

Let's Make a Story

The Magic Porridge Pot

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'Dearie, dearie, me...'

'It's no good, Mum. You've looked in that cupboard ten times already! There's no food left!'

Oh, hello! Welcome to our tiny cottage here in the little village of Poddington Puddles. I'm Shaz and that's Mum, clattering around in the kitchen. I'm sorry we don't have anything to offer you to eat. We're fresh out of biscuits, meat, fruit, vegetables, oats, everything.

I said to my mum this morning, while she was dearie dearie me-ing, that since we have no food she should stay nice and cosy by the fire while I went off to see aunty Samina. She always has good ideas; she'll think of something.

Tell you what, why don't you come with me? Stand up in your own space.

Off we go off into the forest to aunty Samina's house. Careful how you go: the path is a bit over grown. Here's the stream we'll have to jump it. Get ready to take a run up and take a jump over the stream, but make sure you land on your toes and bend your knees! It really wouldn't do to hurt yourself here out in the forest. Off you go - one, two, three, jump!

Well done! Now take care because the path is becoming more overgrown! Watch out for thorns and creeping, prickly plants. Look around as you go, the forest can be a scary place.

Oh, stop! There's a fallen tree across the path. Bend down to have a look underneath. Yuk! It's all wet and muddy under there and way too low for even a fox to crawl under.

So if we can't go under, we'll have to go over. It's a great thick trunk so try to get a grip with one hand. Climb up - first one leg. Now pull yourself so you've got one leg each side of the trunk and carefully down you go to the other side.

Well done! Give yourself a good dust off!

Stop - what's that? Something's there. It could be a wolf, or there is even talk of giants in this wood, pushing the trees over. Of course I don't believe that but... Oh - quick! Look around you and find somewhere to hide. In that bush or in that big hollow tree trunk over there. Quickly! Shhh!!!

Crouch down as small as you can and keep as quiet as a mouse.

'Hello! Shaz! Is that you my dear?'

Oh, silly me, it's aunty Samina. Of course it's not a giant! Who'd think such a daft thing?

Now you all sit down with a partner while I have a chat with aunty Samina.





'Shaz, my dear, you weren't hiding were you? That's not like my brave niece.'

'No, course not, Auntie Samina. I was just resting. Whats that?'

'This is what I was bringing over to you, so how lucky to meet you here. With this you never need to hungry again.'

'Er, Auntie, sorry but we don't need any more battered old cooking pots for Mum to clatter around with.'

'You do need this one, watch. "Cook little pot." '

'Oh, my gosh. What's that delicious smell? It's cooking, it's making porridge. It's magic!'

'It certainly is. "Enough little pot". As long as you remember the magic words - "Cook little pot" to start and "Enough little pot" to end, you'll never be hungry.'

' "Cook little pot"..."Enough little pot". Oh my, my, my, it's pure porridgy perfection. Oh it's so rich and creamy. Oh auntie Samina that is brill, but don't you want it?'

'Oh no, my dear. Porridge - yuk! I can't stand the stuff. Bye now dear! Give my love to your Mother!'

Well, what do you know? I thought Auntie Samina could help us and she has! Let's get back home quickly and tell mum all about it.

Well I've told my Mum about the Magic Porridge Pot and how we'll never be hungry and always have plenty of porridge in Poddington Puddles...and you know what she said?

'Oh dear, dear, dearie me, oh double dear. Magic Porridge Pots is it now? I don't think so. We're doomed. There's no food! Dearie, dearie, doomed.'

So I showed her how it worked but she just turned away. Poor mum, I thought. But I'm not a giving up kind of girl, I can tell you! So I used all my powers to persuade her to try the porridge and once she did there was no stopping her.

'Mmn, delicious this!' she said. 'Don't just sit there, Shaz. Try some! It will do you good. Come on!'

In your pairs one of you will be like me, persuading your partner to try the porridge. Hold a spoonful under their nose till they can't resist the wonderful smell. Tell them how delicious it is. Using words like 'tasty', 'rich', 'scrummy', 'creamy' and 'sweet'.

If you're the other person you really don't want to eat the porridge. You'd rather be miserable than try something new, but in the end you can't resist. Can you show how much you like the porridge when you finally get to taste it? How after one tiny spoonful you can't stop yourself from wolfing it down.

Now sit in one big circle right around the edge of Poddington Puddles with a big space in the middle.

Listen, the whole village is covered in porridge, coated in porridge. Caked and encased and bloated with porridge. It's everywhere! The shop is all porridge, the church is all porridge, the pond is all porridge. Poddington Puddle is all a porridge pickle. All the villagers are struggling to get through the porridge packed paths and along the porridgy roads.



Stand up. Now join us as we try to get through the village. Wade through the thick sticky mess and swim through it, even try to eat your way through it. It's hard going, what with porridge being so sticky and thick. Find your own path up one street and down another, through the fields and over the porridge-covered bridges and stiles. Take a deep breath and plunge in my porridgy pals.

Stop where ever you are and quickly find somewhere to sit.

I found mum and she told me what happened. She fancied some porridge - after all, it was ten minutes since she'd had some. She said the magic words, "Cook little pot" and off it went, cooking away. She ate a bowl and then another and another and then she wanted to stop so she said "Thank you porridge pot that will do nicely".

But the porridge just carried on pouring out of the pot, so she said: "I'm full now little pot, thank you." But the porridge just went on pouring. She tried "Please stop!" then "Stop!" then "Woah there!" then "Dearie, dearie me." But it was no good: the pot kept pouring out porridge on to the table then on to the floor then through the door and out into the street and into the village and into the river and into the fields and... well...you know the rest.

Oh, my poor mum! You see, she had forgotten the magic words! Can you remember them? 'Enough little pot!' That's it - that's what you have to say. Those exact words and no others. So I said, 'Enough little pot!' and nothing happened. So I tried again a little bit louder: 'Enough little pot!' Still the pot still went pouring out porridge.

I tried one more time, extra loud: 'Enough little pot!' But still on it went, filling the village and soon the whole world if we can't stop it. The earth will become planet porridge!

I think there is so much noise and so much porridge clogging up the sound that the pot can't hear me. So I need your help. I will count to three and we will all call out 'Enough little pot!' Ready? One, two, three: 'Enough little pot!' Listen. Oh you know that's not loud enough and not clear enough. Let's try again ready? After three. One, two, three: 'Enough little pot!'

Oh, well done, that's brilliant! Thank you everyone! Sit down in a big group circle.

Oh, what a business! You know, I reckon people in Poddington Puddles will be talking about this for years to come...

'Eh I remember that day. There was porridge in my socks there were...'

'You know I had to swimming through porridge to get to my bedroom..!'

'That's nothing! I had to share my bed with two tons of porridge and half a shed that got washed through my window..!'

Why don't you have a go? One by one tell everyone else about something that happened when the porridge came. One person starts off by saying: 'On the day of the porridge in Poddington Puddles I remember..' and then tell everyone one thing that you remember. Then the next person gives there special memory and so on all round the circle until everyone in the group has told something about the strangest day ever here is Poddington Puddles!

Bye chucks!