

The Scone of Destiny

Nineteen Hundred and Ninety-Six, the year when the Scone of Destiny was returned after seven centuries to its rightful place at the Scottish tea-table. Since Edward the First, detested King of England, stole the Scone from a palace near Perth, how many generations of Scots have had to suffer the indignity of not having a scone to eat? How many Sunday teas had been just ruined by the mourning of true patriots for the loss their Scone?

But now it is back. When the Scone once more crossed the border from England into Scotland, there was a huge welcoming party. All the dignitaries were in attendance - Countess Crawford the Baker, Lord Rock-Cake the Lord Advocate, the Earl of Dundee Cake, Henry Flapjack the fifty-third Earl of Tayberry, and a veritable tray-ful of treacle scones from Galashiels.

After several days in triumphant procession through the Lowlands of Scotland, the Scone of Destiny arrived in the grand city of Edinburgh, to be returned to its rightful place upon the table in the tea-room of Jenners. But there was jealousy stirred up.

Oh yes indeed - why should that old Scone take the honours, they said. What about me, the Pudding of Popularity?! Is that old Scone not just a bit stale by now, my dear? What about me - the Frangipan of Fraternity?! What about the Eccles Cake of Equality, the Cheesecake of Choice, the Muffin of Maturity, the Stollen of Liberty, the Date Slice of Democracy - what about us? they all cried. But in their doughy hearts and yeasty heads, they all knew the truth: that some are born to greatness, while others simply make up grand titles for themselves. The Scone of Destiny - my mouth waters at the very thought of such a treat! Crumbly, with a slightly salty taste, warmed and spread liberally with butter which has been curled and placed nicely on a plate and just oozing with blaeberry jam! Mmmm...

What's that - the *Stone* of Destiny? From Scone near Perth? Oh. I see...