

# Edible



*America's Test Kitchen Gluten  
Free Cookbook: Flourless  
Chocolate Cake*

pg. 20







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## Cover Feature

pg. **20**

*America's Test Kitchen  
Gluten Free Cookbook:  
Flourless Chocolate  
Cake*

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# Edible

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# Dear Editor



Dear Editor,

Thank you so much for writing Edible Magazine! My name is Emma, I'm in 8th grade and live in Texas. I look forward to reading new issues and trying out exciting recipes every month. You have an amazing passion in the kitchen. Your recipes are always so scrumptious. I often get stuck reading your fascinating magazines when I should be doing my dreary homework.

I enjoy cooking and baking. My speciality in the kitchen is making pies. Lately, I've been perfecting my delightful strawberry rhubarb pie. What should I use to the crust extra flakey? I use shortening and have tried several different recipes but always seem to need more melt-in-your-mouth flakes!

I can't wait to receive the next issue of Edible!

Yours truly,  
Emma Hills

Dear Miss Emma,

Thank you for sending Edible a letter, and reading our issues. I really enjoyed reading through all you had to say. It always makes me happy to hear from young readers with a great interest for working in the kitchen.

I'm sure you make a wonderful strawberry rhubarb pie. Here at Edible we use a recipe with shortening and a splash of vinegar for an extra flakey crust. This method will give you a delicious melt-in-your-mouth result with lots of flakes.

I'm so glad you enjoy reading Edible.

Sincerely,  
Miss R Estes, Editor-in-Chief

## Strawberry Rhubarb Pie

a cinquain

Melting  
Flakes of crust mix  
With sweet red strawberries  
Tangy rhubarb along sugary goo  
More please

# Sipping from a Personalized Cup



Ashton held a latte in her hand, the aroma of fresh coffee tickling her nose. She examined the bubbles in the steamed milk and began to pour; her customer watched intently. She dripped the milk and pulled it through, a perfect latte leaf. With a proud smile she

handed the cup to her waiting customer. Next to her, a talented co-worker expertly drizzled out a dragon in her cup.

"Wow, that looks great!" she congratulated her friend over the hum of the espresso machines. Then she got to the next order

of that busy Sunday night.

Ashton was attending Oklahoma Christian College when she applied for a job at a local department store. It didn't work out so she decided to find another place. Starbucks came to mind next. She dropped her

application off and received the job in June. Ashton's first day making coffee was on the fourth of July.

When she first started working at Starbucks, it took about two weeks to memorize how to create most of the drinks. She really enjoyed learning



from her amazing co-workers. The Starbucks location where Ashton works is in Bricktown in Oklahoma City. Bricktown is a place where people can have fun at a minor league baseball game in the summer, go shopping, stay at fancy hotels, or go sledding in the winter. Often when it's chilly outside moms and dads with cold children come to Starbucks for something warm to drink.

The clear Starbucks "sound wall" is probably something you've never noticed as a visitor. This barrier shields customers from noisy machines. However, as an employee behind the counter it can be difficult to hear orders.

Some Starbucks customers like to order "secret" menu items. The Starbucks "secret" menu includes, the Mermaid Frappuccino, the Thin Mint Frappuccino, the Cotton Candy Frappuccino and many other tasty drinks. The most commonly ordered "secret" item is the Cinnamon Roll Frappuccino, but others enjoy suggesting their own creations.

Starbucks employees receive all the free coffee their little hearts' desire. Ashton still loves drinking coffee as much as she did before working at Starbucks.

At Starbucks you can choose to order a hot or cold drink depending on how you're feeling



or how the weather is outdoors. While you enjoy your steaming or refreshing drink you will hear the hum of the grinders and brewers and smell the scent of fresh coffee. you will delight in being in a happy environment while sipping your drink from your personalized cup.

“ Starbucks employees receive all the free coffee their little hearts' desire.

# Ask Martha

Dear Martha,

The other day I was playing a baseball game with some friends. My coach had a giant tub of bubble gum for us to chew. I popped a piece in my mouth. As I chomped the sweet, pink rubber in my mouth I wondered: Who invented bubble gum? Why did the inventor think it was a good idea to chew sweet rubber? Oh, and did chewing bubble gum start as a baseball thing?

Sincerely,  
Ian Berrington

Dear Ian,

Thank you for your letter. I have also wondered this question before but never figured out an answer.

