

Fuller's Heights Allotment Association

Annual BBQ & Produce Competition



The annual BBQ & Produce Competition

Categories:

Home Grown

By

Lee Phillips

lee.phillips001@gmail.com

A quirky community of allotment holders, wage battle against a wide boy commercial housing developer to protect their (sometimes dubious!) crops from being raised to the ground.

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Entry forms to be received

The onset of the pandemic and the uncertainty of Brexit saw a surge of people turning to allotments to fill their time and ensure they had food to put on the tables. The bonus was making friends and building a sense of community with others you might not ordinarily have given the time of day to. Quirks and all!

Hi. I'm Lorna, and I have the absolute honour and privilege of being the chairperson of Fuller's Heights Allotment Association. 4 years now. Unchallenged. So, I must be doing something right...

Each year we hold a barbeque and produce competition, and believe me, the competition is fierce! Our eldest allotment holder Stan has won more years than I care to mention with his King Edwards... everyone's nervous when he gets them out. At the other end, our youngest holders are a brother and sister who inherited their plot from their Grandad. Stan has taken a bit of a liking to them. They don't grow much, but they visit the allotment most days – in and out of their shed, usually when none of the other holders are around... I guess being in their shed must have a calming effect on them. Perhaps it draws them closer to their Grandad...

We have some interesting characters on the allotment... the ones that most spring to mind are Rod and Lynn. They use their plot for growing flowers – not a vegetable in sight! And, between you and me, well... they tend to visit first thing in the morning, as the sun is breaking through, to do what they call 'schmoogling'. Basically, they get their kit off so that they can feel the gentle breeze that wafts through their bushes... and shrubs.

There's lots of interesting characters that I could introduce you to, But I'm afraid time is of the essence! We have an impending catastrophe on our hands! The council decided they want to sell off our beloved allotment to Dick Henderson. Dick by name, and dick by nature.

He's a well-known property developer round here. And his reputation for playing dirty to get what he wants precedes him. So, I'm sorry, must dash – we've got an emergency meeting in the allotment holders communal shed to work out our strategy to defend what's ours. This is war!!!

See you on the picket line? I'll provide the placards... x



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