



Mystery HThursday

Incanto
April 15th, 2010

Calcot [Onions](#) (like fat scallions)

[Leeks](#)

[Chard](#) (baby leaves)

Young Lettuces

Gold [Turnips](#)

1 Large [Artichoke](#): YUM

[Spinach](#)

[Green Garlic](#)

[Broccoli di Cicco](#)

[Tarragon](#)

[Baby Fava Beans](#) ~or~ [Snap Peas](#)

Important note about the list above: it's approximate: this is truly a mystery box. You may not receive everything above, you may receive something not listed above. We believe this is still worth the \$25, so no complaints, please! Thanks for understanding. -julia and andy

Fridge Management: *Everything* into the fridge! If space is difficult, cut off and toss the darkest green part of the leeks, onions & green garlic and cook the chard within the first day or two: that will make space!

[Cooking Greens Recipes](#)

[Recipes A-Z on our website](#)

If you get **baby fava beans**, the short answer = toss the whole pods with oil and salt then either bake ('roast') them or grill them. Then eat them whole. super yummy! [Here's more ideas](#) on what to do with [baby favabeans](#) from the [Chowhound Home Cooking board](#).

[Green Garlic ideas](#) from Chowhound Homecooking

Spaghetti with Lamb, Broccoli di Cicco and Cipollini from Joseph Manzare of *Globe* in SF

1 pound spaghetti
1 pound ground lamb
1 1/2 pounds broccoli di cicco (cut into 1/2 inch pieces, use the stem and leaves too!)
1 clove smashed garlic
4 large red jalapeños or 1 large red bell pepper (roasted, peeled and julienned)
6 cipollini (quartered) or 1 large onion (chopped)
4 tablespoons olive oil
4 tablespoons Capricious aged goat's milk cheese (grated) or parmesan
salt and pepper to taste

Bring a large pot of salted water to boil. In a large skillet, heat olive oil and add garlic. Cook slowly (about 3 minutes) to flavor the oil. When garlic is slightly golden brown, add cipollini and broccoli. Cook for about 5 minutes, until slightly tender. Add lamb and turn up heat to high. Season lamb with salt and pepper. When lamb becomes slightly brown and cooked through, add pepper and parsley. Mix together and let simmer for about 12 minutes or just long enough for your pasta to cook. Cook pasta in salted water. When pasta is done strain, and keep just a little of the pasta cooking liquid with the pasta. Toss the pasta into the skillet with the lamb. Add grated cheese and mix well. Eat.

SESAME SNAP PEAS

adapted from Gourmet; can be doubled

1/2 pound snap peas, trimmed and strings discarded
1 teaspoon Asian sesame oil
1 scallion, sliced thinly on diagonal
2 teaspoons sesame seeds, toasted lightly

Have ready a large bowl of ice and cold water. In a saucepan of boiling salted water blanch snap peas 15 seconds and drain in a colander. Immediately transfer peas to ice water to stop cooking and drain well. In a bowl toss with oil, scallion, sesame seeds, and salt to taste.

Glazed Poppyseed Turnips: a recipe on Chow.com. I made these this week and they were GREAT and easy to make. I then 'facebooked' about it on our [Two Small Farms facebook page](#). (please join this page, then pretend you're a 2SF member if you post, don't mention mystery boxes there! Already filled and all.. thanks for helping in this silly game.)

TARRAGON GINGER DRESSING

1 tb Vegetable oil
1 sm Garlic clove; minced
2 tb Scallion; finely chopped
1/2 c Chicken broth
2 tb Red wine vinegar
1 ts Ginger; finely grated
2 tb Chopped fresh tarragon or
2 tb Olive oil
Salt and pepper; to taste

In a skillet, heat oil. Add garlic and scallion; saute until softened. Add broth and boil until the liquid is reduced by half - about 3 or 4 minutes. Stir in vinegar; cook an additional 2 minutes. Transfer to a bowl. Add ginger and tarragon. Gradually whisk in the olive oil. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Dresses a salad for 4 to 6. From a "Shepherd's Garden Seeds" catalog.

The Princess & The Peas

by Andy Griffin (the story he wrote this week for our Two Small Farms CSA newsletter...)

