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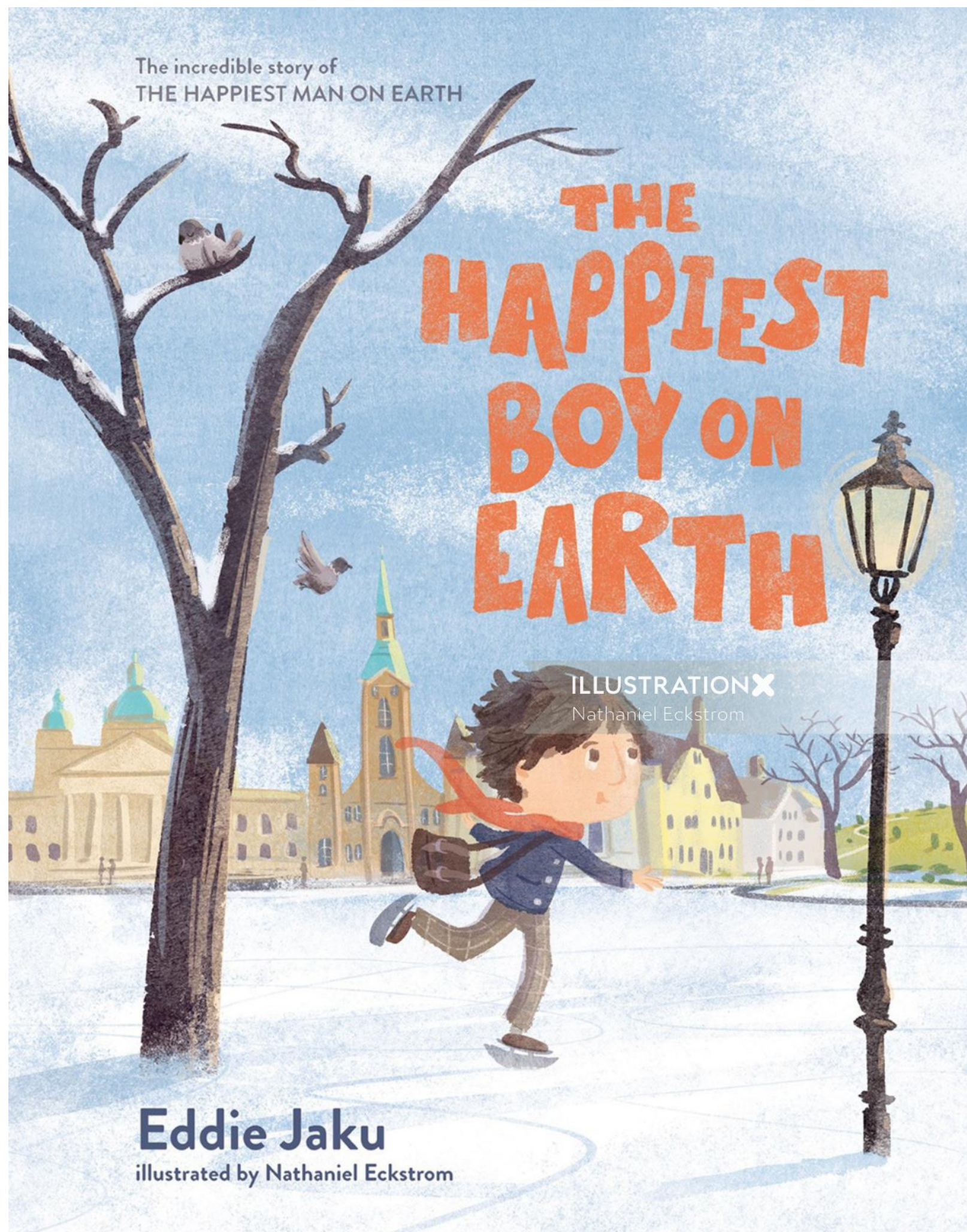
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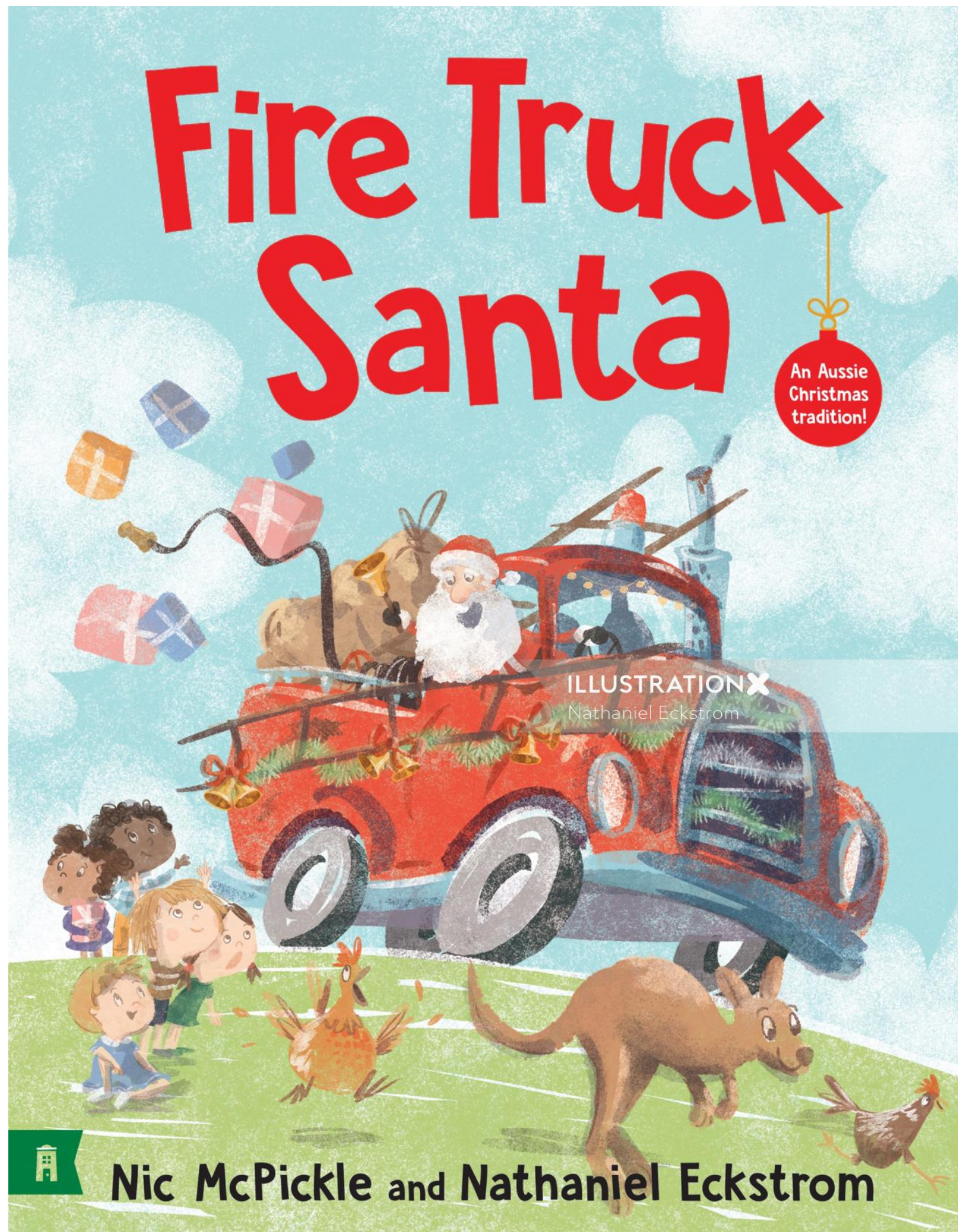
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Hop Up and Jump Up
Shaker Song ✨ Art by Nathaniel Eckstrom