In 1928 a man named Walter Diemer worked for the Fleer brothers. The brothers had invented chiclets chewing gum in 1880. Frank Fleer was the first inventor of bubble gum but his gum was so sticky no one could enjoy it. Walter was experimenting with gum recipes when he made a less sticky more stretchy gum. He called it Double Bubble. He made it pink because that's what dye he had at the time.

Why do baseball players chew gum? Well, often they are bored and chewing gum keeps them busy. They also chew gum to keep from getting a dry mouth while they're in the dirt. In 1977 two pitchers invented Big League Chew as a replacement for chewing tobacco because they thought it disgusting.

Thank you for sending me your letter.

Sincerely,  
Martha





# Hu Hot

We circled the Manhattan Town Center Mall parking lot for the fifth time. It seemed like there was not a single open parking space. There was a new movie playing at the theater and by the looks of the parking lot it was a hit. Finally, after going in circles around the mall for fifteen minutes we found a spot to park. Our big SUV barely fit in the space. As we hopped out of the car it started pouring rain and sleet. We all ran as fast as we could to the nearest entrance. Once inside we determined we had found the parking space as far from the food court as possible. Shivering, we made our way across the mall. When we were about half way there we fell behind a group of people taking a tour. The guide moved painfully slow,

pointing out every detail of the brick walls. What was a tour guide doing in the Manhattan Mall anyway? Following him we discovered the mall is going to begin construction on a new kid play area in the spring and the brick was a “safety issue”.

At last, we reached the food court. We couldn't find Hu Hot, so we asked a nearby shopper where it was located. She told us to look around. When we looked we saw a huge line that covered the Hu Hot sign. Was everyone from Manhattan eating at Hu Hot tonight?! We waited in line for twenty-five minutes and eventually made it to the buffet line. This wasn't just any ordinary buffet line. All the meat was frozen, everything was separated in little

**Next, we came to the searing hot grill behind a counter where we could watch the chef cook our food.**

tubs and nothing was cooked. I grabbed a plate and chose from the array of colorful meats, veggies and oils.

Next, we came to the searing hot grill behind a counter where we could watch the chef cook our food. He threw my mixture on the grill. It sizzled and hissed while it cooked. Then, suddenly my oils created a chemical reaction and- BOOM! My stir fry was on fire!

After the fire was out my stir fry had turned to burned, black, mush and I had to go through the line of uncooked foods AGAIN. This time my

meal didn't catch fire. I grabbed my hot plate of food, slid onto my chair and felt a wad of chewed gum squish into my jeans. I clenched my teeth and pinched a bite of stir fry with my chop sticks. Mmm... This stir fry was the most delicious meal I had eaten in a very long time. I savored the delicacy one bite at a time. I pinched another bite, and another, and another. I reached for another bite, my plate was empty! I felt it all in my belly. I got up to go for seconds, wait, did I dare go through that crazy line of uncooked foods again? You bet I did.

# Poetry

Baked golden  
In the oven they rise  
Salt, flour, sugar, butter and milk  
Circles  
Underneath is crispy  
Inside is flakey  
Topped with butter  
Smothered with gravy

## Baking with Grandma

a limerick

With Grandma one day I was baking,  
When I decided to practice my decorating.  
I got out the sprinkles,  
And added some twinkles,  
And soon tummies were full and aching



# Poetry

## Cherry Pie Party

The cherries were ready to be made to a pie  
But first came the crust to blanket them right  
The sticky red goo was piled up high  
Then came the top crust to tuck them in tight

It had to be perfect, right and spot on  
This was not just a regular pie  
This was Vesna's pie the Croatian baker  
This dessert my skills would try

I sighed with relief as I slid in the pie  
Then it tipped and tipped on edge of the rack  
At last I had finished to say my good-bye  
And over it went to land with a wack

## Eggs

a haiku

Down came the egg to  
The tile floor, yellow ooze went  
Splat mixed with shells

# Stew Meat in the Coals

Are you looking for some thing other than hotdogs to cook at your next backyard barbeque? This recipe will bring a new twist to your fire-roasted meal. You can hear it sizzle and squeal while it cooks and then enjoy steaming meat and potatoes.

