

OUR PLACE *News*

The monthly magazine dedicated to help everyone over 50 get the best out of life!

JUNE 2024

Inside this issue...

Salt & vinegar?

The top 20 fish and chip shops in the UK

The life sabbatical:

Is doing absolutely nothing the secret of happiness?

Where the wild things are:

The untapped potential of our gardens, parks and balconies

'All the elements of the classic British seaside holiday':

Three unsung beach towns

PLUS...

What's on • Health & Beauty • Money & Work • Leisure & Travel
Food & Drink • Arts, Crafts & Hobbies • Home & Garden



Letter from the Editor

Welcome to Our Place - The monthly magazine dedicated to help everyone over 50 get the best out of life!

Every month, we bring you news and features on; Health & Beauty, Money & Work, Leisure & Travel, Food & Drink, Arts, Crafts & Hobbies, Home & Garden, plus... our Charity of the Month!

Our Place was founded with a mission to connect the mature online community to a world of news, features, offers and life changing products they may have missed out on. Bring them all into one place, Our Place.

What makes us special is that we are a vibrant team of all ages, from 21 to 65 who are all passionate about living life to the fullest irrespective of age. We have built strong relationships with some of the best UK age related businesses with the aim of brokering discounted rates for our Over-50s community.

Become a Friend of Our Place and receive our exclusive newsletters. They are a great way of keeping updated with the latest news and promotions. We aim to bring a smile to your face every time you open your inbox by selecting exclusive vouchers and discounts just for you.

We welcome you and hope you enjoy Our Place.

The Editor - Our Place

PS. Do you have an interesting story or article? If so, send us an email by visiting: www.ourplace.co

CONTENTS

What's On	3
Health & Lifestyle Feature	
The life sabbatical	4-5
Health & Lifestyle News	6-7
Leisure & Travel Feature	
Three unsung beach towns	8-9
Food & Drink Feature	
The top 20 fish and chip shops in the UK	10-11
Home & Garden Feature	
Where the wild things are	12-17
Our Charity of the Month	18

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Glastonbury Festival 2024

Wednesday 26th - Sunday 30th June

Worthy Farm, Somerset

The full lineup for Glastonbury 2024 has been announced, with new additions to the bill including indie icons James and Nigerian pop sensation Tems.

Squeeze have been announced to kick off the festival at noon on Friday on the Pyramid stage, while the Birmingham Royal Ballet will open the stage on Sunday with their production Interlinked. Femi Kuti, Seasick Steve, Jamie Webster, the Staves, the Skatalites, Jalen Ngonda, the Vaccines, Johnny Flynn, Soft Play, Rachel Chinouriri and the Zutons are some of the other newly added names. Timings and locations for all sets have been published on the Glastonbury website.

While there isn't a big-name secret act like the ChurnUps in 2023 - who turned out to be Foo Fighters - there's a notable "to be announced" act at 6pm on Saturday at the Woodsies stage.

Many of the smaller stages announced their lineups in recent weeks following the initial lineup announcement in March, with eye-catching names including Hollywood actors Russell Crowe (playing the Acoustic stage with a concept called Indoor Garden Party) and Idris Elba (DJing at the Stonebridge Bar on Saturday night).

Tanita Tikaram, Ocean Colour Scene, Judy Collins and Gypsy Kings are among the acts on the Acoustic stage, while Kate Nash, Lulu and New Model Army will take to the Avalon stage, along with Toyah Willcox and Robert Fripp's cult double act. At the politically minded Left Field stage, curated by Billy Bragg, there's music from the likes of Bob Vylan and English Teacher alongside panel debates on subjects including trans liberation, the Post Office scandal and the conflict in Israel and Palestine.

There's typical depth and breadth to the dance music offering, with pop stars Charli XCX and Shygirl each bringing a dancefloor-facing offshoot - Partygirl and Club Shy respectively - to the Levels area, which will also host the likes of Skream & Benga, Casisdead, Wilkinson and Shy FX.

The Arcadia area's usual fire-breathing spider is being replaced with a new concept this year: a creature called the Dragonfly, built from an old Royal Navy helicopter and described as "a giant biomechanical creature (that) will awaken at the heart of an evolved geometric space, exploring ideas around renewal, our relationship with technology and how we adapt to a changing climate. As conflicts flare around the world, the transformational nature of the sculpture is a monument to hope." DJs playing the space include Eric Prydz, Andy C, Fatboy Slim, Amelie Lens, Barry Can't Swim, plus another outing for Shygirl's Club Shy.

Also playing are rising dance duo Joy Anonymous in a back to back set with Salute: one of a number of back-to-backs they are planning. Other starry DJ pairings include Jarvis Cocker and Hot Chip's Alexis Taylor.

The Glade area will host dance A-listers such as Goldie, Faithless and Camelphat, plus another set from Fatboy Slim. Over at the vast Icon installation-cum-outdoor rave, Bicep and Roni Size are among the late-night acts. Rinse FM celebrate their 30th anniversary all Friday at Temple with DJ EZ, Katy B and more, while dance label Defected celebrate their 25th anniversary at Nowhere the same night.

Glastonbury isn't known for heavy metal, but there are a scattering of representatives including reggae crossover act Skindred, and from Indonesia, the young female Muslim trio Voice of Baceprot.

Two new areas open this year, replacing the Rabbit Hole area at the Park stage: the Wishing Well, "a place in which to ignite your deepest desires and unfurl your wildest wishes", and Scissors, an "utterly delicious femme-queer venue".

Those putting in a serious shift include the hyped new indie band Fat Dog, playing four gigs across the weekend, and dance-pop duo Confidence Man, doing four different sets including a three-hour concept called Active Scenes at the Greenpeace stage.