C
Hop up and jump up and whirl round, whirl round.

Gath - er love, here it is, all round, all round.

F C
Here is love, flow - ing round. Catch it as you whirl round.

F C
Reach up and reach down, here it is, all round.

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The illustration depicts a winter scene with children playing in the snow. A duck is flying in the sky, and a squirrel is running in the foreground. The background shows a snow-covered hill with a fence and a house with a chimney. The sky is blue with falling snow and birds.

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In search of Marcel's madeleines

In 2018, food writer Felicity Cloake toured France by bicycle on a quest to discover the country's many regional specialities. In this extract from her book, *One More Croissant for the Road*, she arrives in Commercy, home to Proust's famous cakes

We're firmly in big-sky country: sprawling farms, villages strung out along the road rather than huddled round a church and everywhere shining green thanks to the last six weeks of rain. For a while there are just a few distant hills on the horizon, and then, startlingly, as we turn towards Troussay, I spot what appear to be the White Cliffs of Dover looming to the north, which eventually resolve themselves into a somewhat anticlimactic gigantic quarry: a sign we've now left the Vosges mountains behind and are entering the chalky plains of Champagne, home to some of the world's most expensive grapes.

England are playing Panama this afternoon, and as my cycling sidekick Gemma and I pull into Commercy, madeleine central, we slow to a crawl to peer into a bar screening the match - to, it must be said, a distinct lack of interest from the drinkers within. It's already 2-0 to England, 25 minutes in, so I brave the madeleine-themed tourist trap of a bakery on the other side of the square, packed like a sardine tin on a Sunday afternoon. Perhaps they're all fleeing the football.

The shelves of A la Cloche Lorraine are laden with prettily packaged boxes of cakes, tied with red string, alongside tins of butter biscuits - it seems La Cloche is owned by the St Michel group, whose biscuit factory I passed on my way to Mont Saint-Michel a month ago. While I have nothing against big business, I do dislike queuing, so I drag Gemma away from her match and we head to the rather less picturesque La Boite à Madeleines instead, which, despite being located in a light industrial estate on the outskirts of town, proves a much more satisfying experience. They're busy baking some of the 10,000 cakes they produce every single day in the open kitchen, and every so often, an employee pops out with a tray warm from the oven for the punters to try. A screen suspended from the ceiling flashes the ingredients that go into every thousand: 10kg flour, 7kg butter, 5kg sugar,

700g honey, 520g baking powder, 200g lemon juice, 160g Breton sea salt - and somewhat less obviously, 1kg sorbitol, a sugar substitute often used by diabetics, and 800g trimoline, an inverted sugar syrup that creates a softer, longer-lasting final product, something I will be thankful for in a few days' time. (Eggs aren't listed for some reason, though I see some go in on the video.) The woman explaining the process stresses the importance of a blisteringly hot oven in achieving the correct degree of browning: take them slightly darker than you might think is desirable, she says, then eat them up quick. It's true, even theirs don't taste as good once they've been packaged up for sale.

Retiring to a corner to discreetly stuff my mouth with free samples, I find myself staring into the handsome face of Duke Stanislas, who, according to this rather romantic cartoon, is responsible for the madeleine's success. When his pastry chef fell ill before a party, it claims, a busman maid stepped in to save the day. The Duke, depicted as a d'Artagnan-like figure with a rakish feather in his extravagantly floppy hat, was so impressed by her cakes for perhaps by Madeleine herself, with her low-cut dress and big blue eyes) that he named them after her - a legend was born.

Legend or fable, they're best I can connect with 'the egg-shaped little madeleine' in Marcel Proust's epic novel sequence *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, published between 1913 and 1927.

In the first volume, the narrator eats one of these "squid, plump little cakes", which eventually prompts a flood of childhood memories. "No sooner had the warm liquid mixed with the crumbs touched my palate than a shudder ran through me," he writes.

A recently discovered early draft of the text suggests that the original trigger was actually honey on toast. Fortunately for Commercy, if not for honey producers, Proust changed it.



Speaking of eating

to be carrying the extra weight when we run into the first climb: a leg-trembler that isn't improved by a group of gormless rambblers who, on seeing us grind slowly into view, stand bewildered in the middle of the road, before deliberately moving into my path as I swear to avoid them. I can only hope my "BONJOUR messieurs-dames", delivered with all the menace of an aggressive British "sorry", proves sufficiently galling to make up for the little speed they've robbed me of.

