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Categorie concurs: *Masterat*

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### *Bloody Stupid Johnson's Individual Fruit Pie*

(Quoted from *The Edible Architecture of Bergholt Stuttley Johnson*, by Startup Nodder, FAMG, AitD, Ankh-Morpork Guild of Architects Press, \$10 plus 3 site visits at \$20 an hour)

People now recall Bergholt Stuttley Johnson, or 'Bloody Stupid Johnson' as he was known far and wide, as merely an architect and landscape designer with an unfortunate blind spot in matters of size and a general lack of grasp of the basic principles of, not to put too fine a point on it, anything at all. In his way, and a very strange and confused way it was, he was a genius. Only someone with a very special cast of mind would have specified quicksand as a building material (the Collapsed Tower of Quirm) 'because it's got to be done in a hurry' or accidentally built an entire house upside down (No. 1 Scoone Avenue, Ankh-Morpork – the cellars, the only part above ground, are still in use).

In the words of Sir Joshua Ramkin: 'Having anything designed by Bloody Stupid Johnson is like a box of chocolates – you always get that horrible strawberry one which someone else has already sucked and put back in.'

Never were his peculiar talents more apparent than in his occasional essays in cookery. Few survivors now recall these, but in most cases the wreckage is there for everyone to see. For example, the top tier of a wedding cake designed for a friend was until fairly recently used as a bandstand in the Apothecary Gardens, and was a monument not only to Johnson's mercurial attitude to dimensions but also to his unique skill in achieving with icing sugar a hardness not often found in cement.

Unfortunately, nothing now remains of the Great Fruit Pie except some etchings made at the time, a rough copy of the original recipe and a few scars on buildings quite a long way from the site. Records tell of the teams of oxen needed to drag the enormous dish into position, the bargeloads of apples brought down the River Ankh for the filling, the catastrophe of the sinking of the *Queen of Quirm* with her full load of sugar. There are rather more accounts of the explosion that occurred on the second Friday of the cooking process, which caused red-hot short-crust pastry to scythe across a large part of Ank-Morpork and accounted for the occasional shower of sultanas and deep-frozen baked apple for some days afterwards.

Many of the more experienced workers were altogether too close when it blew, but the recipe is believed to have been as follows:

**SERVES: YOU RIGHT**

<i>30,000 lb plain flour</i>	<i>30 tons cooking apples, cored, peeled and sliced</i>
<i>30,000 teaspoons salt</i>	<i>1,000 lb sultanas</i>
<i>15,000 lb butter/margarine</i>	<i>10,000 lb sugar</i>
<i>cold water</i>	<i>1 clove</i>

Make the pastry by sifting the flour and salt into a container, then rub in the butter or margarine until the mixture forms 'breadcrumbs'. Then add enough cold water to make it all into a stiff dough. Roll\* out the pastry on a floured surface<sup>†</sup> and use half to line the cooking container<sup>‡</sup>.

Peel, core and slice the apples§ and combine with the sultanas. Place half in the container. Add the sugar and the clove. Add the rest of the apples, and winch the remaining pastry into place over the top. The cooking time is unknown, except that it was very clearly far too long.

**PS:** It is believed that Johnson was vaguely aware of what every cook knows, which is that when baking a big pie some provision must be made to allow the venting of the steam generated. Certainly he had drawn up plans for a 30-foot-high 'whistling blackbird', but this was not, however, cast until a week after the explosion, owing to what would have had to be called bad project management if in fact there had been any project management at all. It is displayed in Hide Park, as a memorial to those caught in the crust.

\*Some well-washed garden rollers were used here, after the specially designed self-propelled rolling pin demolished several houses.

†Edgeway Street was scrubbed and floured.

‡A dish was cast for this purpose, which now forms the roof of a house in Mollymog Street.

§Mr Johnson had designed a machine for doing this, but after it stapled one of the foremen to a wall the job was subsequently done by three shifts of men working around the clock.