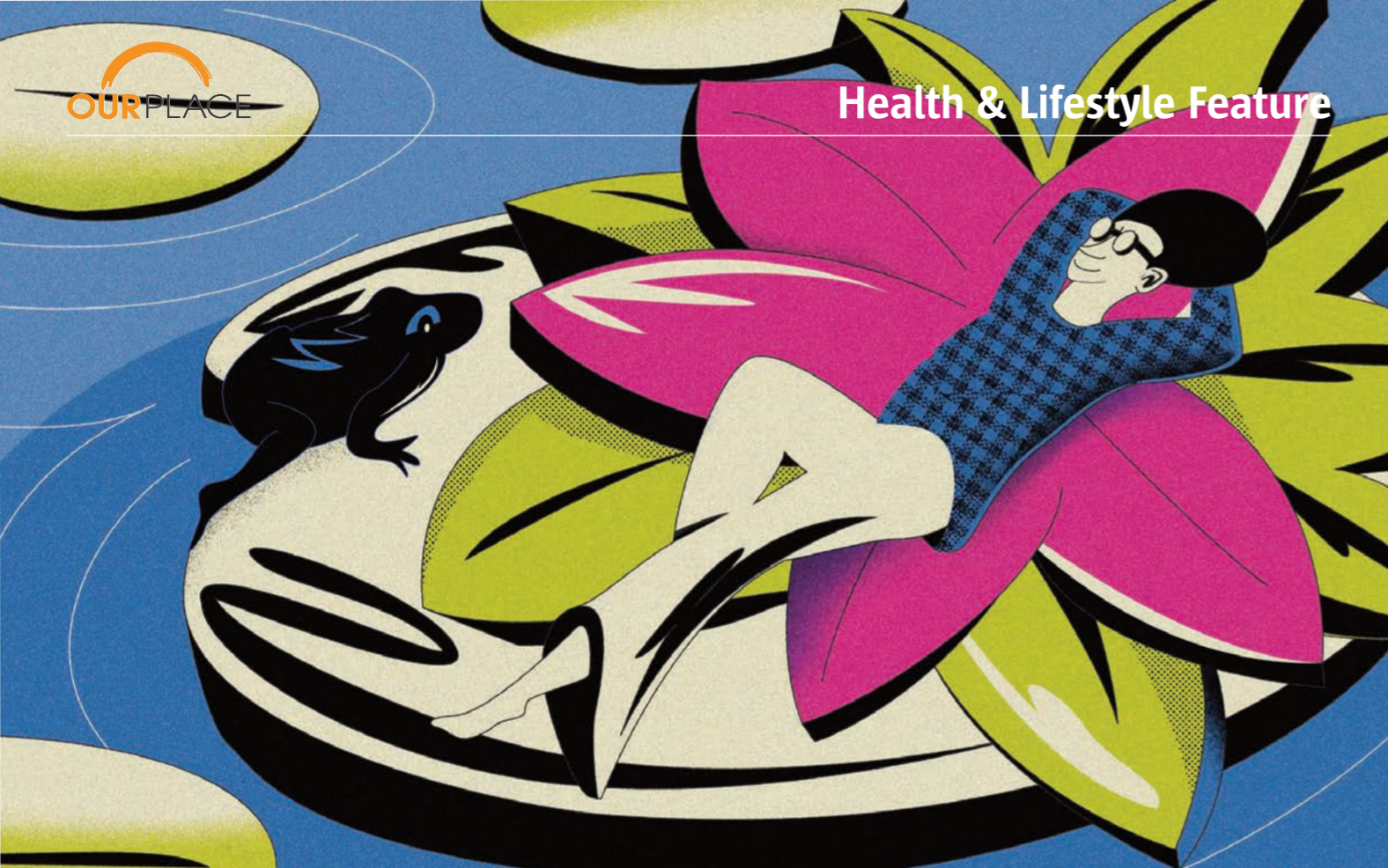
This year's festival is headlined by Dua Lipa, Coldplay and SZA, with major artists in support such as PJ Harvey, Burna Boy and LCD Soundsystem, plus Shania Twain in the Sunday teatime "legend" slot.

Horse Racing: Royal Ascot 2024

From 18th - 22nd June 2024

Ascot, Berkshire

Britain's most popular race meeting attracts the world's finest racehorses, jockeys and trainers for five days of top-class racing. The racing highlights include the Diamond Jubilee Stakes, the Queen Anne Stakes and the Gold Cup. It is Britain's most valuable race meet and prize money for the week totals millions of pounds.



The life sabbatical: Is doing absolutely nothing the secret of happiness?

Few of us have the money to take a long pause from work or caring responsibilities. But, as I found, even a day can make a difference.

You might imagine that escaping from your everyday life would involve relocating to a Hebridean croft or attending a series of rejuvenating retreats. But, according to Emma Gannon's new book project, *A Year of Nothing*, it could be as simple as staying at home. "I did nothing," writes Gannon. "I stopped replying to emails. I used my savings. I slept. I borrowed a friend's dog. I ate bananas in bed. I bought miniature plants. I read magazines. I lay down. I did nothing. It felt totally alien to me."

For Gannon, the sabbatical was enforced after she experienced burnout, caused by chronic exhaustion from occupational stress. "All the while, I was keeping diaries," she says. "Writing down the 'nothingness' of my days. I journalled all the things I noticed, the stuff I usually ignored, the people I met, the kindness of strangers, the magical coincidences - the smallest, tiniest uplifting glimmers." Am I alone in feeling a surge of envy reading Gannon's litany of aimlessness? It's not even as if I'm in need of a break.

Recently I went on a relaxing holiday to Málaga. I admired the Pompidou Centre, stared out to sea at the distant blur of Morocco and guzzled bitter-orange-filled dark chocolate from the supermarket. In other words, bliss. On my return after two weeks, I plunged back into my working life recharged and raring to go. But, inexplicably, days later, I found myself intensely craving more time off, and experiencing a low-level discontentment that only intensified in the following days.

Was I having some kind of existential breakdown? I turned to the psychologist Suzy Reading, author of *Rest to Reset: The Busy Person's Guide to Pausing With Purpose*, for advice. She suggested that, like many people, I probably struggle to identify what kind of rest I need. "For people who do a lot of socialising and interacting with other people for their work, they might find that what they actually need to replenish is silence and solitude."

This definitely struck a chord with me, an extrovert who gets energised from being around others, but I was sceptical that spending time alone could possibly be rejuvenating. "If you are struggling to recharge, a good place to start is by thinking about how you normally use your mind and body. Ask yourself, what kind of environments are you in on a daily basis?" says Reading. She cites the example of a teacher who spends all day guiding and directing others. In that case, taking a break might involve allowing someone else to make decisions, even if it's just where to go for dinner.

"Many people often confuse rest with sitting down quietly. But given that many of us spend our working lives sitting, staring at a screen, for some, a better form of rest might involve listening to music or doing some form of movement. For some people, rest might involve embarking on a creative project, which allows them to express themselves in a new and different way."

Taking a very large chunk of time out, perhaps a year, is obviously not financially viable for most of us. But the good news is, it's not necessary. "The key is to allocate some time out from the hurly burly of life to reclaim some headspace," says Reading. "If we make time to step away from our routines, it gives us a chance to realise what we can't wait to get back to. It can help us to appreciate the things we actually enjoy."

This all sounds great but my Calvinist work ethic is too strong to take more than a day or two off. "Even though my book is called *A Year of Nothing*, you can just do a weekend of nothing," suggests Gannon, although she warns that doing so may provoke pushback. "People are always asking me what I'm up to at the weekend and I regularly say: 'Nothing'. The response is often: 'Surely you have some plans', and I reply: 'Nope, none.'"

Indeed, some people find that taking time out prompts a surge in productivity. Tamu Thomas, the author of *Women Who Work Too Much*, believes that, as a society, we do not value rest. "We need to understand that it is what fuels everything else in our lives. There's an American sports coaching maxim that states: 'The rest is just as important as the race.' It's so true."

A former senior social worker, Thomas was conditioned from a young age by her Sierra Leonean family to value productivity and achievement over relaxation. She began researching the mind-body connection of taking adequate rest after she experienced a severe panic attack before giving evidence on a high-profile case. "I discovered the work of physician and researcher Sandra Dalton Smith. Her Ted Talk explains that we actually need seven different types of rest: physical, mental, emotional, sensory, creative, social and spiritual."

