

Every year, as soon as summer comes along,
we leave our little apartment in the big city
and drive out to a huge house in the country.
We spend the whole summer there, together
with all of our cousins, and all of their moms,
and all of their dads, and our mom, and our dad.



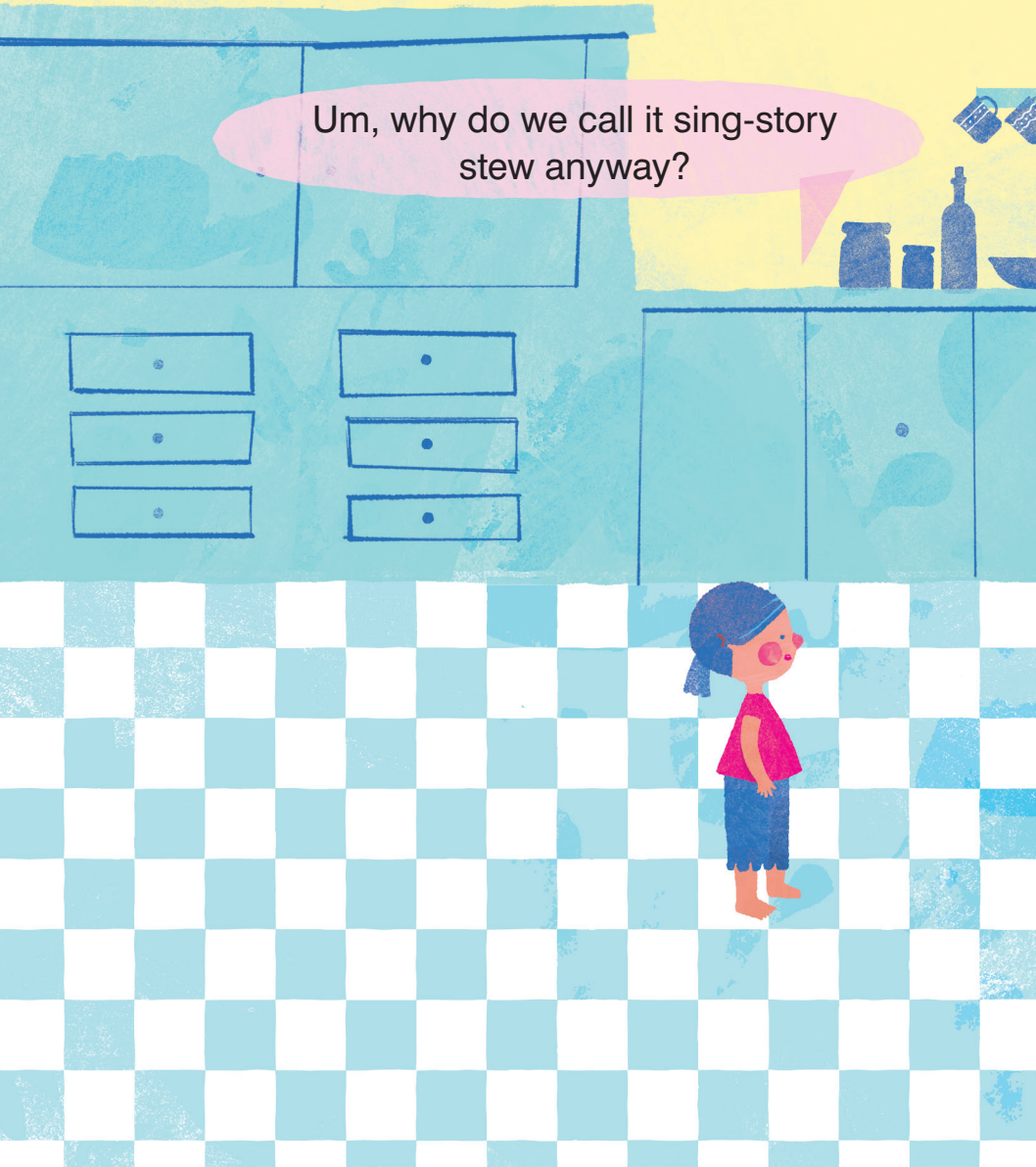
We share everything: toys, books, stories, and, of course, Sunday afternoons out in the yard. That's when everyone, young and old, gathers around the big table to eat a special food called sing-story stew.



The story-telling starts when all the plates are empty. Some of the stories are happy. Some of the stories are sad.



Our moms start making the stew together early every Sunday morning. One mom will be washing peppers and tomatoes while another mom dices onions and still another mom seasons the meat.

A young girl with a pink shirt and blue skirt stands on a checkered floor in a kitchen. She is looking up at a speech bubble that contains the text: "Um, why do we call it sing-story stew anyway?". The kitchen has light blue cabinets and a yellow wall. On the counter, there are several jars and a bottle. The floor is made of alternating light blue and white squares.

Um, why do we call it sing-story stew anyway?

Because anyone who eats it
sings a story!

