

The Pea and the Princess



MINI GREY

RED FOX



Many years ago, I was born in the Palace Allotment,
among rows of carrot and beetroot and cabbage.



I nestled snugly in a velvety pod with my brothers and sisters.
I felt a tingle. I knew that somehow I would be important.



WAYS WITH PEAS

Pea and Raspberry Jelly



Ingredients:

- Fresh Peas
- Butter
- Raspberry
- Method



WAYS WITH PEAS

Petits Pois Suprême à la Mode



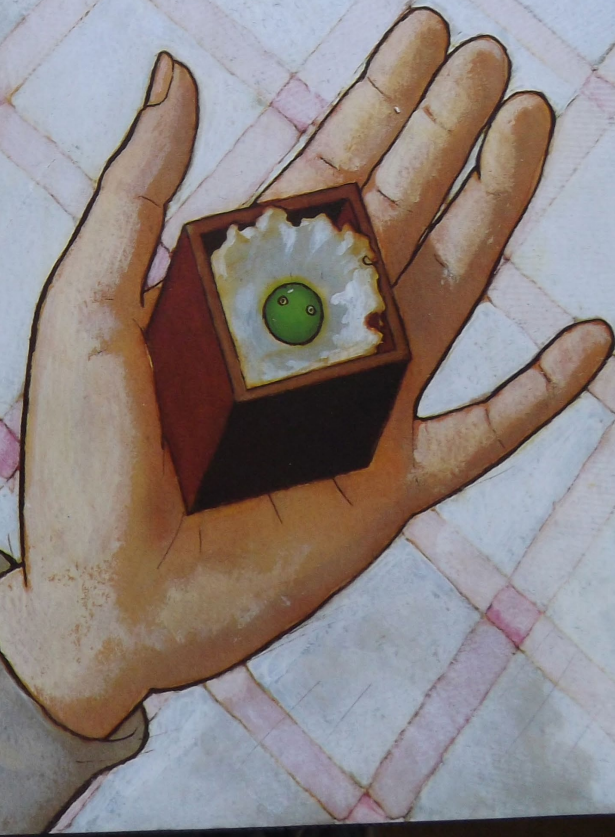
Ingredients:

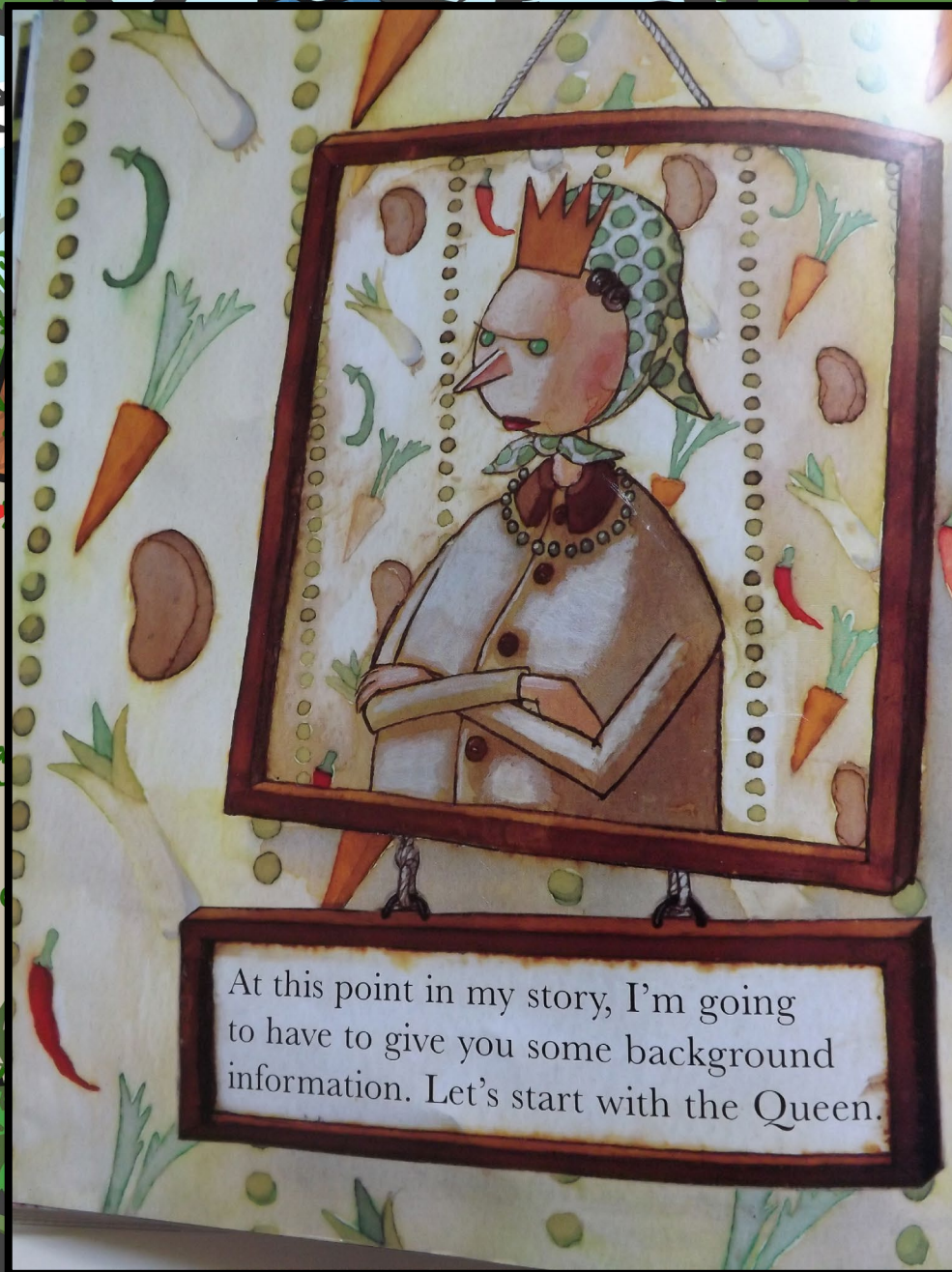
- Fresh Peas
- Butter
- Little Biscuits
- Vanilla Ice-cream

