



Monday 4th July 2022

Dear Customer,

Straight in with just a couple of little salad recipes this week:

Sweetheart Cabbage Coleslaw

<i>sweetheart pointed cabbage</i>	<i>2 carrots</i>
<i>1 apple, cored</i>	<i>small handful flat leaf parsley, finely</i>
<i>chopped</i>	
<i>50g pecan nuts, toasted and roughly chopped</i>	<i>45g mayonnaise</i>
<i>30g crème fraiche, or non-dairy alternative</i>	<i>1 tbsp Dijon mustard</i>
<i>1 lemon, zest</i>	<i>2 tsp wine vinegar</i>

Remove and discard the hard core from the cabbage, then finely shred. Use a vegetable peeler to pare the carrots into thin strips, then shred into long thin strips. Very finely cut the apple into matchsticks. Put the remaining ingredients in a large bowl, combine and season. Toss through the cabbage, carrots and apple and serve scattered with more flat parsley.

New Potato Salad with Lemon Dressing

<i>800g new potatoes</i>	<i>sea salt flakes</i>
<i>¼ small onion, very thinly sliced</i>	<i>½ tsp caster sugar</i>
<i>1 lemon</i>	<i>1 tsp white wine vinegar</i>
<i>1 tsp clear honey</i>	<i>1 tbsp capers</i>
<i>20g margarine</i>	

Cook the potatoes in a large pan of salted water until tender. Meanwhile, in a mixing bowl, combine the onion, sugar and ½ tsp salt; let stand for 5 minutes. Cut ½ the lemon into wafer-thin slices. Remove any pips, chop the slices into a pulp then add to the onion, along with the vinegar. Let stand for another 5 minutes before stirring in the honey and capers, plus the juice from the remaining ½ lemon. Once cooked, drain the potatoes, melt the margarine into them then transfer to the mixing bowl. Stir well to coat the potatoes in the lemon dressing.

It's Sunday morning and incredibly humid. Everything has gone weird. It's going to be 41C this week in Cambridge, where we pack. Madrid has just recorded its highest ever temperature of 40.7C. Cambridge could be hotter than it has ever been in Madrid, where famously there are 'nueve meses de invierno y tres de infierno'. Nine months of winter and three of hell. 'Welcome to hell, Britain'. And even here in coldest, wettest North Yorkshire, 39C is forecast, which would break its current record of 36C. Even in the famous summer of '76, it was just 31C. We fly to these temperatures, they don't come here to us. I like things to be normal. This is creepy.

At least we only have a few days of it. I couldn't imagine a forecast with weeks and months of it ahead like in so much of Europe. I used to love the hot sun, the cloudless skies. Increasingly on my holidays I would long for a cloud to come along. I used to tell my friends that one day I would go to live in the South of France. Several of them have but instead of wanting to join them, I feel sorry for them. One friend has gone to the Languedoc Roussillon with all her horses and other animals. I look at the temperatures 37C - 39C day in day out, and 40C sometimes. It must be unbearable. Not to mention the anxiety of fires and flooding, which are becoming ever more severe there. I feel less sorry for my friends on the French Riviera - but even then ! I just took Lainey on the racecourse, a short walk, 23.5C, it was enough, then a dip in the river. I could never inflict life at 39C on her.

I guess this is our little taster of global warming, what we have been warned about for decades, now starting to play out. Man destroying the planet in every possible way - killing it, killing everything on it. Our chickens coming home to roost.

As a child, on the evening school broke up we were off in the caravan down to Dover to get the night ferry and would spend a week wending our way down through France, over the Pyrenees and into Spain. Ending up for a month on some beachside campsite. We loved Denia, a mere fishing village back then, with its long sandy beaches: lizards and one peseta ice lollies. Every day my dad would tell us the temperature and it was always over 100F under the tree. The caravan, a tin box with five of us in it and no awning, it never felt too hot particularly. It must be doable. I've done it before. And yet, something drove me to book a room with air conditioning 10 miles from here to get me out of Tuesday's inferno and with a mental note to perhaps have air conditioning put into one room of the house in case this isn't a one-off. The press has done a good job at scaring us and the images from a Continent on fire doesn't help. My tip: don't use any greasy creams and moisturisers as they will merely trap the heat in your body.

It is now Sunday evening and I have watched the leadership debates. So, either Mordaunt or Truss up against Fishy. It's really grim isn't it. Tugendhat seems like a decent guy ." ready to go into combat with Putin" - thanks for the heads-up Tom, but not sure it's what we all want. Mordaunt terrifies me - this is for PM, not school head prefect. To assuage fears that she isn't of the calibre, she said it won't be her but the team she picks. Truss is just a bitch. And why are they all boasting of their military credentials. They look to Thatcher and Churchill but these are different times. We are a society not a war. The big fear is that whoever is elected, rather than doing what is needed they will be trying to make their mark with their eyes on the next GE. I think there is only one option. The party members will be rubbing their hands with the glee knowing our fate is in their hands. Our whole electoral system stinks.

Kind wishes and have a good week,

Isobel