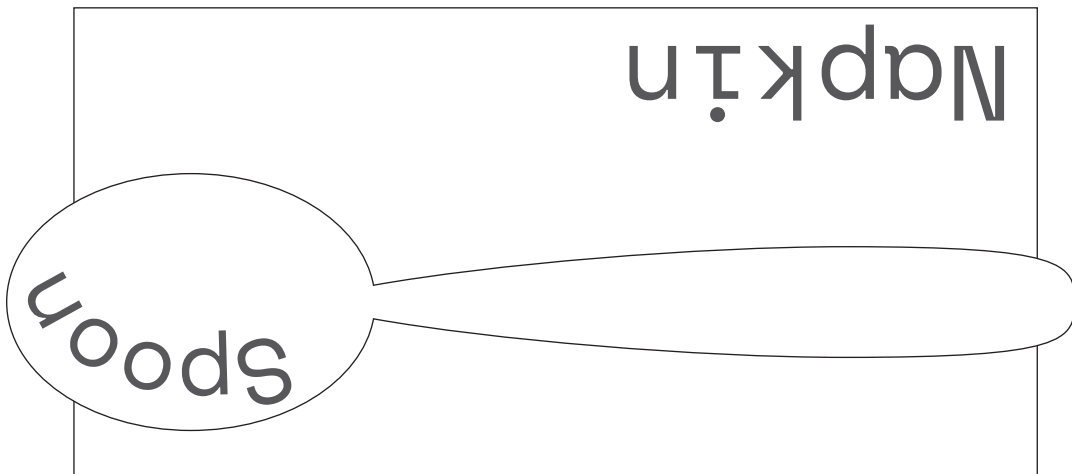
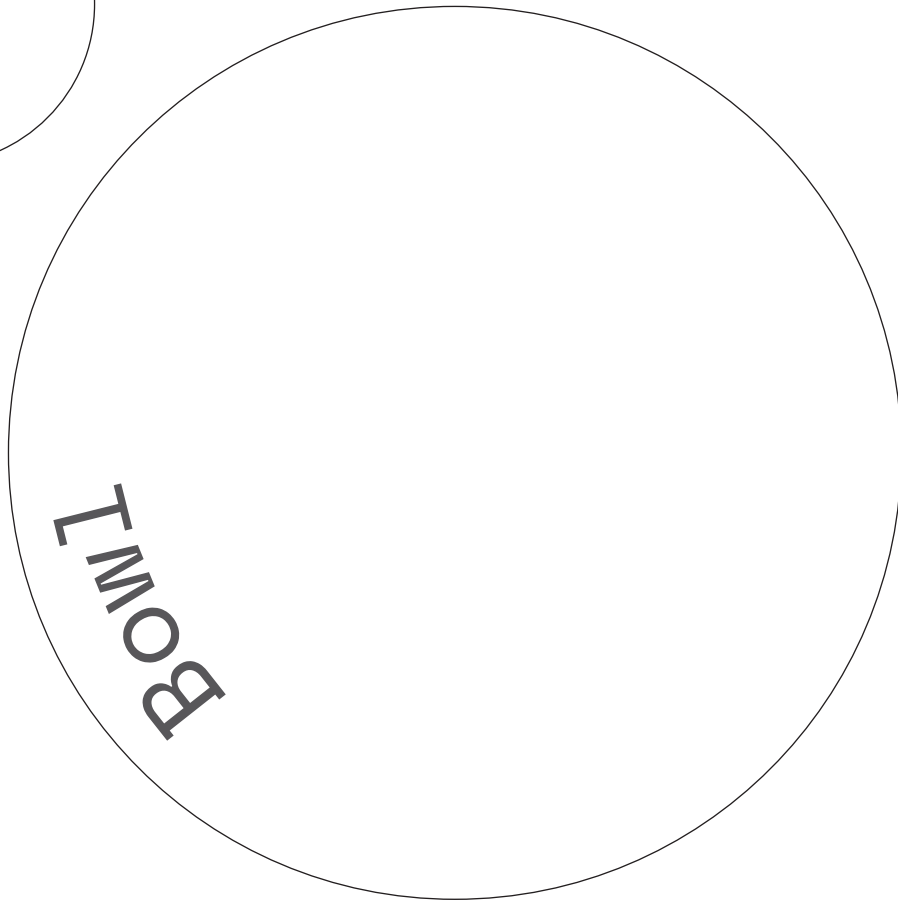
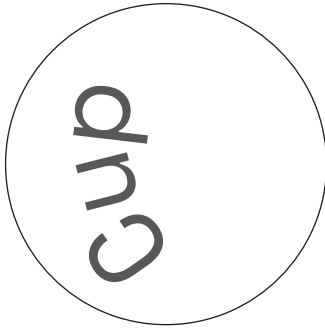


Magic Soup



Magic Soup

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- Set out your ingredient bowls and fill them 3/4ths of the way full with your dried goods.
- Fill your pitcher with your liquid.
- Add dry ingredients until you have put at least half of the ingredients into the cooking pot.
- Slowly pour the liquid into the pot, and stir.

