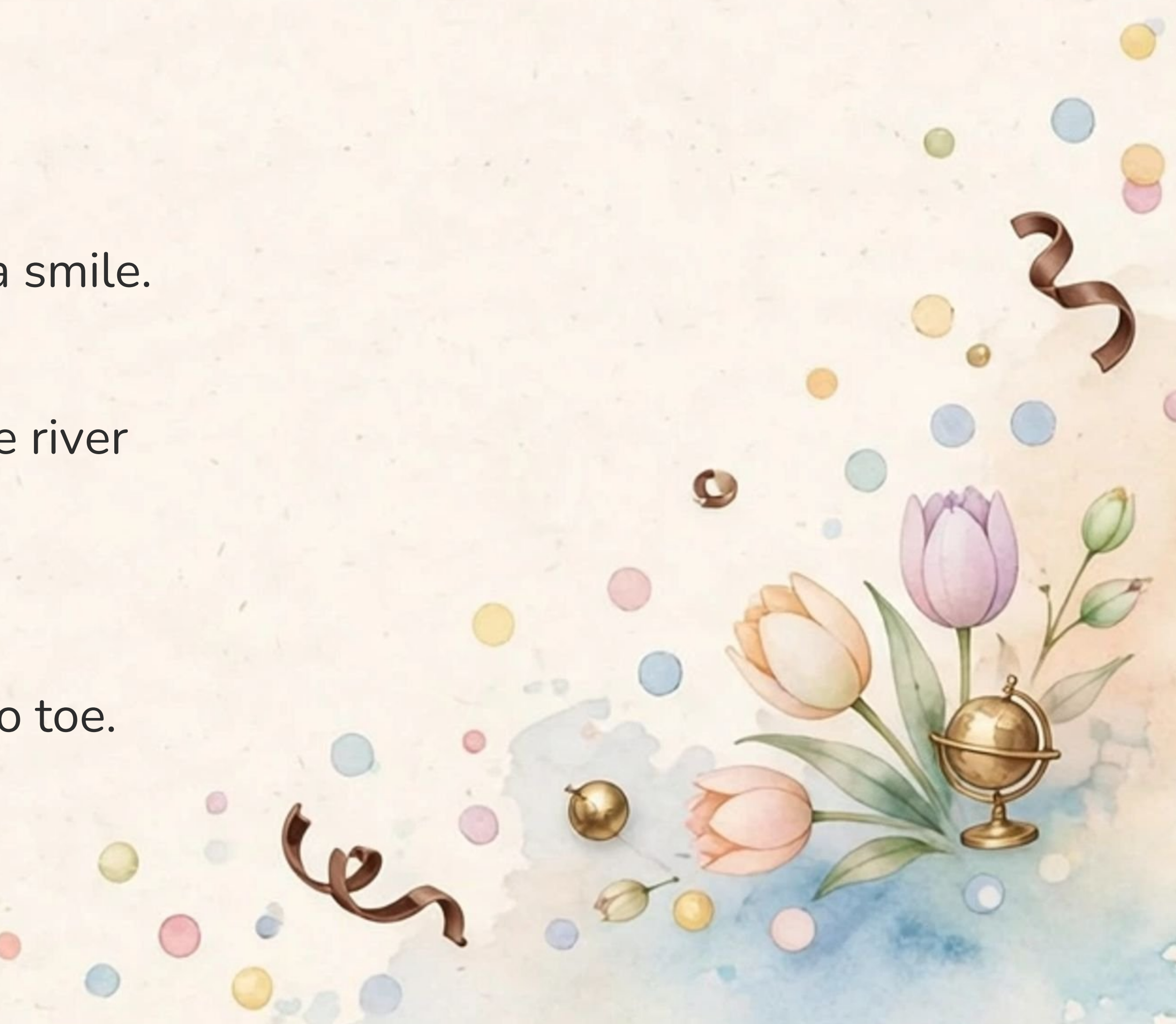
She hangs a stethoscope around **Ipek**’s neck. **Ipek** tiptoes up and presses it gently against **Tembo**’s wrinkly side.

