



Kate's Big Soup Pot



Four of her young cousins were going to come for lunch today, so Kate made a little pot of soup. Then she heard a knock.



Kate opened the door, and her mouth fell open too. A whole group of cousins stood there! There were eight of them. That was double what she had planned for.



"We all came from the southern hills," said the youngest cousin. "Can we have soup too?" Kate felt nervous. She looked into the little pot.



There was not much soup in it. "I am in trouble," she whispered. "This will not fill nine cups." "Do not fret," said one cousin. "We each packed one thing from home."



You can use them all." Kate got out her big pot and put it on the stove. She tipped the little pot of soup into it.



One cousin dropped in a yam. One dropped in a chunk of ham. Two cousins put in rice. The youngest held up a bag of croutons.



"Do not touch the hot pot," said Kate. "Just toss them in." Soon the pot was full to the brim, and the soup smelled so good.



Kate filled nine cups. The whole group sat together and sipped the hot soup. "You turned my little lunch into the best soup yet," said Kate.