



**Monday 27<sup>th</sup> February 2023**

Dear Customer,

It's still and dry here with light cloud. Not bad really. Braced for snow though, supposed to be coming overnight.

Here are a couple of tasty recipes you could try this week:

### **Purple Sprouting Broccoli and Potato Frittata**

*225g potatoes, peeled and cubed  
roughly chopped*

*1 tbs olive oil*

*1 tsp oregano*

*1 tsp thyme*

*¼ tsp black pepper*

*eggs*

*milk*

*225g purple sprouting broccoli,*

*1 onion, roughly chopped*

*1 tsp rosemary*

*¾ tsp sea salt*

*8 Hen Nation*

*2 tbs*

*2 or 3 tomatoes, thinly sliced*

*Bring a pan of water to the boil in a medium saucepan. Add the potatoes and cook for 6-7 minutes or just until tender. Add the broccoli and cook for a further 2 minutes. Drain well and set aside. Heat the oil in a large ovenproof non-stick frying pan on a medium heat. Add the onion and cook for 5 minutes or until softened. Stir in the potatoes and broccoli. Reduce the heat to medium-low. Meanwhile, mix the herbs and some seasoning in a medium bowl. Add the eggs and milk and beat with a whisk until well blended. Pour the mixture into a frying pan. Cook without stirring for 5 minutes or until the eggs are just set on the bottom. Arrange the sliced tomatoes on top of the egg mixture. Sprinkle with the cheese and the remaining salt. Finish under the grill for 4-5 minutes until the eggs are set and the cheese is lightly browned.*

### **Golden Beetroot Ragù**

*olive oil, for frying*

*1 carrot, diced*

*2 bay leaves*

*1 tsp dried rosemary*

*grated*

*125ml red wine*

*2 tbs tomato puree*

*60g pine nuts*

*1 large onion, peeled & diced*

*2 garlic cloves, grated*

*1 tsp dried oregano*

*3 medium golden beetroots, peeled &*

*2 x 400g tins of chopped tomatoes*

*1 vegetarian stock cube*

*pasta*

*Heat the oil in a large frying pan. Slowly soften the onion, carrot and garlic on a low heat until soft. Add the bay leaves, oregano and rosemary and stir. Add the grated beetroot and a pinch of salt. Turn the heat up and cook the beetroot for about 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add the wine and allow the alcohol to cook off then add the tomatoes, tomato puree and stock cube. Half fill one of the tomato tins with water and add that too. Turn to a low heat and allow to simmer and reduce for at least 30 minutes. **To make the gremolata**, finely chop the parsley together with the lemon zest and garlic in a pile on a chopping board. Toast the pine nuts in a dry frying pan. Serve the ragù with pasta and garnish with the gremolata and pine nuts.*

No news here. For our Saturday walk I thought dog and me would go and check out Foxglove Covert on the edge of the moors at Catterick - a 100-acre nature reserve set up by the Scots Dragoon Guards when they returned from the first Gulf War. I've driven past the sign many times, which sends you up a road with a security barrier and armed guards, so I'd always drive on by. I knew I had to take photo ID with me. I drove up the road to the barrier and flashed my driving licence at the Royal Lancer. Lainey was sitting on front passenger seat. He that I should have parked the car 'back there', got security clearance, and walked up. He waved me through, I asked him where to go, he said 'left'. I went left, drove past the barracks, past the Military Medical Centre, no

signposts and not a single person anywhere. I carried on and on winding my way round, eventually finding myself on some sort of massive industrial type area with hundreds of warehouse units, in front of which were rows and rows of military vehicles - battle tanks, military ambulances, land rovers, infantry vehicles and other unfathomable huge khaki things - acres and acres of them. I'll try a right, I'll try a left, I'll try this right. There had been one solitary sign, to give way to foot soldiers. I couldn't retrace my steps, I couldn't get out and was going into panic mode. I had to stop. I took a photo of a long line of the combat vehicles and WhatsApped it to my friend. 'I'm completely bleep'ing lost'. Then I realised I was Whatsapping photos from this highly sensitive military compound where I shouldn't be in the first place. Surrounded by 12ft high fences with barbed wire on top, they would surely have CCTV. If I ever get back to the armed entrance they would ask me to hand over my phone. I didn't want to go to the nature reserve anymore I just wanted to get out.

Eventually, I managed to escape - as if it was ever in doubt. They didn't take my phone, and I headed for the peace and tranquillity of Wensleydale instead. It was very interesting though. The military vehicles looked so old.

I stopped in various villages and explored the lanes of pretty cottages with spring beds of wallflowers, polyanthus and daffodils. I followed footpaths that criss-crossed the fields, bought a pot of homemade Victoria plum jam. In my mind thinking how fragile this perfect, timeless piece of England which could be exploded to oblivion in a split second by a nuclear bomb.

I met an elderly man on one of the footpaths with two collies. He kindly let me out of a field by unpicking a Yorkshire farmer's knot on a gate when Lainey couldn't fit through the stile. He looked really sad and told me that the pub had closed and while the villagers had tried to raise the money to buy it, they couldn't. He said there was no community spirit anymore, the village had been taken over by retirees and second-home owners. He left the lane to walk up the drive to his bungalow. His social life probably revolved around going to that pub.

So our grubby government was making policy on WhatsApp, half-cut on a Tuesday evening whilst watching Eastenders. I preferred blissful ignorance. However, finally there is a little hope, not one piece of encouraging news but two. The Northern Ireland protocol ( what a humiliation for Boris who clearly was only capable of creating chaos ), and of course the UN High Seas Treaty. I haven't had a good look at this yet but seems momentous.

I hope you have a good week.....Kind wishes, Isobel