

AS SUN DRENCHED DAYS OF LATE JULY COME ROUND
SOME CROPS ARE RIPE AND STRAW IN GOLDEN BALES IS BOUND,
AND BARLEY WHISPERS WISDOM, TRANSMITTED ON THE BREEZE,
HIGH ABOVE THAT BAND OF RUNNING SILVER ALSO KNOWN AS

PILGRIMAGE SLICES

450g dried, chopped fruit (dates, or 50:50
dates & apricots)

8 tablespoons liquid (I used plum & apple
cordial, orange juice is
good. Be imaginative!)

6 teaspoons ground cinnamon (optional)

120g demerara sugar

350g pura (vegan) margarine

200g EACH of porridge oats x plain
wholewheat flour

Set oven to 180°C

Line a traybake tin* with greaseproof
paper
* approx. 20x30 cm

Put the chopped fruit, liquid & spice in
a saucepan, cook gently for 5 minutes
to soften.

Put the margarine and 100g of the
sugar into a further, clean saucepan.
Heat gently until things melt. Remove
from heat. Stir in the oats and flour,
mixing thoroughly.

Spread oat mix onto the prepared tin,
leaving half to go on top. The fruit mix
goes in the middle. Press top layer of oat
mix gently with the back of a fork. Sprinkle
with remaining 20g demerara sugar.

Bake 30 mins. Cool 10 mins. Mark slices.

Cut when colder.

“WE’VE SURELY LEFT SOME POOR SOUL IN THE COOP.

BUT SUCH A PERSON COULD SHARP MEMORY NOR WILD IMAGINATION...”

...NE’ER THROW UP. SO THE MERRY BAND WENT FORTH COMPLETE, PROPELLED BY RON,
THEIR AMAZEMENT AT SUCH QUIRKY HEAD GEAR SECOND TO NONE.
YET MIRTH WAS OFTEN TEMPERED BY CONSIDERING BENEDICT’S LAWS AND
MANY A WEIGHTY SUBJECT AS IN SILENT SHADE THEY PRAYED AND PAUSED.

TWEED. ‘TIS THEN THAT LIVES CONVERGE IN GALASHIELS
AS SIXTEEN PILGRIMS LEAVE THEIR KITCHENS, DESKS AND WHEELS.
(IT WAS RUMOURD ONCE, THERE WERE SEVENTEEN SUCH FOLK;
SO DILIGENT THE SHEPHERD AND WARY OF THE EMPTY SEAT HE SPOKE