Thomas observes that for many of us, particularly women, emotional rest is often the one that is most overlooked. "For those of us who are conditioned to over-function and who believe that our value comes from caretaking in every sphere of our lives, emotional rest is one of the most necessary types of taking a break. In order to address that, you need to start identifying the people that compromise your emotional wellbeing and then make choices about whether you want to carry on engaging with those people."

It can be helpful to make time away from your responsibilities a regular part of your life, even if that presents logistical challenges. Shirley-Ann O'Neill, an art adviser and director of the Visual Artists Association, organises her life around taking a reset week every seven weeks. "I intentionally leave my diary open without firm plans, allowing for spontaneous moments of rest and rejuvenation. I enjoy a leisurely morning with a cup of tea, going for peaceful walks in nature to clear my mind, engaging in creative pursuits like journaling or painting, and having impromptu outings to explore new places or try new cuisines. I'm a busy mum of three so this really helps to rest me. At first I felt guilty; now it's an absolute must."

Sometimes it takes a traumatic life event for someone to realise that they need to step back and reprioritise. When she lost her mother, and then a close friend, health mentor Sophia Husbands decided to make 2023 a reset year. "Circumstances meant it wasn't appropriate to go jetting off somewhere," she says. So she took radical steps at home. She used her savings and scaled back her freelance work to allow herself to re-evaluate her life. She reviewed her core values (a coaching exercise favoured by personal development authors such as Brené Brown) and conducted a relationship audit. "I looked at all the people in my life and asked myself whether they were making me feel neutral, depressed or uplifted. I analysed both old and present relationships and determined who was not making me feel good. I decided to cull people who were not serving my best interests, and felt much better." I decide to try a reset of my own, and plan a mini sabbatical one Sunday. Unfortunately, I soon realise that unless I impose a structure of aimlessness from the start, I'm liable to just loll around doomscrolling. I go back to Gannon, who suggests: "Look at your diary and ask yourself, what can you get out of doing? Find things to cancel. You might be surprised because a lot of the stuff we feel obliged to do, we don't really need to do at all."

I find this surprisingly difficult. I don't like letting people down but I press ahead anyway, although I do justify it because it's for an article. "Sorry, I can't make it, I've got to work," I tell a family member, and then a good friend I was looking forward to seeing. I go for an aimless walk to a park that I rarely visit. It's a dreich day yet it is surprisingly beautiful. I sit on a bench and watch the world go by, then head home and wonder how on earth I am going to spend the evening. I do more ironing than I have done for the rest of this year put together, then I go through the laborious process of repotting a snake plant. How can it only be 7pm?

In truth, I go to bed early with the sense that this has all been a massive time-wasting exercise and feeling pretty grumpy. Next morning, though, it's a different story. For once, I've slept soundly all night and have had an unusually vivid dream that has provided the answer to a problem I've been grappling with for some time. That morning, I have an idea for a new project. As I go about my day in an uncharacteristically cheerful mood, I realise something I'm sure wise sages have always known: doing nothing much can be surprisingly productive.

A Year of Nothing, a two-book special by Emma Gannon is out on limited release until 4 June through the Pound Project.

(Article source: *The Guardian*)

As British tourists warned about ‘monster ticks’ at holiday hotspots, what you need to look out for

A dangerous tick bite will often go unrecognised as most people won't even feel it.



Silver Surfers reports that British people have been warned about “monster ticks” that have spread across Europe.

Hyalomma lusitanicum, the blood-sucking large ticks from Africa and Southeast Asia, are being carried by wild animals, including rabbits, and can cause dangerous diseases.

They are now particularly rife across Spain, the Balearic Islands, southern Italy and Turkey, according to The Express. A European Centre for Disease Prevention and Control report found that before 2005, the number of Hyalomma ticks was no more than 5% of the total.

Navin Khosla, a pharmacist at NowPatient, said: “As the summer season approaches, thousands of Brits will be jetting off around the world to enjoy a well-earned break and more importantly, a dose of sunshine. “But despite all of the benefits travelling abroad brings, there are some downsides, especially when it comes to your health. “When travelling to different countries, we all need to be more aware of insects and diseases that can pose a risk to our health, such as ticks - a small spider-like creature which is often found in grassy and wooded areas.”

So how can holidaymakers spot ticks, understand the symptoms, and prevent getting bitten? Health experts share everything you need to know.

What are ticks?

According to Carolina Goncalves, superintendent pharmacist at Pharmica, ticks are small, blood-sucking arachnids closely related to spiders, mites and scorpions.

“They are external parasites that feed on the blood of mammals, birds and sometimes reptiles and amphibians. There are several species of ticks, although the ones that most often bite humans are the black-legged tick, the lone star tick, and the American dog tick,” she said.

“Once a tick finds a suitable host, it attaches itself by cutting into the skin with its mouth parts. It then inserts a feeding tube, often with barbs to anchor itself firmly. “Ticks secrete saliva that contains anaesthetic properties, making their bites painless. They can feed for several days, swelling as they ingest blood, which temporarily increases their size, making them slightly easier to spot.”

How can you spot tick bites?

A tick bite will more often than not go unrecognised, as for most people, you won't feel one.

“With this in mind, it's important to regularly check your skin and items of clothing for ticks. If you do notice an oval-shaped rash on your skin, this could be a sign of Lyme disease. It's important to know that the rash can appear up to three months after the bite, though the rash will usually appear within one to four weeks,” said Khosla. Goncalves agreed and added: “Adult ticks are approximately 3 to 5mm in length, depending on their age, sex and species, making them difficult to spot.

“They often thrive in humid and wooded areas, grasslands, and areas with thick vegetation. They are commonly found in forests, brushy fields, and along animal trails. Ticks cannot fly or jump. Instead, they climb onto grass blades or leaves and wait for a host to brush past, a behaviour known as ‘questing’. They sense hosts through body heat, moisture and vibrations. “One way to notice ticks is to wear lighter-coloured clothing so they are easier to spot and brush off.”

What are the symptoms?

As well as a rash, other common symptoms include a headache, muscle and joint pain, a high temperature and fatigue.

“If you notice yourself starting to experience any of these symptoms, it's worth speaking to your GP,” said Khosla. “Lyme disease can be hard to diagnose, so your GP will need to send you for blood tests and if it is confirmed that you have the infection, you will more than likely be prescribed a course of antibiotics.”

Signs of infection could also include redness, swelling or a rash around the bite site, Goncalves said.

“Flu-like symptoms may also occur, such as fever, chills, headache, fatigue, muscle and joint aches or swollen lymph nodes. If you experience any of these symptoms, make sure to visit a doctor at your earliest opportunity, who will likely prescribe antibiotics such as doxycycline or amoxicillin to treat any potential tick-borne infections.”

How to recover if you have been bitten?