The road dwindles to little more than a single lane through the trees, dropping and climbing with gay abandon, and it's bloody good fun. Leaving the woods behind, we ascend a long, slow hill up to what looks like a shady copse at the edge of a field, but turns out to be an enormous pile of manure buzzing with flies, one of which manages to bite me through my jersey, only to be slain by a helpful hand almost knocking me off my bike from behind. Gemma proving her worth yet again.

'I brave the madeleine-themed tourist trap of a bakery, packed like a sardine tin on a Sunday afternoon'



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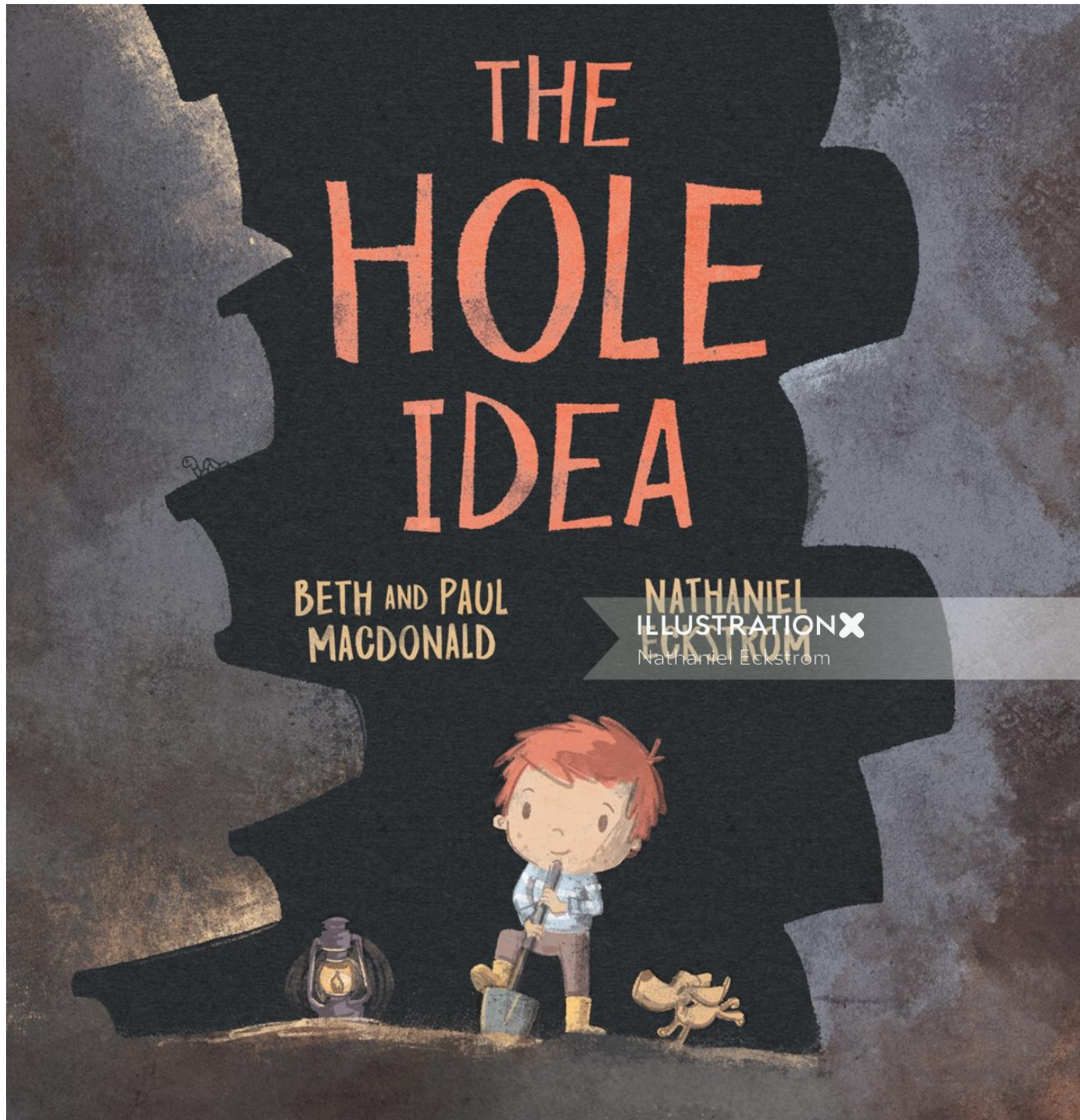
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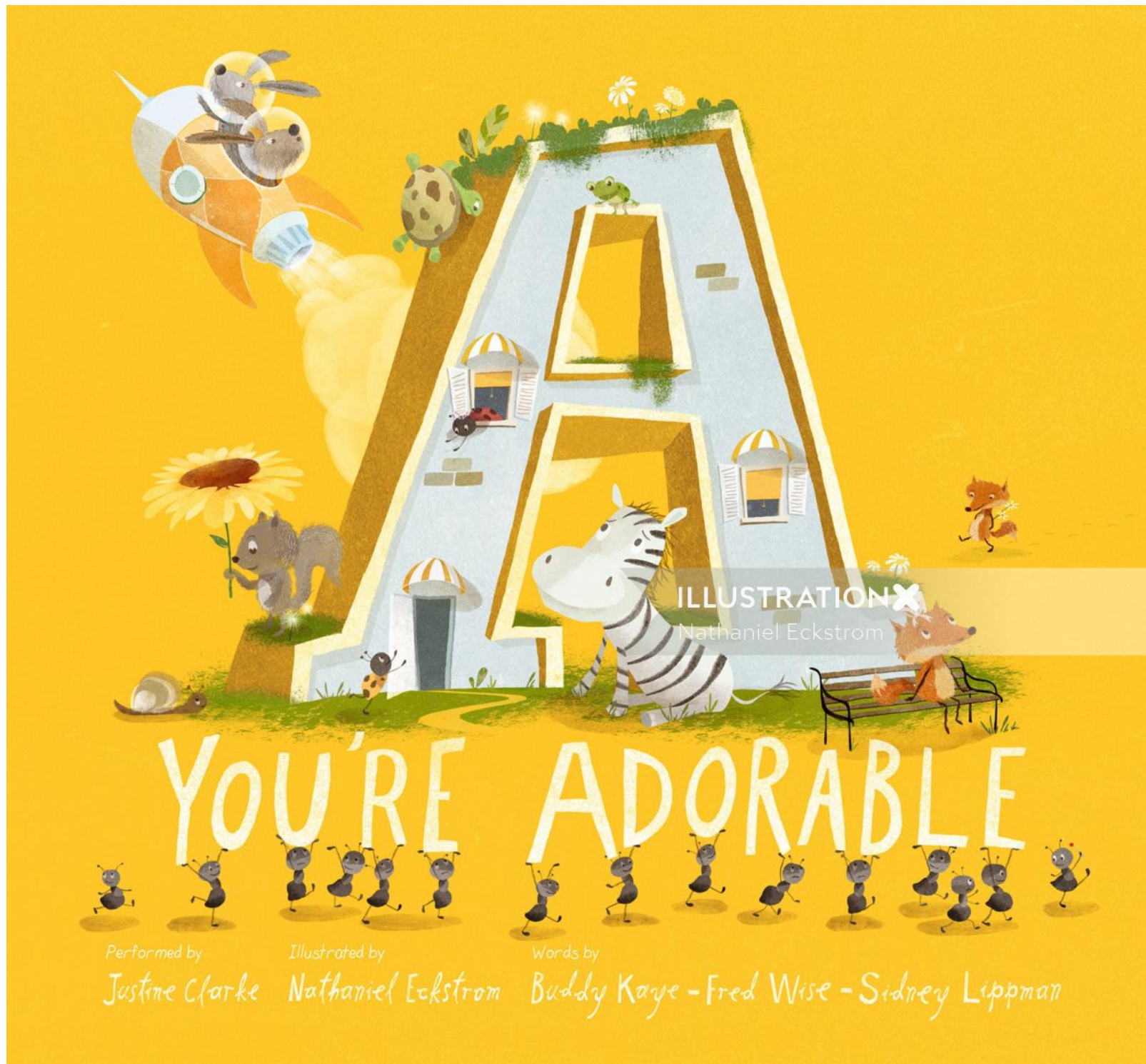
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Hooray! it's nestle

