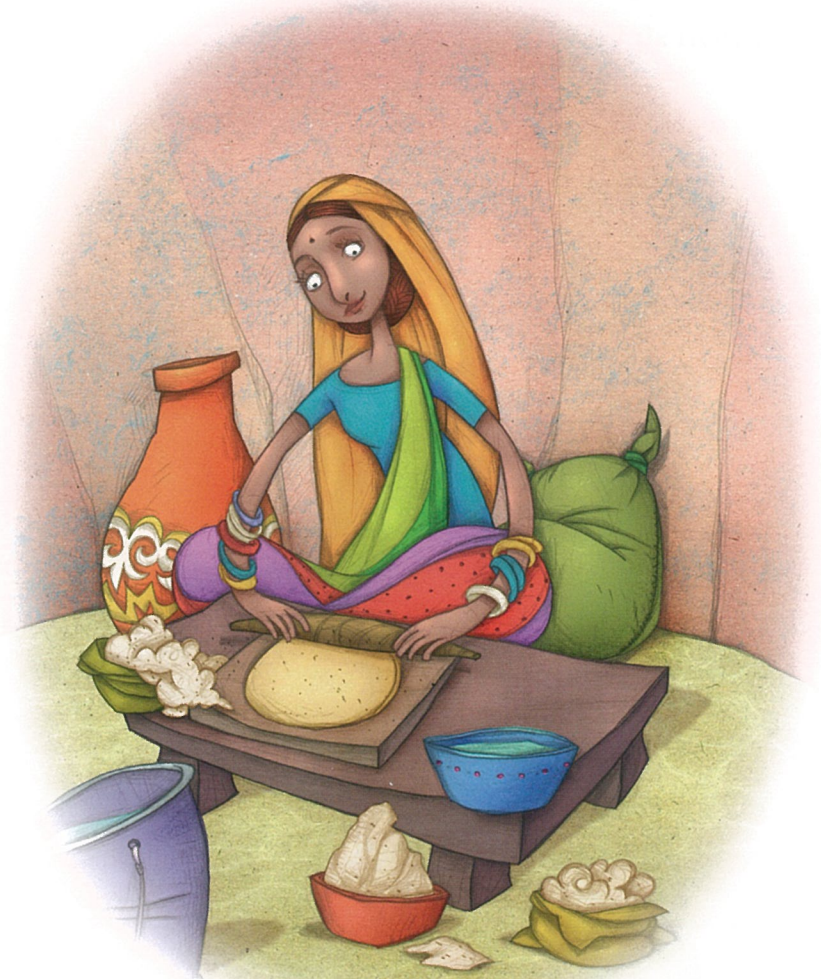




Long ago and faraway, in a village in India, a woman walked wearily home from the well. “And now it’s time to make my bread,” she said with a sigh, going into her small kitchen. She threw some handfuls of flour into a tin bowl, poured in a trickle of cool water and kneaded it all together to make some dough.

Pop! She placed a small piece between the palms of her hands. Round and round she rolled that dough, making a small round ball.

Then she placed the ball on a square wooden board, took her little rolling pin and set to work.



The woman rolled the dough flat and turned it, again and again, until she had made a perfectly round chapatti.

The woman smiled. "My, what a handsome little chapatti," she said. "You'll be delicious to eat!" And – flip, flap! – she flung that chapatti on to the hot iron stove.



However – believe it or not! – as soon as this little chapatti felt the fire, he puffed out his fat round cheeks and grinned.

"Delicious to eat?" he replied, laughing. "No, no, you silly woman! I'm not staying to be eaten!"