When bitten by a tick, it is important to remove the tick immediately. “Given their small size, tweezers are often used for this purpose. After removing the tick, disinfect the bite area and your hands with rubbing alcohol, an iodine scrub, or, if those are unavailable, soap and water,” said Goncalves.

Khosla also believes it's important to take care and not squeeze or crush the tick: “Slowly start to pull upwards and dispose of the tick once it has been removed from the skin. Finally, clean the infected area with an antiseptic or soap and water,” he said.

Is there a way to protect yourself from ticks?

There are several ways to protect yourself from tick bites and avoid the need for medical intervention.

“Firstly, consider clothing choices that can protect against ticks, such as long-sleeved shirts and long trousers. It can also help to tuck your trousers into your socks, as this creates a barrier that prevents ticks from reaching your skin,” said Goncalves. “Ticks typically climb upwards from ground-level vegetation, so by tucking your trousers into your socks, you reduce the chances of ticks accessing exposed skin.

“For added protection, consider using a tick repellent containing chemicals such as N-Diethyl-meta-toluamide (DEET) and picaridin. “DEET disrupts certain neurons and receptors in the antennae of ticks, preventing them from biting the skin. Picaridin, on the other hand, is thought to block the smell and taste receptors of ticks, making it difficult for them to detect human odours and therefore reducing the probability of ticks attaching to the skin and leaving bites.”

(Article source: Silver Surfers)

UK's most iconic landmarks lit up in glowing orange to raise awareness for rare genetic condition

The move marked the end of Prader-Willi Awareness month

The Sun reports that Some of the UK's most iconic landmarks were glowing orange in May - to raise awareness for a rare genetic condition, Prader-Willi Syndrome (PWS).

Battersea Power Station in London, Cardiff Castle, Newcastle's Millenium Bridge and York City Walls were among the buildings to glow brightly.

The illusion lasted between 8.30pm until sunrise, across 38 different landmarks, symbolising the end of Prader-Willi Awareness month in May.

‘Move It May’, a month-long awareness campaign has seen people from all walks of life, including those with PWS, challenging themselves to cover a set distance through exercise, whether it be swimming, cycling, running, pushing a wheelchair or any other form of movement.



Nigel Birrell, CEO of Lottoland, the company behind the activation, said: “The Prader-Willi Syndrome Association is a charity very close to my heart and I've long been a supporter of the amazing work that they do.

“It's been so fantastic to see this many buildings around the country lighting up to raise awareness for PWS, we're really overwhelmed with the response. “And on top of that, to have so many people coming together to move, walk, swim and even dance their way to over 2,700km is a huge achievement for the community, one they should be incredibly proud of.”

This year's Move it May challenge serves as a reminder that movement and exercise are vital to those affected by PWS, but also hugely beneficial to the nation at large.

This year, in celebration of the UK lighting up for Prader-Willi, the entire Move it May community has covered the number of steps it would take to walk between each orange landmark - over 3.6million steps, from Dundee to Bournemouth via Belfast.

Prader-Willi Syndrome affects approximately 2,000 people in the UK and is a rare complex genetic disorder that impacts both males and females from birth and throughout their lives. It causes an overwhelming and uncontrollable drive to eat that can be life-limiting, as well as learning and physical disabilities.

The ‘Glow Orange’ campaign was organised by Lottoland in support of its charity partner, PWSA UK and the Foundation for Prader-Willi Research UK.

In celebration, throughout June the company will be matching all donations made via its PWSA charity scratchcard, which launched earlier this year to help raise funds and awareness for the cause. Jackie Lodge of PWSA UK and Catherine Shaw of FPWR UK issued a joint statement on the day, saying: “This is a huge step for our PWS community.

“Our respective charities have, for the first time, come together for PWS awareness month and thanks to Lottoland we have been able to make this even more special with the Glow Orange campaign. “It is vitally important to raise awareness and funds to help our PWS community.”

(Article source: the Sun)



‘All the elements of the classic British seaside holiday’: Three unsung beach towns

Travel writers take a salty, summer saunter through old-fashioned seaside towns that have ‘not yet been Airbnb-brushed out of existence’.

Weymouth, Dorset

Photographer Martin Parr’s 1999 film *Think of England* captures the nostalgic appeal of Weymouth: roast dinners at seafront B&Bs, pensioners with cones of Mr Whippy, the carousel whirling to the familiar tune of the funfair organ. “It’s not a resort that needs a lot of razzmatazz,” says the man sitting in front of a “Sorry, No Vacancies” sign.

Since then Weymouth has hardly splashed into the 21st century. Behind the esplanade its pedestrianised shopping streets are flagged with To Let signs. And while its wide, sheltered beach is consistently voted among the nation’s favourites, the town itself is often overlooked in favour of its trendier seaside neighbours, from foodie Lyme Regis to on-the-up Bournemouth.

Still, Weymouth has all the elements of a classic British seaside holiday: donkey rides, Punch and Judy shows, sticks of rock. And the harbour, with its pretty tutti-frutti-coloured houses, is home to one of the best seafood restaurants in the country. Catch (four-course lunch from £40) opened in 2021 in the old fish market on the quay. Co-owner and chef Mike Naidoo started his career in a local chippie (and worked more recently in revered chef Jason Atherton’s kitchens). Here, he focuses on sustainably caught fish, usually from small day boats bobbing just outside.

In front of the restaurant is a fishmonger (Weyfish) and a takeaway (Hatch) for crab sandwiches. For ice-cream, deliciously retro Rossi’s Ices on the Esplanade is the classic, opened in 1937 by Fioravanti Figliolini: it makes only two or three flavours a day, to a secret family recipe.

The beach is beautiful, but offshore is just as big an attraction: Weymouth Bay has some of the best sailing waters in northern Europe and hosted the sailing events at the 2012 London Olympics and Paralympics. There’s no need for a boat licence to get out there: the Official Test Centre, next to the National Sailing Academy at the northern edge of the Isle of Portland, offers sports from wing foiling to paddleboarding overlooking the bay.

Where to stay: Gloucester House (doubles from £159 B&B), a grand Georgian townhouse on the seafront, has 10 smartly decorated rooms, some with sea views and balconies.

Tynemouth, Tyne and Wear

In the final decades of the last century Tynemouth appeared rather staid next to other north-east seaside resorts. While hen and stag parties and booze cruise Norwegians descended noisily on Whitley Bay and South Shields, Tynemouth (pronounced to rhyme with “south”) looked primly on, emitting - or so it seemed - a scent of mothballs, mildew and sweet sherry.

Though it has loosened up a fair bit since then and now embraces surfers, coffee-roasters, street food pop-ups, chocolatiers and micro pubs, the town still exudes a gracious charm. The sweeping Victorian crescent and Grand Hotel hint at a past of one-piece cozzies, parasols and thés dansants (tea dances); the abandoned 1920s saltwater lido (hopefully soon to be restored) and angular art deco frontage of the Tynemouth Park Hotel suggest fast cars and Bright Young Things. Visitors can take a - generally bracing - stroll out on the 900-metre pier that guards the northern mouth of the Tyne and stand so close to the slab-sided ships that pass through they could almost touch them.