Ba-dum, ba-dum, ba-dum!

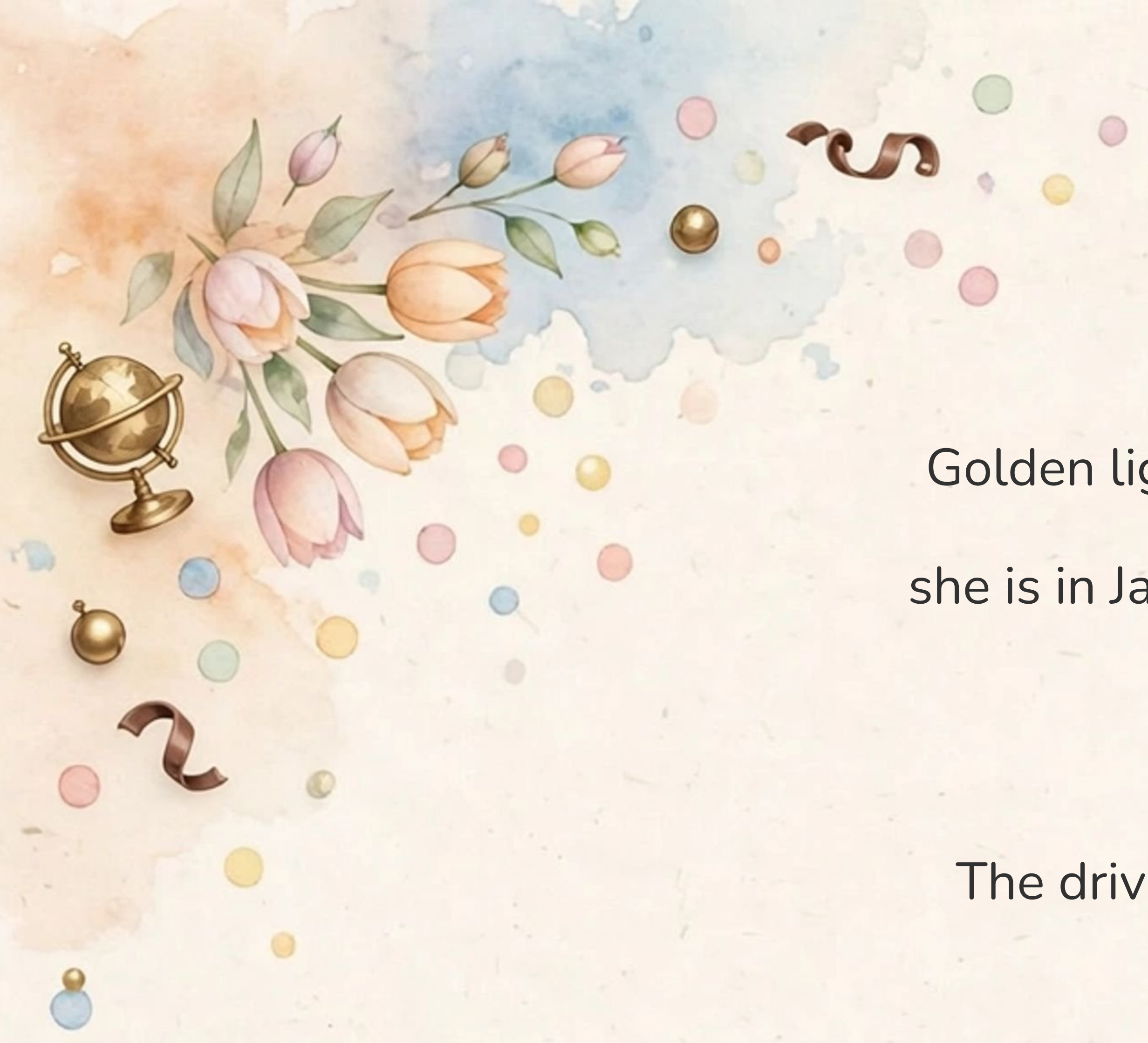
“His heart sounds strong and happy,” says the vet with a smile.

