

# LENTILS

*TastEd*



**STORIES AND  
POEMS**

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**SONG: LES POIS CHICHES**

# A LUCKY LENTIL TALE

In fields of gold and skies so blue,  
The lentils grow with morning dew.  
Tiny orbs in pods they hide,  
With earthy joy and luck inside.

From India's plains to Canada's breeze,  
They flourish with such humble ease.  
No need for fuss, no need for flair,  
They feed the soil with tender care.

They bring good luck, the elders say,  
On New Year's night or planting day.  
A bowl of lentils, warm and round,  
Means hope and riches all year 'round.

But more than coins or tales of fate,  
They help the earth regenerate.  
They nourish hearts, they warm each meal,  
With kindness that the soil can feel.

So when you see those lentils small,  
Remember — they're not small at all.  
They carry strength and ancient grace,  
And sprinkle luck in every place.

# THE MAGIC POUCH

## A ROMAN TALE OF LENTILS AND FORTUNE

Long ago, in the bustling heart of ancient Rome, lived a curious and kind-hearted boy named Lucius. His family was poor but proud, and though their tunics were patched and their sandals worn thin, they never lacked laughter.

One chilly day, as Lucius swept the steps of the Forum, he spotted an old woman wrapped in a threadbare cloak, shivering as she watched the crowd. Without a word, Lucius offered her his wool scarf.

The woman smiled warmly. “You have a generous heart, child. For your kindness, I give you this.” She reached into her satchel and handed him a small, worn leather pouch—a scarsella, filled with what looked like plain brown lentils.

“They don’t look like much,” Lucius said, puzzled.

“Each lentil holds a chance,” she whispered. “Plant them with care, and your fortune may grow.”

That night, Lucius buried a few lentils in the corner of his family’s tiny garden. To his surprise, the very next day, a sprout appeared. Within a week, the plant had grown into a bush dotted with golden pods.

Every pod he opened revealed a coin—not gold or silver, but copper pieces engraved with tiny images of Roman gods and goddesses. Each coin he gave away—to beggars, friends, or neighbors—somehow brought joy and good fortune to them.

Word spread. People called him Lucius Felix—Lucky Lucius.

But Lucius never used the coins for greed. He helped repair the bakery, buy books for the school, and feed the hungry. By the time a year had passed, the pouch was empty—but Lucius’s heart, home, and city were full.

And as for the old woman? No one ever saw her again.

But each New Year, Lucius would share lentils with friends and family, saying: “A lentil is more than a seed. It’s a promise.”

# THE BRITISH LENTIL EXPERIMENT

When Mrs. Patel told Year 5 they'd be growing something new in the school garden, everyone expected carrots, peas, or maybe potatoes. But when she held up a tiny packet and said,

"Today, we're planting lentils!"

the whole class stared in surprise.

"Aren't those from far away?" asked Ellie.

"Not anymore," said Mrs. Patel, smiling. "Farmers are growing lentils right here in the UK—and so can we!"

Everyone took a handful of small, speckled seeds. "They look like tiny coins!" said Jamie, holding his up to the sun.

Together, the class prepared the raised bed. They loosened the earth, made shallow rows, and carefully dropped in the lentils, covering them with soil and giving them a gentle drink from the watering can.

Over the next weeks, the class became Lentil Detectives. They kept a "Lentil Log," measuring the little green shoots as they poked through the soil, then grew taller and leafier with each passing day.

"Lentils are legumes," Mrs. Patel explained. "Their roots help the soil by adding nutrients. That means next year, anything we plant here will grow even better!"

Some days it rained, and some days it was windy and cold, but the lentils didn't mind. "They're tougher than they look," said Hassan.

By June, the plants had delicate white flowers. Soon after, little pods began to grow—each with one or two lentils inside. The class took turns picking the pods, collecting the lentils in a big glass jar.

When harvest time came, Mrs. Patel brought in her favourite recipe—spiced lentil soup. Each student added a handful of their home-grown lentils to the pot.

As they tasted the warm, nutty soup, Ellie grinned. "Who knew you could grow lentils in England?"

"Who knew we'd become farmers?" Jamie laughed. That day, the whole class agreed:

Trying something new can bring delicious surprises. And in the corner of the garden, a few lentil plants still waved in the breeze—reminding them that big changes can start with the smallest seed.