Tynemouth shares the sweeping, golden Long Sands beach with Cullercoats, but has the perfection of King Edward’s Bay all to itself. Sheltered on three sides by cliffs, it is overlooked by the ruins of a Norman priory and the 16th-century fortifications of the Spanish Battery (the artillerymen were imported from the Iberian peninsula by Henry VIII, to protect his fleet - perhaps he didn’t trust the truculent Northumbrians). Reached by steep stairs, it’s the sort of perfect cove you can imagine the Famous Five picnicking in while investigating smugglers.

The little bay is the home of the now-celebrated Riley’s Fish Shack, which also owns Toast, a bar and bakery among the boutiques and bars of Front Street.

Toast serves the sort of croque madame (a croque monsieur with an egg on top) that would get a thumbs up from even the most pernicky Parisian, with ale from one of Tyneside’s best breweries, Two by Two, to wash it down. On Saturdays and Sundays, a market spills out from the restored Victorian station, with stalls selling old postcards, vinyl, plants and relics from baby boomer childhoods. Coffee and pastries bought here can be eaten gazing out across the river to the sands of South Shields, beneath the statue of local lad Cuthbert Collingwood, a vice-admiral who partnered Lord Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar.

Where to stay: Number 61 Guest House is a seven-room B&B in an elegant Georgian townhouse on Front Street, with doubles from £95 B&B.

Cromer, Norfolk (pictured top left)

The north Norfolk coast laps up most attention for visitors seeking the seaside. But east, beyond Holkham, Wells, Cley and Sheringham, is Cromer, prettily perched on cliffs as the coast curves to the south. The fishing village became a fashionable seaside town in late Victorian times when the railway arrived but despite the perennially tasty Cromer crabs, the town’s fortunes waned in the latter half of the last century. Norfolk moves at its own pace (“slow you down” say road signs in these parts) and gentrification has reached the town relatively late. While newcomers renovate its elegant Victorian buildings, Cromer has not been Airbnb-brushed out of existence.

The town proudly holds on to the old-fashioned attractions that make it special: its fishing boats pulled on to the beach by rusty old tractors; its bespoke end-of-pier show (“where the West End comes to the seaside”); some raucous pubs as well as fancier food-oriented joints; and its affordable fish-and-chip shops and ice-creams.

One of the town’s chief advantages is that it can be reached by rail. It also has clean bathing waters and the best surf in Norfolk. There’s even the potential to explore the rich sea life of the chalk reef, which may be the largest such feature in Europe and is the source of great marine riches including its crabs (which are admittedly sadly diminished in size) and starts just 200 metres from the shore.

On the seafront, North Sea Coffee is a hip hangout, and runs North Sea Nights, where East Promenade is transformed into a late-night music venue once a month in summer. Norfolk tapas are served in large tipis at Sundown at The Grove.

My favourite Cromer day is to take the clifftop walk past the working lighthouse to Overstrand and return for fish and chips at Mary Jane’s or No. 1 Cromer, then a beer in the cosy Red Lion.

Where to stay: The Cliftonville (doubles from £89 room-only) is a traditional clifftop hotel in a grand building which has recently been given a makeover. All rooms have sea views.

(Article source: *The Guardian*)



Salt & vinegar? The top 20 fish and chip shops in the UK

Fish and chips fans are spoiled for choice in the UK, as we have a whopping 10,500 'chippies' scattered across the country. Here are 20 of the best!

Marlboro

Local mackerel in a bap or tempura is the draw at this third-generation family restaurant, perhaps with a pea fritter, or chips, cheese and curry sauce, and steamed pudding to finish.
46 St Thomas Street, Weymouth DT4 8AW

Middle Street Fish Bar

It is open Wed-Sat, for three hours and takes cash only, but locals swear it serves the best fish and chips on the Kent coast.
78 Middle Street, Deal CT14 6HL

Downstairs at No 1

Take your fish, chips and burgers to go and eat them on the pier, or head Upstairs for popcorn cockles, mackerel, scotch eggs and prawn curry. **1 New Street, Cromer NR27 9HP**

Lighthouse Fisheries of Flamborough

Award-winning because they do things properly: fish is sustainably sourced; chips triple cooked; crab cakes are locally renowned; and there are nods to modish tastes with poutine, too.
High Street, Flamborough YO15 1JX

Shakey Shakey Fish Bar

As well as all the traditional favourites, it's one of the first chippies in the UK to offer a full vegan and gluten-free menu. (In London, Sutton & Son offers vegan fish made from marinated banana blossom.) **75 High Street, Ramsgate CT11 9RJ**

Colmans Fish and Chips

Award-winning family business, going strong since 1905. There's a meal deal for seniors; fish can be poached; and there's Pol Roger to drink, if you're feeling fancy. **176-186 Ocean Road, South Shields NE33 2JQ**

Anstruther Fish Bar (pictured left)

From sustainable fish to free-range eggs and Scottish wine, local and responsible is the name of the game. The Scottish lemon sole and locally landed prawns come battered or crumbed; ice-cream is made in-house; and all meals eaten in come with bread and butter and a hot drink. Classic.
42-44 Shore Street, Anstruther KY10 3AQ

Fish Central

There are more options than fish battered or in matzo meal, but they'd be the wrong choices. At lunch, expect black-cab drivers, pensioners and Friday office friends; on weekends, the vibe is lights off, saucepans banging, staff singing happy birthday to locals. **149-155 Central Street, King Square, London EC1V 8AP**

Chips @ No 8

Until recently, this well-regarded shop was a corner site, known for a giant mural of Mark E Smith, and frying in dripping (veg oil on request). Now, they've reopened next door in order to serve more people more efficiently, though the name's the same.
6 Clifton Road, Prestwich M25 3HQ

Magpie Café

Are these the most famous F&C in the UK? Residents of Whitby and visitors are spoiled for choice with Trenchers and Hadleys also both frequently praised. **14 Pier Road, Whitby YO21 3PU**



The Cod's Scallops

Bringing the coast to the Midlands. Choose your fish, have it battered, spiced or baked with herbs; or perhaps homemade fish soup. **Nottingham and Birmingham**

Ship Deck

This re-energised small village chippy took home the gong for best takeaway at this year's National Fish and Chip Awards and people travel from Cardiff, thanks to sustainable fish crisp-fried to order. **Newport Road, Trethomas, Caerphilly CF83 8BR**

Cheeky Maharaja

Avesh is a mobile street-food trader selling sustainable fish fried in a spiced batter and his version of cheesy chips - with paneer and a veggie masala gravy. **West Midlands**

Harbour Lights

There's a community focus at this Cornish chippie: local hake is celebrated; MSC-approved choices are marked. If you eat in mains come with unlimited chips; if you eat out, beware the seagulls. **Arwenack Street, Falmouth TR11 3LH**