Tembo flaps his big ears. Then he dips his trunk into the river and... pschhh! He gives **Ipek** a cool shower.

“Thank you, **Tembo**!” she giggles, dripping from head to toe.







The Train and the Mountain

Golden light swirls, and **Ipek**'s clothes are dry in a twinkle. Now she is in Japan, at the front of a sleek white train with a long nose like a bird's beak.

The driver bows and hands her a smart cap. It is far too big! It slips right down over **Ipek**'s eyes.

"Where's the mountain?" she giggles, pushing it up.

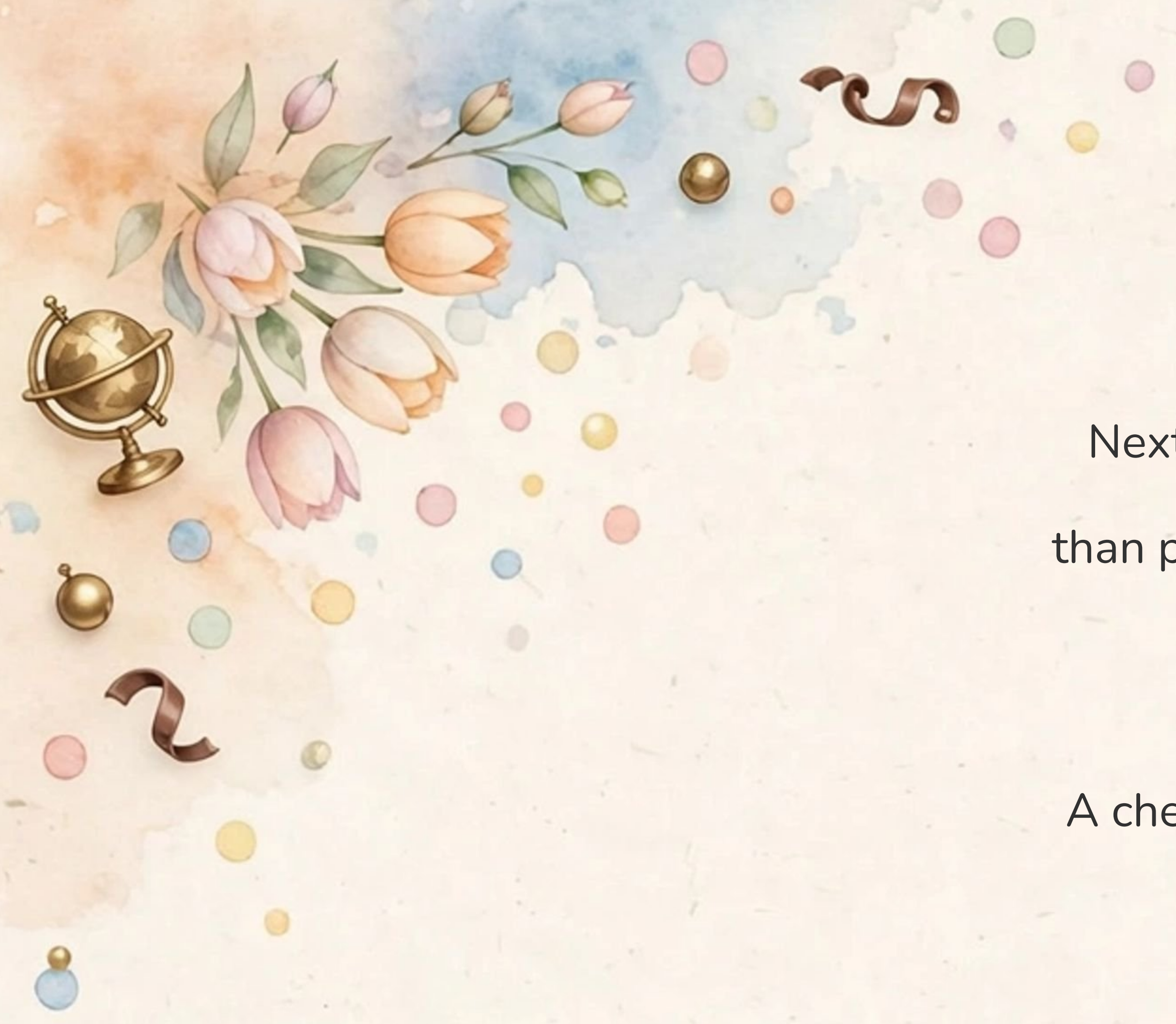
"Right there," he says, pointing.

