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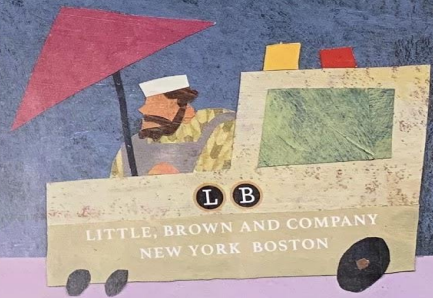
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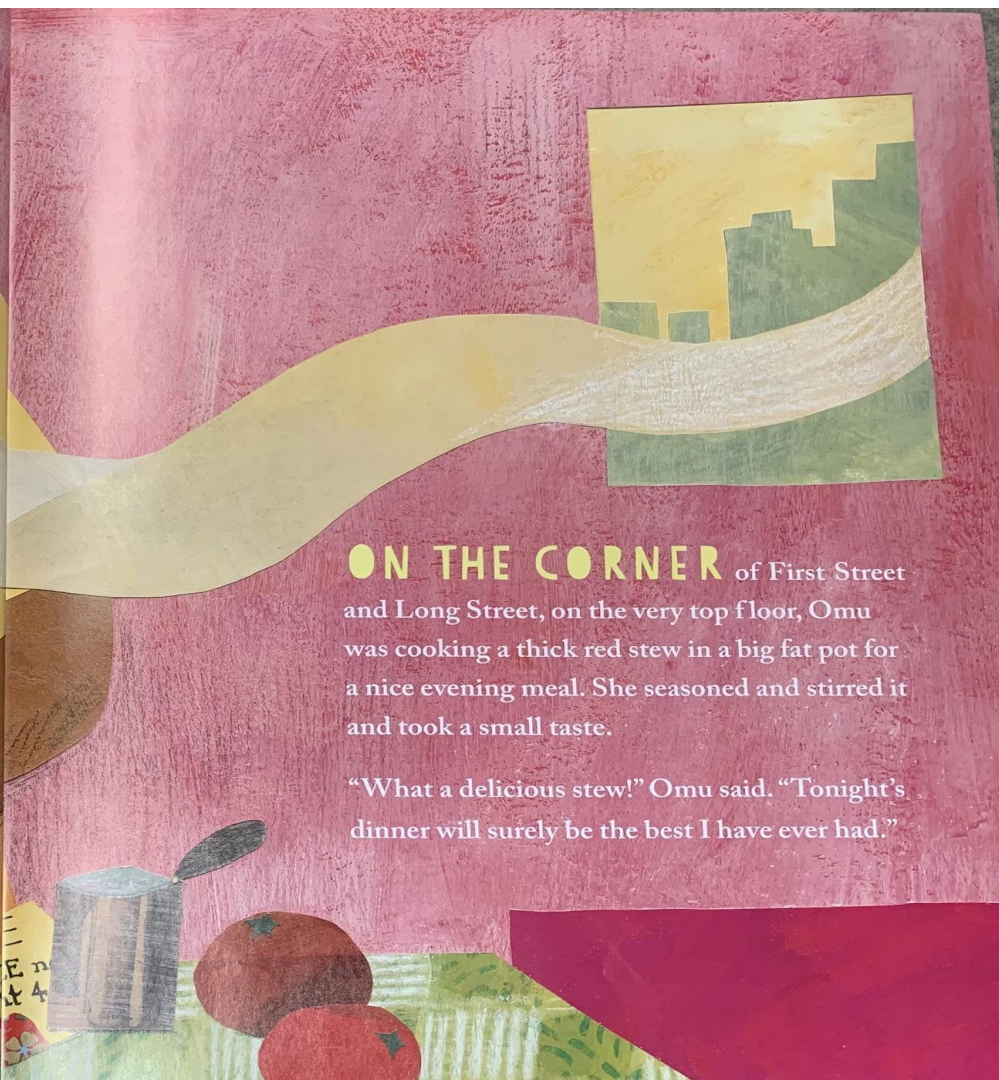
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EDITOR
THE PARKS



ON THE CORNER of First Street and Long Street, on the very top floor, Omu was cooking a thick red stew in a big fat pot for a nice evening meal. She seasoned and stirred it and took a small taste.

