



**Monday 10th September 2018**

Dear Customer,

It's warmish, drizzly and blustery today, feeling very autumnal. I don't like summer ebbing away like this. But on the upside, we have the autumn harvest. We have fabulous Harlequin squash in the bags this week to boost your immune system with vitamins A, C, B2, B6, K, B3, Omega 3, manganese, folate, magnesium and much more. Here are a couple of tasty recipes you could try:

**Pasta with Squash, Walnuts and Sage**

*about 650g of squash, peeled, deseeded and cut into 2cm cubes  
4 tbsp olive oil  
75g walnuts, roughly chopped  
50g butter or margarine*

*6 cloves garlic, skin on, lightly squashed  
sea salt and freshly ground black pepper  
250g pasta  
15-20 sage leaves, cut into ribbons*

*Heat the oven to 190C/ 375F/ Gas 5. Put the squash in a roasting tin, add the garlic and some salt and pepper, trickle over the oil and toss together. Roast for 45 minutes, stirring once or twice during cooking until the squash is completely soft and starting to caramelise. Add the nuts for the last 10 minutes taking care not to burn them. In the mean-time cook the pasta according to packet instructions and drain. While the pasta is cooking heat the butter or margarine until it is foaming and cook the sage over a low heat for a few minutes then turn off the heat. Toss the sage butter, the hot squash and walnuts into the pasta, adding any juices too as well as the garlic. Season to taste and serve with a grating of cheese if desired.*

**Squash and Raisin Tea Loaf**

*200g light muscovado sugar  
200g finely grated raw squash flesh  
100g raisins  
200g self-raising flour  
1 tsp ground cinnamon*

*4 Hen Nation eggs  
finely grated zest and juice of 1 lemon  
100g ground almonds  
pinch salt  
grating of nutmeg*

*Heat the oven to 170C/ 335F/ Gas 3 and line a 10cm x 20cm loaf tin with baking parchment. Use an electric whisk to beat the sugar and egg yolks for 2-3 minutes until pale and creamy. Lightly stir on the pumpkin, lemon zest and juice, raisins and almonds. Combine the flour, salt and spices and fold them in. Beat the egg whites until the hold soft peaks. Beat a heaped tablespoon of egg white into the batter to loosen it then fold the rest in very gently. Tip into the prepared tin and level the top. Bake for about an hour until a skewer comes out clean. Leave to cool for 10 minutes in the tin then transfer to a wire rack to cool.*

I feel really angry at the moment. I am so distressed by plastic and particularly what we are doing to the oceans. And last night there was a piece on Sky News about over-fishing and the technology they are using to catch tuna. The shoals could be seen on a computer screen on giant fishing vessels, and using their mouse, they would draw a net around the shoal and lift the whole lot out, just emptying the seas. The fish have not a hope in hell versus the technology. It was revolting. There was a figure of 150,000 tons. I thought maybe it's time to join a political party and took another look at the Greens. I just wish they would stick to the environment and green issues and not take views on all the other stuff, they're not going to form a government. It's the same with the other parties, agreeing with some things, disagreeing with most of it. There is no party for me. I imagine I am not alone.

But back to 'green' issues, we can roar and be upset and enraged as much as we want online, and we are roaring, but it is a parallel world disconnected from where policy is made. I'm not sure how we save the planet. It's like animal welfare, too low down on the priority list below trade, jobs, education, healthcare. Economics and economic uncertainties, which are a permanent given, will always usurp such trivialities as sustaining life on earth. I deduce we are on the slow road to oblivion. Unless.....

We need that new global rule book and it needs to be tough. Back in the real world there exists the Paris Climate Accord, it's the finished article, but why can't it just be the beginning and encompass everything. Can't someone take charge, some omnipotent being! Mmm.... Macron perhaps. I think I'm going to write him a letter. What's his address, the Elysee Palace isn't it.

"Dear Emmanuel,

I hope you and Brigitte are well and had a good holiday. I do apologise on behalf of the nation that you were intruded upon at your summer retreat by our 'more than a little desperate' Prime Minister. As you know, she's not a very good negotiator, but she can do a heart-melting, nerdy tribal dance which hopefully may help with the trade deal.

But I am writing to you on a very serious matter. The point of 'no return' to save the planet is nearly upon us. Urgent action is needed to curb human behaviour. It needs to be curbed immediately. So with this urgency I am headhunting for this new post, that of President of the World. We are looking for someone with authority, charismatic, from Amiens possibly, who likes older women, and who has a good working relationship with the nations' leaders..... I enclose an application form....."

That should do the trick.

Ernest is back in the frame here in Richmond ( the ex Izzy Lane shepherd ), who told me earlier in the year that he couldn't be friends with me anymore, not while I still had the sheep. He was that sick of them and felt that as long as we were friends he would keep getting drawn back to looking after them. But I have a great guy now called Mick who helps me with them. Begrudgingly I called at Ernest's house a week or so ago. I knew he would be missing me but that there was no way he would call. He is the least proactive person in England. Anyway we are back to trudging on the moors. He is the only person I can go walking with who I don't have to talk to. I have had too many run-ins with farmers and game keepers to feel that comfortable in the wilderness on my own these days.

It's Sunday, a good day for the moors as shooting is theoretically not allowed. We are right in the middle of the grouse shooting season. The poor creatures are getting blasted out of the skies.

In the local paper a gamekeeper has just been prosecuted for shooting dead two protected short-eared owls here in the Yorkshire Dales. He had been filmed doing it by the RSPB. It was the first prosecution for years and all he got was a measly £200 fine per bird. Not much disincentive at all when your chances of getting caught are only a million to one anyway.

Kind wishes,

Isobel