Through the big window, Mount Fuji rises above the green fields, its snowy top shining like icing sugar.

Together they press the start button. The train glides off, smooth and fast, exactly on time. In Japan, trains are famous for that!







Tulips on Two Wheels

Next stop: the Netherlands, a flat country with more bicycles than people! Stripes of red, yellow and pink tulips stretch all the way to a windmill.

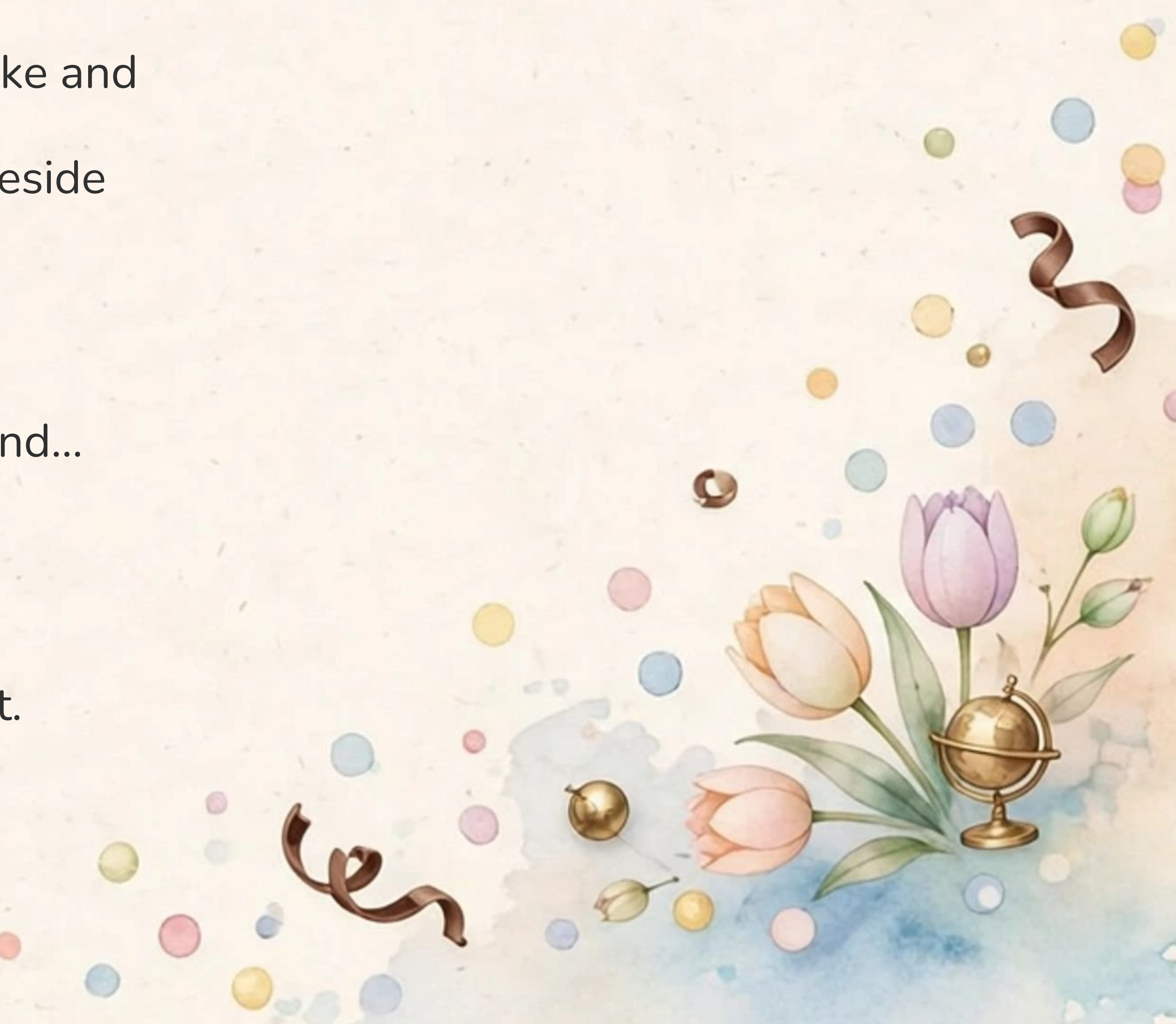
A cheerful florist helps **lpek** pick a bouquet. “This one is for the baker by the canal,” she says.