“What a delicious stew!” Omu said. “Tonight’s dinner will surely be the best I have ever had.”



With that, Omu put down her spoon and went to read a book before supper. As the thick red stew simmered on the stove, its scrumptious scent wafted out the window and out the door, down the hall, toward the street, and around the block, until—

KNOCK!

Someone was at the door.

When Omu opened it, she saw...



...a little boy.

"LITTLE BOY!" Omu exclaimed. "What brings you to my home?"

"I was playing with my race car down the hall when I smelled the most *delicious* smell," the little boy replied. "What is it?"

"Thick red stew."

"MMMMM, STEW!" He sighed. "That sure sounds yummy."



Omu thought for a moment. She was saving her stew for dinner, but she *had* made quite a bit. It would not hurt to share. "Would you like some?"

The little boy nodded.

And so Omu spooned out some thick red stew from the big fat pot for her nice evening meal.

"THANK YOU, OMU!" the little boy said, and went on his way.



With that, Omu closed the door and went back to her book.
As she read, her thick red stew's scrumptious scent wafted
out the window and out the door, down the hall,
toward the street, and around the block, until—



**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

Someone was at the door.
When Omu opened the door, this time she saw...



...a police officer.

"MS. POLICE OFFICER!" Omu exclaimed.

"What brings you to my home?"

"I was on duty down the street when I smelled the most *delicious* smell," Ms. Police Officer replied. "What is it?"

"Thick red stew."

"AHHHH, STEW!" she said, and her mouth watered.

"That sounds mighty tasty."



Omu thought for a moment. There was still enough to share.
“Would you like some?”

The police officer nodded.

Once again, Omu spooned out some thick red stew from the big fat pot for her nice evening meal.

“THANK YOU, OMU!” the officer said, and went on her way.



And so for the second time, Omu closed the door and went back to her book. Sure enough, as she read, her thick red stew's scrumptious scent wafted out the window and out the door, down the hall, toward the street, and around the block, until—

**KNOCK KNOCK
KNOCK!**



Again, someone was at Omu's door.
This time when she opened it, she saw...



...a hot dog vendor.

"MR. HOT DOG VENDOR!" Omu exclaimed.

"What brings you to my home?"

"I was selling my hot dogs down the block when I smelled the most *delicious* smell," Mr. Hot Dog Vendor replied.

"What is it?"

"Thick red stew."

"OOOOO, STEW!" The vendor licked his lips.

"That sounds quite delectable."



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So Omu spooned out some thick red stew from the big fat pot for her nice evening meal.