Nestlé CERELAC Muesli with Banana & Apple is made with real fruit and four different grains (Oats, Wheat, Corn and Rice) introducing your child to even more exciting new tastes and textures.



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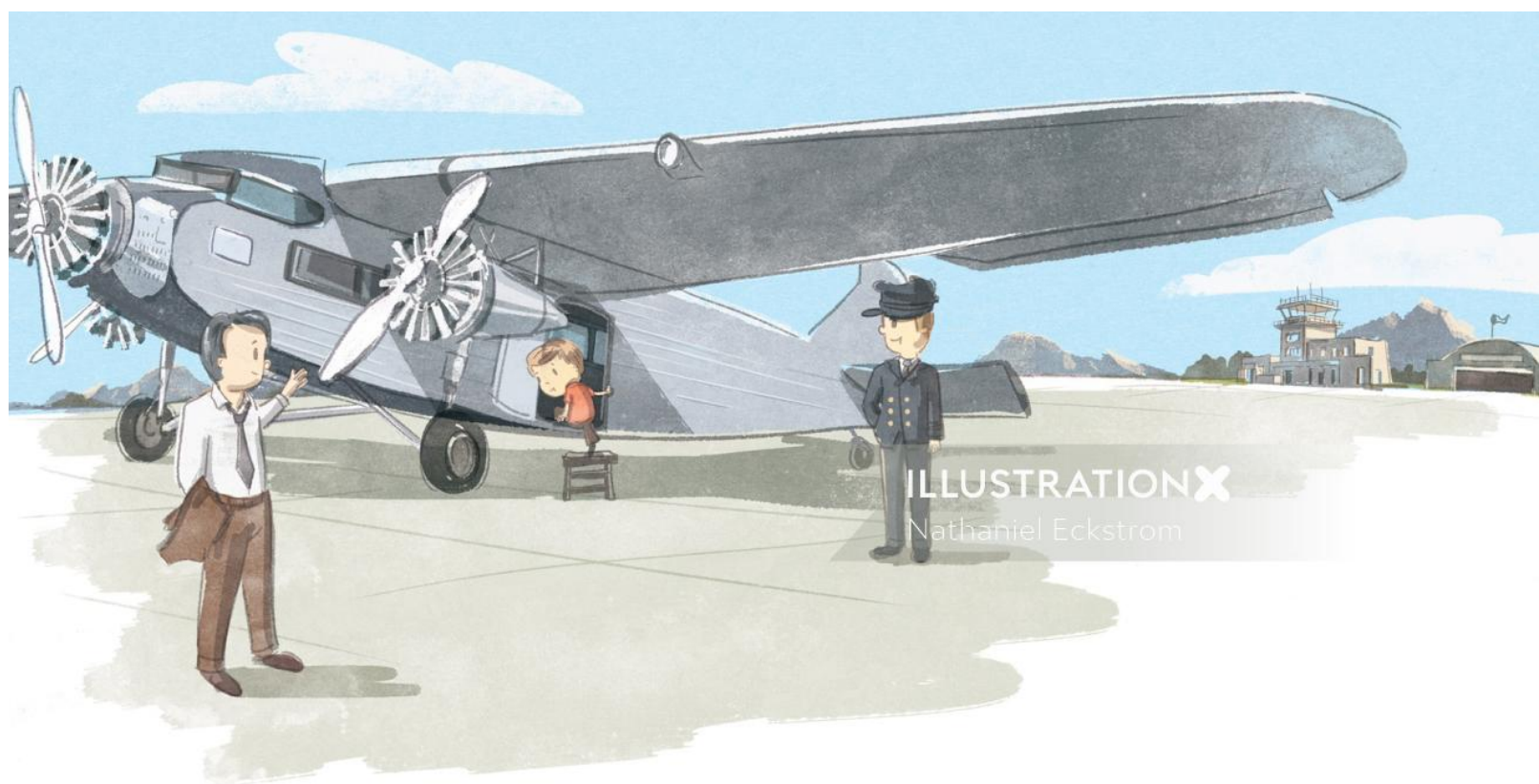
NUTRITION THAT GROWS WITH THEM

