



Stone Soup

Narrator 1	Hok	farmer	carpenter
Narrator 2	Lok	merchant	doctor
Narrator 3	Sue	little girl	villager 1
Narrator 4	Scholar	girl's mother	villager 2

Narrator 1: There once were three monks, Hok, Lok, and Sue. One Day as they traveled through the mountain Lok asked Sue, the wisest of the monk a question.

Narrator 1: Gala kung nuung naan mai lai, mee koo ba sarm ong dern thang num gun. Mee moo nuung Lok me kham thaam high Sue.

Lok: What makes one happy Sue?

Lok: Man young het high korn how me kharm sook?

Sue reply: Let's find out together

Sue: Pa gun ha kham tawp num gun

Narrator 2: The monks arrived at a village full of people. Everyone worked hard, but only for themselves. They did not want to have anything to do with each other. They were not trusting of strangers.

Narrator 2: Koo ba sarm ong ma moo baan un nuung. Took korn het viek het gnarn nuck, thair het high tair toe aang lae baw kong giew up korn urn. Kow chao baw why jai korn pairk na

Narrator 3: When the monks arrived, all of the people went into their houses and shut the door. The monks knocked on each door, but no one opened their doors.

Narrator 3: Tawn koo baa sarm ong ma tuung, took korn kow baan lae ut pa too. Kok pa too gaw baw awk ma.

Hok: These people do not know happiness

Hok: Sao baan pork nee baw who juck kharm sook tee fair jing

Sue: Today we will teach them how to make stone soup.

Sue: Muu nee, pork how see sawn sao baan het gang gawn heen.

Narrator 4: They gathered twigs and built a fire. They filled a small pot with water from the well.

Narrator 4: Koo ba sarm ong ha mie, ha foon ma gaw figh, pie thuck naam saang sigh maw noi lae owl ma toom.

Narrator 1: A little girl came out to see what they were doing.

Narrator 1: Mee dake noi poo ying korn nuung awk ma bourng

Little girl: What are you doing?

Little girl: Chao het young?

Hok: We are gathering twigs.

Hok: Pork koi ha foon

Lok: We are making a fire.

Lok: Pork koi gaw figh

Sue: We are making stone soup and we need 3 stones.

Sue: Pork koi see het gang gawn heen. Pork goi thong gaan heen sarm gawn.

Narrator 2: The little girl helped the three monks to look for the perfect stone for the soup. They put it in and stirred the soup.

Narrator 2: Dake noi poo ying pa koo ba sarm ong soke ha gawn heen owl pie sigh gang.

Sue: These stones will make excellent soup, but it won't make too much in this small pot.

Sue: Gawn heen sarm gawn nee see het high gang saap saap tair sear dye maw noi, het dye tair noi deal.

Little girl: My mother has a bigger pot at home. I will go get it.

Little girl: Mai koi me maw yai you huern. Koi see pie owl ma high.

Narrator 3: The little girl went home and got the biggest pot in the house.

Narrator 3: Dake noi poo ying lan muer huern pie owl maw yai.

Mom: What are you doing?

Mom: Chao het young?

Little Girl: The strangers are making stone soup and they need our biggest pot.

Little Girl: Koo ba sarm ong see het gang heen. Pern thong gaan maw yai how.

Mom: Stones are easy to find. I want to learn how to make it too.

Mom: Heen ha sabai. Koi gaw yark hien het gang heen koo gun.

Narrator 4: Soon the mother came and watched the monks make stone soup. As the water boiled, the rest of the villagers got curious and came out of their houses to see what was going on.

Narrator 4: Mai kong dake noi poo ying tarm look pie bourng koo ba het kang heen. Sao baan hen maw yai tung you gaang moo baan gaw pa gun awk ma bourng.

Hok: Old style stone soup should be seasoned with salt and pepper.

Hok: Sa mai gow, gang heen tong me gour lae pick tai.

Lok: That is true, but we don't have any.

Lok: Man you, tair how baw mee gour lae pick tai.

Scholar: I have some salt and pepper.

Scholar: How mee gour lae pick tai

Narrator 1: The scholar ran home and came back with salt and pepper and a few other spices. Sue stirred the pot and took a taste.

Narrator 1: Koo ran gup pie huern, pie owl gour, pick tai, lae kourng poon un oon oon ma sigh gang.

Sue: The last time we made stone soup, carrots made the broth very sweet.

Sue: Ter soot tai tee how het gang heen, mee mark carrot sigh het high naam gang waan.

Mercent: Carrots? I have carrots, but just a little.

Merchant: Mark carrot baw? How mee you, thair baw mee lai

Narrator 2: The merchant disappeared and came back with as many carrots as she can carry and dropped them in the pot.

Narrator 2: Paw ka ran pie owl mark carrot. Owl ma tame tong nung lae gaw sigh maw gang.

Hok: Do you think it would be better with onions?

Hok: Ta mee hor park bor sigh kong see dee baw?

Farmer: Oh yes, maybe onions would taste good.

Farmer: Dee, dee, bang tuer hor park bor kong see het high gang saap.

Narrator 3: Farmer left and came back with some onions and put them in the soup.

Narrator 3: Sao na pie owl hor park bor ha hor lae owl sigh gang.

Farmer: Now that is a fine soup.

Farmer: Gang nee kong see saap lai.

Narrator 4: All of the villagers agreed as they smelled the soup.

Narrator 4: Sao baan took korn die gin horm kong gang lae kid wa kong saap lale.

Sue: But, if we have some mushrooms, it would even be better.

Sue: thair ta mee het sigh kong see saap kua nee.

The carpenter: I have some.

The carpenter: How mee het.

Narrator 1: He came back with a bag of mushrooms and dropped it in the soup.

Narrator 1: Sang gup ma pom gup het lae owl sigh gang.

Narrator 2: Something magical happened to the villagers. As one person opened their hearts to give, the next person gave even more. Soon, people came with a variety of vegetables and dumplings to add to the soup.

Narrator 2: Karm mahatsajun gert koon nai moo baan. Sao baan pa gun mee nam jai ton hen korn oon mee nam jai. Sao baan pa goon owl a haan tang tang ma sigh maw gang num gun.

Doctor: Here are some dumplings.

Doctor: How mee geel.

Villager 1: Let's add some noodles.

Villager 1: How mee saen mee

Villager 2: More vegetables would make it taste even better!!!

Villager 2: Sign puck lai lai kong see saap toom.

Narrator 2: Each member of the village brought more items to add to the pot. The soup smelled delicious and all of the villagers sat down together for a feast. They have never feasted together before. They ate, sang, and told stories late into the night. They even opened up their homes for the monks to stay.

Narrator 3: Sao baan took took korn pa gun owl kong ma sign gang. Gang sook lae, sao baan pa gun ma gin kow num gun, tee baw kerl mee ma gone. Sao baan pa gun gin, len down tree, hong pang, lom gun jorn kharm muut. Kow joi ha tee non high koo ba sarm ong.

Narrator 3: The next morning, the villagers said goodbye to the monks and thanked them for teaching them how to share and what the meaning of true happiness was.

Narrator 3: Moo taw mai sao baan la koo ba lae korb jai pern tee sorn high hoo jark kharm bang pun and gan mee naam jai high gair korn uun. Sorn high who juck gup kharm sook nigh gaan bang pun high poo oon.