

Stone Soup

A story for World Food Day



Stone Soup is a traditional folktale found in many parts of the world. In some versions the main character convinces people that they can make soup from a rusty old nail and sometimes it's an axe which is the chief ingredient! But whether it's a stone or a nail or an axe, the story helps us to think about our place in the world. This new version of the story was written especially for World Food Day 2008 and focuses on ways that we can help other people.



Together for Child Vitality

This storybook was commissioned by Unilever to mark World Food Day, and to celebrate its partnership with the United Nations' World Food Programme.

This partnership, called *Together for Child Vitality*, aims to improve the nutrition and health of the world's poorest school-aged children.

Stone Soup

Once upon a time, just as the sun was setting, three weary travellers came to the edge of a town. Their feet were blistered. Their mouths were dry and their bellies were aching with hunger.

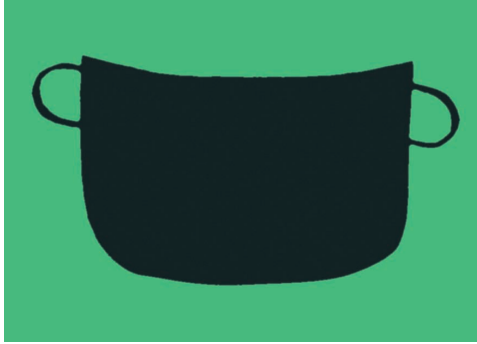
“I’m starving,” moaned the first.

“I’m exhausted,” groaned the second.

“Let’s stop in this town and ask for help,” said the third.

Now the people who lived in this town were by no means rich and what little food they had, they always kept for themselves – hiding it even from their friends and relations. When they looked out of their houses and saw the three travellers, they said to each other, “Look! Hungry strangers! We know what *they* want! Quick! Let’s hide all the food and pretend we have nothing!” And that’s exactly what they did.





The travellers came to the first house and knocked gently on the door.

“Good day and peace be with you,” said the first. “Will you please kindly share with us a little of your food?”

“And a corner where we can sleep for the night?” added the second.

“We’ll tell you all about our travels in return,” promised the third.

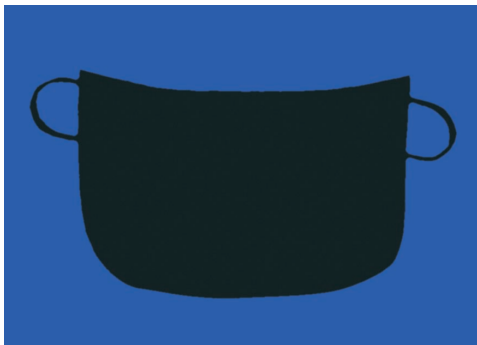


“Sorry,” said the man of the house. “We gave all our spare food to the travellers who came here last week.”

“And there’s only one room in this house,” said the man’s wife.

Both of them were lying.

The travellers sighed and went to the next house.



“Go away!” said the owners. “The harvest was very bad this year and every bit of food we had is gone!”

They too were lying.

At every house the answer was the same. The townspeople always found an excuse: their children were sick; they had relatives staying; they were going away; a plague of mice had eaten everything – one lie after another! The travellers knew that they were being lied to, but what could they do?

They were just about to give up and leave the town, when one of the travellers had an idea. "The people here have a lot to learn," he said. "Let's play a little trick on them and teach them a very big lesson!"

"An excellent idea," said the second.

"But what sort of trick?" asked the third. "And what kind of lesson?"

"Gather round," said the first. "And I'll tell you." And so, in whispers and secret signs, he did. And as the plan unfolded, his two companions nodded and grinned from ear to ear.

As soon as they were ready to put their plan into action, the first traveller spoke in a big, booming voice so that the nearby townspeople were sure to hear. "How terribly sad that the poor people in this town have no food," he said. "But never mind. We three shall go to the town-square and there, as night falls, we shall make a pot of our DELICIOUS AND NUTRITIOUS STONE SOUP!"

When they heard this, the townspeople were extremely curious. They'd never heard of stone soup and wondered how it was made and what it tasted like.