For this recipe you will need:

1lb stew meat  
4-6 red potatoes  
1 cup chopped carrots  
1 cup baby peas  
1 cup chopped onions  
Olive oil  
Salt  
Pepper  
Foil

Yield: 4 servings

Instructions: First build the fire (or

have your dad build the fire) in a fire pit. Next cut four pieces of foil about 12 inches long and drizzle a bit of olive oil on them. Then cut the stew meat into bite-size pieces. It works best to cut raw beef with a very sharp knife and while it's still partially frozen. Toss equal portions of meat into the middle of the foil peices. Chop the potatoes into bite-size pieces as well. You can use any kind of potatoes you like but I think red potatoes work and taste the best. Throw them in with the meat. Chop the carrots into 1/4 inch slices. Put about a 1/4 cup of carrots, a 1/4 cup of baby peas (or your favorite veggies) and a 1/4 cup of

chopped onions in with the meat and potatoes. My favorite kind of peas are frozen baby garden peas. They are sweet and have a nice "pop" to them. Drizzle all of this with a little olive oil and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bring the edges of the foil together. Roll and press them tightly so no juices will escape. Once your fire is very hot and has burned down to a few half-burnt logs and coals, move the logs aside with a shovel and put the foil "pans" in the coals. Cover them with coals. Leave

the mitxure undisturbed for about 20 minutes. take the foil-incased meals out of the coals (make sure you get most of the ashes off!) and open them up to let cool for a few minutes. Enjoy!

I sat with my family and watched the crackling fire while we enjoyed our delicious meat and potatoes. Relaxed in my lawn chair, I stuck my feet out to warm them by the fire. In the quiet under the stars our family ate supper while the scent of smoke covered our sweatshirts.







## Summer Kansas Night

The baby calves inched  
Closer and closer, slowly  
Their noses twitched  
Sniffing  
Fishing pole in hand, I cast  
My hook into the pond  
Tug, tug  
A fish!  
The slimy, yellow fish emerged  
From the water  
I held up my prize with pride  
Then let it glide back into the pond  
"Smores!" I heard  
I romped back to the fire ring  
My boots heavy with mud  
The fire crackled  
My 'smore slowly turned golden  
The gooey chocolate 'smore was devoured  
In my mouth in meer seconds  
Around the glowing fire  
I sat with my family  
Peace in my soul  
Happiness in my heart

# Grandma's Kitchen

Molly sat on her bed with tears brimming in her eyes. Her mom was next to her patting her back.

"I don't want to go to Grandma's. I know she's going to make something I can't eat. She never remembers I have to eat gluten free food."

Molly had been diagnosed with Celiac Disease, an auto immune disease, when she was a little girl. She had been eating different from everyone else for as long as she could remember, but she still had rough days.

Molly took a deep breath, "I just wish I could eat normal food like everyone else."

"I know it's hard sometimes, honey," her mom said, "but just go and try to have a good time with Grandma. You know she loves to see you."

Molly sighed, "If she loves seeing me so much

then why doesn't she ever cook anything I can have?"

"She tries sweetie, but she's eighty years old!"

"I know, I know."

Molly fell back and sank hopelessly onto her bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come on Molly we have to go, now!" Molly heard her mother call to her from the bottom of the stairs but she stayed on her bed.

"Molly!" She hollered again. She trudged up the steps to Molly's room.

"Come on it's time to go," her mom told her.

"I don't want to go," Molly whined. She sat hugging her knees sitting on her bed.

"We already talked about this."

"I know, but I'm worried she's going to bake something I can't eat."

"Well," Mom sat down next to her, "All you have to do is help make

Grandma feel happy. If you can't have what she wants to create then just go along with making it and Dad and I will come later and help you guys eat it."

"Ok," Molly sighed, "but I'm taking a granola bar in my pocket."

Her mom rolled her eyes, "Ok, fine. Let's get going."

They hopped in the car and headed off for Grandma's house. It was a twenty-minute drive and Molly's stomach was turning circles the whole time.

As they turned in the drive way Grandma rushed out with her cane to meet them. Molly sucked in a quick breath.

"Hello!" Grandma squeaked.

Molly just smiled.

"Let's go get started!" She said as she gave Molly a hug.

Mom shot Molly a grin and Molly sent her a weak smile.

"I've got something special for you today!" Grandma whispered.

"Oh?"

"We're going to make some gluten free cookies just for you," Grandma smiled.

Molly was greatly relieved and started to relax, "Really?"

"Yes, let's go!"

Grandma hurried up the steps of the front porch that led to the old white house with her granddaughter.

