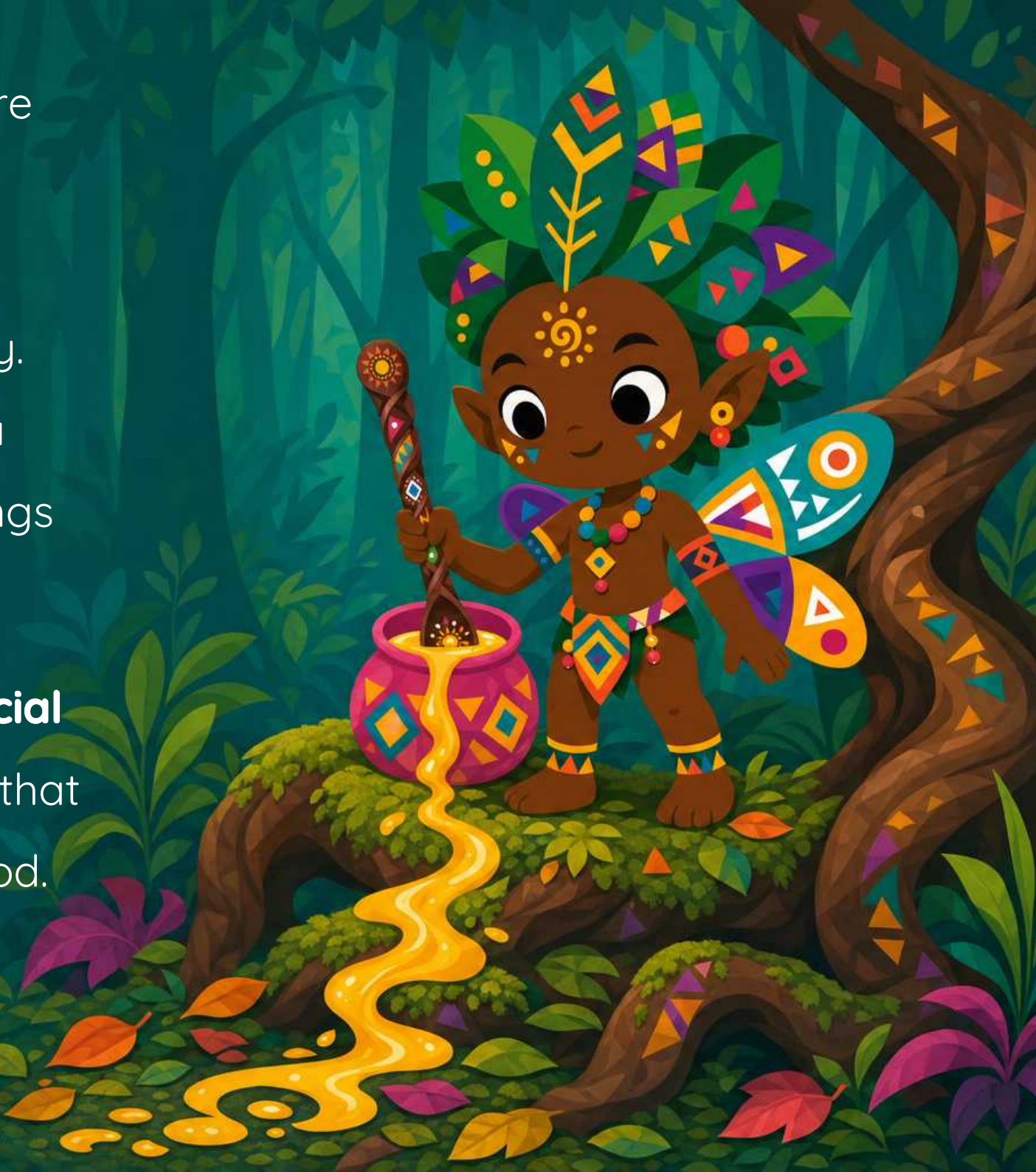


# **Anansi and Magic Food**



Deep in the forest, where  
old tree roots twist like  
sleeping snakes, lives  
Mmoatia, the forest fairy.  
She is no bigger than a  
thumb, but her voice rings  
like a silver bell.

Mmoatia holds one **special**  
thing: a wooden spoon that  
can fill any pot with food.  
But it works only for a  
giving heart.





