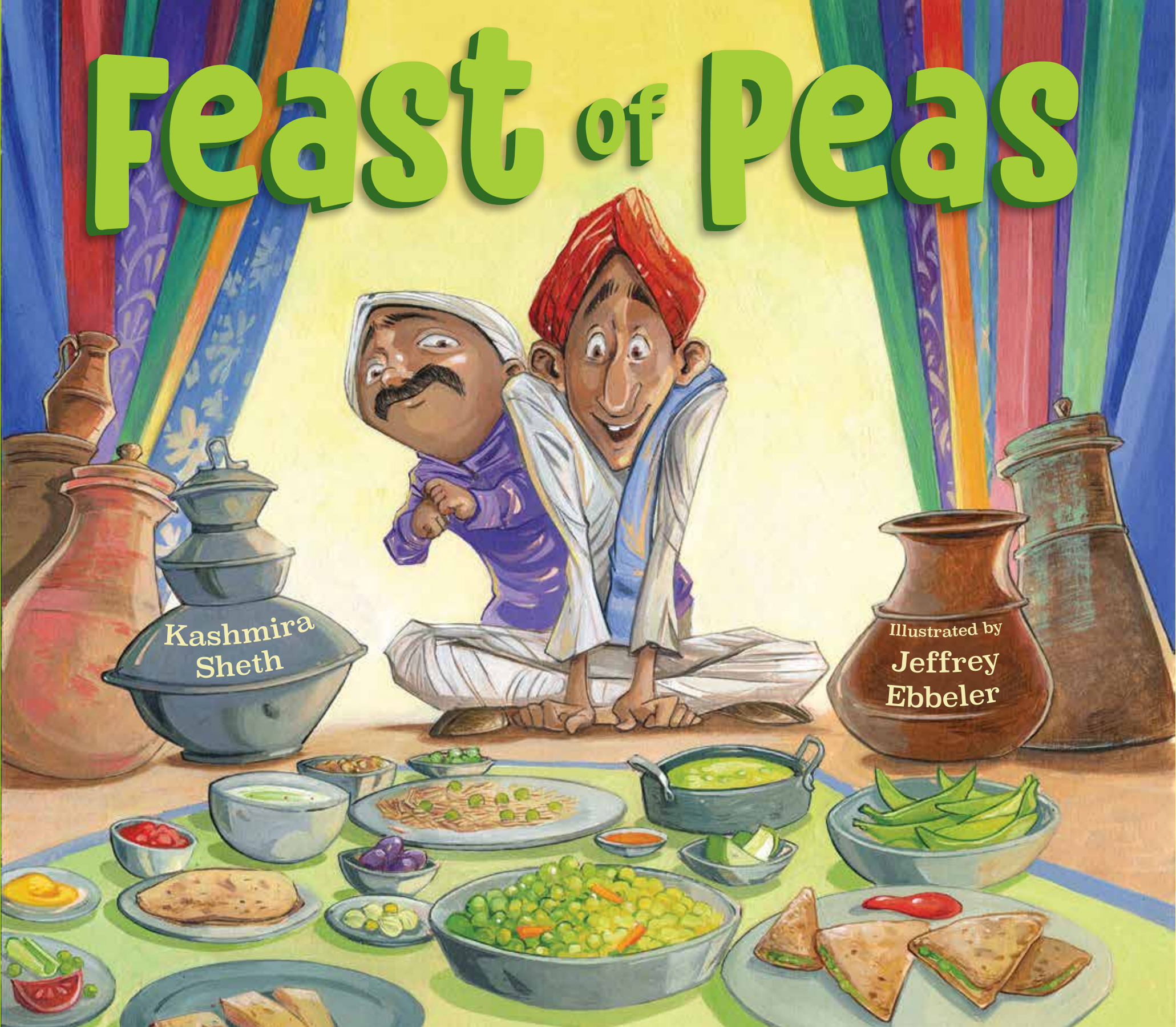