Big nutrition for small tummies



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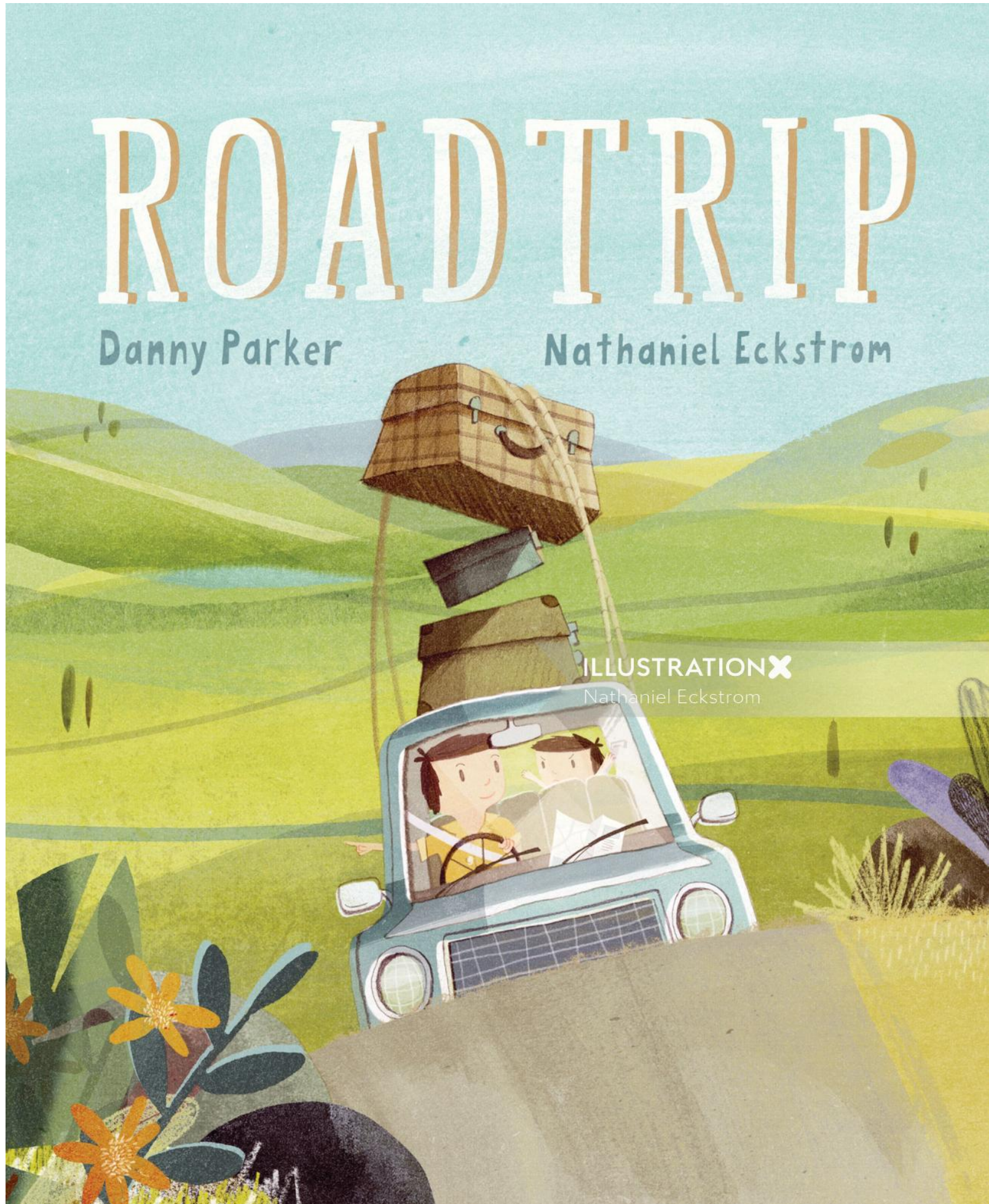
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Out to lunch



