

小松鼠学煮汤：奶奶教的五个步骤

秋天一到，松鼠奶奶感冒了，躺在床上咳嗽。小松鼠决定给奶奶煮一碗热汤。它从来没进过厨房，站在大灶台前，看着锅和碗直发愁，只好跑去请教松鼠奶奶。奶奶教它记住五个步骤：洗菜、切菜、烧水、下料、尝味调盐。奶奶说，每做完一步再做下一步，别着急。

小松鼠先把南瓜洗干净，又请啄木鸟帮忙把南瓜切成小块。水烧开后，它把南瓜块倒进锅里。锅里的水咕嘟咕嘟往上冒，差点溢出来，它想起奶奶说过火太大要转小，就把火苗拧小了一些。前三步都顺利，它有点得意，觉得煮汤也太简单了。

到了调盐这一步，它学着奶奶平时的样子，伸手抓了一大把盐扔进锅里。搅一搅，舀一勺尝，咸得舌头发麻，赶紧灌了半杯水。第一次煮的汤没法喝，小松鼠捧着锅，眼泪在眼眶里打转。

松鼠奶奶摸摸它的头：失败一次不要紧，第二次要用心。小松鼠把咸汤倒掉，重新洗菜、重新烧水。这一次它换了办法：用小勺子一点一点加盐，加一点，就用勺尖舀一点汤，认真地尝味道。淡了，再加小半勺；有点咸，就添几勺热水。它尝了七八次，舌头都尝累了，锅里的汤终于变得又甜又香。

小松鼠把汤端到床前，奶奶喝完了整碗，说这是她喝过最暖心的汤。小松鼠记住了煮汤的五个步骤，也记住了一件更重要的事：第一次做不好很正常，盐放多了就记住要少放，步骤忘了就去请教。做事要用心，不怕失败，第二次总会比第一次好。

Little Squirrel Learns to Make Soup: Five Steps from Grandma

When autumn came, Grandma Squirrel caught a cold and lay in bed coughing. Little Squirrel decided to cook her a bowl of hot soup. It had never been into a kitchen. Standing in front of the big stove, staring at the pots and bowls, it had no idea where to start, so it ran to ask Grandma Squirrel for advice. Grandma taught it to remember five steps: wash the vegetables, cut them, boil the water, add the ingredients, then taste and adjust the salt. Do one step at a time, she said, and don't rush.

Little Squirrel washed the pumpkin first, then asked Woodpecker to help cut it into small pieces. After the water boiled, it poured the pumpkin into the pot. The water bubbled up and nearly overflowed, but it remembered Grandma's words about turning down the heat, so it turned the flame lower. The first three steps went smoothly, and it started to feel proud, thinking soup was far too easy.

Then came the salt. Copying the way Grandma usually cooked, it grabbed a big handful and threw it into the pot. It stirred, scooped a spoonful, and tasted—so

salty its tongue went numb. It quickly drank half a cup of water. The first soup was undrinkable. Little Squirrel held the pot with tears in its eyes.

Grandma Squirrel patted its head: one failure is fine; what matters is doing the second time with care. Little Squirrel poured out the salty soup, washed the vegetables again, and boiled fresh water. This time it changed its method: it added salt little by little with a small spoon, and after each pinch it lifted a tiny taste of soup on the tip of the spoon and tasted it carefully. If it was bland, it added half a spoon more; if it was too salty, it poured in a few spoonfuls of hot water. After tasting seven or eight times, with its tongue tired from tasting, the soup finally turned sweet and fragrant.

Little Squirrel brought the soup to Grandma's bed, and she finished the whole bowl, saying it was the warmest soup she had ever drunk. It had learned the five steps of making soup, and one more important lesson: failing the first time is normal. If you use too much salt, remember to use less; if you forget a step, go ask. Do things with care, don't fear failure, and the second try will always be better than the first.

小松鼠的南瓜汤：一次失败，一次用心

森林小学布置了一项生活作业：为家人做一样东西。小松鼠选了煮南瓜汤。它回家先请教松鼠奶奶怎么煮。奶奶说，南瓜切小块，水煮开再下锅，煮软以后加盐，加完盐一定要尝。小松鼠把奶奶的话背了三遍，觉得自己全记住了。

第二天它动手了。切菜、烧水、下锅，都照着做。加盐时它心里想，奶奶做菜那么好吃，一定是因为盐放得多，于是多放了两勺。它没有尝，直接盛了一碗端给妈妈。妈妈喝了一口，眉头皱起来，但没有说破，只问了一句：你自己尝过了吗？小松鼠接过碗尝了一口，咸得直吐舌头，这才知道自己闯了祸。

问题出在哪儿？它记住了步骤，却漏掉了奶奶最强调的那一句：加完盐一定要尝。煮汤就像写看图写话，写完要自己读一遍，自己读一遍就知道哪句话不通顺。尝味道，就是煮汤的那一遍自读。

小松鼠倒掉咸汤，重新洗菜、重新烧水。这一次它把小勺放在锅边，随时提醒自己尝。盐不再用手抓，改成用小指尖捏着加，加一次，尝一次，让舌头认真感受汤是淡还是咸。火也守着，水咕嘟大了就转小。第三次的汤端上桌，妈妈喝了一碗，又给奶奶送去一碗。

小松鼠在作业本上写：第一次失败，是因为我以为记住步骤就够了；第二次成功，是因为我用心尝了每一次的味道。做事要用心，不怕失败——失败会把错处指给你看，用心才能把它改过来。

Little Squirrel's Pumpkin Soup: One Failure, One Careful Try

The forest primary school gave the children a life-skills homework: make something for your family. Little Squirrel chose pumpkin soup. It went home and asked Grandma Squirrel how to make it. Grandma said: cut the pumpkin into small pieces, wait for the water to boil before putting it in, add salt after it softens, and once you add salt, you must taste it. Little Squirrel repeated Grandma's words three times and was sure it had memorized everything.