Method:

Put the Peas and simmer until tender in boiling water. Add a knob of butter. Add two scoops of ice-cream into a bowl. Pour over the hot peas.

The time came for us to go to the Palace Kitchen. We were shelled and put in a bowl. We were going to be part of a New Recipe. Then, suddenly, I was picked from the pile! I was put in a little box, with soft tissue to protect me from bruising. And I was taken by the Queen.







A year earlier, before I even grew on my pea-plant, the Queen had been nagging her son. "You are nearly thirty-four years old, Prince!" she said. "It really is high time you married. The Public expect it. Your Kingdom demands it. And if you are not married within one year, I shall stop your pocket money."

The Prince got quite a lot of pocket money, and he really didn't want it to be taken away.

"I'll start looking for a bride immediately, Mother," he answered.

And the search began.



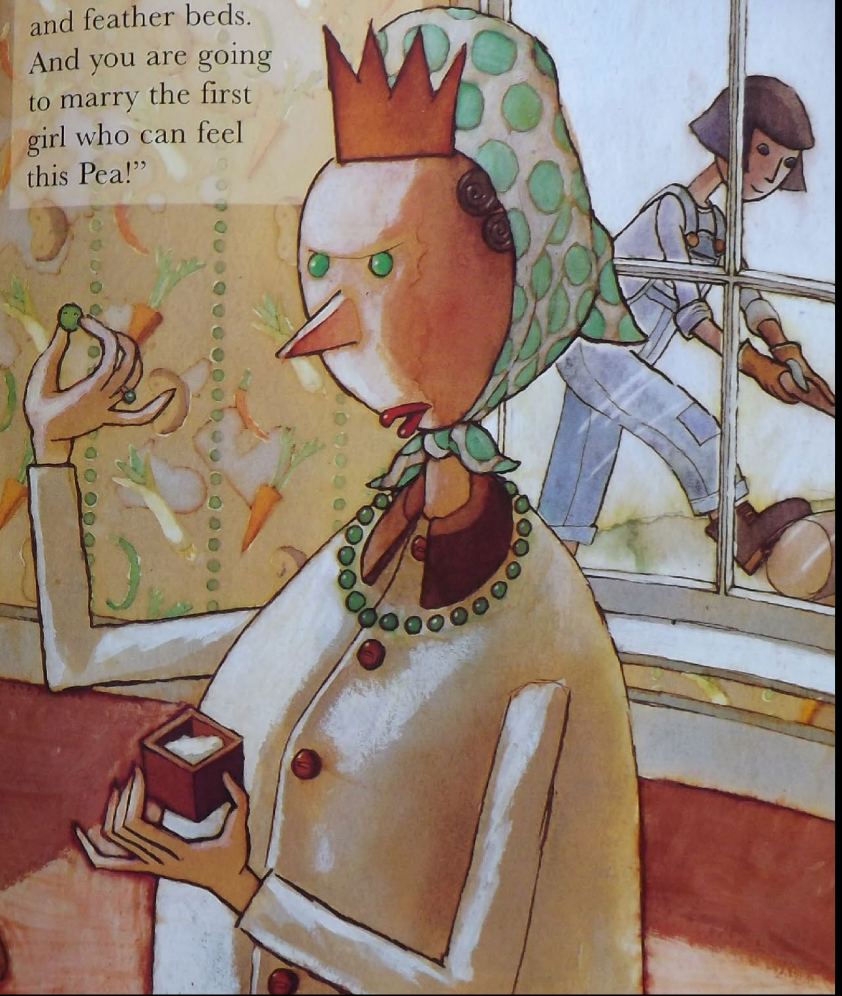


The Prince travelled the Known World.
He met princesses of all shapes and sizes,
with a wide range of hobbies and interests.

None of them seemed really right somehow.

After a year's search, the Prince returned home, feeling glum.
"RIGHT! THAT'S IT!" shouted the Queen. She stormed off to the Palace Kitchen. She came back with me. In my little box.
"Now," said the Queen, "listen carefully. This is something only Queens know."

"A Real Princess will be able to feel this little pea as she sleeps, even if she is sleeping on top of twenty mattresses and feather beds. And you are going to marry the first girl who can feel this Pea!"



the Globe

WANTED

REAL PRINCESS



some day you princess will come

Grey Mould attacks the pods in wet weather, covered with a grey velvety fungal growth. MANDARINE DEFICIENCY affects producing dark rusty-red inside, which are seen only the pods are split open. Powdery Mildew produces a powdery coating on leaf stems.

root rot

Root Rot can be caused by different fungi, including RHIZOCTONIA and BLIGHT. The roots die and when they do, the stems become black patches, the stems become discoloured and may die. Foliage turns yellow and wilted.

Virus DISEASES cause various symptoms, such as distortion of leaves, death of the foliage, brown streaks and stems. They may also die back of shoots and ridged or distorted.

However do not be downhearted if your peas never mature, the pea is still a good repays.

When a row has finished cropping, cut the haulms and add them to the compost heap. Leave the seeds in the ground to rot.

pests
Aphids infest young shoots and leaves, causing a check to growth, and making the plants sticky and stunted.