John Long's

A Belfast tradition for more than 100 years, serving fresh fried fish suppers and homemade pasties (minced vegetables battered, Belfast style, not Cornish) in a traditional booth dining room.
39 Athol Street, Belfast BT12 4GX

Frankie's Fish and Chips

At the UK's most northerly fish and chip shop expect rope-grown mussels various ways, langoustines and scallops, a breakfast menu, haggis puddings, chips with local cheese - and stretching vistas. **Brae, Shetland ZE2 9QJ**

Maggie's Café

Head to the beach, by the black net huts, to a dining room looking out over the boats that only hours before may have unloaded the fish you're about to eat. **8-9 Rock-a-Nore Road, Hastings TN34 3DW**

The Carron

The origin story of legends is often hotly debated, but it's thought the Mars bar was first deep-fried on this site in 1992. **1 Allardice Street, Stonehaven AB39 2BN**

Caersws Fish Bar

A favourite of Gareth Ward, who holds two Michelin stars at Ynyshir. The owner is a preserver/forager/experimenter, so as well as the usual suspects, Tim Harrison specials might include a bhaji burger kombucha-tempura cockles, or elderflower fritters. **Station Road, Caersws, Powys SY17 5EQ**

Gower Seafood Hut

A tiny booth with a fabulous changing menu for alfresco dining - try the Cajun prawns and deep-fried anchovies. **Southend Gardens, Promenade Terrace, Mumbles SA3 4DS**

(Article source: *The Guardian*)



Where the wild things are: The untapped potential of our gardens, parks and balconies

Gardens could be part of the solution to the climate and biodiversity crisis. But what are we doing? Disappearing them beneath plastic and paving.

In my 20s I lived in Manchester, on the sixth floor of a block of council flats just off the A57, or Mancunian (Mancy) Way. A short walk from Manchester Piccadilly station and the city centre, it was grey, noisy and built up.

I loved every piece of it - my first stab at adulthood, at living on my own. I painted my bedroom silver and slept on a mattress on the floor, and I grew sweetcorn, tomatoes and courgettes in pots on the balcony. (I was 24 - of course I grew sweetcorn on the balcony.)

I worked and played in the bars and clubs of Manchester's gay village, and I would walk home in the early hours, keys poking through my clenched fist to protect me from would-be attackers, and I would see hedgehogs.

It never occurred to me that the hedgehogs might be in trouble, that they might not have the best time foraging beneath the ring road, beneath the noise and stench of the city.

It occurred to me only that their presence was magical, and that seeing them on the grassy wastelands around my council estate, as I stumbled home from parties and nightclubs, was everything I loved about being alive.

Their home and mine was urban and gritty, but there were trees, areas of long grass, council houses with messy gardens. There was a little park with cherry trees.

Not much, but enough. The area was unloved, had an air of urban neglect, but I soon learned that it was a ripe habitat for hedgehogs, along with the birds, bees and butterflies that would visit my balcony, too.

Years later I was living in Brighton and took a trip to Manchester for work. In the morning, before my train left to take me back down south, I went for a walk, to the gay village, to the bars and the clubs, and finally to the estate where I used to live.

The flats had a makeover - the balconies were now sealed with airtight windows that presumably made the flats warmer and more soundproof, but which further separated the residents from the natural world.

The gardens of the houses had been paved over and there seemed to be more space for parking. It wasn't just the people who would be suffering from the loss of green space; I wondered how the hedgehogs were getting on.

I posted about my trip on Twitter. An old mate, Choel, who lived two floors beneath me in the flats and still lives locally now, got in touch to say the hedgehogs were gone.

The council had signed a private finance initiative (PFI) with a company to manage the area. They felled trees, paved over gardens and bulldozed the small park with the cherry trees.

They built the residents an allotment, but erected a huge fence around it, meaning hedgehogs couldn't get in or out. She sent me photos of entire gardens in skips, of upended trees in full blossom with bird feeders still hanging from their branches.

She told me she had found 10 dead hedgehogs, and others out in the day and underweight. Eventually, she started rehoming them, going out at night and rounding them up to take to a rescue centre, where they were fed and watered before being released somewhere they actually had a chance of living.

She regrets leaving it so long before she acted; she wishes she could have saved the ones that died. But she did save seven. I'm grateful she noticed them at all.

We cry habitat loss, but it's theft, really - no one is so careless as to lose their home. We call it progress, but how dare we?

How many people, throughout the planning process, will have thought of or cared about hedgehogs? Or considered any of the other residents, both human and wild?

The management company would have conducted an ecology survey, no doubt. But, as is often the case, it was probably done in winter, when the hedgehogs were hibernating.

Did any residents other than Choel and me know there were hedgehogs on that estate? Did anyone care? The council paved over the gardens to save money on maintenance.

The trees and park were lost because the car parks that replaced them can be a source of income. The residents placed there by the council would not necessarily have known or thought about those habitats, making them so much easier to destroy.

Manchester city council is not alone in its apparently wanton destruction of green spaces. In 2014, a now infamous deal to remove nearly half of Sheffield's 36,000 trees led to public outcry and a huge campaign to save them (they saved some, and their efforts led to the formation of a city-wide tree protection group that recently earned Sheffield Tree City of the World status).

In 2023, Plymouth council ordered 110 mature trees to be felled in the middle of the night. The ill-fated HS2 project is still bulldozing through ancient woodland (again, in the name of progress).

Then there's the London Resort theme park that was nearly built on Swanscombe peninsula, an area of nationally important grasslands, coastal habitats, scrub and wetlands that not only buffers the coast from erosion but also stores carbon while providing homes for countless rare and threatened species.



Thanks to a massive campaign, London Resort withdrew its application, but the threat of losing the land still looms large.

There are many more micro-aggressions and micro-destructions that go under the radar, including those, of course, in our gardens. There are around 30m gardens in the UK, but the trend to lock them beneath paving and plastic grass is growing.

Back in 2011, Greenspace Information for Greater London (GiGL) published a study of the changes it had observed in London's "garden vegetation structure" between 1998 and 2008.

It used drones to look at tree canopies and vegetation, and noted the colour of the ground - green for grass and grey for paving.

It concluded that hard surfaces had increased by 26% over the decade, equivalent to the loss of two Hyde Parks every year.

As a young journalist, I attended the press conference, and put up my hand and asked, "If you measured the colour of gardens from green to grey, how did you account for the replacement of living lawns with plastic grass?"

Continued on pages 14-15...



GiGL wouldn't answer my question and, after some hesitation, muttered that, perhaps, the loss of green space was more than it had been able to quantify in this particular assessment.

Plastic grass was only in its infancy in 2011, having started to be used in gardens in the 1990s – there probably wasn't much laid in London between 1998 and 2008.

But now? A study by Aviva in 2022 found that, nationally, one in 10 homeowners with outside space has replaced at least some of their garden's natural lawn with plastic grass.

That means, of the 30m gardens in the UK, 3m have been lost beneath plastic. Where does that leave hedgehogs?

