READER: Once upon a time, in a small Italian village, there lived an old woman named Baba Bouli. Baba Bouli was beloved by the villagers because she stirred up potions and medicines for all kinds of aches and pains, and always was ready to help them when she was needed.

Now Baba Bouli had a helper called Little Girl who was a very willing worker and helped her very much but was not very smart. Little Girl kept their tiny house clean and free of dust, and all the jars, medicine bottles and ingredients for Baba Bouli's precious remedies she arranged in good order neatly on the shelves. However, there was one object she was not supposed to touch, and that was a big black pot that sat way up on a high shelf. Baba Bouli said that she herself was the only master of the pot—and THAT WAS THAT! Little Girl was curious of course, but she obeyed her mistress and never touched the pot.
But at the end of one long day, when Baba Bouli and Little Girl had had a lot of customers with many complaints of hurting toes, and stiff fingers and aching stomachs and so on, they were very, very tired and hungry (too tired to cook dinner) so the old woman asked Little Girl to climb up on a stool and fetch down the mysterious big black pot. When Little Girl had done so, Baba Bouli took the pot and said to it: "Little pot, little pot, make us some porridge." The pot began to shake a little and bubble and lo and behold good hot porridge began to fill the pot! When the pot was full enough for two, Baba Bouli said "Little pot, little pot enough!" and the pot stopped. Then the hungry old woman and Little Girl gratefully sat down and ate the porridge-right down to the last bit! And at Baba Bouli's direction, Little Girl cleaned the pot and put it back up in its place on the shelf-and THAT WAS THAT!

Every once in a while after that if the two were very hungry and too tired to cook, Baba Bouli would ask Little Girl to fetch the pot down from its shelf, and she would ask it to make porridge for them, and then Little Girl would put it back on the shelf and THAT WAS THAT!
Porridge

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Everything went along very well this way for a while and Baba Bouli helped the villagers and Little Girl helped Baba Bouli until one day when the old woman had to walk to another village to help someone there and Little Girl was left alone to take care of the house. Little Girl was very proud to be left in charge and bustled about dusting and cleaning and arranging the bottles and jars on the shelves when suddenly she stopped. There was that mysterious pot 'way up on the highest shelf and she was SO hungry from all the work she had been doing! Certainly Baba Bouli would not mind if she used the pot just ONCE—for a very short time— to make porridge for herself!
So, Little Girl climbed up and got the pot and brought it down. Then she took a deep breath and said: "Little pot, little pot, make me some porridge!" (just like Baba Bouli did) and the pot began to shake and bubble a little and pretty soon it started to fill with porridge. Little Girl was so delighted she grabbed a spoon and began to eat the porridge when she suddenly stopped. She remembered that she had to tell the pot to stop-(just like Baba Bouli did)-so she opened her mouth and---- Oh, no! She couldn't recall the old woman's words that stopped the pot! Was it just "Little pot, little pot, STOP!" Little Girl tried those words but the pot didn't stop and the porridge bubbled and poured into the pot.
Little Girl thought a bit and remembered other magic words she knew and began to say them as the porridge reached the top of the pot and began to boil over the sides. “Stop, Sesame!” she said. The pot paid no attention. “Bibbety Bobbety Boo, Stop!” The porridge began to roll over the floor and windows of the little house. Little Girl grabbed the pot and ran out into the street. “Help me!” she cried to the villagers, “Help me stop this pot from making porridge!” The villagers hurried out of their houses as the porridge began to cover the streets. “Abracadabra, Stop!” “Dooby Dooby Doo! Stop!” “Whiz, Bang, Boom! Stop!” Nothing doing. The pot kept shaking and making porridge, and the porridge kept flowing down the village streets and into their houses. “I know!” cried Little Girl, “Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!”
“Expelliarmus!” “Aresto Momentum!” the villagers shouted in desperation. “Diminuendo!” Little Girl was in a panic now. The porridge started to cover the village houses as the villagers and Little Girl fled to the town’s outskirts. Just as the river of porridge approached the last house where everyone had
gathered, down the road to the village came Baba Bouli.
Porridge
She looked at the village houses covered with porridge, at the one house still untouched and the townspeople huddled around it and at Little Girl, holding the bubbling pot, and she said “Little pot, little pot, // ENOUGH!” and the pot stopped!
The villagers had to eat their way back to their houses (which took several weeks) and Baba Bouli and Little Girl went back to their tiny house, and Little Girl promised her mistress that she would never, never touch the pot again. The pot went back up on its high, high shelf and **THAT WAS REALLY the end of THAT!**