Magic Soup

Nail Soup

Once, just around dusk, a poor traveller named Carl was making his way up a lonely mountain road. As the sky grew darker and the wind grew colder, Carl wondered how he was going to find shelter for the night. Then, all of a sudden, he saw a light up ahead. Walking on a little further, he discovered that the light came from a fire, and the fire was burning brightly inside a small cottage.

"How pleasant it would be to warm myself before that fire, and maybe get a little something to eat," he thought.

Just then an old woman came toward him.

"Good evening, Madam," said Carl, with a big smile.

"Good evening," said the woman, but she did not smile. "And where might you have come from?"

"Name any place you like," replied the wanderer, "for I have been all over the world, and now I'm on my way back home.

"You are a great traveller indeed," said the old woman. "But what business do you have here?"

"Now that you ask," replied Carl, "I thought you might offer me a bit of food and shelter for the night."

"Humph, I expected as much," said the old woman, "but you can just think again. My house is not an inn."

"My good lady," said Carl, "surely your hearth cannot be so hard, and on a bitter night like this. Come, we are both human beings and ought to help one another."

"Help one another?" snapped the woman. "Help? And who will help me, I'd like to know. I haven't got a scrap of food in the house! No, you'll just have to find another place to stay."

But Carl was not the kind of person to give up at the first disappointment. Although the old woman

continued to grumble and complain, Carl was persistent. He begged and pleaded like a starved dog, until at last she gave in and agreed to let him sleep on the floor for the night.

Carl thanked her heartily and started off toward the cottage, singing as he went:

*"Better on the floor without sleep,
Than freeze upon the mountain
steep."*

For, you see, Carl was a jolly fellow, always ready with a rhyme.

When he came inside, Carl could see that the woman was not so badly off as she pretended. There was a roaring fire in the hearth and shiny cooking pots hanging all around it.

Carl now made himself very agreeable, and asked in his most charming manner if she might

spare him a tiny little something to eat.

"And where am I to get it from?" cried the old woman. "I haven't had a bite myself this whole day!"

But Carl was a quick-witted fellow, he was. "Poor old Granny," he said, shaking his head sadly, "you must be starving. Well, well, I suppose I'll just have to ask you to have something with *me*."

"Have something with you!" exclaimed the old woman. "You don't look as if you could ask anyone to have anything! What have you got to offer a body, I should like to know?"

*"North, south, west, east,
Know-how is as good as a feast.
North, south, east, west,
And he who travels most knows best,"*

Sang Carl gaily. "Lend me a pot, Granny!"



Magic Soup

By this time, the old woman was curious, as you may guess, so she handed him a pot.

Carl filled the pot with water, put it on the fire, and blew with all his might until the fire blazed up even higher. Then he brought out a small nail that he happened to have in his pocket. Very carefully, he placed it on the palm of his hand and turned it around three times. Then, Carl dropped the nail into the pot of boiling water.

The woman stared. "What's this going to be?" she demanded.

"Nail soup," said Carl, and he began to stir the water round and round with a wooden spoon.

"Nail soup?" asked the woman.

"That's right. Nail soup," replied Carl.

The old woman had seen and heard a good deal in her time, but making soup with a nail! Well, she had never heard the like before.

"That would be a useful thing for poor people to know," she said. "I should like to learn how to make it."

*"if it's worth the having,
It's worth the trouble learning,"*

said Carl. "Just watch me closely."

The old woman squatted on the ground, her hands clasping her knees and her eyes following every move of Carl's hand as he went on stirring the water.

"This generally makes delicious soup," he explained, "but tonight it may be rather thin, because I've been using the same nail all week long. Now, if we had a handful of oatmeal to put in, that would thicken it up nicely. But, of course, you don't have any food to spare, so,

*"What can't be cured,
Must be endured."*

And he went on stirring the water.