The princess stepped into the sunny kitchen of the little farmhouse and her young maidservant rushed forward to pull out the bench so that her highness could sit at the table. Boots, the farmer's son, slipped in behind them. He was of the marrying age and had always wanted to see a real princess. The princess was beautiful, but she looked a wreck, her eyes red, her gestures nervous and jerky, and her voice grating.

"Oh my God!" she cried. "That bed was so lumpy I felt like I was sleeping on a pile of coconuts."

The farmwife was at the hearth, stirring a pot of gruel with a wooden spoon. That previous night, during a ferocious spring downpour of rain, she and the farmer heard their dog barking outside. They'd opened their cottage door and there was the princess and her entourage, wet, bedraggled, and sneezing. The farmer and his wife were generous folk so they invited the crowd in and even let the princess sleep on their very own mattress of straw under their best duck down comforter, while they retired to the hay barn and slept with the cow.

Boots spoke up. "Well it couldn't have been a coconut you slept on," he said. "We're just poor pea farmers and all that we have we must grow ourselves. We've never even seen a coconut."

"Whatever," said the princess.



"Maybe you slept on a pea," said Boots. "We grow Austrian winter peas as a hay crop for our cow. We stuff our mattresses with the pea straw, so maybe there was pea seed that

didn't get threshed out and you slept on that and that's why you're so sore."

"Like I said," replied the princess. "Whatever."

The farmer's son had never met a real princess before. "But we grow tasty peas to eat, too; little, tender flat Snow peas for stir fries, and Sugar snap peas that have tiny little peas swelling inside that you can eat them pod and all, and in a couple of weeks, if it doesn't frost or hail, we'll even have plump English shelling peas."

"Let's get out of here," snapped the princess to her posse. She pushed her uneaten bowl of gruel away. "Maybe there's a bakery in the village."

So off they thundered on their steeds as suddenly as they'd come, the princess and her whole retinue. Or almost her whole retinue!

When the drumming of the hoof beats faded,



the maidservant poked her head out from around the corner of the barn. The morning had been so fresh after the rainstorm it seemed a sin to stay crammed

Ma



into the tiny cottage kitchen with the rest so she'd stepped outside. The pretty white farm dog had taken her on a walk to the pea patch and she'd looked at the white pea flowers up so close she could see their little green veins in the petals and drink in their fragrance. Overhead the fluffy, white clouds scudded across the sky. The air was crisp as she inhaled and then she felt the warm, damp breath of the dog on the palm of her hand as it nudged her and then the cow mooed for attention in the distance. After dragging around after the princess for months on end, from one foreign country to the next reviewing prospective princes, the maidservant wanted to settle down. She'd always wanted her own cow when she grew up and besides, she too was of the marrying age.

"I can make a mean Sugar Snap sauté," she said to Boots and his mother.

The farm wife gave her a long, cool look.

So first the young woman milked the cow. Then she churned the butter. Then she picked the sugar snap peas, and after that she fetched a pail of cold water from the well. A pan was hanging on the wall by the stove and she took it down. As she stripped the pea pods of their stems and tiny strings she sliced them diagonally and tossed them in the pan. When she finished with the peas she poured a ¼ inch of water into the pan, added a little pat of butter and put the pan on a little three legged iron trivet over the flame.

"Where do you keep your sea salt?" she asked the farm wife.

So she tossed a pinch of salt in with the peas, brought the water to a boil then quickly reduced the heat by pushing the coals to the back of the stove. When the excess water had steamed away and peas were tender



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and covered in buttery goodness but still fresh and green, the young woman served them up on wooden platters to the farm wife first, the farmer second, and Boots third.

After his first bite, Boots proposed, and the young couple was married not long after, and they lived as happily as might be expected, given that the cow had to be milked every morning, and the peas had to be irrigated when there were no spring rains, and sometimes the fluffy white dog chased a skunk and stunk for weeks, and there were always chores. But all this happened once upon a time when there weren't many building codes, so Boots was able to construct a snug and affordable cottage for the two of them out of rocks, logs, and clay, and he thatched the roof with reeds, and the ex-maidservant got to be the queen of her own little house. The End.

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