In Manchester city centre, my old mate Choel witnessed the local extinction of a community that, 20 years previously, had made me feel alive.

But everywhere we are all chipping away at life itself: housing estate by housing estate, garden by garden, paving stone by paving stone, roll of plastic grass by roll of plastic grass.

And there's more now, isn't there? The climate crisis has finally taken centre stage, as raw and destructive as a skip full of blossoming cherry trees.

As if hedgehogs haven't enough to deal with, they're now dying of heat and thirst.

Habitat loss is something I know and have grown up with. I have seen it and mourned it from a very young age - the old gothic houses we used to drive past that had been abandoned and gone wild, before a developer bought them and turned them into flats; the horse paddock at the end of our road that remained for so long while the town grew around it, until it too was lost to a strip of new-build homes.

Habitat loss has remained the same the whole time I've known it. There's just less habitat to lose, now. (Did anyone think to plan for it to stop?)

But climate change threatens to take everything away from us, not least a stable climate in which we can grow food according to predictable weather patterns.

It's already hitting the global south: in the Horn of Africa, people are experiencing the longest and most extreme drought on record, causing crops to fail and livestock to die.

In India, rising temperatures and droughts are reducing wheat and rice crops, while scorching conditions are preventing farm workers from being able to work.

Add to that the mayhem caused by fire and floods, in countries where there isn't necessarily the infrastructure to cope with these assaults.

Here, in the global north, we are also suffering droughts, dangerous heatwaves, fire, flooding and crop losses. In the summer of 2022, UK crops of berries, peas, broad beans and salad leaves were frazzled in the heat and sun, while in winter we had a tomato shortage due to "unseasonal" snow and ice in southern Spain and Morocco.

(Yes, I know, Brexit played its part as well.) As climate scientists repeatedly say on Twitter, now X: "You ain't seen nothing yet."

Most people think of the climate crisis as affecting people (and usually other people at that). We rarely see or focus on the ecosystems that are collapsing due to global heating, the animals that live in and are a part of them, their roles in keeping those systems functioning.

On the news we see skinny polar bears clinging to ever-diminishing icebergs, but what do we see of the birds and butterflies moving north to escape the heat?

What of the bees that emerge from hibernation in unseasonably mild weather, only to be frozen to death a week later? What of the hedgehogs that go thirsty, the baby birds that go hungry?

As the planet warms, its life systems shut down, making plant and animal (including human) existence much more difficult. And most of us are just carrying on as if it isn't happening.

Nature has the means - to a degree - to limit the effects of climate change. Intact ecosystems such as forests, grasslands, oceans and peatlands are "carbon sinks" - natural storage systems that remove atmospheric carbon and other greenhouse gases - and are essential if we are to minimise global heating.

But they also help mitigate the effects of climate change: a bed of sea grass or kelp can reduce the velocity of waves hitting shores, and therefore prevent coastal erosion; a river system, complete with beavers, can prevent flooding in towns and cities downstream, while woodlands, peatlands and other systems absorb and hold on to water.

Gardens are human-made habitats, but they mimic the woodland edge, so they also hold on to water, slow down wind, create shade and provide food and homes for wildlife. In cities they can absorb pollution and help reduce urban temperatures.

Crucially, they also link together to form vast corridors that connect other ecosystems (the woodlands, peatlands and other terrestrial systems mentioned above), enabling species to move between them, potentially giving them space to adapt to climate change.

Of course, they also absorb and store carbon - in lawns, in the bark of trees, in the sludge at the bottom of garden ponds, in soil, in leaf litter and compost.

Gardens are, or at least have the potential to be, an enormous but as yet untapped solution to the climate and biodiversity crisis. But what are we doing?

Disappearing them beneath plastic and paving. Beneath weed-suppressant membranes and "decorative" purple slate chips. Beneath cars, beneath gravel, beneath entire new homes. Beneath large stones and driftwood to make them look like the beach (my absolute favourite).

Climate change has happened several times in Earth's 4.6bn-year history, but it happened slowly, over thousands of years, partly because ecosystems were initially able to take the hit.

What we're facing now is the rising of temperatures alongside the chipping away of the very systems that can lessen or even slow its impact.

At the exact time we should be halting habitat loss and facilitating landscape recovery (rewilding) for the good of all life on Earth, we are still taking more than we are giving back - it seems we can't stop ourselves. Temperatures are rising and the clock is ticking.

What if the solution to these problems lies, in part, in our gardens and other green spaces? Not that gardening can stop climate change, but what if gardens could connect us with the natural world, make us more aware of the destruction all around us?

What if we rise up, garden by garden, park by park, balcony by balcony and do something - anything - to help a bee or a butterfly or a bird or a hedgehog?



What would our world look like if more of us were tuned into the life systems that support us? Would we stop our pesticide-laden dog from jumping into the river?

Would we switch from eating factory-farmed meat, with its many layers of pollution and trauma, to something kinder and more sustainable?

Could we all collectively tread that little bit lighter, for the good of all things, while still pushing for the radical change that's needed at the top? Would more of us push for that change? I think we would.

Continued on pages 16-17...



So many people tell me they don't bother with their gardens because they are "just full of pigeons and crows", and they will be, if your garden is just decking and plastic.

Bring it to life and see what else turns up. With 30m gardens, 27,000 public parks and countless more allotments and other green spaces, not to mention the millions of balconies, patios and rooftop gardens in the UK, we can bring ourselves back to nature, we can rebuild ourselves.

Formerly predictable weather patterns are going full bucking bronco and disrupting daily life. We can create corridors to enable wildlife to travel north as the world heats.

We can grow plants to provide food, nesting opportunities and places to rest, that offer shade and shelter. Every single plant we grow will help cool our cities, prevent flooding, absorb carbon and root us back into the world we actually live in.

Every insect, bird or mammal we care for will have an extra stab at life, at survival. Every effort we make will help us feel better and more hopeful, more determined to spread the word. Surely it's worth a go?

We are hurtling towards climate and biodiversity collapse at an astonishing and terrifying rate. Most of the time I'm completely overwhelmed.

But I have a little garden. And everything I do and grow in it feels like a big two fingers to the world of greed and destruction, of climate change and biodiversity collapse, of big oil giants, media moguls and ineffectual governments.

Gardening helps me focus on the things I can change, helps me be hopeful about the coming year. It lifts me when nothing else does.

I grew up in the suburbs of Solihull, a metropolitan borough nine miles south of Birmingham. I never really knew wildlife until adulthood. Not "proper" wildlife.

Not the sort of species you see in old Ladybird books, not big birds of prey or badgers or moles or even swallows or house martins (although my granny, who lived in the countryside, would point them out on walks near her house).

I knew blue tits and small tortoiseshell butterflies, frogs, worms and moths' cocoons. I knew conkers and spiders and ants, pigeon feathers, slugs and snails. I didn't really know anything wilder than that.

But I've always craved it. My mum says she always knew I'd end up working with the soil. Gardening was my way to wilder things.

