

A Story from Kenya

Mama Panya sang as she kicked sand with her bare feet and made the breakfast fire. “Adika, hurry up,” she said. “Today we go to the market.”

“Surprise! I’m one step ahead of you, Mama.” Adika was already dressed. His mama had to hurry.

Finally, Mama was ready too. She led them down the road. “What will you get at the market, Mama?”

“A little bit and a little bit more.”

“Are you making pancakes today, Mama?” “How many pancakes will you make?”

Mama fingered two coins. “A little bit and a little bit more.”

Round the corner they saw Mzee sitting by the river. Adika said, “We’re having pancakes tonight. Please come.”

“I’ll be there.” He said. Adika wanted to invite him because he was their oldest friend.

They ran into two more friends. They were herding cows. Adika invited them for pancakes. Mama Panya frowned thinking about her two gold coins.

“How many people will that be?” Adika counted five.

“Aii!” How many pancakes do you think I can make, son?”

“You’ll have a little bit and a little bit more. That’s enough.

At the market, Adika invited his school friend. At the flour stand Adika invited two other friends.

“You’ll be lucky if we can share half a pancake now!” Mama said. Soon, they headed home. Mama made a fire. Adika ran to get a pail of water. Mama crushed the pepper and stirred the flour.

The first friends came. They brought milk and butter. The second friend came with three fish. The third friend arrived with plantains. The last friends brought flour and more salt.

The feast began as they sat under the baobab tree. After, Kaya played the thumb piano and Odolo sang.

Adika said, “I’m glad we made pancakes.”

Mama replied, “Yes. You are always one step ahead of me.”

