



Nourish

Stories from Scottish Schools

Contents

In This Home	4
Imposter	6
Address to the Bacon Buttie	8
My Journey without Gluten	9
My Own Open Quesadilla	12
Cherry Lips!	14
When Mum is Away	16

In This Home

By Sehar, Holyrood Secondary School

Walk up the stone steps and hear the squeal of the children behind the candy wrapper stained glass window. Open the paint crusted door that you have to kick in the corner to open, and become engulfed with warmth and the memories that hum in these walls.

Taste the heavenly taste of heritage on your tongue as you eat grandmother's fall off the bone curry, feel the beating sun burn your back and smell the earthy crop, a reminder of home in this bitter cold. Try the sunshine sweet rice and stand in the sugar cane fields as you hear the goats bleat. Can you smell that sweet tobacco scent from grandfather's ancient shisha that has infused these walls and hear the grasshopper blissfully sing in the knee length crop?

See all the stars illuminate the sky and feel the bonfire burn and chase away the cold. Help the future generation clean the kitchen and watch in awe as aunties, mothers and family friends throw spices into huge silver pots and stir with yellow stained wooden spoons that are cracked with age, with handles engraved with the hands of past generations and the generations to come. Listen to them gossip and flip chapattis on the gas-stoves with flour stained hands, with no fear of getting burnt; the right way to make chapattis, grandmother would say.

Taste the scents that linger in this home. Pick up new born children and hold them close to your breast, feed them mashed up sunshine rice with your fingers and watch them taste home. Make silly faces with toddlers and hide sweets behind your back (coca cola bottles are their favourite) and tell them stories of how you set fire to your first chapatti or how uncle somehow burnt milk. Listen to grandmother describe her first taste of this Scottish fizzy orange drink and smirk as you realise that this drink is now a permanent resident in this house.

Sit with us in front of the fireplace and taste the fruit from our land, a sunset orange that cools your palette and is stringy between your teeth, and slides down your throat soothingly. A fruit from home. Taste our pink tea that is infused with spices and nuts that are creamy on your tongue; it will warm you and chase away any chill. Laugh as children sleepily rest their heads in your lap, smelling of Mathai that went missing from the kitchen. Taste this Mathai and close your eyes as the sweet syrup seeps on your tongue and feel it break away in your teeth revealing hidden nuts and cream.

Sit and listen to hundreds of stories, old and new, of trying strange new things like fish 'n chips with its crispy batter and roughly cut chips and jelly beans that seem to taste of everything and so many things they had never tasted. Rest your head on grandmother's lap and feel her soft, wrinkled hand stroke your hair that seems to soothe the burden of the future on your shoulders and breathe in that scent of home, as your stomach is full and close your eyes.

Imposter

By Fiona, Cargilfield School

As I look at the table covered in food,
All of the stuff my parents think is good.
Today though, it's pretty yum
Steak and chips to fill my tum.

Wait, no veg? Oh well maybe she's forgotten!
But how could I kid myself so?
For there I see them, shiny and red.
Glaring down at me from the devil's bed.
A convenient foe.

Looking so innocent, like they couldn't hurt a fly!
But why, oh why, oh why,
Are they here?

Tomatoes.
I. Hate. Tomatoes.
I turn to my mum,
And try, but as always, to no avail,
To explain that tomatoes are not
In any way, shape or form,
The same as ketchup.



Address to the Bacon Buttie

By Cara, Kirkcaldy High School

My grandad is a living legend. He is actually the best person that god ever created. I stay at his house all the time and he always makes me my favourite food for breakfast. Bacon butties. But not just any bacon butties, oh no. The bacon must be cooked to absolute perfection with just the right amount of crispiness and served between two slices of lightly toasted circular white milk bread topped with an incredibly thin layer of completely melted butter. I will NEVER EVER get bored of bacon butties as long as I live. I've even demanded that my grandad will leave me his cooker in his will.

My Journey Without Gluten

By Sophia, Corstorphine Primary School

I was diagnosed with Coeliac's Disease when I was 5 years old. It was quite a shock to my family but I didn't understand it at the time. My little sister was very ill and had just been diagnosed with Coeliac's Disease. I was tested as a precaution. I sometimes felt tired walking to and from school and occasionally got a sore tummy but that was it. Now I had to start eating without gluten. I didn't even know what that meant.

When I started eating a gluten free diet I didn't get sore tummies and had more energy to walk. I felt wonderful and then that changed. I started to feel the odd one out. I would look in cake shop windows and long to eat the delicious cakes but they were gluten. Why were gluten free cakes not as appealing? I felt really sad at parties. My mum tried really hard to get the same snacks as everyone else but when I took out my box of snacks everyone stared. I felt really embarrassed then all the questions started. The most common was 'why have you brought your own food?' and 'what is gluten free?' I felt like I was always explaining myself to everyone. I hated that part. I wished I was like everyone else.

Eating in restaurants and cafes became tricky as not everyone serves gluten free food, sometimes we would be walking for ages to find somewhere to eat and all they had to offer was pizza or pasta. I did eat healthily at home and love fish, chicken and vegetables but craved for the sweet stuff. Life was tough and I was told I had to always follow a strict gluten free diet so I didn't get ill. A couple of times I accidentally ate gluten and it was awful! I felt dizzy, my tummy started to ache and I was sick until all the contents of my tummy emptied. I was in so much pain. Then I felt very sleepy. I can't think of anything worse than when I ate gluten. I never want that to happen again.

