

Hot Pasties.

If you've never had a pasty, you've never lived. That means that eating one is an experience you must have because they are so good. I actually haven't had a pasty for years and years, though I did eat them up until I was a late teenager. So, do you have any idea of what a pasty is? It's a bit like a pie; it's usually meat and vegetables in a pastry shell that is the shape of the letter D. It has a thick crust that is twisted which you hold the pasty by. It originated in Cornwall, in the south west of England. Records of pasties in Cornwall date back as far as the 12th century. It is said that the tin miners in the south would take them to work. They are a whole meal in themselves, and the crusts are perfect for holding on to the pasties without getting them dirty. If you are a miner, that's a good thing, especially if your dirty hands have traces of arsenic on them. A tradition was to leave the crusts for the spirits of the mine to keep them happy, to stop bad things from happening. Well, I'm not a miner, and most of the time I have clean hands, but I came across a pasty shop in the York train station when I was visiting my sister. I had just said goodbye to my sister, and was waiting in the chilly station for the next train to King's Cross in London. I suddenly smelled the most wonderful smell; it was familiar. I followed it until I came to the West Cornwall Pasty company, where there were hot steak and vegetable, and chicken and mushroom pasties lined up, warm and crispy. We had had a huge lunch, so I didn't have one, but for old times' sake I took several photos. They even had some steak and stilton pasties which I had never heard of before. Stilton is a very strong blue cheese that melts deliciously, so I should imagine that that combination would be worth a try, especially on a cold, wintry day.

Grammar notes.

Crust, to come across, lined up.

1. Cut the crust off of the pie, would you? It is overcooked and too hard.
2. Whilst looking through my papers, I came across a war medal that belonged to my grandfather.
3. The children were lined up, waiting for their chance to talk to Santa Clause.