lpek’s eyes shine. A delivery by bicycle? That’s her favourite thing!

She pops the bouquet into the front basket of a little red bike and pedals along the canal path. Ring-ring! The florist rides beside her.

A breeze tickles the tulips, the tulips tickle **lpek**’s nose and... atchoo! A few petals fly away.

“Still the prettiest bouquet in town,” laughs the florist.







The Stone Cats

Whoosh! Warm sand under her trainers: **lpek** is in Egypt. Behind her, the great pyramids rise like giant golden triangles, built more than four thousand years ago.

An archaeologist kneels in a little dig and gives **lpek** a soft brush.

“Sweep gently,” she says. “The sand hides old secrets.”

Swish, swish. A pointy stone ear pokes out of the sand. Then another... and another, and another!

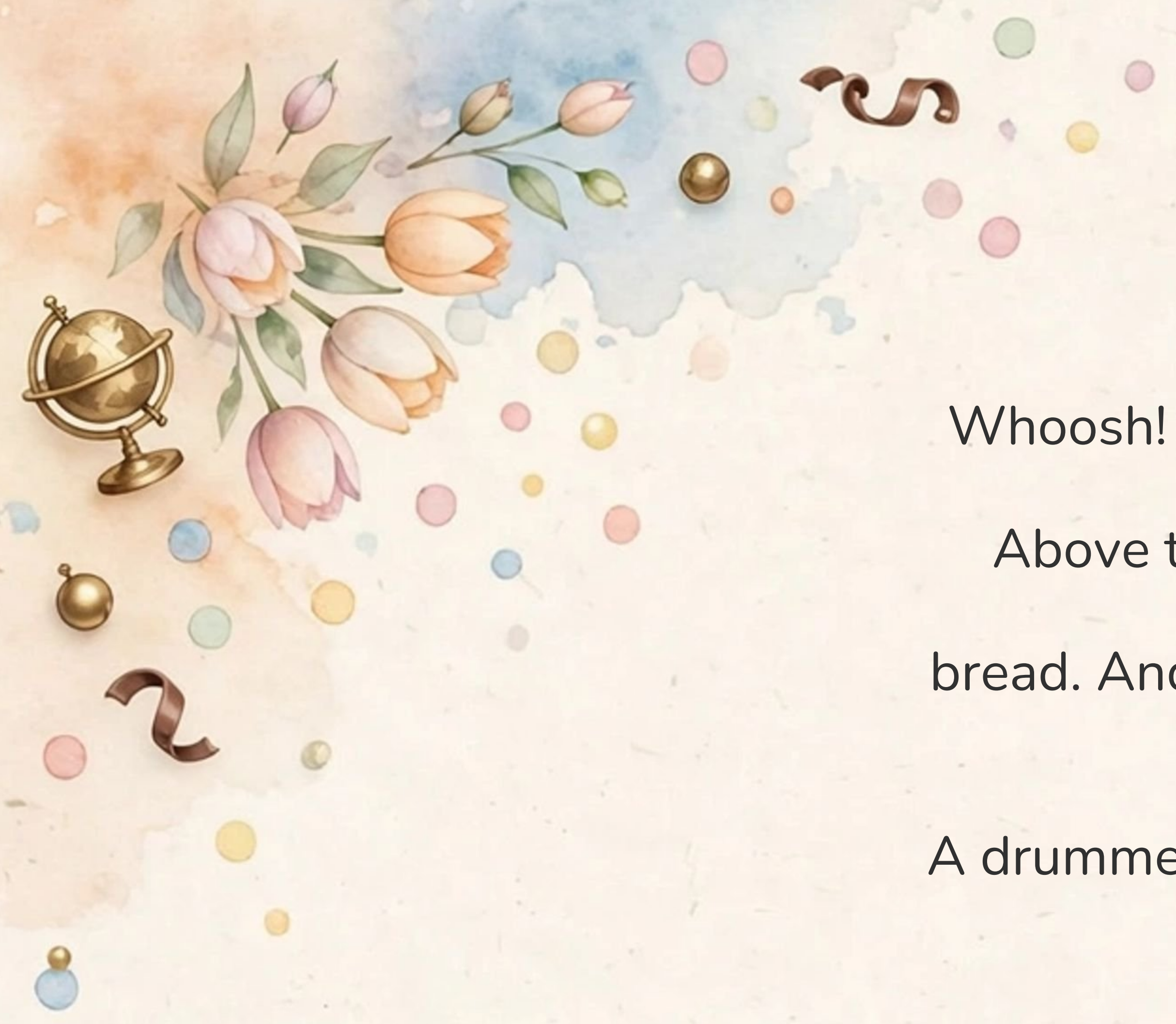
“Hello, kitties!” says **lpek**. “Meow?”

