

Spicy scents floated out through an open window.
Patty's bike screeched to a stop.

"What's cooking?" Patty shouted, leaning over
the gate.

"Ravioli, ravioli, just for you!" sang Mrs. Gladioli,
peeking out from behind her curtains.

Patty ran down the path in a flash, and then
dashed up the wobbly steps. Slam! The screen door
swung shut. Patty slid into the kitchen.

Splitter, splatter! A pot of sauce sizzled on Mrs.
Gladioli's old stove.

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Art by Michael Chesworth

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Patty's tummy growled. She twirled a frizzy braid around her finger.

Mrs. Gladioli stirred the sauce in slow circles. "Is your mama still at work?"

Patty nodded and peered across the street. No light yet on her porch.

Plip, plop! Floppy squares of dough bobbed in bubbling water. Patty perched on a wooden stool, her shoes tapping on the floor.

"Ravioli, ravioli, almost ready!" sang Mrs. Gladioli. Spots of sauce dotted her apron.



Footsteps thumped on the porch. "Your brother's a little late." Slam! Alex burst into the kitchen and dropped a tattered baseball glove on the table.

With a shake of his spiky hair, Alex grinned, "What's cooking?" His stool tipped as he wiggled back and forth.



"Ravioli, ravioli, just for you!" sang Mrs. Gladioli. Her eyes danced above rosy cheeks.

Scratch, scratch! She rubbed a block of cheese up and down a grater.

Patty opened a cupboard. "I'll get the bowls."
Alex flipped up the lid on a tin box. "I'll get
the forks."

Splitter, splatter!

Plip, plop!

Scritch, scratch!

"Ravioli, ravioli, it's ready!" sang Mrs. Gladioli.
With a long ladle, she scooped steamy ravioli into
the two bowls.

"Thank you, I'm starving." Alex sprinkled heaps
of cheese on his ravioli.




Patty paused. "Wait, we need one more bowl of ravioli."

"One more? Who's it for?"

"Ravioli, ravioli, just for you, Mrs. Gladioli!" sang Patty. She jumped up and plunked another bowl on the table.

Mrs. Gladioli glanced out the window. A bright porch light switched on across the street. Mrs. Gladioli smiled. "We need one more bowl, please, Patty!"

Heels clicked on the porch. "It's Mama!" Patty and Alex raced to the screen door. "Ravioli, ravioli, just in time for ravioli!" 



To play a cooking game,
hop to the Web.