"How do you make stone soup?" they asked the travellers.

"We'll gladly show you," replied the first.

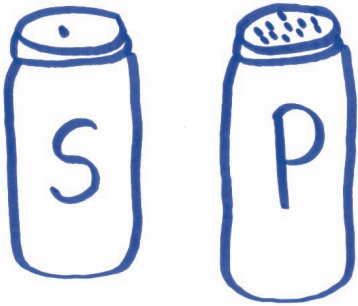
"Follow us," said the second.





“And bring a big empty pot with you and some firewood too,” said the third. So they did.

Arriving in the town-square, one of the travellers made a fire, another filled the empty pot with water and the third placed it over the fire to boil. “And now,” said the first, “for the special ingredients.” With a grand and dramatic flourish so that everyone could see, he reached into a leather satchel, took out three smooth round stones and plopped them into the pot of water. “Soon we shall feast!” he exclaimed, stirring the pot with a big wooden spoon.



As the rumour of a feast spread round the town, an excited crowd began to gather in the square. “Just as we planned!” whispered the first traveller to his friends.

After the pot of water had been boiling for some time, the travellers began to sniff the air and lick their lips. “And now,” said the first, “I will taste it!” As the traveller lifted a spoonful of bubbling water to his mouth, the crowd craned forward to hear his verdict. “It is completely ... delicious!” he announced.



At this, the crowd gasped and gurgled with delight.

“True,” continued the traveller, “some people might say that it needs a little salt and pepper, but apart from that it is practically perfect.”



No sooner had he said this, than the townspeople sent their children hurrying home to fetch salt and pepper, which the clever travellers added to the pot.

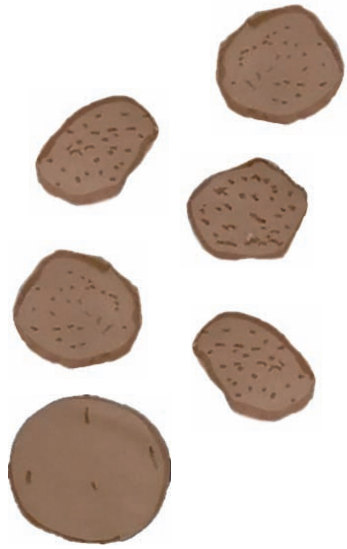
After a while, the second traveller tasted the soup. "Mmm!" he said, rubbing his belly and moaning with appreciation. "These extraordinary stones do indeed make an excellent soup! Although ... perhaps just a few carrots would make it even more delicious."

Just then, an old woman in the crowd called out, "Now that I think of it, I believe I may have a carrot or two in the house!" And straightaway, she scurried home and back she hobbled carrying a whole sack full of sweet crunchy carrots, which the travellers quickly sliced and added to the pot.

"I suppose a perfect stone soup should also have some onions and perhaps even some cabbage too," said the third traveller. "But what's the point of dreaming about ingredients that we simply haven't got?"

At this, an old man's voice was heard from the middle of the growing crowd. "I've got some onions!" he cried. "And cabbages too!" And off he shuffled, returning a few moments later wheeling a barrow full of onions and fresh green cabbages, which again the travellers quickly shredded and put in the pot.

After another tasting session, the first traveller paused with a look of pure ecstasy on his face, before finally declaring: "This stone soup is totally



scrumptious! Although ... I suppose that a few little fishes and possibly some potatoes and perhaps some oil or margarine would improve the flavour ever so slightly, but apart from that – and maybe some barley and some leeks and some herbs and a drop or two of milk or cream – I can truly say that the king himself would be happy to eat this most delicious and nutritious stone soup!”

When the crowd heard these words, they were deeply impressed and off they ran to fetch all the food which they had hidden earlier that evening. Soon they returned with sacks and barrows full of tasty ingredients, which the travellers piled into the pot as quickly as they could. “Food fit for a king!” murmured the townspeople. “And all made from stones! Isn’t it amazing?!”