After a year or two I got used to being gluten free and being careful. The questions had died down and I met other friends that were Coeliacs, that really helped. I felt we were going through the same thing together. My sister was only 3 years old when she was diagnosed and she coped brilliantly but she didn't know any different. It was getting easier for me but then...something incredible happened! Cafes and restaurants started serving more gluten free food, more people knew about gluten free, how to help and took care handling them. Shops sold more gluten free food and they were tasty! Bread didn't have big holes in it anymore and cakes were just as good as how I remembered gluten cakes to be. I was even invited to a gluten free party! There was a magic show and plenty of party food and it was all gluten free!

Being Coeliac is not that bad. I know I will always have to be careful and make sure I eat a healthy diet. I don't mind now as I am no longer the odd one out. Thousands of people are Coeliacs, just like me.



My Own Open Quesadilla

By Sonja Raeburn, Hermitage Academy

My parents always care for me, give me the right things so I can grow up smart, healthy – physically and mentally strong.

My family always cook together. We rarely go to restaurants but when we go to other places, we seem to end up always making our own food using different ingredients from different parts of the world. I love this with my family.

I love everything about cooking. From preparing the fresh ingredients, then serving the food and seeing everything eaten with enjoyment. Even peeling potatoes is an art to me!

Making breakfast for my family is one of the first meals I did all by myself as soon as my parents said it was safe for me to do so. Well, I thought, in return for all my parents' hard work, I will make my own quesadilla recipe.

Quesadilla is a corn tortilla, filled with grated cheese, either folded in half or, in my own recipe, is left open, then grilled. Sometimes, we simply put the folded and filled tortilla on a slightly greased but hot pan to melt the cheese.

We sometimes also fill it with leftover roast meat, scrambled eggs or tomatoes. My parents enjoy this dish – especially if it was made by me.

I also use unusual combinations, such as sliced grapes and olives – and it works! Try it yourselves!

There is a lot more to cooking quesadilla and sharing.

My mum and dad give me a part of them. So, in return, whenever I cook my quesadilla, I give them a part of me.

Cherry Lips!

By Hannah, Tulliallan Primary School

An eerie red, banana smelling, flowery and perfumed; Cherry lips. While these rosy, scarlet and red crescents are as tiny as tic tacs they pack a punch. Sadly this sweet is overly chewy and will stick to your teeth like paper and glue or something very sticky. As a kick of gelatin hits the back of your mouth you get a pungent taste.

Before my papa passed I remember him having a stash in his big heavy Barbour jacket. His pockets were so deep like huge black holes. It was like his pockets had been marked by the sweet-smelling aroma. Biting in brought back so many soapy memories.

Sometimes we would just sit in the little back shiny Nissan and devour whole packets of these micro lips. Holding the miniscule banana crescent in my mouth letting the flavour sink into my tongue. The soapy fragrance sitting in the back of your throat. Slowly falling down the back of your oesophagus as the lips melt in your mouth.

I love these weird and wild memories, oh and the sweets, even though they kind of taste like fairy liquid or is it Febreze.

I guess we will never know. Just think about it. I like the taste of the soapy aroma and I always will. However, the smell; a wave to the back of the nostrils that stains the nose forever. BUT I LOVE THEM!

Racing down my throat to reach my belly. Sadly the consequences will come soon after in the form of a sore tummy. Luckily the sore stomach doesn't come until later so for now it is like heaven in the form of little scarlet red bananas. Aww. The sore tummy is here and I mean it's here.

Thank you for reading!

When Mum Is Away

By Rosie, Cargilfield School

Mum is cook, and she cooks good food. Good being good for you. Good food for me would be things like macaroni cheese or lasagne or toad in the hole. Normally though, mum would cook something like spinach and artichoke bake or chickpea and radish soup. Like I said, she cooked food that is good for you.

Well, very very occasionally mum has to go to a meeting or something, leaving dad in charge of supper. As soon as mum goes out the door, dad and I get to work. I go to the freezer and get out two of those huge curly sausages while dad gets the frying pan out and a can of spaghetti hoops.

Soon you can hear the sizzling of the sausages and the gentle bubbling of the hoops. My mouth starts watering as I lay the table. The kitchen smells amazing and even the dogs are drooling. The sausages are spitting like crazy, bullets of hot fat darting around the kitchen. I put the last knife on the table and the spitting is becoming more frequent and hoops are bubbling more and more and the dogs start drooling all over the floor and *OH* the smell, that delicious smell. My mind will be driven crazy if I don't have something to eat soon.

Finally it is done and dad is dishing up very generous helpings. The plates are hot and I carry them quickly over to the table. I can't wait any longer. Not even till my father sits down. I know it's terribly bad manners but I can't help myself. I shove a huge mouthful of juicy sausage and spaghetti hoops into my mouth, savouring the amazing taste. Then comes another forkful and another and another. Very soon my plate is empty and my tummy is very full. I scrape up the last of the tomato sauce and lick my fork clean. The food feels warm and comforting in my stomach and soon I start to feel quite sleepy.

I help my father clear the table, then we head to the sitting room where we watch "Strictly come dancing!" We hear the sound of mum's car coming up the drive. She comes in and sits on the sofa next to me, asking what we had for supper. Dad and I look at each other. How on earth are we going to get out of this one??!!

About us

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This book was created by Scottish Book Trust for Book Week Scotland 2017. Book Week Scotland is celebrated all over Scotland to promote the joy of books and reading. It is a chance for everyone to shout about favourite authors, illustrators, books and libraries.

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