

# The Delights of picking blackberries

For some reason, there are blackberries in full maturity just asking to be picked whilst others are green and immature. I guess there must be early and late varieties a bit like potatoes. Today is day 2 after the end of the great heatwave. Things are returning to normal (if we can use that word) with some rain showers and floods in the South East of the UK.

My son is with us from Thailand having a three week or so break. We are without a car, still, so we are using his ultra reliable Honda Jazz to go to the allotment, to pick up supplies of food for the terrible times ahead.

We stopped at a bakery right in the middle of nowhere. Funny thing is that if the locals get to know it and word gets around it does not matter if it is along a country lane. We bought a lovely loaf (£3.50 is around right for quality bread) and then noticed that the adjacent hedgerows were stuffed full of blackberries that no one was picking. We quickly collected four jars, and later on made a rhubarb and blackberry crumble.

Word has it that the world will run out of sustainable food. The shops show little sign of this but the prices are going up all the time. I have paid £2.20 for a large container (2l+) of milk. We are doing our squirrel act and hoarding as much as we can.

more to come