Greening seeds may be eaten by MILLIPEDS, and MICE may eat the seeds in the ground before they have a chance to germinate.
Caterpillars of the Pea Moth tunnel into maturing pods and feed on the ripening peas, making them ragged and useless.
Pea Thrips sometimes appear in large numbers and produce a characteristic silencing of developing pods, as well as damaging flowers and leaves.

diseases
DAMPING-OFF may cause early-winter peas to rot.
Downy Mildew shows as grey fuzzy patches on the undersides of leaves of young plants.

Pea Thrips
Pea Thrips sometimes appear in large numbers and produce a characteristic silencing of developing pods, as well as damaging flowers and leaves.

Months passed. I spent most nights in the darkness under a pile of twenty mattresses and feather beds and a princess.



In the morning, each princess would be asked,
“And how did you sleep, my dear?” by the Queen.
The princesses had been properly brought up.
They always answered politely:
“Like a log, thank you, Ma’am” or
“Like a baby, thank you, Ma’am”
and they all said:
“WHAT a comfortable bed!”
They were, as I said, all very polite
princesses.

“The prince will never find his
princess at this rate,” I thought
to myself. “I must help.
Somehow.”





One night, a furious storm raged.
Rain lashed the Palace. Thunderclaps shook the walls.
Lightning flashed through the window panes.
There was a little knock on the Palace door.
A small wet person stood on the doormat.

“Could this be the Real Princess?” gasped the Queen.

Before she could say a word, the small
wet person was put to bed on top
of the twenty mattresses and feather beds.
With me, of course, underneath.
In the darkness under the mattresses,
I recognised the soft snoring.
“I must help,” I thought.
I tried jiggling and wriggling.
The snoring carried on quietly.
“I must do something!” I thought desperately.
I inched my way to the edge.
And then I started to climb. Slowly I
struggled to the top of the towering pile.
I softly rolled across the pillow, right to the
girl’s ear. “There is something Large
and Round and very Uncomfortable in
the bed under you,” I whispered.
And while she slept, I told her about
the Large Round Uncomfortable
thing for three hours.





In the morning, the Queen asked
the girl how she had slept.
"Oh, it was awful!" she sighed.
"Something Large and Round and
Uncomfortable was bothering me
all night."



The wedding was very grand. The Queen
was interested to meet the new Princess's family.
I'm sure they will all live very happily together.

And as for me? I became a Very Important Artefact.
And now I have my own glass case. I am On Display.
And if you visit the right museum, and look in the right
place, you may chance to see me.



