

Soul Food on the Menu



My family owns a diner. It is in Harlem, New York. It is called For Your Soul. We make soul food.

Soul food is good for the soul. Eat soul food if you are sad. Soul food can make you feel better. This is because soul food is made with love.

One day a man comes to the diner. The man is quiet. The man looks sad. The man sits at the counter.

“What will you have,” I ask.

“What is good?” He asks.

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“Everything!” I say.

“I never had soul food,” he says.

“Did you hear that, Mom?” I ask.

“Oh boy,” says Mom. “You are in for a treat! I’ll bring you an order of New Soul. It is for folks like you. It is for folks who never ate soul food.”

The man agrees. The man sits. The man waits. The man sees Mom. The man’s eyes grow wide.

Mom brings him plates. Mom brings him more plates. Mom brings him lots of food.



There is fried fish. There is fried chicken. There is mac and cheese. There are grits. There are collard greens.

There are biscuits. There are black-eyed peas. There is sweet potato pie.

The man starts to eat. The man starts to smile. The man starts to talk. The man starts to look happy. The man eats a lot.

“Is this food magic?” he asks.

“No,” says Mom. “It is not magic. It is love.”

“Soul food is made with love,” I tell the man.

“Love is good for the soul,” says Mom.



Soul Food on the Menu



My family owns a diner. It is in Harlem, New York. Our diner's name is For Your Soul. Our diner serves soul food.

Mom says soul food is good for the soul. That means it makes you feel good. If you feel sad, eating soul food will make you feel better. Dad says this is because soul food is made with love.

One day a man comes to the diner. The man is quiet. The man looks sad. The man sits at the counter.

"What will you have," I ask him.

"What is good?" He asks.

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“Everything!” I say.

“I never had soul food before,” he says.

“Did you hear that, Mom?” I ask loudly. So Mom can hear me in the kitchen.

“Oh, boy. You are in for a treat!” Mom says. “I’ll bring you an order of New Soul. It is for folks like you. Folks who never tried soul food.”

The man agrees. I watch him sit and wait quietly. Then he sees Mom. The man’s his eyes grow wide.

Mom brings him lots of plates full of food. There is fried fish. There is fried chicken. There is mac and



cheese. There are grits. There are collard greens. There are biscuits. There are black-eyed peas. There is sweet potato pie.

The man starts to eat. After a while, the man starts to smile. Soon after, the man starts to talk to the people sitting next to him at the counter. The man starts to look happy. The more he eats the happier he looks.

“I feel so much better than before,” the man says. “Is this food magic?”

“No,” says Mom.

“It is made with love,” I say.

“Love is good for the soul,” says Mom.



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My family owns a diner in Harlem, New York. It's called For Your Soul. It serves soul food.

Mom says soul food is good for the soul. That means it makes you feel good. If you feel sad, eating soul food will make you feel better. Dad says this is because soul food is made with love.

One day a sad looking man comes to the diner. He sits down quietly at the counter and looks around nervously, like he's not sure how he got there.

"What will you have," I ask him.

"What is good?" He asks in a voice so quiet I can barely hear him.

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“Everything!” I say.

“I never had soul food before,” he admits.

“Did you hear that, Mom?” I ask loudly so Mom can hear me in the kitchen.

“Oooooo, boy! You are in for a treat today!” Mom says sticking her head out of the kitchen. “I’ll bring you an order of New Soul—it’s for folks like you who’ve never tried soul food before.”

The man nods. I watch him as he waits. When his eyes grow as big as platters, I know he’s spotted the tray of food that Mama is carrying.



Mom brings him platters full of food. There is fried fish. There is fried chicken. There is mac and cheese. There are grits. There are collard greens. There are biscuits. There are black-eyed peas. There is sweet potato pie.

The man starts to eat. After a while, he starts to smile. Soon after, the man starts to talk to the people sitting next to him at the counter. The man begins to look happy. The more he eats the the happier he looks.

“I feel so much better than before,” the man says. “Is this food magic?”

“No,” says Mom.

“It is made with love,” I say.

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