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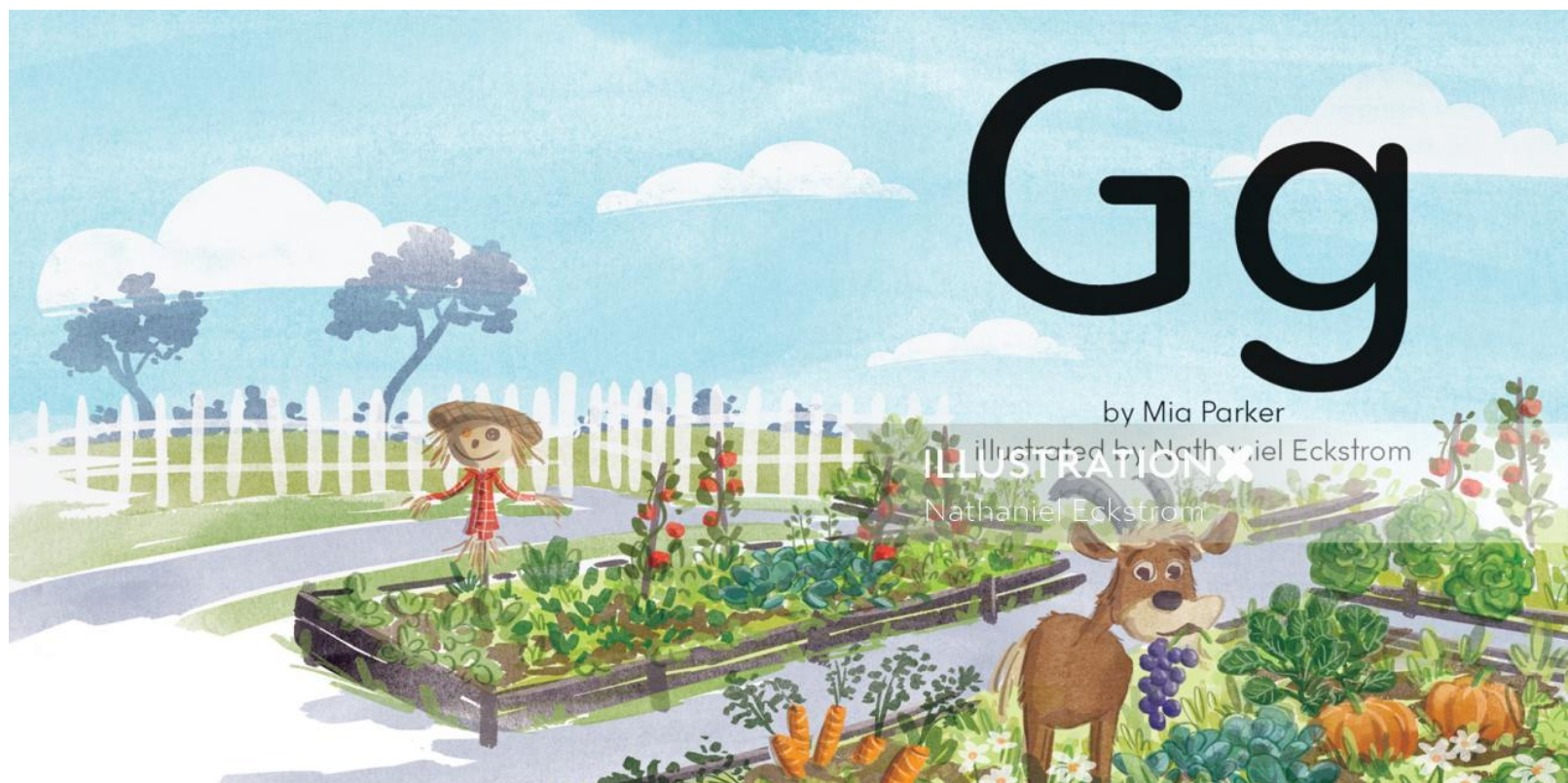
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Gg

The Gobbling Goats

The goats came in through the garden gate.
They gobbled up our sweet purple grapes.
Then they gobbled up the brussels sprouts.
Next, they galloped into the house!

There they gobbled our green chili stew.
They gobbled our guacamole too.
At last, they were full and said goodnight.
And then we locked that gate really tight!



