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Cheese Day with Dad

by

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Once upon a time, in a quaint farmhouse nestled on the outskirts of a small village, lived a lively five-year-old boy named Michael. His days were filled with the joyous sounds of bleating sheep and the comforting aroma of freshly made cheese. Michael resided on the farm with his caring father, Ali, and his nurturing mother, Angel.

Their farm boasted a flock of 50 sheep that provided a steady supply of milk. Michael found immense pleasure in sipping the creamy milk and savoring the delicious cheese crafted by his skillful mom. Little did he know that an exciting cheese-making adventure awaited him.

One fine day, Michael's mom had to accompany Grandma to the doctor, leaving Ali and Michael with an important task - making cheese. Thrilled at the prospect of collaborating with his dad, Michael dashed to the kitchen and eagerly adorned his apron.

"Are you ready, Michael?" Ali inquired with a smile.

"Yes, dad!" Michael replied, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm.

"Alright, then. First, we need to wash our hands," Ali explained.

"Why do we need to wash our hands, dad?" Michael inquired, his curiosity piqued.

"Because hygiene is imperative before making cheese, son," Ali responded, crouching down to Michael's eye level. "Hygiene means keeping ourselves and our things clean. If we don't wash our hands, we might have germs on them. Germs are minuscule things that can make us sick or spoil the cheese. We don't want that, do we?"

"No, we don't, dad," Michael agreed, nodding solemnly.

"So, let's wash our hands with soap and water for 20 seconds. Can you count to 20 with me?" Ali proposed.

"Yes, dad!" Michael chimed in.

They washed their hands together, counting to 20, and then dried their hands with a clean towel.

"Good job, Michael. Now we can initiate making the cheese," Ali praised.



With great excitement, they poured the fresh milk into a sizable pot and placed it on the stove. Adding a touch of lemon juice

and salt, they stirred the mixture, watching as the milk transformed into curds and whey.

"Dad, what are curds and whey?" Michael asked, his eyes wide with curiosity.

"Curds are the solid parts of the milk that will transform into cheese. Whey is the liquid part that we will dispose of," Ali explained, patiently answering Michael's questions.

Positioning a cheesecloth over a colander, they poured the curds and whey, squeezing the cheesecloth to remove excess liquid. With skillful hands, they shaped the cheese into a ball, wrapping it in an immaculate cheesecloth.

"Wow, dad. We made cheese!" Michael exclaimed, his face beaming with pride.



"Yes, we did, son. But we're not done yet. We need to store the cheese in the fridge for a few hours to let it consolidate. Then we can savor it or share it with our friends," Ali informed.

"Can we share it with Grandma when she returns from the doctor?" Michael asked, eager to spread the joy.

"Of course, we can, son. I'm sure she will appreciate it. But before we put the cheese in the fridge, we need to do one more thing. Can you guess what it is?" Ali teased.

"Um, wash our hands again?" Michael guessed with a grin.

"That's right, son. We need to wash our hands again after making the cheese. And we also need to wash the pot, the colander, the cheesecloth, and the spoon. We need to keep everything clean so that the cheese stays fresh and palatable," Ali emphasized.

They diligently washed their hands and the utensils before placing the cheese in the fridge. With triumphant smiles, they gave each other a high five.

"We did it, dad. We made cheese!" Michael declared.

"Yes, we did, son. And we learned about hygiene too. Hygiene is paramount for our health and our food. Remember to always wash your hands before and after you eat or cook. And keep your things clean too. OK?" Ali reminded.

"OK, dad. I will remember that. Thank you for teaching me how to make cheese. I love you, dad," Michael expressed his gratitude.

"I love you too, son. You are a splendid helper and a keen learner. I'm proud of you, Michael," Ali beamed.

They shared a warm embrace, eagerly awaiting the return of mom and Grandma. When they finally arrived, the family gathered

around to taste the freshly made cheese. Mom and Grandma were astounded by its freshness and deliciousness, showering Ali and Michael with praise for their hard work and commitment to hygiene.

As Michael basked in the glow of his family's admiration, he realized that hygiene wasn't just essential for making cheese; it was a way of showing love and care to his family. The day ended with smiles, hugs, and a shared sense of accomplishment, as they relished in the simple joy of creating something wonderful together. And so, the farmhouse echoed with laughter, warmth, and the delightful aroma of success.