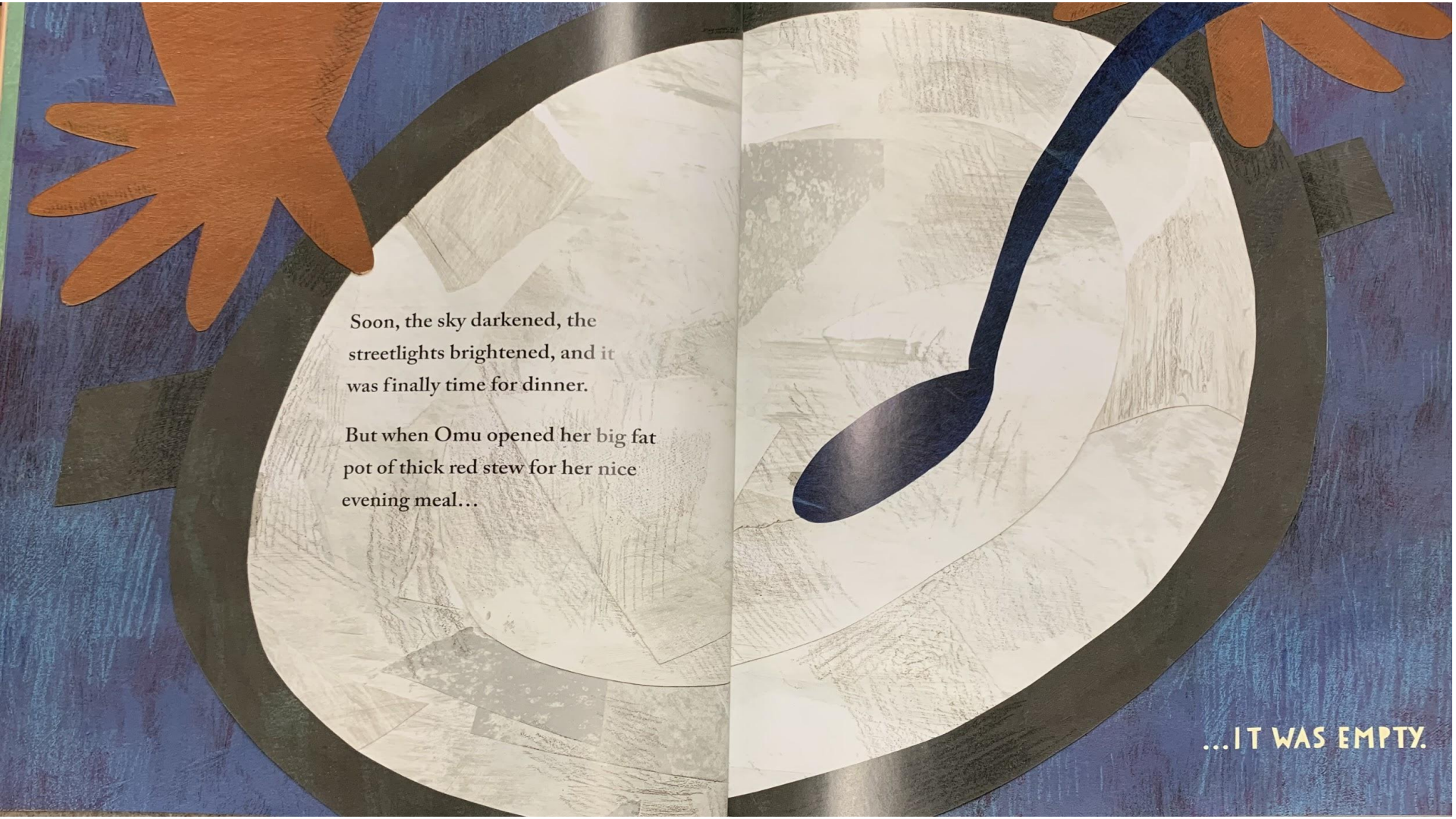
"THANK YOU, OMU!" the hot dog vendor said, and went on his way.



Throughout the day, people from all across the neighborhood knocked on Omu's door. She fed a shop owner, a cab driver, a doctor, an actor, a lawyer, a dancer, a baker, an artist, a singer, an athlete, a bus driver, a construction worker... Even the mayor stopped by!



And each time they knocked, Omu shared.



Soon, the sky darkened, the
streetlights brightened, and it
was finally time for dinner.

But when Omu opened her big fat
pot of thick red stew for her nice
evening meal...

...IT WAS EMPTY.



Omu sniffled. "There goes
the best dinner I ever had!"
Sorry and blue, she sat at the
table with her empty pot, until—

KNOCK! KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!

*Who could that be? Omu wondered.
When she opened her door, she saw...*

...the little boy? The police officer? The hot dog vendor?
The shop owner, the cab driver, the doctor, the actor, the
lawyer, the dancer, the baker...why, everyone she fed today
was at her door!

"I'm sorry, everyone!" Omu sighed. "My thick red stew is
all gone. I have nothing left to share."

The little boy tugged at Omu's sleeve. "Don't worry,
Omu. We are not here to ask..."

WE ARE HERE TO GIVE."





The police officer carried in a fresh salad. The mayor entered with a roast chicken. The baker brought a collection of sweet goodies. Even the little boy presented Omu with something special in a shiny red envelope.



Everyone who had knocked on Omu's door that day squeezed inside her tiny apartment, and together they ate, danced, and celebrated. While Omu's big fat pot of thick red stew was empty, her heart was full of happiness and love.

That dinner was the best she had ever had.

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