Grandma quickly grabbed a new cookbook from the shelf and showed the recipe to Molly, who thought the cinnamon cookies looked delicious. They found all the ingredients they needed and got straight to work. Molly cracked the eggs and scooped the sugar. Grandma poured the orange juice. Molly thought that was weird, she had never heard of cookies with orange juice in them. They tossed in the rest of the ingredients and finally turned the mixer speed up and made a beautiful

sticky dough. Grandma grabbed a spoon to scoop the dough and roll it out. She reached for a spoon that was in some regular wheat flour and was an inch away from the dough, "Whoa, Grandma! You can't use that spoon you'll contaminate the dough and it will be ruined." Molly exclaimed just before the spoon hit the dough.

"Whoopsie! Silly me!" Grandma giggled, "I'm sorry." Grandma quickly got the spoon out of the bowl and grabbed a clean one. "That's better," Molly said smiling.

She scooped out the dough and they rolled it out. Molly cut the dough into cute little hearts. Then they popped them on a cookie sheet, slid them in the hot oven and waited.

*Beeeeep!* The oven sounded the alarm that the cookies were done.

Molly and Grandma scurried into the kitchen and peeked in the oven. At last, they were ready! Grandma pulled out the pan. Molly watched the cookies eagerly while they

cooled.

A few minutes later Grandma finally said, "Let's have a taste!"

Molly dropped one the fresh baked cookies in her mouth, "Mmmm... these are delicious, Grandma." She gave her a squeeze, "Thank you so much for thinking of me and making something I can eat."

Grandma smiled and squeezed her back and Molly felt her granola bar

*Grandma's Kitchen  
continued on page 18.*





# Grandma's Kitchen Continued...

crumble in her pocket.

Molly peeked out the window and saw her parents coming down the driveway. She ran to the kitchen to grab her bag of cookies, "Thank you, Grandma, for a great day," she said with a smile, "I've had a wonderful time."

"Oh, you're welcome, sweetie," Grandma said. She gave her a cheerful smile. They said their goodbyes and Grandma called out, "Come back soon!"

"I will," Molly hollered through her open window and waved while they pulled out the driveway.

"Well," Mom smiled, "did you have a good day?"

Molly grinned, "I may have rough days, but this is not one of them!" She thrust her hand out the window and waved one more time to Grandma, "See you later!" She joyfully shouted and

was already looking forward to her next visit.

## Grandma's Gluten Free Cinnamon Crisps Cookie Recipe:

Cream: 1/2 cup soft butter

1 egg

1 tsp vanilla

2 tbs liquid (orange juice, buttermilk, 7-up, etc)

Mix until smooth.

Mix dry ingredients, then slowly add to the wet ingredients:

1/2 cup King Arthur All-Purpose  
Gluten Free Flour

1/2 tsp cinnamon

1/4 tsp baking powder.

Divide and wrap two disks in plastic wrap.

Refridgerate at least one hour.

Roll to 1/4 inch thick between gluten free floured plastic wrap or parchment. Cut into squares or diamonds or use cookie cutters.

Bake at 350 degrees for 10-12 minutes or until edges are light brown. Let cool on a rack. Enjoy!

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# America's Test Kitchen Gluten Free Cookbook: Flourless Chocolate Cake



h...yum, that looks good."

"Jonathan, go to the back of the book," I said through the phone.

"Ooo-kay," he declared with enthusiasm.

"What's the very last recipe?" I asked, getting a little impatient with my brother.

"Um...cannoli."

"No, it's not," I said looking around the Hy-Vee parking lot, "It should be a chocolate cake with raspberries on it," I told him for what seemed like the twentieth time. I had been talking on the phone for quite a while now, as I tried to instruct my brother on how to find the recipe I needed ingredients for, through the phone.

"Let me try," Mom said laughing and holding out her hand for the phone.

"Okay," I handed her the phone.

"Now," she said into the phone, "look for a chocolate cake with raspberries on it."

He hummed as he flipped through the pages. "Ooh, that looks yummy."

"Jonathan, what book are you looking in?"

"Gluten Free Baking for the Holidays," he said matter-of-factly.

Once he finally made it to the right cookbook, I was ready to collect the ingredients.


