

Read the blog post. Complete each sentence with one or two words.

1 The writer is writing about a dish called .....

2 The dish comes from an area in England called .....

3 The dish is potatoes on top of meat, onion and .....

Read the blog post again and choose the correct words to complete the sentences.

1 In the past, many **bakers** / **factory workers** cooked Lancashire hotpot at home.

2 They made hotpot because it was **cheap** / **easy to make**.

3 **Everyone** / **Not everyone** used their own kitchen to make hotpot.

4 There **are** / **aren't any** vegetables in Lancashire hotpot.

5 There **is** / **isn't** only one way to make hotpot.

6 The writer's family ate hotpot on **Mondays** / **at weekends**.

7 The writer's family life **was** / **wasn't** always positive.

8 Lancashire hotpot **is** / **isn't** the writer's children's favourite dish.

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The taste of home

There's one dish that always makes me think of home: Lancashire hotpot. Lancashire is an area in the north west of England, close to Manchester. In the 1800s, there were a lot of factories there and many people in the area worked at them. Their work wasn't easy. They worked long days and had little time off. The work was hard and often dirty. When they got home, they were tired and wanted a good meal, but they didn't have the time or energy to make one. So they made hotpot. They could put the food in a pot in the oven in the morning and leave it to cook slowly on a low heat all day. It was ready to eat by the end of the day. Of course, many of those people had no oven in their homes, so they probably took it to the local baker to cook.

Lancashire hotpot is a dish with meat, onions, and carrots and slices of potato on the top. There are other things in it too, like salt, to give it some taste, but those are the main ingredients. It might not sound very tasty to you, but to me it's the most wonderful food in the world. Everyone makes it a bit differently, so there's no single recipe. I think my family's recipe is the best. When I was growing up, my parents often made it for Sunday lunch and my brothers and sisters all loved it. When I taste it now, I think of those Sundays and feel that life was much easier then. But of course, it wasn't without problems. We had some difficult times, but those times when we were together enjoying a hotpot seemed to be some of the best ones. That's why I love making it for my children now. The thing is, they prefer pizza.

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