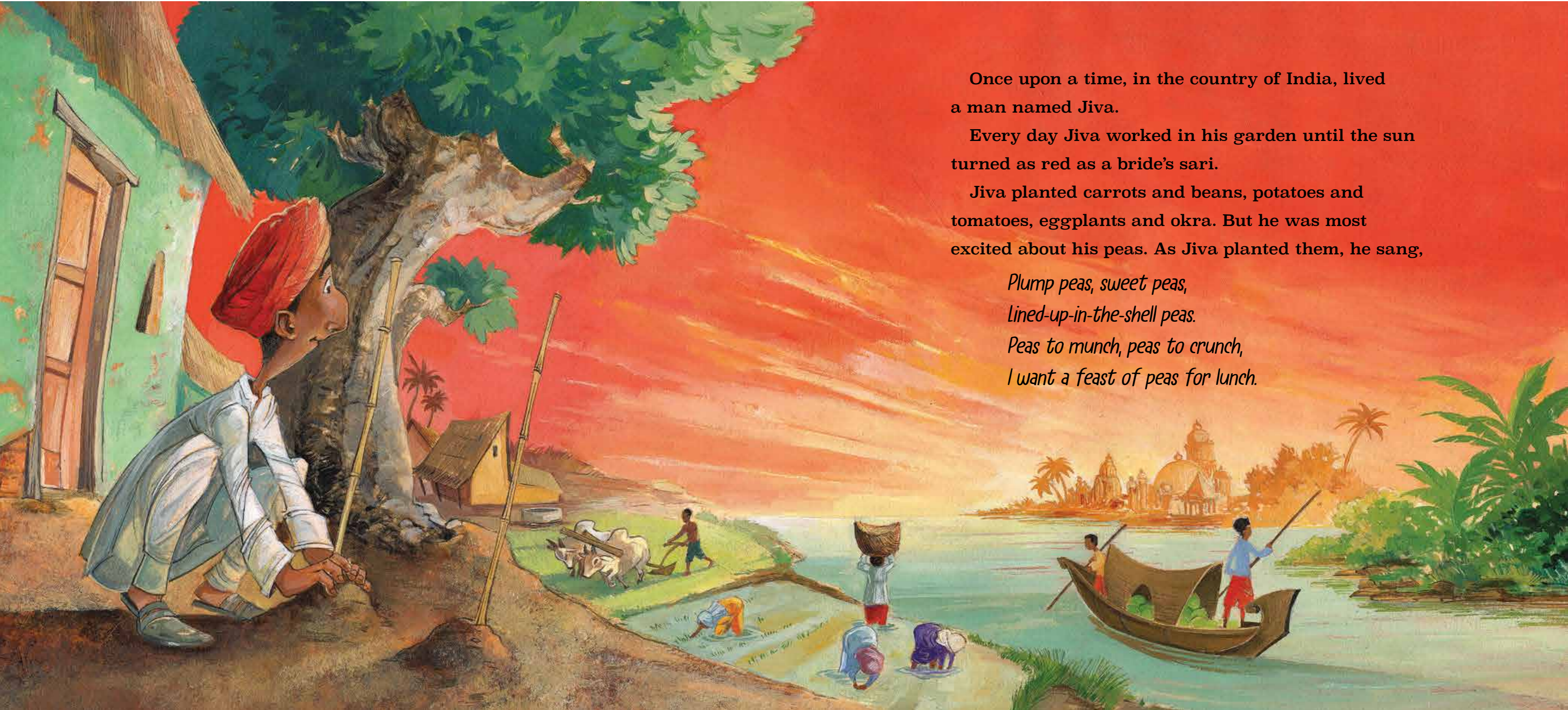


