

The Magic Porridge Pot

Storyteller #1, Storyteller #2, Storyteller #3, Mother, Daughter, Son

Storyteller #1: Once upon a time there lived a mother and her two young children.

Storyteller #2: The family was very poor. They lived in a tiny cottage at the edge of a small village.

Storyteller #3: Though they were poor, they were always happy for the mother loved her children dearly.

Storyteller #1: The family was never hungry. High on the kitchen shelf sat a very special cooking pot.

Storyteller #3: Whenever anyone was hungry, mother simply placed the pot upon the stove and said...

Mother: Boil, little pot, boil.

Storyteller #3: And within minutes, the tiny pot would be filled with a hot, delicious porridge.

Storyteller #2: The son would always say...

Son: Mmmm! Ahhhh! Ohhhh! Mother's porridge is the best in all the land! And to think our magic pot cooks on demand!

Storyteller #3: And the daughter would always say...

Daughter: Yes! It is yummy! It is so very tasty in my tummy!

Storyteller #1: When the family had its fill of porridge, mother would simply say...

Mother: Please stop, Magic Pot.

Storyteller #2: And the Magic Pot stopped just as quickly as it had begun.

Storyteller #1: And so it was at each meal. Mother would take the pot down from the shelf, place it upon the stove and say the magic words...

All: Boil, little pot, boil.

Storyteller #3: And in minutes the pot would be filled with a hot, delicious porridge.

Storyteller #1: Then the son would say...

Son: Oh, mother! Once again you have made us a fine meal!

Storyteller #3: And the daughter would say...

Daughter: So rich, so creamy...mother's porridge is truly dreamy!

Storyteller #2: When at last everyone had their fill of porridge the mother would say...

Mother: Please stop, Magic Pot.

Storyteller #1: Now one day the mother said to her children...

Mother: Children, dear children. I must go to the village today. I ask only one thing...do not touch the cooking pot. I shall be home soon.

Storyteller #1: The son said...

Son: Dear mother, fear not! I will not touch your cooking pot!

Storyteller #2: Then the daughter said...

Daughter: Oh mother of mine, please believe me...I will let your cooking pot be.

Storyteller #3: So mother walked towards the village leaving her children alone with the magic pot.

Storyteller #2: After a short while the son said...

Son: Sister, dear sister...I am so very hungry. What shall we do?

Daughter: Brother, dear brother...I am hungry too. I do not know what we should do.

Storyteller #3: The daughter replied.

Storyteller #1: Then the son said...

Son: Like it or not, we must touch mother's cooking pot.

Storyteller #2: So the children placed the magic cooking pot upon the stove and the daughter said...

Daughter: Boil, little pot, boil.

Storyteller #3: Soon the children filled their bowls with rich, creamy porridge. When the first bowl was empty, the children helped themselves to second helpings.

Son: Sister, dear sister...I am filled to the top. Tell me, how do you make the magic pot stop?

Daughter: Ah, that's easy. We just say, "That is all, magic pot."

Storyteller #2: But the magic pot did not stop.

Son: Quick! Do something fast! The magic pot must stop, it's boiling over the top!

Storyteller #3: The son cried out to his sister. So the daughter tried all kinds of words...

Daughter: Stop! Please stop! Little Pot that will do! No more, I say! Please stop! Stop! STOP!!!