Finally, the old woman muttered, "Well, I think I may have a pinch of oatmeal somewhere," and left the room. When she returned, she was carrying a whole bowlful of fine oatmeal.

Carl continued to stir and began sprinkling the oatmeal into the soup, while the woman stared wide-eyed, first at him and then at the pot.

"Mmmmm," said Carl, sniffing the pot, "this soup smells tasty enough for company. Why, if we just had a bit of beef and a few potatoes to add, it would even be fit for gentlefolks, however fussy they might be about their soup. But,

*What can't be cured,
Must be endured."*

Well, when the old woman set her mind to it, she thought maybe she *did* have some potatoes, and perhaps even a bit of dried beef, too. These she gave to Carl, who went on stirring and stirring, while she stared as hard as ever.

"This soup would satisfy the grandest lords and ladies in the land," declared Carl.

"Well, I never!" thought the woman. "And just imagine—all from a nail!" He really was a remarkable person, this poor wanderer!

"You know, if we had a few carrots we could ask the king himself to dine," said Carl, "for this soup is exactly what he has every evening. I know that for a fact, because I once worked for the king's cook."

"Dear me! Invite the king to have some! Well, I never!" exclaimed the woman, slapping her kneed. She was quite impressed by Carl's royal connections.

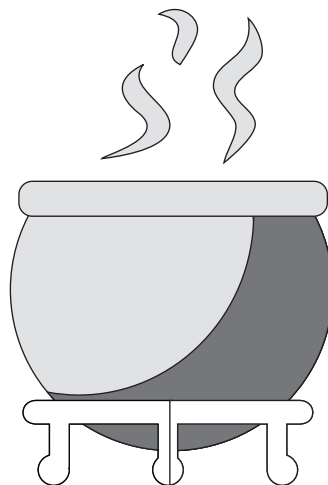
"But of course," shrugged Carl, "you don't have any carrots, so,

*What can't be cured,
Must be endured."*

"Wait a minute; I just remembered that I might have one carrot left in my garden," said the old woman. She hurried off and soon returned with her apron full of carrots, plus a few turnips for good measure.

Carl went on stirring, and the old woman went on staring, one moment at him and the next moment at the pot. Then all at once Carl took out the nail with a flourish.

"It's ready," he announced. "Now



Magic Soup

we'll have a real feast. Of course, the king and the queen usually have bread and butter with this kind of soup. And, naturally, they always have a cloth on the table when they eat," he added. "But,

*What can't be cured,
Must be endured."*

Now by this time the old woman was beginning to feel quite grand herself. If that was all that was needed, she thought, why not, just once in her life, live like a queen? Straight out the cupboard she went, and brought out not only bread and butter, but pancakes and ale and such an array of cheeses and sausages that at last the table looked as if it had been set for a banquet.

Never in her life had the old woman had such a fine meal; never had she tasted such wonderful soup. And just think, made with only a nail! The very idea made her laugh with pleasure, and she couldn't praise Carl enough for teaching her such a useful thing.

So they ate and drank and talked, and talked and drank and ate some more, and the Carl asked the old woman to dance, and they whirled around the room

until they were both worn out.

Carl was now going to lie down on the floor for the night. But that would never do, thought the old woman. No, that was impossible. "Such a grand person must

have a bed to sleep in," she said.

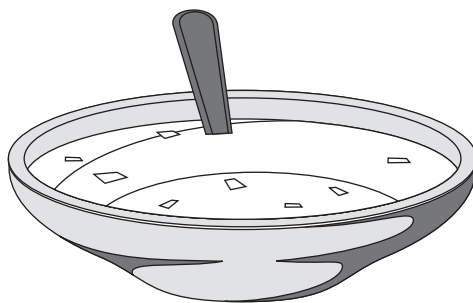
Carl did not need much persuading. "It's just like the sweet Christmas time," he said, "and a nicer woman I never met. Ah, happy are travellers who meet with such generous people!" And he lay down on the spare bed and went to sleep.

The next morning when he woke, the first thing he got was a pot of coffee and a freshly baked loaf of bread. And when he was leaving, the old woman gave him a bright silver coin.

"Many, many thanks for what you have taught me," she said. "I shall live in comfort for the rest of my days, now that I have learned how to make soup from a nail!"

"Well, it isn't very difficult, if you only have something good to add to it," said Carl as he went on his way.

"Such people don't grow on every bush," thought the old woman as she watched him disappear from sight.



Swedish folktale as told by Linda Rahm