

The Magic Pot

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Mae who lived with her mother on the edge of the forest. They were used to having a lot of healthy food to eat because they had a vegetable garden, fruit trees, a milk cow, and some chickens. One year they had very bad luck. A severe drought caused everything to die. Mae and her mother had some food stored in the root cellar, but soon there would be nothing.

Mae was a resourceful girl and confident that she could figure out something. She decided to go into the forest to search for food. During her travels, Mae met a kind, old woman who knew about her plight. After greeting each other, the woman presented Mae with a little pot and explained that it was a magic pot that could provide them with all the food they need.



“Just say to the pot, ‘Cook little pot, cook,’” said the woman, “and the pot will cook food for you to eat.” Mae was a little mystified, but thanked the old woman and then headed for home with the pot. After taking a few steps, she stopped and turned to ask a question, but the old woman had disappeared.

When Mae got home, she told her mother about the unusual meeting in the woods.

“Mother, I met a kind woman in the forest,” said Mae. “She gave me this magic pot that will cook all the food we need.” Mae set the little black pot on the table as she talked.

“I know the magic words, Mother!” said Mae excitedly. “All I need to say is, ‘Cook little pot, cook,’ and the pot will make the food.”

“Well, it’s almost dinnertime,” said Mother. “Why don’t we try it now!”

To their surprise, the pot cooked a wonderful dinner. When Mae said, “Cook little pot, cook,” the pot magically cooked up a healthy stew of meat and vegetables. Both Mae and her mother ate until they were quite full. “Who would ever think that a pot knew how to make healthy meals?” they thought to themselves.

In the morning, Mae and her mother were amazed again. When Mae said the words “Cook little pot, cook,” the pot cooked cereal made with oats and milk and berries.

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“If this is indeed a magic pot,” said Mae’s mother, “let’s see if it can make whatever we ask.”

That night Mae and her mother dreamed of other foods they wanted to eat. In the morning they each made a list of foods. Mae’s list contained candy, doughnuts, cookies, and cupcakes. The mother’s list contained bread, turkey, apple pie, sweet potatoes, and cheese.

At breakfast, Mae asked the pot to cook doughnuts. Even though she used the magic words, nothing happened. She asked the pot to cook cupcakes. Nothing happened. When she just asked the pot to cook, it made an omelet of eggs, potatoes, and cheese.

“Why didn’t the pot make what I asked?” wondered Mae.

At lunch, Mae asked the pot to make ice cream. Nothing happened. Next, she asked the pot to make chocolate chip cookies. Nothing happened. When she just asked the pot to cook, it made a healthy bowl of turkey soup with rice and vegetables.

Mae was puzzled. “Why does the pot only make some foods?” she wondered out loud. “The old woman told me the pot would make all the food we need.”

“Let me try,” said Mother, smiling. “For dinner, we would like chicken, baked potatoes, green beans, apple crisp, and milk. Cook, little pot, cook,” said Mother.

As they both watched in amazement, the little pot slowly grew in size. It got bigger and bigger and bigger. When the pot stopped growing, Mae lifted the lid. When she saw what was inside, Mae knew the answer to her question.

“I get it,” she said as she grinned. “The old woman was right after all. The pot will make all the food we need, healthy food. That’s the only food we really need!”

From that day on, Mae and her mother never wanted for food again. As long as they made healthy choices (and remembered the magic words) the pot was willing to cook for them for the rest of their lives.