The Sweet Porridge

Once upon a time there was a poor, pious girl who lived alone with her mother, and they had nothing left to eat. So the child went out into the forest, and there she met an old woman who already knew her distress and gave her a little pot, to which she was to say "Little pot, cook," and then it cooked good sweet millet porridge, and when she said "Little pot, stop," it stopped cooking again. The girl brought the pot home to her mother, and now they were rid of their poverty and hunger and ate sweet porridge as often as they wanted. Once, when the girl had gone out, the mother said "Little pot, cook," and it cooked, and she ate her fill; now she wanted the little pot to stop again, but she did not know the word. So it kept on cooking, and the porridge rose over the rim and kept boiling, filling the kitchen and the whole house, and the second house and then the street, as if it wanted to feed the whole world, and it was the greatest distress, and no one knew how to help themselves. At last, when only a single house was left, the child came home and said only "Little pot, stop," and it stopped and ceased to cook; and whoever wanted to go back into the town had to eat their way through.