**LITTLE MEN by Louisa May Alcott**

**CHAPTER 5 - PATTY PANS**

"WHAT'S the matter, Daisy?"

"The boys won't let me play with them."

"Why not?"

"They say girls can't play football."

"They can, for I've done it!" and Mrs. Bhaer laughed at the remembrance of certain youthful frolics.

"I shall have to think of a brand new [play for you], and it will take me some time; so suppose you go down and see what Asia has got for your lunch," suggested Mrs. Bhaer,

 [The next day Mrs. Bhaer had a surprise for Daisy – but she would not tell her what it was]

"Oh! what can it be? I can't wait. …."Is it for the boys, too?"

"No, all for you and Bess (the baby)

All this made Daisy half-wild, and her excitement spread among the boys, who quite overwhelmed Mother Bhaer with offers of assistance, which she declined by quoting their own words to Daisy:

"Girls can't play with boys. This is for Daisy, and Bess, and me, so we don't want you." Whereupon the young gentlemen meekly retired, and invited Daisy to a game of marbles, horse, football, anything she liked, with a sudden warmth and politeness which astonished her innocent little soul.

"I don't see anything," said Daisy, staring about her as she got inside the nursery door.

"Do you hear anything?" asked Aunt Jo.

Daisy did hear an odd crackling, and then a purry little sound as of a kettle singing. These noises came from behind a curtain drawn before a deep bay window. Daisy snatched it back, gave one joyful, "Oh!" and then stood gazing with delight at–what do you think?

A wide seat ran round the three sides of the window; on one side hung and stood all sorts of little pots and pans, gridirons and skillets; on the other side a small dinner and tea set; and on the middle part a cooking-stove.

Aunt Jo spoke quite soberly {about an untidy little girl she knew who left sticky dishes behind]. [So Daisy] turned up her cuffs, and with a sigh of satisfaction began to stir about her kitchen, having little raptures now and then over the "sweet rolling pin," the "darling dish-tub," or the "cunning pepper-pot."

…a scratching at the door caused Sally to run and open it, when Kit [the family dog] appeared with a covered basket in his mouth.

"Here's the butcher boy!" cried Daisy, much tickled at the idea, as she relieved him of his load, whereat he licked his lips and began to beg, evidently thinking that it was his own dinner.

"Well, on the whole, the new game is a success then?" [asked Uncle Teddy and Aunt Jo]

"It is the dearest play ever made!" cried Daisy, hugging her little dish-tub as she proposed to wash up the cups. "I just wish everybody had a sweet cooking stove like mine," she added, regarding it with affection.

"This play ought to have a name," said [her brother] Demi,

"It has."

"Well, I think we will call it Patty pans," and Aunt Jo retired, satisfied with the success of her last trap to catch a sunbeam.