Finally, the travellers announced that the soup was ready. “But don’t worry,” said the first. “There’s enough for everybody!” Tables and chairs were placed in the square and bowls and spoons and napkins too. Torches were lit and decorations hung. In the middle of the hustle and bustle, a townsman called out, “A soup as special as this deserves nothing but the best! Let’s fetch bread and beer and barrels of wine!” And so the feast began and everyone agreed that they’d never tasted anything so delicious in their lives.

And when the feast was over, the townspeople listened with rapt attention as the travellers told their tales from far and wide. And the townspeople told the travellers all about their lives in the town. And then there was singing and dancing until late into the night.







Early in the morning, just as the sun was rising, the travellers departed. “Thank you so much for teaching us how to make stone soup,” said the townspeople.

“You’re very welcome,” replied the travellers, nodding and grinning.

“Be sure to visit us again,” said the townspeople.

“We certainly will,” said the travellers.

And they did. And they all lived happily ever after.

Nobody knows for sure whether the townspeople ever realised that they’d been tricked that night. But in a way, it doesn’t really matter because they certainly DID learn a very important lesson: **that when we each give a little, we can achieve a lot!**

Story by Kevin Graal © 2008



Give a little, achieve a lot

In this story, the townspeople learnt an important lesson: that if we each give a little, we can achieve a lot. How do you think this might change the way that they behave in the future? What about the travellers? Do you think that *they* learnt anything? And you?

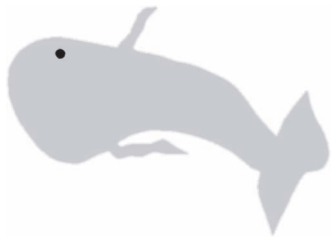
Extraordinary or what?

The three smooth round stones in this story had an extraordinary effect on the townspeople. Do you think that the stones really did have extraordinary powers? What do you think happened to them at the end of the feast?

True story

What's the most memorable meal you've ever had? Where was it?
Who cooked it? Who shared it with you? Why was it so special?





The pictures in this book were created by children at the Blackfriars Settlement Summer Play Scheme in London during August 2008.

Unilever supports the Blackfriars Settlement in its work with local people to help them achieve their economic, educational and social potential.

Chrystella says, "My favourite dinner is chicken and chips. My second favourite dinner is jacket potato with cheese. For pudding, I like apple pie."

Junior says, "The dinner I like best is Spaghetti Bolognese. I like pizza too. My favourite pudding is fresh fruit."

Shamanie says, "My favourite dinner is fried chicken and dumplings. My second favourite dinner is stir-fried vegetables with noodles. My favourite pudding is strawberry cheesecake with vanilla ice-cream."

Sallie says, "I love rice and peas! And burgers too. My favourite pudding is cake!"

What's your favourite dinner? How about your second favourite? And pudding?





Friendly faces around the table.
Others arrive for the feast.
Our favourite dinner will be ready soon.
Delicious!

Fatty burgers and fried chips.
Or sweet sugary drinks and sugar
On buttery cakes and creamy buns.
Don't eat that stuff!

Five portions of fruit every day.
Or good green vegetables with every meal.
Occasional meat and fish, if you like –
Diet for a healthy life!

Fish
Oranges
Onions
Dates

In these little poems, the first letters of each line spell out the word FOOD. Have a go at making up one for yourself!

As in these examples, maybe one of your poems could be about healthy food and one about unhealthy food.

Or just write a simple list using the first letters of the word FOOD.

Food Poems

F _____
O _____
O _____
D _____

F _____
O _____
O _____
D _____

F _____
O _____
O _____
D _____



If you were touched by this story, go to www.wfp.org/schoolfeeding to find out more about how the World Food Programme helps to feed the poorest school children.



This storybook was commissioned by Unilever to mark World Food Day 2008.

Story by storyteller Kevin Graal. Pictures and poems by children at the Blackfriars Settlement Summer Play Scheme, working with storyteller Kevin Graal, and artists Bryan Holdsworth and Lucy Brennan-Shiel of *artzero children's art*. Design by Bryan Holdsworth. Unilever supports the Blackfriars Settlement in its work with local people to help them achieve their economic, educational and social potential.