

**EBU - ERFURT 2007 MAGAZINE ITEMS EXCHANGE
TRT CHILDREN'S STORIES SCRIPT**

IRON

TC IN: 01:08:00

Ozan decided to take a shower himself that day. His mother agreed but warned him not to stay too long. Taking his boats, ducklings and all of his other toys that would float, he jumped into the bathtub filled by his mother with warm water. "Wooww... Yellow duckling family, yellow duckling family move off the boat's way. I have to take the soap to Ozan." "We plunge in and out. We are the yellow duckling family, we move off your way right away. Go ahead, take the soap to Ozan. He needs to be bathed and clean."

To speak up the toys and taking a bath, both are so much fun thought Ozan. The moment he was planning to go and ask his mother to let him bathe everyday after he was done for that day, his mother came in and said "Come on Ozan, how long have you been bathing? You are going to catch cold. Now come out the bathtub please." Ozan took the bathrobe handled by his mother and stuck one arm in. Trying to stick his other arm in, he stared at his fingers in fear. Oh, no, this was a nightmare, he thought. His fingers looked even more frightening than a monster's. They were almost white and badly wrinkled. He could not believe they were his own fingers. He closed his eyes and wished they would become normal when he opened them back. He took a deep breath and raised his hands up to the level of his eyes. Slowly, he opened his eyes and stared at his hands again. No... No... No... Nothing had changed. It was impossible to go to school with hands like those. He would not be able to write, eat or play with his friends again. Noone would ever be friends with him and his dog Soft Feather would not play with him anymore. People would run away from him if they saw his fingers. He was sure of that. He thought of wearing gloves. But, what would he do in hot summer season? No, no, this was not a good idea at all. Then he thought of another idea that would make his hands look just like before. He ran to his mother. "Mommy, look at my fingers. They are all wrinkled up. What do you think we can do? Would they become normal if I iron them?" he asked. His mother, laughing, tried to explain the reason for his wrinkled fingers. They were his own fingers in fact, not of a monster's. It was usual for fingers to get wrinkled when they stayed under water for too long. Learning that they would not get wrinkled if he spent less time in water, he calmed down and stared at his fingers smiling. After learning the truth, they did not seem that bad to him. "Boooo... I am the wrinkled finger..."

TC OUT: 03:57:00

Eylem Köse

