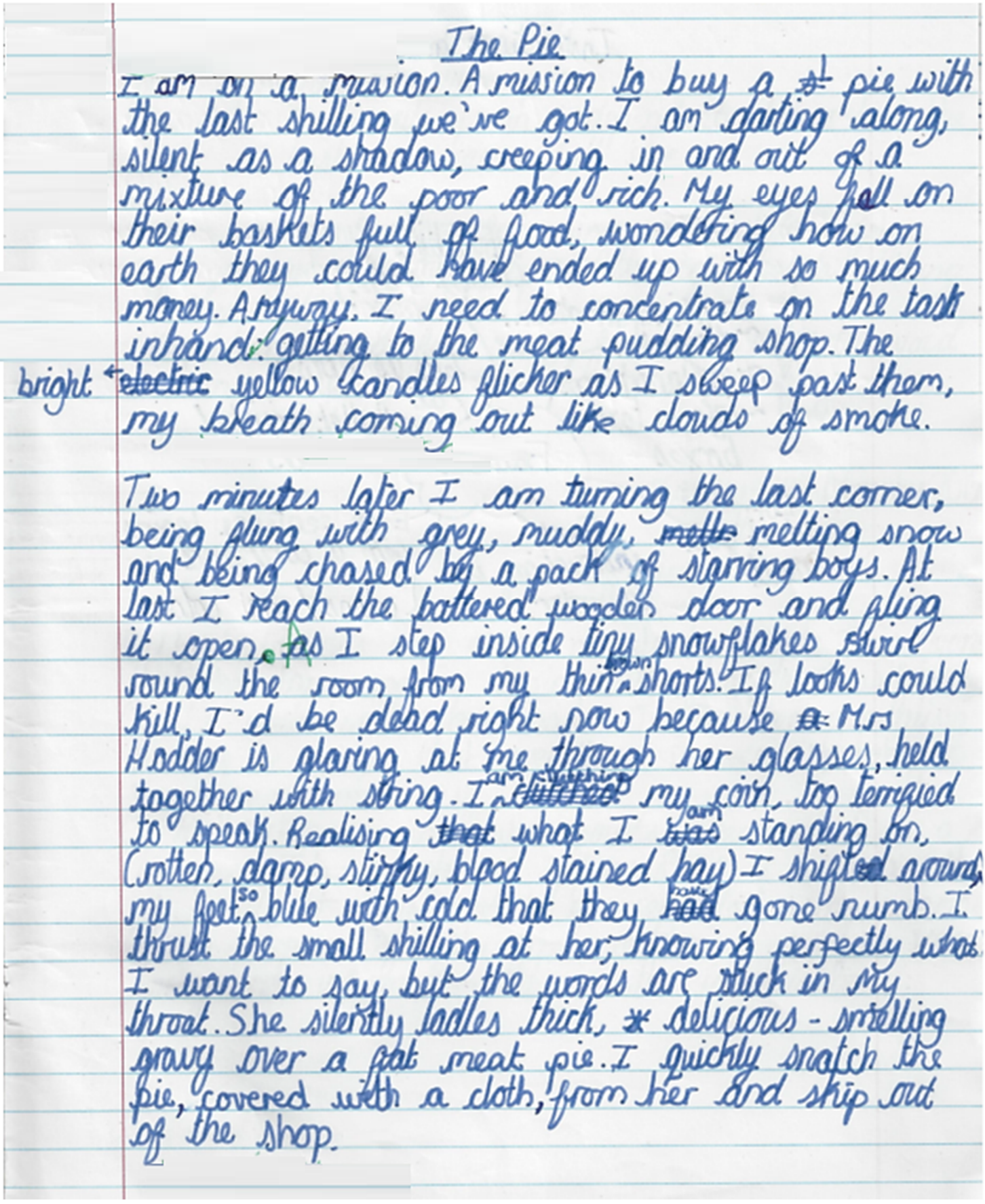
4. The Pie (short first person narrative)



The Pie

I am on a mission. A mission to buy a ~~a~~ pie with the last shilling we've got. I am darting along, silent as a shadow, creeping in and out of a mixture of the poor and rich. My eyes fall on their baskets full of food, wondering how on earth they could have ended up with so much money. Anyway, I need to concentrate on the task in hand: getting to the meat pudding shop. The bright ~~electric~~ yellow candles flicker as I sweep past them, my breath coming out like clouds of smoke.

Two minutes later I am turning the last corner, being flung with grey, muddy, ~~matte~~ melting snow and being chased by a pack of sniggering boys. At last I reach the battered wooden door and fling it open, as I step inside tiny snowflakes swirl round the room from my thin ~~gown~~ shorts. If looks could kill, I'd be dead right now because ~~a~~ Mrs Hodder is glaring at me through her glasses, held together with string. I ~~am shuffling~~ my coin, too terrified to speak. Realising ~~that~~ what I ~~was~~ standing on, (rotten, damp, stinky, blood stained hay) I shifted around, my feet ~~so~~ blue with cold that they ~~had~~ gone numb. I thrust the small shilling at her, knowing perfectly what I want to say, but the words are stuck in my throat. She silently ladles thick, * delicious - smelling gravy over a fat meat pie. I quickly snatch the pie, covered with a cloth, from her and skip out of the shop.