Feast of Peas



Kashmira
Sheth

Illustrated by
Jeffrey
Ebbeler



Once upon a time, in the country of India, lived a man named Jiva.

Every day Jiva worked in his garden until the sun turned as red as a bride's sari.

Jiva planted carrots and beans, potatoes and tomatoes, eggplants and okra. But he was most excited about his peas. As Jiva planted them, he sang,

*Plump peas, sweet peas,
Lined-up-in-the-shell peas.
Peas to munch, peas to crunch,
I want a feast of peas for lunch.*



The peas were the first ones to sprout.

Jiva hoed the rows, watered the seedlings, and waited.

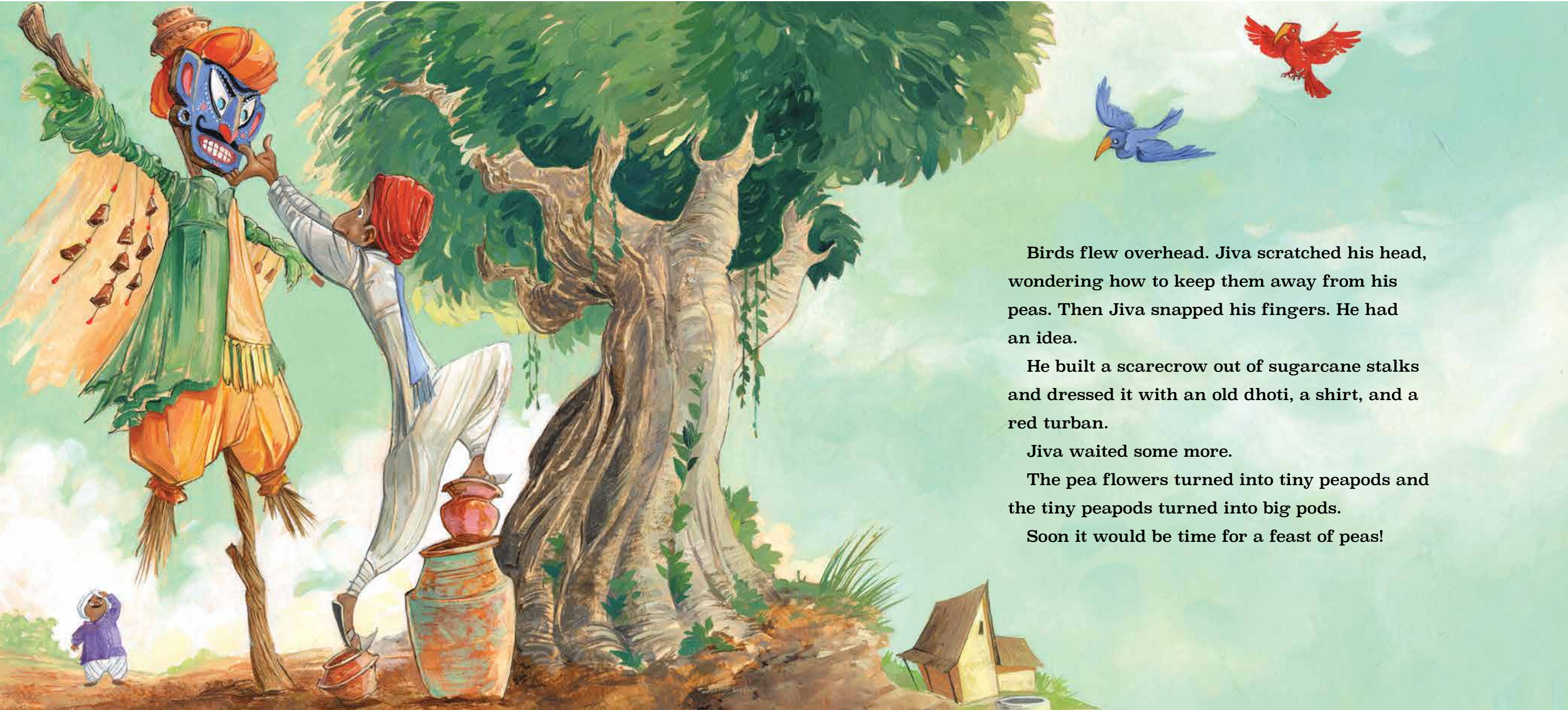


In time, the plants were covered with delicate blossoms.



Soon, the vines rambled over the soil. Jiva weeded and watered the garden and waited some more.





Birds flew overhead. Jiva scratched his head, wondering how to keep them away from his peas. Then Jiva snapped his fingers. He had an idea.

He built a scarecrow out of sugarcane stalks and dressed it with an old dhoti, a shirt, and a red turban.

Jiva waited some more.

The pea flowers turned into tiny peapods and the tiny peapods turned into big pods.

Soon it would be time for a feast of peas!