

**Chapter 1 : Dictionary of the Scots Language :: SND :: Eachy peachy adj., n.**

*Eachy, peachy, pear, plum Edb. Eachy peachy penny and plum, Stuff the paper up the lum. Edb. Eachy peachy penny a plum I spy Tom Thumb Eachy peachy adj., n.*

Safe and secure in a hollow, halfway up a huge mound of earth, his attention wandered. Staring at the solitary poppy swaying gently in front of him, he had never really looked at one before. There was a faint earthy, flowery smell wafting from it and it was red. A glorious red, a red that he wished he could immerse himself in. And the black stamens stood delicately proud in the centre of the flower. He had never before realised that a simple flower could be such a thing of beauty. He snapped out of his reverie and whirled round to see Colin brandishing an imaginary rifle which had been broken off from the same tree branch as his own weapon. His friend had climbed up the rear of the muck heap, as the boys called the mound, and surprised him. Everybody would form a circle with their two fists outstretched. The two leaders would hit each hand in turn with his own fist whilst stressing each word of the rhyme "Eachy peachy peary plum, Thrawing tutties up the lum, Yin hit Santa Claus up the bum, Eachy peachy peary PLUM! And so that day Colin and himself were enemies. Unfortunately, sharp stones dug into his back and the blood rushed to his head, so he rolled over onto his front. He lay there watching the ensuing battles. Two of the protagonists were sword fighting on the steps leading up to the grassy square where his house was. Entering the freshly painted green front door, the boy saw a room with a bath. The front room was bright with sunlight streaming in through the windows. He saw an electric bulb hanging from the ceiling and not a gas mantle anywhere to be seen. There sat his mum, resting on a tea chest. Smiling at her son she clasped him tightly in her arms and then burst into floods of tears. Looking anxiously at his dad he asked what was wrong. This puzzled the little boy as he thought that people only cried when they were unhappy. It must be different for mums. The next morning he ventured out onto the grass square outside his new house. His mum let go his hand and told him to go and play. Not once in his short life had he ever been allowed to play outside his house on his own. They lived on the pier and his parents were terrified in case he fell in the harbour and drowned. He had never seen so many children playing together and was delighted and a little bit frightened at the same time. He was snapped out of his dream by a loud argument. Turning round as one, the group of boys took to their heels and raced along the Avenue. Not the new tarred Avenue Road, but the ancient track which linked the Netherbyres estate with Gunsgreen mansion house. They sped round the big white house at the road end and then onto the Toll bridge. They jumped up and leaned over the parapet in eager anticipation. Stretching out over the bridge wall, far further than any of their parents would have allowed, they saw the mighty steam engine exhaling loudly as it huffed and puffed, gathering speed for the journey ahead. Some of the quicker and more astute of them dashed to the other side of the bridge for a repeat performance. As the train rumbled off into the distance the boys looked at each other and in the ensuing silence, burst into laughter! The same mothers who would, at best, give them a severe telling off or, at worst, a sharp clip on the ear for their misbehaviour and dirty and dishevelled condition. But it was well worth it! Train running under the Toll Bridge I did not realise it then, but the memory of that hot blast on my face and the heady, intoxicating smell of smoke and steam would stay with me for the next sixty years.

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### Chapter 2 : Hot Peas and Barley-O | West Music

*This gorgeous book was written by Janet and Alan Ahlberg I've just enjoyed reading it, for our Grand daughter Feel welcome to watch!*

How to Make Homemade Jelly: All thoughts, opinions and photos are mine. Growing up I never had store bought plum jelly. My mom always made fresh plum jelly. We had a plum tree and dewberry bushes growing on our property. My mom would take the plums and the berries and juice them to make fresh jelly. It is funny how a smell can bring back such powerful memories. First wash the Sugar Tree Plums really well in a colander like this one. Next cut the plums in half around the pit and place in a large sauce pan this one over medium high heat. Place all the plums in the pan with the skins and pits to cook. No extra water is needed, since there is enough juice in these plums. Let this simmer for about an hour. Stirring every 10 mins. You will notice the plums start to break down more and more as they cook. It starts to look like plum soup. After the plums have been cooking for about an hour, strain them in a colander and save the juice in a large bowl similar to this one. If you have a jelly bag you can use that. So I just make do instead. After this first batch is strained. Strain again through cheesecloth or a fine mesh strainer to remove all the pulp until you have 4 cups like the picture above. Now that there is just plum juice, place back in the pan and heat again over medium heat and add the pectin and keep stirring. Allow to come to a full roiling boil, then slowly add the sugar. Keep on stirring this whole time or this will burn. Keep in stirring, just keep stirring. After the sugar is added and the boil cannot be stirred down allow to cook for one full minute at full boil stirring constantly. Have the jars ready for the jelly to go. Take the juice off the heat and using a small cup pour into the hot jelly jars. It is important the jars are hot, since hot liquid is being poured into them. Fill to the bottom line of the jar. Wipe off the tops of the jars and place lids on the top. Next screw on rings, but not too tight just enough to seal. Keep hot until the jelly is ready to be poured in. Place all the jars in the boiling water for about 20 minutes. Place on the counter to cool and the lids will seal. Plum Jelly Recipe Learn how to make homemade plum jelly like a pro with tips and tricks to making perfect homemade jelly every time. Plus easy canning tips for thick plum jelly. Reminds me when we had a plum tree and make homemade plum jelly every summer with my mom.

### Chapter 3 : Each Peach Pear Plum â€™ 40th Anniversary Edition

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### Chapter 4 : Each Peach Pear Plum by Janet and Allen Ahlberg | The Revival

*Each Peach Pear Plum - the classic picture book by Janet and Allan Ahlberg. Each Peach Pear Plum is a timeless picture book classic from the bestselling illustrator/author team Janet and Allan Ahlberg, creators of Peepo!. Each beautifully illustrated page encourages young children to interact with.*

### Chapter 5 : Smoke Gets In Your Eyes â€™ AnOldManToldMe

*Each Peach Pear Plum - the classic picture book by Janet and Allan Ahlberg. Each Peach Pear Plum is a timeless picture book classic from the bestselling illustrator/author team Janet and Allan Ahlberg, creators of Peepo!.*

### Chapter 6 : FratBoy Shadow/Blush-Peachy Apricot by the Balm for Women - oz Shadow & Blush | eBay

*View the profiles of people named Peachy Plum. Join Facebook to connect with Peachy Plum and others you may know. Facebook gives people the power to.*

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### Chapter 7 : Joanna Newsom - Wikipedia

*Content: Song List:Adam And Eve (And Pinch-Me) As I Gae'd Down To Castle Brae Away Down East, Away Down West Dic-Dictation Down By The Green Grass Down To The Baker Shop Eachy Peachy Pelly Plum.*

### Chapter 8 : Raamat: Hot Peas And Barley-O () - Brumfield, Susan (Editor) | Krisostomus

*This is quite high in the google search rankings for "Each Peach Pear Plum" - the second none book selling site. "For too long, we have been a passively tolerant society, saying to our citizens 'as long as you obey the law, we will leave you alone'" - David Cameron, UK Prime Minister. 13 May*

### Chapter 9 : The Hidden Glasgow Forums â€¢ View topic - Words That Only Sound Right in Glaswegian!!

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