



A Tudor Tumble of Spice and Bloom

Being a light and fragrant receipt of small pancake bits with spice and balm, as prepared in the apothecary of Geanina and Aureon, in the Year of Grace and Fragrance

To be eaten in the morning, or whenever thou feelest slightly regal and underfed. May be enjoyed with warm tea, a good companion, or the sound of bees.

Ye Shall Need:

- * 1 cup buckwheat flour
- * Water – just enough to stir it into a batter fit for pouring, but not running off like a startled hen
- * 1 egg (of honest hen, not enchanted)
- * 1 tsp baking powder
- * ½ tsp ground mace (and a little more for scattering)
- * A pinch of nutmeg (just to keep the mace company)
- * A handful of lemon balm, finely chopped
- * A whisper of honey (or more, if your mood is generous)
- * Creamed coconut (for joy)
- * Rose powder (for beauty, and because the day is long)
- * Mallow flowers (optional, but they do cause sighing)

The Making Thereof:

1. Take up thy flour, egg, water, baking powder, mace, and nutmeg, and whisk them together with intention and good humour. Thou seekest a batter that will drop from the spoon but not flee the pan.
2. Heat thy skillet and add a fat of thy choosing – coconut butter if thou art blessed, or else whatever is loyal and nearby.
3. Drop little spoonfuls into the pan, and cook until they puff and sigh. Turn them gently, for they are delicate souls. When done, cut each into four – like coins from an old kingdom.
4. Toss the pieces gently in honey and creamed coconut. Sprinkle over more mace (freshly ground if thou art feeling noble), and dust with rose powder like a perfumer at breakfast.
5. Lastly, stir in the lemon balm and decorate with mallow flowers, for no one ever wept at breakfast who had a flower upon their plate.

A Note on Mace

(for Cousins and Curious Creatures):

Mace is the lace-like covering of nutmeg – not to be mistaken for the nut itself. Though they come from the same womb, they are not the same child. Mace smells like gold-threaded spice cabinets and soft velvet cloaks. Nutmeg is earthier, rounder. Mace is the soprano. Nutmeg the tenor.

*From Seraphiel's Stillroom
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