

Love in a Cold Climate

I liked Sevvý's photo when I first saw him, so I swiped right. He had brown eyes, kind and caring. We 'dinged' and within a few minutes were messaging each other. Lots of common interests; family, animals, music. He worked for a charity, I admired his values before even meeting him.

The following Saturday afternoon I made my way to Primrose Hill, he was waiting at the entrance as agreed, his dark hair curled over his collar, a full beard completed the look. Sitting on a park bench we chatted for over an hour, then he suggested a coffee at a café he knew nearby. When we arrived he insisted on me finding the seat whilst he ordered. He carried two coffees to the table and balanced a plate on top of each,

"Try these brownies, they're delicious." The coffee and cakes were tasty, but slightly unusual flavours. It turned out it was a vegan café. Sevvý told me he didn't eat meat, fish or dairy, he respected that I did, but then went into the reasons I shouldn't. I took another bite of the brownie and thought what on earth was it made from if there was no butter or eggs in it?

We started seeing each other regularly. Sevvý worked for Greenpeace, sometimes I thought he was the only person saving the planet. I listened carefully to all his persuasive arguments, I gave up eating red meat, then became completely vegetarian. He told me about the methane gas produced by cows, I could counter argue that the lentil diet was having that effect on me! The melting of the ice cap, thinning of the Ozone layer and extreme weather related incidents globally became regular subjects of conversation. I started buying almond milk and plant based spread to go on the organic brown seeded bread.

If I stayed over at Sevvý's flat, a romantic evening would usually include a lecture on landfill. Biodegradable bin bags, rinsing out the plastic for recycling, keeping food waste for compost and which bin does an aerosol can go in? Of course his answer was, we shouldn't be buying any aerosols. I muttered 'You are becoming a bit of an aerosol' or words to that effect.

Sevvý told me he had a work event to attend on my birthday but to book somewhere for dinner in the evening. I managed to get a table at an exclusive vegan restaurant in Notting Hill. As I caught some breakfast TV, I heard something about Climate Activists blocking the motorways by gluing themselves to the tarmac. I shook my head, why would they do that? Looking at the screen, I saw protesters being removed by the police.

I had a pamper day, hairdressers, facial, nail salon (all using eco friendly products) then back home to pop on the little black vegan dress. My phone pinged.

SEVVY

"So sorry darling, will have to miss this evening, I'm stuck on the M25"

I knew he wasn't in a traffic jam, he didn't own a car!