The next day it got to work. Cutting, boiling, putting the pumpkin in—it followed every step. When it was time for salt, it thought to itself: Grandma's cooking is so tasty, it must be because she uses lots of salt. So it added two extra spoonfuls. It didn't taste anything. It just ladled a bowl and brought it to Mom. Mom took a sip, frowned, but didn't say it was bad. She only asked one question: did you taste it yourself? Little Squirrel took a sip and stuck out its tongue from the saltiness, realizing it had made a mess.

Where was the problem? It had memorized the steps but missed the one line Grandma stressed most: once you add salt, you must taste. Making soup is like writing a picture composition—after you finish, you read it through yourself, and reading shows you which sentences don't flow. Tasting is that self-reading in cooking.

Little Squirrel poured out the salty soup, washed the vegetables again, and boiled fresh water. This time it kept the small spoon resting on the rim of the pot as a reminder to taste. No more grabbing salt by hand—it pinched the salt with its fingertips, added a bit, tasted once, letting its tongue carefully judge whether the soup was bland or salty. It also watched the flame, turning it down whenever the bubbling grew too big. The third bowl went to the table. Mom finished one bowl and carried another to Grandma.

In the homework notebook, Little Squirrel wrote: the first try failed because I thought memorizing the steps was enough; the second try worked because I tasted carefully every time. Do things with care and don't fear failure—failure points out what is wrong, and only care can fix it.

煮汤的三个误区：小松鼠全踩过

小松鼠学煮汤，把能犯的错误犯了个遍。松鼠奶奶一样一样给它纠正，它干脆把错误记成了

三张卡片，贴在厨房的墙上。

第一张卡片：盐放得越多越好吃。小松鼠第一次煮汤，抓了大把盐下锅，咸得没法喝。它以为奶奶的菜香是因为盐多，奶奶笑着说，盐是提味的，放多了反而压住食材本来的甜，南瓜自己就是甜的，盐只要一点点。那天它请教奶奶，把调盐的办法改成了小勺加、勺尖尝。

第二张卡片：下了料就不用管了。第二次煮汤，小松鼠把南瓜倒进锅就去搭积木，回来时锅里的水快烧干了，南瓜也糊了底。奶奶让它重新煮，这回要人守着锅：看火苗、听水声，水咕嘟声变小就转小火。它这才知道，煮汤的时候人不能走开。

第三张卡片：失败一次就是不会煮。糊底的汤倒掉那天，小松鼠赌气说再也不煮了。奶奶反问它：第一双筷子，你练了多少天才学会夹松果？它想了想，夹松果也不是天生就会的。失败只是还没学会，不是学不会。

第三次煮汤，小松鼠先把三张卡片读了一遍，再请教奶奶火候该多大，然后一点点加盐，加一次尝一次，全程守在锅边。汤端上桌，奶奶尝了一口，眼睛弯成了月牙。小松鼠在卡片下面添了一行字：做事要用心，不怕失败。踩过的误区，后来都成了它的经验。

Three Mistakes in Making Soup: Little Squirrel Stepped in Every One

Learning to make soup, Little Squirrel made every mistake there was to make. Grandma Squirrel corrected them one by one, and Little Squirrel turned the mistakes into three cards and pasted them on the kitchen wall.

Card one: more salt means better taste. In its first pot of soup, Little Squirrel threw in a big handful of salt, and the soup was undrinkable. It had assumed Grandma's dishes were delicious because of the salt. Grandma laughed and said salt lifts flavor; too much of it buries the natural sweetness of the food—pumpkin is sweet by itself and only needs a little salt. That day it asked Grandma for a better way to season, and switched to adding salt with a small spoon and tasting with the tip of the spoon.

Card two: once the ingredients are in, you can walk away. On the second attempt, Little Squirrel dumped the pumpkin into the pot and went off to build blocks. When it came back, the water was almost boiled dry and the pumpkin had stuck to the bottom of the pot. Grandma made it start over, and this time a person had to stay by the pot: watch the flame, listen to the water, and turn the heat down when the bubbling sound softened. Only then did it learn that you can't leave while soup cooks.

Card three: failing once means you can't cook. The day the burnt soup went down the drain, Little Squirrel stamped its foot and said it would never cook again.

Grandma asked back: how many days did you practice before your chopsticks could pick up a pine cone? It thought about that. Even picking up pine cones wasn't learned in one try. Failure only means not learned yet, not impossible to learn.

On the third attempt, Little Squirrel read the three cards first, then asked Grandma how big the flame should be, added salt little by little, tasted after each pinch, and stayed by the pot the whole time. When the soup reached the table, Grandma took a sip, and her eyes curved into crescents. Under the cards, Little Squirrel added one line: do things with care, and don't fear failure. Every mistake it had stepped in became part of its experience.