



Monday 1st April 2019

Dear Customer,

With no further delay, here are a few tasty recipes you could try with this week's tasty vegetables:

Spring Minestrone

200g mixed vegetables (podded broad beans, sliced leeks, chopped purple sprouting broccoli)
700ml hot stock
215g tin butter beans, rinsed and drained
140g cooked spaghetti, chopped into small pieces
3 tbsp green pesto

Prepare and chop the vegetables then place in a medium saucepan, then pour over the stock. Bring to the boil then reduce the heat and simmer until the vegetables are cooked through – about 3 minutes. Stir in the cooked spaghetti pieces, butter beans, and 1 tbsp of the pesto. Warm through then ladle into bowls and top each with another drizzle of green pesto.

Purple Sprouting Broccoli Pasta with Peas and Hazelnuts

250g wholewheat pasta
4 cloves garlic, finely chopped
200g purple sprouting broccoli
grated zest of ½ lemon
3 tbsp olive oil
1 small chilli, deseeded and finely chopped
200g frozen garden peas
20g hazelnuts

Cook the pasta in a pan of boiling water for 2 minutes less than the packet instructions. Meanwhile heat the olive oil in a large frying pan over a medium heat. Add the garlic and saute for a minute then add the chilli, broccoli and salt and pepper, cover and cook for 4-5 minutes. Drain the pasta reserving 50ml of the pasta cooking water and add the pasta and water to the pan of broccoli along with the peas. Cook for a further 2-3 minutes then add the lemon zest. Lightly toast the hazelnuts in a separate dry frying pan over a medium heat for a minute or two and scatter them over the pasta at the table.

Purple Sprouting Broccoli with Butter Beans, Pine Nuts, Chilli and Lemon

bag of purple sprouting broccoli
2 tbsp olive oil
2 garlic cloves, peeled and finely chopped
1 lemon, grated zest and juice
100g pine nuts, toasted
small onion, finely chopped
½ red chilli, deseeded and finely chopped
400g cooked butter beans, drained and rinsed

Trim the broccoli and cut into 2cm pieces. Blanch it in a pan of boiling water for 3 minutes. Drain and leave to cool. Toast the pine nuts in a dry frying pan, shaking them to stop them from burning. In a heavy saucepan heat the oil. Add the chopped onion, garlic and chilli and season well. Soften the vegetables gently by adding a little water to create some steam in the pan. When they are soft, add the butter beans, lemon zest and a little lemon juice. Mix well and fry for 3 minutes then add the blanched purple sprouting broccoli, toasted pine nuts, mix well and turn off the heat. Serve with extra lemon juice and a drizzle of olive oil.

I'm sorry. It's just one of those days when I have absolutely nothing to say. I am also very tired, suffering from a sleep deficit, running one hour short each night – it adds up. And just lost another with the clocks going forward. There's always something to be stressed about isn't there if you're so inclined. Parliament is stressing me, of course, but also my living room curtains which I washed last year. They shrunk and are an inch short of the window sills, they are all crumpled, and the lining is now longer than the outer linen. I have a big open plan living room / kitchen and it leads through into a room where I have bookshelves with books and ornaments and photos..... clutter. I can't stand clutter. It's also the only room with wallpaper. Everyone who comes in the house remarks on how they like this wallpaper. I even had a phone call from someone once who saw me on TV waxing lyrical about the British textile industry from this room, and made contact with me just to ask me where I got it from. On this basis I have been trying to keep liking it. Just that I can't decide if I now hate it, and that is perplexing me....stressing me. The combination of a wallpaper pattern with lots of books and ornaments is too much to bear. I can't bear it anymore. I don't like the light wood of the book shelves, or the chairs in there or my old shabby blue sofa. In fact I have called the council to take the sofa away. It is very worn but I am upset as I've had it over 20 years. My parents were still alive when I got that sofa, I lived in London. Anyway, I've got until 6am Tuesday to change my mind otherwise it has to be on the pavement ready. I've already had two big tables and four dining chairs removed this week, and a coffee table. There is just no end to trying to get rid of stuff yet still it makes no impact.

I'm also very stressed as I got rid of all my wardrobes as I couldn't bear them being brown. They were made of wood. I offered them free on a Facebook site. Someone collected them, I told him he needed help, he insisted he could manage them on his own. I told him I couldn't as I still have a bad knee from when the dogs tanked into me. Anyway, he scraped all the paintwork and woodwork down the stairs. So I have been left with piles of clothing everywhere and mounds of shoes and a rail of coats, all with nowhere to go. I decided I would just get a stack of white drawers from IKEA and get rid of anything that wouldn't fit it.

That would be my quota of space for everything. Someone came to put the shelves together for me, he's gone but the drawers are misaligned so I can't use them. I will have to get someone else to come and fix them. Lainey is in season. All the floors and furniture are covered in miscellaneous old sheets and bed throws. The windows need cleaning, there's thick dust everywhere.

How much more of these arrogant buffoons and sanctimonious mavens must we endure. We want to get on with our lives, our businesses, our plans. Yet this is their moment, their place in history to savour. All this talk of 'punishing them in the polls'. How ? We only have a choice of 2. Half of us will punish one, and half will punish the other because there is no other option, and they won't even notice they've been punished. One thing I think we can be sure of, our politics will never be the same again, our future will never again resemble the past. What things will look like heaven knows as we enter our new dawn.

And on that note.... from my domestic hell.... I hope you have a lovely week, Isobel