



Monday 17th October 2022

Dear Customer,

I hope this finds you well. It's a blustery weekend, much like life at the moment – wind howling from one direction, then the other. There's a little sun breaking through, all is not lost.

Here are a few tasty recipes you could try this week:

Braised Cabbage and Apple Wedges

1 cabbage, trimmed	2 apples
1 tbsp olive oil, plus extra for drizzling	30g margarine or butter
300ml hot vegetable stock	50g soft fresh breadcrumbs
1 lemon, zest	1 tbsp pine nuts

Preheat the oven to 180°C/ Gas 4. Cut the cabbage into 4 wedges (or 6, if it's large). Cut the apples into quarters, removing the cores. Put a large, wide ovenproof frying pan or casserole dish over a medium heat and add the oil and margarine / butter. Season and fry the cut sides of the cabbage and apple wedges for 8-10 minutes, turning halfway through, until lightly charred. Remove from the heat and arrange the cabbage cut-side up in the pan. Pour in the stock, cover and bake for 20-25 minutes. Meanwhile, in a medium bowl, mix together the breadcrumbs, lemon zest and pine nuts, along with a drizzle of oil. Remove the pan from the oven and increase the temperature to 200°C/ Gas 6. Scatter the breadcrumb mixture over the cabbage wedges and return to the oven, uncovered, for 10 minutes, until the topping is golden and crisp.

Spicy Cabbage and Egg Dish

4 Hen Nation eggs	1 tbsp coconut oil
2 tsp black mustard seeds	1 tsp cumin seeds, crushed
1 tsp ground turmeric	1 onion, finely sliced
8 fresh curry leaves	1 green chilli, finely sliced
120g carrots, coarsely grated	600g cabbage, shredded
1 lime, zest of all, juice of 1/2, 1/2 in wedges	40g Bombay mix, plus extra to serve
500g basmati rice, cooked	

Cook the eggs in boiling water for 7 minutes; transfer to a bowl of cold water. Meanwhile, set a lidded wok over a high heat; add the oil. Once melted, add the mustard seeds. When they start to pop, add the cumin, turmeric, onion, curry leaves and chilli; stir-fry for 2 minutes, until softened. Lower the heat and add the carrot, cabbage and a pinch of salt. Stir well and cook, covered, for 5-8 minutes until tender, stirring occasionally (add a splash of water if needed). Add the lime juice and take off the heat. Peel the cold eggs. Blend the Bombay mix in a high-speed blender into fine crumbs; tip onto a plate. Dip each egg in cold water, then roll in the crumbs until coated. Stir the lime zest into the rice. Serve topped with the cabbage mixture, an egg and lime wedges.

Things are moving at such pace, you can't turn your back for one single minute. I just took the dog out, came home and the Chancellor was gone and the Prime Minister was walking out, disgraced, from her press conference.

Storms brew on social media. Twitter is the new Roman amphitheatre, a gory place where the public gather to demand human sacrifice - and usually with good reason. Kwasi was last week's offering to the Gods. She is chained up in the wings. It's hard not to feel sorry for them but I try not to. This is life in the fast lane. Our tolerance levels are low. 'Bring on another one'. 'No, don't like him. Off with his head'. 'Bring on another one'. 'Dear heavens no. Feed him to the lions'. 'Another one'. Will they leave her there sitting at the table like some rag doll, catatonic, in the throes of cognitive dissonance, to save calls for a general election. Or do the decent thing and put her out of our misery. It's all hell isn't it.

I used to relish my walks, getting into nature, away from it all, empty my head. But now I'm tending to take it all with me. Newsfeeds can send one a bit crazy. On Friday in an attempt to escape I headed just a few miles out of Richmond to Hudswell Moor for a walk. I felt exhausted, dragged myself across the moor. As I arrived back onto the road, camouflaged soldiers with machine guns started emerging from a piece of woodland. I was wearing green combat trousers. There were in front of and behind me. I know the drill, you completely ignore them, they completely ignore you, as if in ghostly parallel worlds. You just keep on walking. But this lot didn't look like our normal troops – they were different ages and heights and there was a woman in plain clothes walking with them. A translator. These were Ukrainians. I felt heartbroken, soon these brave men, from all walks of life would be airlifted away and dropped onto the front.

As I then drove back across the moor another group was coming up the road. It's a quiet, single track road and there was a column either side. Instead of stopping, letting them pass, giving them the victory V sign and shouting 'Slava Ukraini' I carried on driving slowly through them, practically forcing them off the road and running over their feet. I only realised this after I had passed. I was too busy looking at them to concentrate on my driving. I felt mortified. God sometimes.....

It's now Monday morning. Jeremy Hunt is addressing us in half an hour to calm the markets. There are times when I really wish I understood economics better. I think I've just about got my head around bonds and gilts after a concerted effort.

It's doubtful this Prime Minister will last the day. I can't imagine she will still be in post when you receive this.

It's now Monday evening and I'm feeling very, very sorry for Liz Truss.

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