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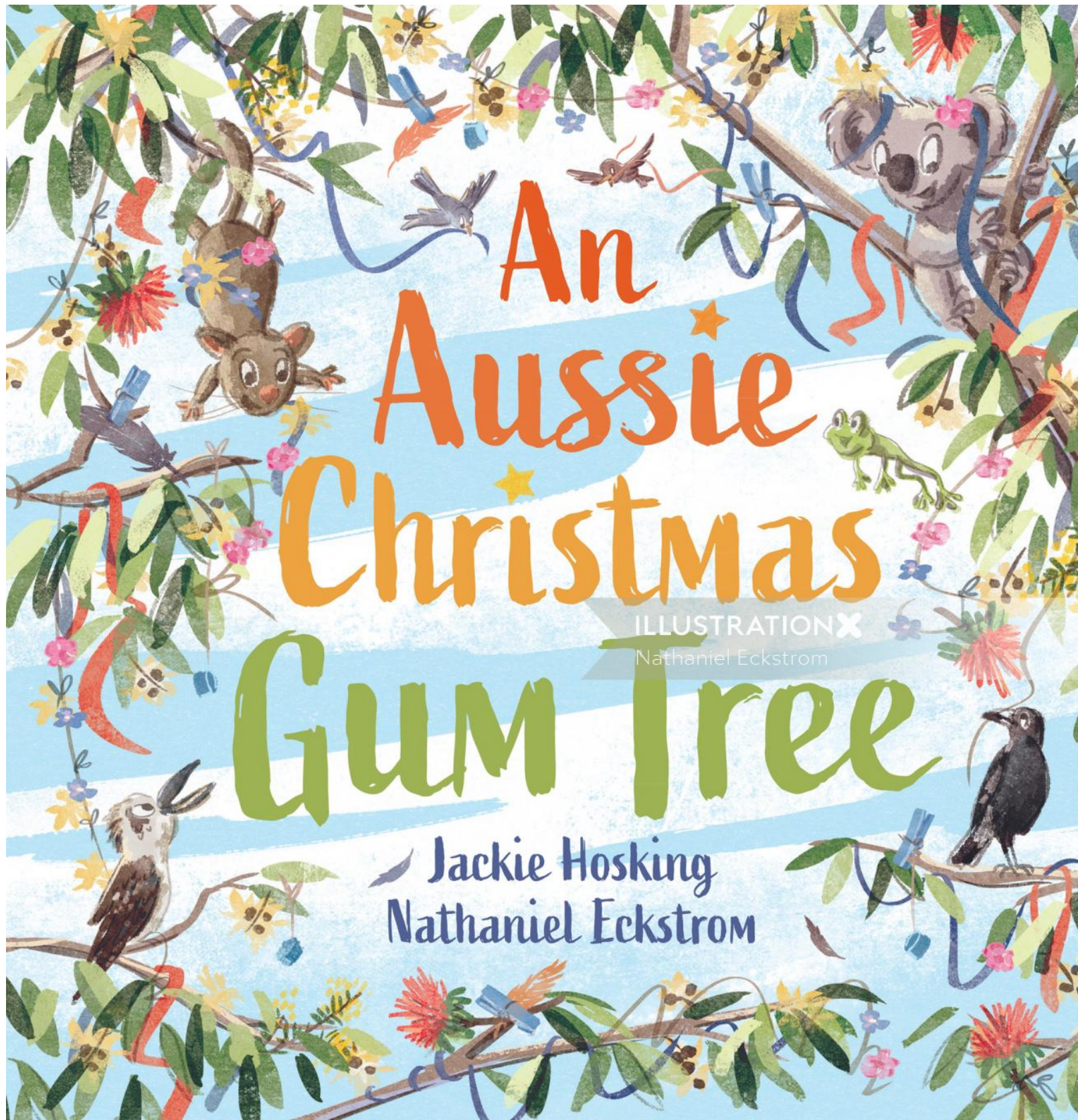
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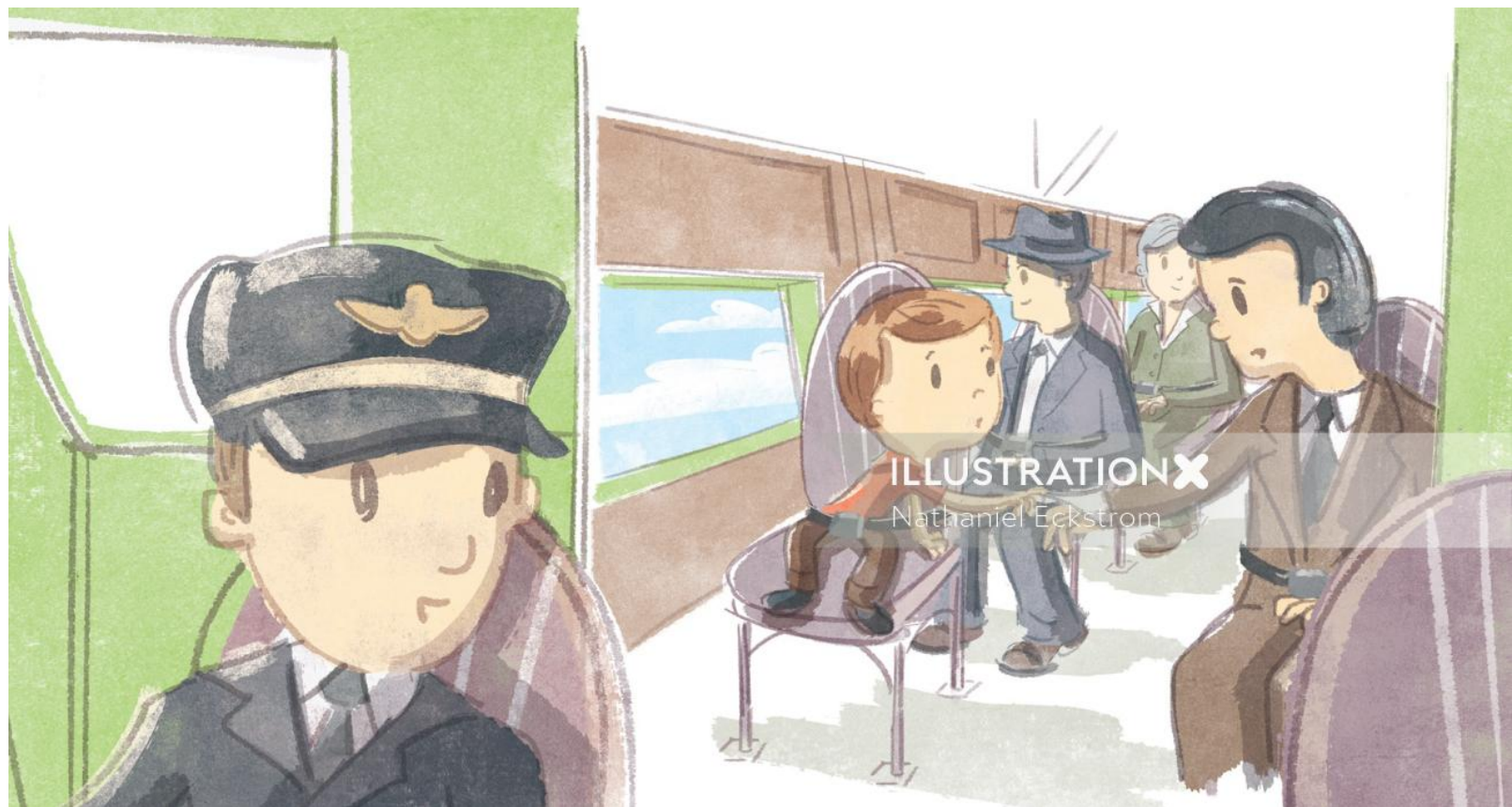
