

NARRATOR: Once upon a time there was a girl who lived with her mother. They lived high in the mountains, overlooking a Rain Shadow Desert below.

CHILD 1: They were very poor.

NARRATOR: The girl and her mother made their home in a little shack nestled among the rocks, cactus, and Creosote bushes.

CHILD 2: One day they woke to find they had nothing to eat.

CHILD 3: So the girl left the shack and went searching for some mesquite pods.

CHILD 4: She found a tall Mesquite tree and began to pick green pods from its branches.

NARRATOR: All of a sudden the girl noticed something out of the corner of her eye. When she turned, she saw a little old lady coming toward her.

CHILD 5: The little old lady had a wrinkled face.

CHILD 6: She walked with a crooked walking stick.

CHILD 1: She wore a long black cape.

NARRATOR: The little old lady came closer and closer until she stopped just beside the mesquite tree. Then the little old lady said,

3/OLD LADY: "Tell me, my dear, what is a girl like you doing out here in the desert all by herself?

1/GIRL: "I-I-I'm picking Mesquite pods so my mother and I will not starve. We are poor and have nothing left to eat.

NARRATOR: Then the little old lady did something unexpected. She reached inside her long black cape and pulled out a cooking pot. Now, it wasn't a new cooking pot. No, it was old and black, and had a crooked handle. The little old lady said,

3/OLD LADY: "Then I have a gift for you. This is a magical cooking pot. This pot will cook sweet mesquite porridge whenever you want. Just say these magic words:

Cook your porridge, little pot.
Cook your porridge sweet and hot!"

CHILD 2: Well, it was true! At the sound of the magic words, the pot began to hiss.

CHILD 4: Then the pot began to whistle.

NARRATOR: And finally, the pot began to bubble!

ALL: BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP UP UP,
BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP UP UP!

NARRATOR: The pot bubbled and bubbled and filled itself to the top with sweet mesquite porridge.

CHILD 5: But the old lady wasn't finished, and she spoke again.

3/OLD LADY: "There is something else to remember, so listen carefully my dear. This pot will not stop cooking porridge until you say some more magic words. They are:

Stop little pot, your cooking is done.
There's quite enough porridge for everyone!"

CHILD 6: And it was true. At the sound of those magic words, the pot stopped cooking porridge.

CHILD 2: The girl was very happy. She thanked the old lady, took the pot, and ran all the way home.

NARRATOR: Well, as you can imagine, from that day forward, neither the girl nor her mother were ever hungry again. Anytime they wanted to eat, they just said the magic words and filled themselves with sweet mesquite porridge.

CHILD 3: But that's not the end of the story!

CHILD 4: One day the girl went off to visit a friend who lived on the other side of the mountain ridge.

CHILD 5: She said goodbye to her mother, and away she went!

1/GIRL: "Goodbye Mom!"

CHILD 6: Mother was left all alone and, after a little while, she got hungry. She said to herself,

2/MOTHER: "I'm hungry. I think I will cook up some nice sweet mesquite porridge. Now where in the world did I put that pot?"

CHILD 3: The mother found the pot and placed it on the kitchen table. Then she got set to say the magic words. She cleared her throat.

2/MOTHER: "Cook your porridge little pot.
Cook you porridge sweet and hot."

CHILD 4: At the sound of the magic words, the pot began to hiss.

CHILD 5: Then the pot began to whistle.

NARRATOR: And finally, the pot began to bubble!

ALL: BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP UP UP,
BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP UP UP!

NARRATOR: The pot bubbled and bubbled and filled itself to the top with sweet mesquite porridge.

CHILD 6: Well, the mother ate

CHILD 1: and ate

CHILD 3: and ate

CHILD 4: until she could eat no more!

NARRATOR: But the poor mother had forgotten to memorize the magic words to make the pot stop bubbling. Finally she cried out,

2/MOTHER: "You can stop now pot -- I'm full!"

NARRATOR: But the pot kept bubbling.

ALL: BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP UP UP,
BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP UP UP!

CHILD 5: The mother didn't know what to do. She ran around the table. She thought,

2/MOTHER: "Now, let me see! The magic words were like a poem or a rhyme. Maybe they were:

Stop cooking little pot,
Or all your porridge is going to rot!"

CHILD 6: But that didn't work and the pot kept bubbling.

ALL: BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP UP UP,
BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP UP UP!

NARRATOR: The mother could do nothing as the porridge bubbled over the top of the pot and oozed down the sides of the pot. The mother could do nothing as the porridge oozed across the table and down the leg of the table. The mother could do nothing as the porridge oozed across the floor and out the door! And the pot kept bubbling.

ALL: BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP, BUBBLE-UP UP UP,