The archaeologist smiles. “They’re statues. Long ago, people here loved cats so much that they carved them in stone.”

lpek brushes and brushes until two little stone cats sit side by side, proud and dusty.







The Carnival Drum

Whoosh! **Ipek** lands in Brazil, in the sunny city of Rio de Janeiro.

Above the bay rises Sugarloaf Mountain, round like a loaf of bread. And everywhere there is music, because it is carnival time!

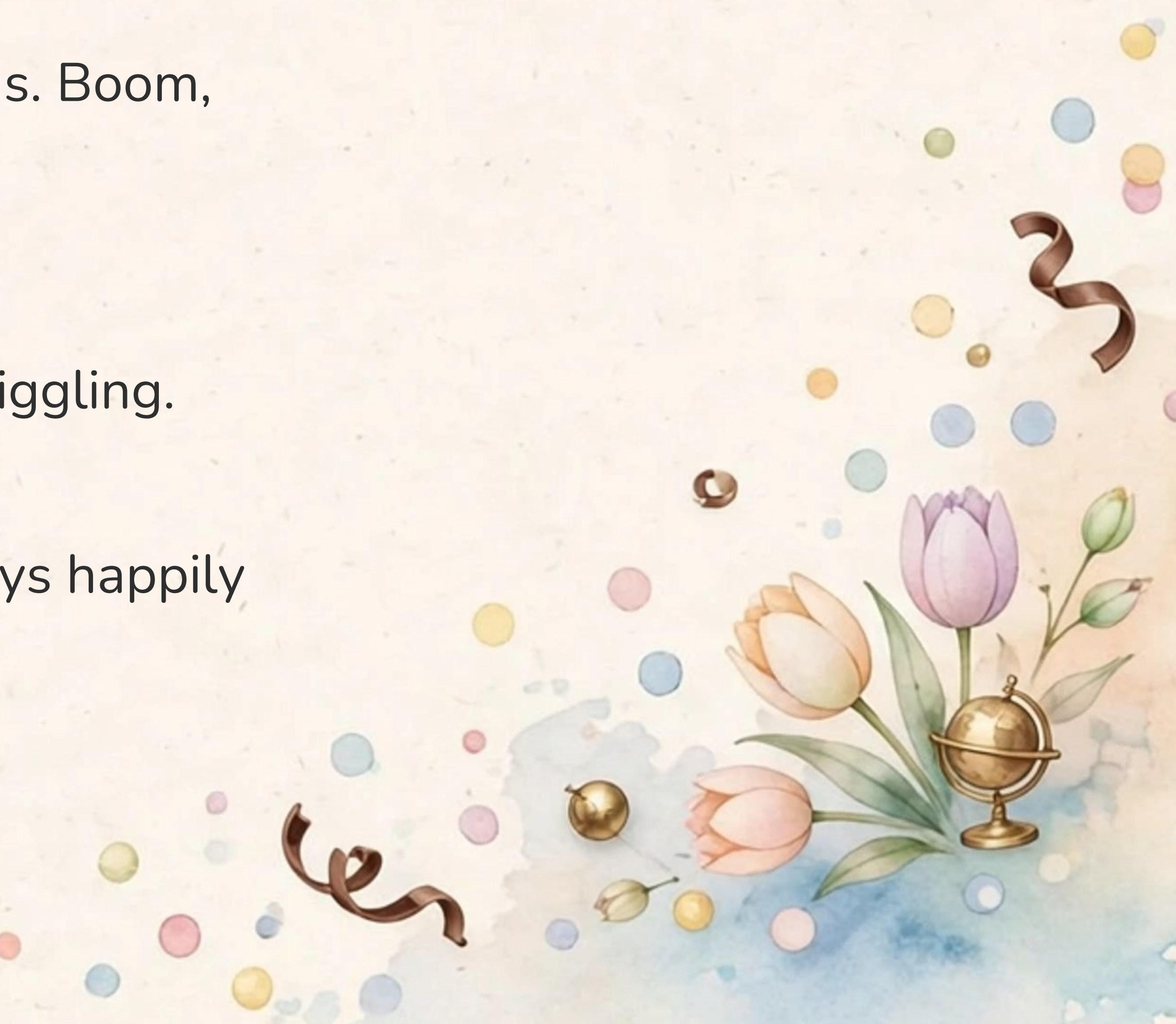
A drummer with a big smile hands **Ipek** a drum striped green and yellow, with two wooden beaters.

“Boom, ba-da boom! That’s samba,” he says.

Ipek loves music. She joins the little parade and drums. Boom, ba-da boom! Faster, faster, FASTER!

The dancers spin like tops until they are dizzy and giggling.

“Oops!” says **Ipek**. She slows down, and everyone sways happily together, feathers bobbing in the sun.







The Chocolate Moustache

Whoosh! Cold, fresh air: **lpek** is in Switzerland. Snowy mountains rise all around a wooden chalet, and the pointy Matterhorn peeks over the top. Inside, it smells sweet and warm.

“Welcome, little helper!” says a chocolate maker in a tall white hat. She hands **lpek** a wooden spoon.

Together they stir melted chocolate, smooth and shiny, then pour it into little moulds shaped like stars and hearts.

lpek just has to check that it tastes right. One tiny lick of the spoon... mmm!

Her new friend bursts out laughing. **lpek** peeks at herself in a shiny pan. She has a big brown chocolate moustache!







Ipek's Answer

Whoosh! Ipek is back among the dusty boxes in the attic. The globe spins slowly and twinkles.

“So, Ipek? What will you be when you grow up?”

Ipek thinks of the floppy dough, Tembo's heartbeat, the snowy mountain, the tulips, the stone cats, the drum and the chocolate.

She loved them all!

With a huge grin, she races down the stairs to the kitchen.

“Mom! Dad! I know!”

They look up from their cups of tea.

Ipek stands tall, hands on her hips. “I don't know yet... but I want to try everything!”

Dad laughs. Mom opens her arms wide. “That's the best answer of all.”







Ready for Tomorrow

That evening, **Ipek** shows **Mom** and **Dad**
everything: how to spin pizza dough, how to listen
for a heartbeat, how to drum a samba on a
saucepan. Then she does a roly-poly, just because.
Up in the attic, the old globe gives a sleepy twinkle.
Tomorrow there will be new things to try. And **Ipek**
is ready for every single one.

