

The Shilling pie

AS I hear my teeth chattering and see my hands becoming even bluer, I turn the corner and face a speeding carriage.

Dodging out of the way of the horses, I feel the muddy, freezing snow meet my face. I don't think I can be colder than I am right now.

Far in the distance, I can see the orange glow of the shop I'm looking for. The meat pudding shop. As I walk towards it, the smell of the shop makes my taste buds tingle and when I reach the window I stare at the pies longingly. I have just one coin in my pocket (the last coin my ma has) and I am determined to come home with the best pie the shop has.

How I wish we had more than just one coin!

Whilst listening to my stomach gurgle, I see Mrs Hodder trying to sweep and clean the shop.

She sees me and barks, "I'm tired of little boys today, trying to get my pies with no money, go away!" I smile at her and show her my coin. "Did you steal that boy? I don't want any trouble!" bellows Mrs Hodder. I plead, "No Mrs, it's my last coin and my family need food!" Mrs Hodder huffs and mutters, "you'll get what you are given boy!"

As I walk out of the shop, I clutch the pie to my chest as it warms me through. The thin dogs look at me with begging faces but I have to walk away. The guilt overwhelms me. I can hear some children following me and their foot steps are getting louder and louder. I feel my heart thudding against my chest because I am worried they will find me and steal my precious pie. Luckily I lose them in the dark allys. As I spy my face in a passing window, I can see the fear in my eyes. Oh the relief when I get home!