For the gluten free, *America's Test Kitchen*, flourless chocolate cake recipe, we needed: one pound of bittersweet chocolate, sixteen tablespoons of butter, coffee, eight eggs, confectioner's sugar, and raspberries. These items were easily found but a bit pricey so this recipe could be a special occasion treat. Once I got to the kitchen with everything I needed I got to work. The instructions were very helpful and easy to follow. The ingredients do not take long to whip together so be sure to start the water for the water bath right away. Once this is all together, an important thing to keep in mind is to make sure the foil around the spring-form pan is tight and wrapped to the top of the pan to keep water from leaking in with the cake. Be sure not to overbake the cake, if it is overbaked it will become hard and fall apart easily.

After chilling, indulge yourself with chocolately goodness. When buying the ingredients, a good thing to remember is, because this recipe has no sugar the end result will taste like whatever chocolate is used. If I make this recipe again I may use semi-sweet chocolate instead to make it a bit sweeter. Also, whipped cream goes really well with this delicious desert.







A close-up photograph of several cookies on a light blue surface. The cookies are decorated with white frosting. One cookie in the foreground is covered in a dense layer of white frosting and topped with a generous amount of colorful sprinkles (red, yellow, green, blue, and orange). Other cookies are visible in the background, some with white frosting and others with a more textured, ruffled frosting edge.

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**SHE SQUEEZED THE PIPING BAG**  
**GREEN FROSTING DARTED**



# Princess Alice

t's your  
fault!"

Margerie shouted.

"My fault?!  
I didn't choose  
when to be born!"

"You,  
Princess Alice, are  
the reason I'm not  
the princess right  
now. If your mother  
hadn't given birth to  
you I would be heir  
to the throne and  
not scrubbing *your*  
floors, serving *your*  
food and washing  
*your* dresses."

Margerie, Alice's  
cousin, obviously  
felt she had a right  
to the throne and  
should not be a  
palace servant to  
her Princess  
Cousin.

*I never  
should have trusted  
I could be her  
friend,* Alice  
thought.

Margerie  
leaned in close to  
Alice over their still-  
full tea cups on the  
table, "I'll get you,  
Princess Alice," she  
said through  
clenched teeth,  
"You'll be so scared  
you won't even want  
to eat the food I set  
before you for fear  
of poison."

"Humph!"  
Alice shot out of her  
chair and, in a most  
un-princess-like  
way, stomped out of  
the garden. *How  
dare Margerie  
accuse me of  
casting her out!*  
Alice shook her  
head in disbelief. *I  
definitely will be  
having a chat with  
Betty about this  
poison issue.*

As she ran

up the hill to the  
palace she could  
hear Margerie  
snickering behind  
her.

Alice  
rushed to her room  
and changed from  
her tea time dress  
into a light blue  
afternoon dress.

While her maids  
helped her change  
she rehearsed in  
her mind what she  
would say to Betty.

*'I want  
your maid Margerie  
removed from the  
kitchen  
immediately! Before  
tonight.'* No, before  
supper tonight, she  
thought.

Properly  
dressed now, she  
ran out her door  
toward the kitchen.  
Her flowing skirts

blew frantically  
around her as  
though a strong  
wind were raging.

Her heeled boots  
clicked down the  
corridor. She looked  
ahead and saw her  
mother coming,  
"Mother!"

"Darling!  
Remember I told  
you, I ordered a  
new dress to be  
made for you?" She  
smiled a sweet  
queenly smile, "It  
has just been  
delivered. Don't you  
want to come and  
try it on?"

"I would  
love to Mother, but  
—" before she could  
finish her sentence  
Alice's mother spun  
her around and was  
dragging her back to  
her room.

"I've had it delivered to your chamber," She smiled broadly.

Back in her bedroom Alice now saw the huge gold box in the corner. She had been in such a rush she hadn't even noticed the monster of a box.

"Try it on, try it on!" her mother urged.

"But mother I—"

"Oh, go on, go on!"

Alice begrudgingly slipped the dress on. It was truly beautiful. The strawberry, pink satin was trimmed with lace and little tiny roses. Perfect for spring, just a few weeks away.

"Oh, Mother its beautiful," she said in all honesty, but

she needed to talk to Betty! "I must go now," She again hurried out the door still in her new dress.

This time in the hall she almost tipped the servant Chloe over, "Beautiful dress my lady," she said with her warm English accent and curtsied, "Where are you off to?"

Again, Alice was forced to stop, "Just to see Betty," then she whispered, "I need to have a chat with her about Margerie."

"Margerie? She's a lovely girl she is, you know she is being promoted to serving food from the kitchen? Betty says she's the best maid in the kitchen."

