



NOTE TO THE READER
"Omu" (pronounced AH-moo)
is the Igbo term for "queen."



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."