Word of the magic spoon  
reaches Anansi. He sits in his  
web, hungry as always,  
watching the village children  
eat below. A parrot tells him  
the whole story.

A spoon that fills any pot with  
food? Anansi loves food,  
**especially** free food.

His eyes go wide, and he is  
up on all eight feet before the  
parrot can even stop talking.

Anansi creeps to the edge of the forest and hides behind a fern. Mmoatia stirs her pot and sings. The pot fills with nut stew, then rice, then sweet yam, rich and **nutritious**, more food than one tiny fairy could ever eat. Mmoatia scoops a full **portion** for every animal of the forest. A giving hand fills every pot. Here, anyone can see it is true.



Anansi watches the spoon closely. It is dark wood, carved with a spiral, and it glows gold as it stirs.

Then he sees something. When Mmoatia stops to eat her own **portion**, she sets the spoon down by her bowl.

In that moment the pot sits still and quiet. That is the moment Anansi needs.





Anansi waits for Mmoatia to set the spoon down. Then he darts forward, quick as a raindrop, grabs the spoon in one swift **motion**, and runs.

He is deep in the forest before Mmoatia even looks up.

She does not chase him. She does not shout. She just watches him go.

Anansi races home and sets his biggest tub in the middle of his floor. He dips the spoon and stirs. Nothing. He stirs faster. The tub stays empty. He shakes the spoon, blows on it, turns it upside down, and taps the rim. 'Fill!' he yells. 'Fill up now!' The spoon glows for one moment, a flicker of **activation**, then goes dark and cold in his hand.



Anansi carries the useless spoon back to Mmoatia's root. The fairy is still there, by her empty pot. 'It will not work,' Anansi says, and drops the spoon at her feet. His stomach growls loud.

Mmoatia looks up with bright, **patient** eyes. 'I know,' she says. 'It never works for a closed fist.'

Anansi sits down. He is hungry. He is red with shame. And still so hungry.





'A giving hand fills every pot,' says Mmoatia. 'The spoon only stirs for someone who means to share what it makes.'

Anansi thinks about this. His stomach thinks about nothing at all. 'What if,' he asks slowly, 'a very hungry spider, one who has not eaten since morning, shares even a tiny **portion?** Would that count?'

Mmoatia looks at him and smiles. 'Try,' she says.

Anansi picks up the spoon and looks at it. He thinks about the bowls Mmoatia set out for the forest animals. He thinks about the village children who shared their food, even when no one was watching. He stirs the jug, slow this time, not grabbing. The spiral on the spoon starts to glow. The jug fills with nut stew, rich and gold and **delicious**, full of forest spice.



The stew fills the pot to the brim. Anansi lifts the spoon and looks at Mmoatia. He looks at the pot. He looks at the spoon again. His stomach makes a sound like a talking drum.

Then he pours the first bowl, the best and richest, and sets it in front of Mmoatia. She smiles, **gracious** and kind.

He pours one for himself and eats.





The stew is the best thing Anansi has ever eaten. The pot keeps filling. He eats until he is full, for the first time in ages.

Then, without quite meaning to, Anansi gathers the extra stew in a big leaf and carries it to the edge of the village. He sets it on the path where the children will find it in the morning.

It is a quiet **action**, and he tells no one. He walks home by moonlight, light on all eight feet.

Mmoatia still lives in the deep forest, and the magic spoon still works, but only for an open hand. Anansi visits sometimes. He still tries to think of a clever way to take the spoon, because that is simply who Anansi is. But every time he picks it up with greedy thoughts, the pot stays cold. And every time he sighs and sets out a bowl for Mmoatia first, the stew fills to the brim and tastes **precious** and sweet. A giving hand fills every pot. Even a spider's.





## Anansi and Magic Food

Deep in the Ashanti forest lives Mmoatia, a fairy no bigger than your thumb, who owns a magical stirring-spoon that fills any pot with food. When greedy Anansi the spider snatches it away, why won't the spoon work in his hands? Can a hungry trickster ever learn the secret hidden inside a giving heart? A warm West African tale about sharing something 'precious'. This Bookbot story practices the /sh/ sound with words like 'portion', 'especially', 'nutritious', and 'gracious'.

**Reading Skills:** <ci> <si> <ti>

action, activation, delicious, especially, gracious, motion, nutritious, patient, portion, precious, special

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