*Promoted?*  
"Thank you, Chloe.

I must be on my way now, good bye."

"Good bye, Princess."

Alice hurried even faster down the corridor.

In the kitchen, Alice's eyes searched for Betty.

Margerie found Alice first, "Hello Princess," She said with a jealous smile. "Oh, whoopsie."

Alice looked to see tomato soup running down the front of her new pink dress. She breathed heavy through her nose with her mouth clamped shut and her eyebrows drawn together.

"It's ok, it'll blend in with the pink," Margerie said giggling to herself. Finally, Alice spotted Betty.

"Betty, good afternoon. I need to speak with you immediately," Feeling all the maids eyes upon her she added, "Alone, please."

"Oh, the princess has something important to talk about," Margerie mocked and some of the maids snickered.

"Yes, my Lady," Betty said eyeing the other maids.

Alice hurried after Betty to her chambers.

Princess Alice continued on  
pages 26 & 27.

# Princess Alice Continued...

In the privacy Betty asked, "Would you like some tea?"

"No, thank you." *Get on with it!* She told herself. "I came here to talk with you about the maid Margerie."

"Oh, yes one of the most loyal servants we have," Betty said in her thick English accent.

"I want her removed from the kitchen immediately," Alice said sternly.

"But Princess she's the best maid I've got."

"I want you to find her replacement before tonight," *Before supper!* "Before supper tonight."

"Where shall I send her to

'mam?"

"I don't know," Alice stood to go, "Be sure she's gone."

"Yes, Princess."

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice walked confidently down the hall to the dining room. She had changed from her new, now tomato-soup-stained dress into a navy evening gown.

Her heels clicked around the corner. She decided she had time to visit the library before dinner. Margerie had taken to serving the Princess last of the royal family. And, since she considered herself royal, served herself first of the

servants. Alice strode past the large, wood dining room doors.

She flipped through one of her favorite books and then headed back to the dining room for dinner. Just as she came out of the library she found Margerie in the hall. Alice spied as Margerie looked over her shoulder to make sure no one was looking, then sprinkled something on the food.

"Hello, Margerie," She said keeping her princess tone of voice.

"Oh, hi-hi, Princess."

"Is that my food?"

"Yes-yes I was waiting until you came to the table to serve you so your food would not be chilled."

"So, kind of you Margerie."

She smiled.

"And what is it you sprinkled on top? Does that help keep it warm?" Alice inquired.

"Oh, don't be silly."

"What was it?"

"Just—uh, salt. Yes salt, that's what it was, salt. Just adding a little more flavor."

Alice eyed her carefully, she smiled. Watching Margerie from the corner of her eye she passed through the huge dining room doors.

All the palace household munched on their supper except Alice.

*What was Margerie doing out there in the hall? And why is she still serving our food?*



*Where's Betty?*

"Are you sick, dear? You've hardly touched your soup. It's tomato, your favorite," Alice's mother had a worried look on her face.

Tomato soup was her favorite but not lately. "No, Mother I'm not sick, I only don't feel hungry." *I'll send for some tea and cookies later in my room.*

Her mother still looked worried, "Are you sure? How about you rest for a while in your chambers?"

"Yes, Mother," Alice stood to leave. She wandered through the great wooden tables steering clear of Margerie and toward the door. As she walked through the grand doorway she heard

someone wheezing. She turned to see who it was.

Margerie's face was as red as her tomato soup and she was holding her throat.

"Help!"

She gasped.

"Quick!

Get the healer!"

The king roared.

Suddenly there was a rush of people going in and out the door and swarming around Margerie. Alice was spun about in all directions. She tried to return to her parents but was forced back by servants and maids rushing out the door.

"The healer! I have the healer!" One of the servants called. He grabbed the healer by the arm and dragged her through the mob to

Margerie.

"Poison!"

Called the healer. Then she gave Margerie a potion making her vomit into her empty soup bowl. After several minutes of vomiting her face slowly resumed its natural color of peachy pink. She clutched her chest and drew in several deep breaths.

"Poison!"

Shouted the king, "Who is guilty of this?"

Everyone was still and scarcely breathed.

"Who?" He bellowed again. Not a word was uttered.

"It is I,"

Margerie said loud and clear.

A gasp came from the gathered crowd.

*She confused her plate*

*and mine when I caught her in the hall, thought Alice, She tried to poison me.*

"I have tried to poison your Princess."