
Mama's Special
Wonton Soup
Wai Mei Wong
Xin Yue Zhu

“I’m going to make wonton soup tonight,” Mama says. “Can you help me buy some meat at the market?”



“Sure.” I love Mama’s wontons. Carrying the bamboo basket, I leave the house.



On the ground, I find a magic wand. I try to turn a toad into a prince, but it hops away.

From the far side, the Wang family are harvesting crops, cutting and threshing the rice grains on the ground.

The children play nearby, catching grasshoppers in the cleared rice fields.

Under the ginkgo trees, a few old ladies are gathering nuts while chatting. The ginkgo nuts are delicious in soup, but they smell like rancid butter before cooking. I hurry by.