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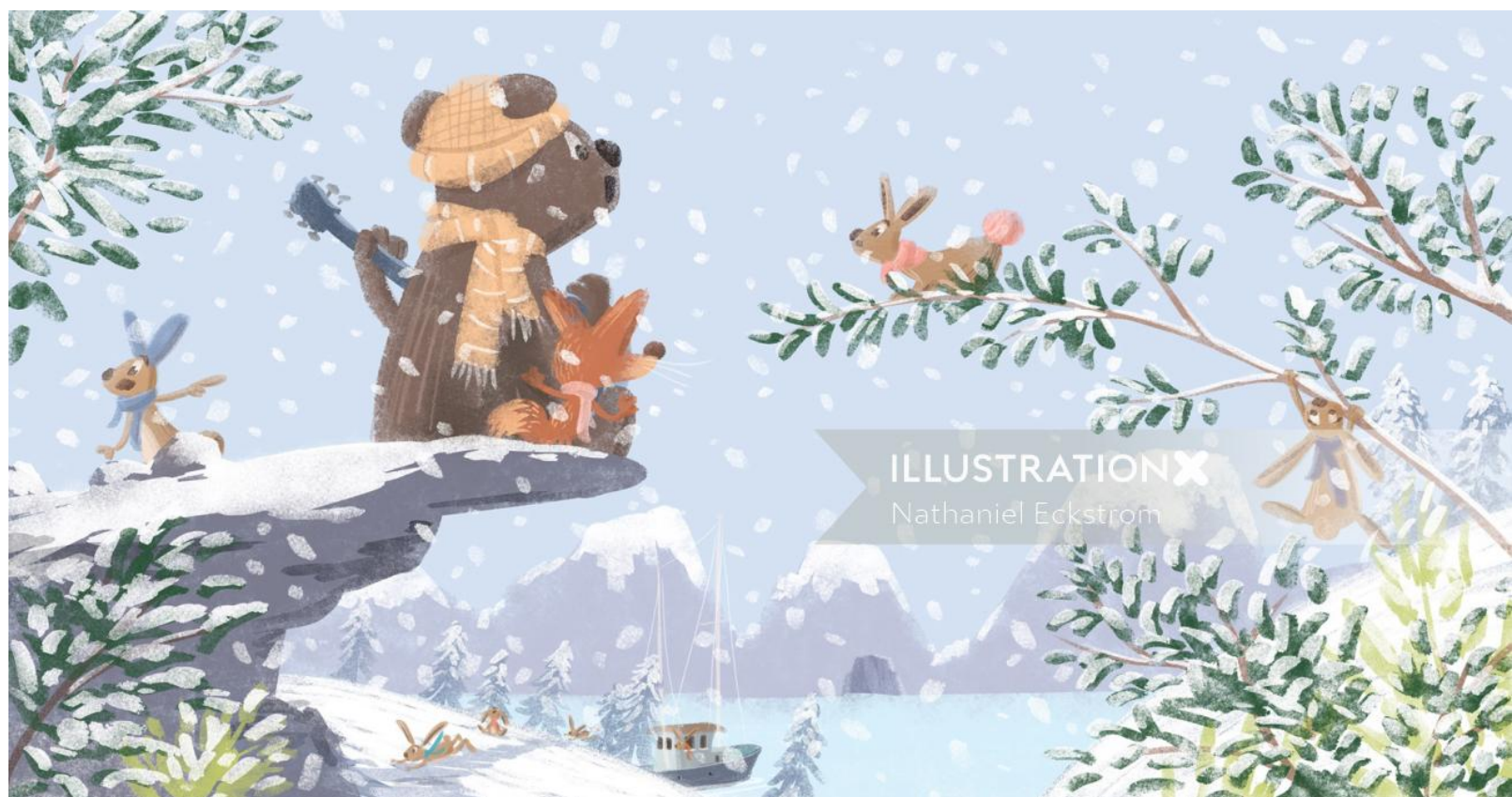
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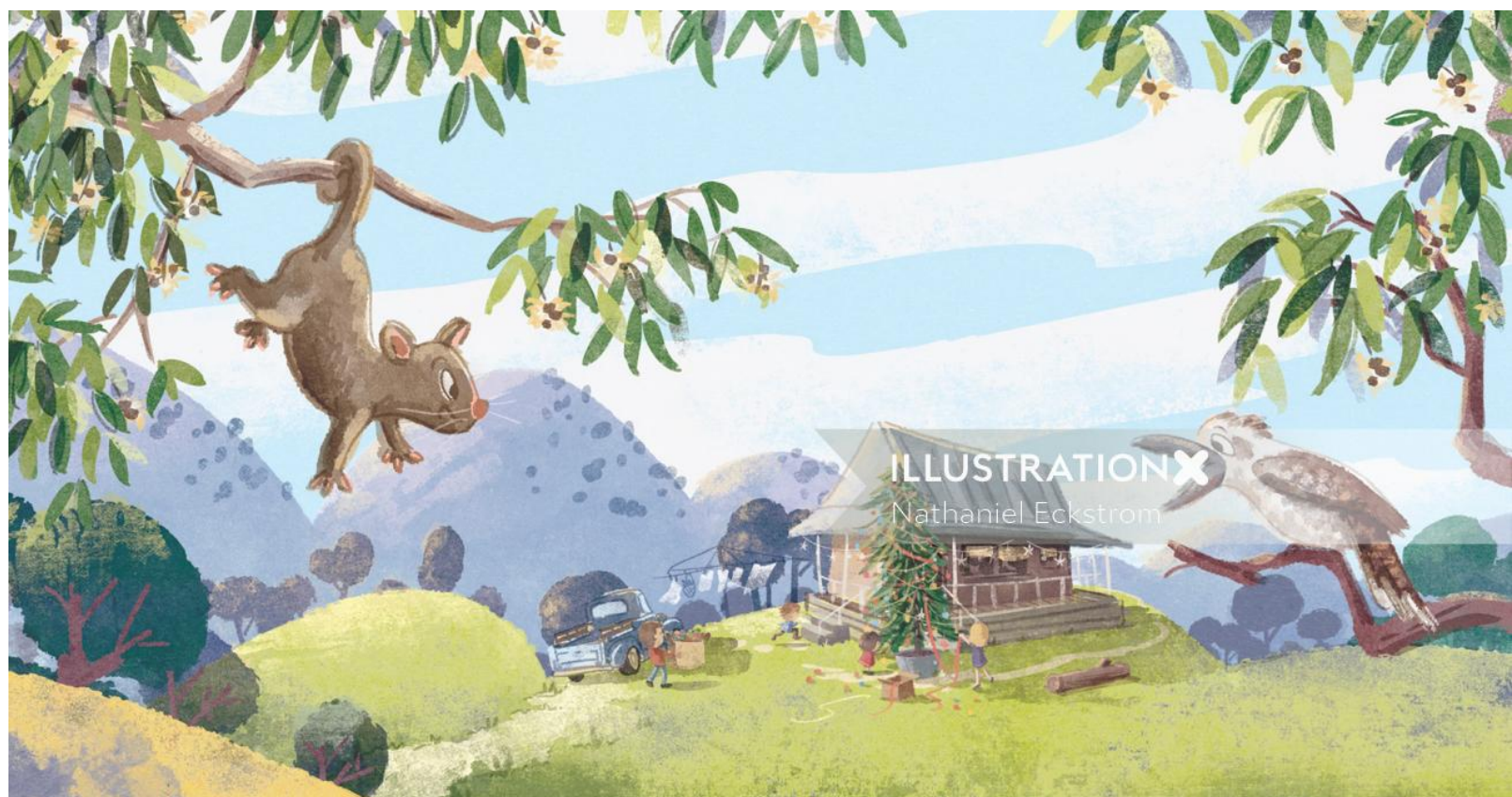
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