As a child I would lie on my belly and look deep into the thatch of the lawn, at ants crawling among the blades of grass. I would watch blue tits come and go from the nesting box, I would move nearly dried-out worms stuck on the pavement, on to soil (I still do).

I have always been drawn to plants and planting, gardens, the outside. I had my first vegetable patch at the age of 10, a room packed with houseplants at 20, my first allotment at 24. But still there wasn't much wildlife, nothing that I'd really noticed. I guess it took a while for my eyes to open.

They were opened for me. A red-tailed bumblebee made a nest in an old duvet in my ex's back yard, and her neighbours complained to the landlord.

I searched online for how to move it and, with help from the Bumblebee Conservation Trust, managed to transport it - intact - to my former allotment.

With just two stings to the face, I fell in love, and suddenly a world opened up that I had barely known existed. I read bumblebee books, learned how to identify the different species (there are 24 in the UK), learned how they live and breed and hibernate.

I would go out just to look for bumblebees, see if I could find them in early spring or still on the wing in late autumn. I would pick them up and stroke them, move them from pavement to flower. I would follow instructions on how to make a nest in the hope that, one day, a queen would return and make a nest in my garden.

I've rescued and moved more nests since - nests made in walls that were being torn down or in compost bins that were tipped over, or in a bush blocking a doorway or in the ground too near a path.

Some have survived, but most had already succumbed to parasites. I moved on to other species: butterflies, amphibians, birds, flies. I learned as much as I could, bought every book, absorbed every tiny detail of their lives and habits, their needs and their declines.

Most UK species have been in freefall since those days of lying on my belly looking into the thatch. Most have suffered the double whammy of changes in land use (building cities and towns, making farmland more "industrial") and pesticides, including insecticides, herbicides that kill the plants insects feed on, and fungicides that make the insecticides more potent.

I made it my mission to create as many homes for wildlife in my garden as possible, to understand the needs of these species and use my position as a writer for a well-known gardening magazine to tell everyone how to do the same.

I assumed that people, once they knew what was at stake, would want to help wildlife. That they would want to grow flowers for bees and erect boxes for birds.

That it wouldn't be long before we had streets of long grass and bird boxes, nectar-rich flower beds, hedgehog highways and native shrubs and trees.

That there would be more wildlife. Cities of wildlife. That we would have more hedgehogs and more birds, more bees and more butterflies and, hell, more spiders and earwigs and blowflies - why not?

That one day there would be more, not less. Because we knew about the declines and we had the power and knowledge to stop them. Why would we let things get worse? Why would we let species disappear?

In her 1962 book *Silent Spring*, Rachel Carson documented the chipping away of life at the hands of those who used the pesticide DDT, which not only killed insects but was also found to thin the shells of birds' eggs, meaning birds had fewer successful breeding attempts.

She died two years after her book was published and didn't live to see DDT banned across the world (in the US in the 1970s and the UK in the 1980s). Nor did she live to know that it's still used in some parts of the world today and persists in our oceans as a "forever chemical".

Nor did she live to see the continued destruction of the natural world, the habitat loss, the "progress". I'm glad. To think her *Silent Spring* would have been so noisy and raucous to my ears around 60 years later is the cruellest irony. How would she have coped with the silence there is today?

I will never know the abundance of life my parents and grandparents knew, which they probably ignored and took for granted. I wish I could go back to see the abundance of species there was in my childhood because, even though I saw very little, I know now how much more there was 35 years ago.



I fill my garden with plants for wildlife, make spaces for only the wild things. And yet still it's quiet. Still, there are few flies buzzing around my house in summer, there are few butterflies on my buddleia.

There's an eerie quietness that goes with the realisation that you can't hear bees buzzing. Where are they? Why aren't they in my wildlife garden? I'm surrounded by concrete, but some of us are growing flowers. Is it enough? Will there ever be enough?

I garden for the wild things, for my sanity, for the child with her head in the thatch. I want swifts in my nest boxes, butterflies on my buddleia.

I want ants and slow worms and earwigs and caterpillars. I want hedgehogs that are fat on beetles, not cat biscuits. I want a full clutch of tits in their nesting box. I want abundance and noise, and to stop worrying about every last quiet thing. Is that too much to ask?

(Article source: *The Guardian*)

Please help us rescue and care for vulnerable hedgehogs - **Britain's favourite mammal**

A shocking study has revealed that hedgehogs are rapidly vanishing from our countryside, with numbers **HALVED** in the last 20 years.

I am delighted to tell you that Britain's hedgehog has won favourite mammal in a UK poll.

The UK's only spiny mammal won with 35.9% of the 5,000 votes, more than double that of the Red Fox, who came in second place with 15.4%. The Red Squirrel came third with 11.4%, out of a shortlist of 10 charismatic UK mammals.

Unfortunately, hedgehogs are rapidly vanishing from our countryside as numbers have **HALVED** in the last 20 years, a shocking study has revealed.

Henry Johnson, hedgehog officer, People's Trust for Endangered Species (PTES) said:

"We Brits seem to love hedgehogs for a whole range of reasons, including their cute appearance, their role as slug controllers and the way they have colonised our gardens with such aplomb. This is why it is so sad to see them decline, with one in three lost since the millennium."

Threats to hedgehogs come mostly from us. In rural areas, our farmland increasingly lacks the diversity of habitats hedgehogs need and the invertebrates they feed on. In towns and cities green spaces are lost to development, paved over or increasingly fragmented. Hedgehogs are also very prone to road traffic accidents.

This is why we have launched this special Annual Appeal to protect Britain's favourite mammal.

At Hedgehog Rescue Rehabilitation and Care Centre we respond immediately to rescue injured hedgehogs. A vet is called in straight away and the hedgehogs are monitored and cared for. Once fit and well they are released back into the wild.

Hedgehog Rescue is now conducting its Annual Appeal. Only by continuing our huge effort and long-life commitment can we give these wonderful animals a safe, happy and contented life.



We care for many hedgehogs here at our rehabilitation centre. Hedgehogs just like these:

'Julie'



'Julie' (pictured left) came in last Autumn, quite small, out in daylight and had ticks. She stayed a few weeks, put on enough weight, and made a full recovery. She was released back to her own territory by the finder.

Baby Hedgehogs

These 2 hedgehogs came in as very small babies and had stayed with us a few weeks, gaining weight and giving us a chance to sort out their health issues. They had several ticks and needed worming. When they were 100% ready, we released them close to where they were found.



These hedgehogs are some of the lucky ones. Others are less fortunate.

As a friend who knows what a wonder animals can be, I hope you will support our Annual Appeal. Your kind gift will help us rescue and care for many more vulnerable hedgehogs - Britain's favourite mammal.

To donate to Hedgehog Rescue, go to:
<https://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/hedgehogrescue>
or write to: Raisemore, Unit 1, Alton Road Industrial Estate, Ross-on-Wye HR9 5NB



HEDGEHOG RESCUE
REHABILITATION AND CARE CENTRE

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Registered Charity No: SC047720 (Scotland)