Once upon a time, there was a little girl called Poppy who lived with her poor old mother in a cottage on the edge of the woods.

One fine sunny morning she was walking in the woods when she met an old lady struggling to carry her cloth shopping bags home from the market.

"Can I help you with those heavy bags?" Poppy asked politely.
"Oh yes please dear, what a kind little girl you are." replied the old lady.

Poppy helped her to carry the bags home so the kind old lady gave her a magic porridge pot. She explained how it worked.

"Say the words cook, little pot, cook and it will give you steaming hot porridge. Once you have eaten enough say stop little pot, stop or it will carry on cooking."

Poppy clutched the little pot tightly in her hands and then she ran as fast as her legs would carry her home to her mother.

"Cook little pot, cook" said Poppy excitedly. She was desperate to show her mother what the magic porridge pot could do.

Soon the pot was full of hot, sweet porridge.

"Stop little pot, stop" said Poppy just as the old lady had told her. And the porridge stopped cooking.

Several days later, Poppy was visiting her grandma on the other side of the woods when her mother began to feel hungry.

"Cook little pot, cook" said her mother.
Soon the pot was full of sweet porridge as hot as boiling soup.
Unfortunately, she could not remember the words to make the pot stop!

Oh dear, there was porridge, porridge everywhere -
the porridge poured -
out of the pot
onto the floor
up the stairs
out of the door
into the rooms
down the lane
and all over the town
until there was porridge everywhere!

When Poppy came back she shouted out "Stop little pot, stop".

Luckily the little pot stopped.

In the end everyone had to eat porridge for a whole month and then they lived happily ever after!