Strawberry bed transformation is

COMPLETE

((successfully?? ... TBD))

FULL!!!

empty!

I suspect most of the growth was from runners, not securely rooted, over the plastic tarp, from a dozen or so crowns planted underneath.

ALL the extra pots used

TUCKING IN

Sill

Our old Jack-o-lanterns got smashed into the new garden bed to kickstart the slow magic of compost.

Also = LEAVE THE LEAVES = if u ... 3 somewhere! Its good for the soil & all kinds of GOOD bugs ♡

Natalie Gottamel
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In between the strawberries I tucked a few dozen garlic cloves (I grew last season) and something new: these lil "potato onions"

SO EXCITED!!!!

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE SEED EXCHANGE



Yellow Potato Onion OGS
(Hill, Mother, Pregnant Onion) *[In 1982 SESE reintroduced an heirloom strain dating prior to 1790.]* Produces onions up to 4 in. in diameter under good conditions, and 3 in. in diameter under average conditions. Flavorful, yet not strong. This has always been a popular variety with our customers. The Yellow Potato onion has good drought resistance, pink root resistance, and is widely adapted for different growing regions, except Florida and southern Texas. Especially valued for the keeping quality of the small and medium-sized bulbs, which keep 8–12 months under good conditions. We've kept small bulbs up to 18 months under ideal conditions. Some old-timers grow this heirloom onion exclusively because it provides all the onions they ever need.
#66601 Starter Package (bulbs, 8 oz, see shipping info below) $15.55

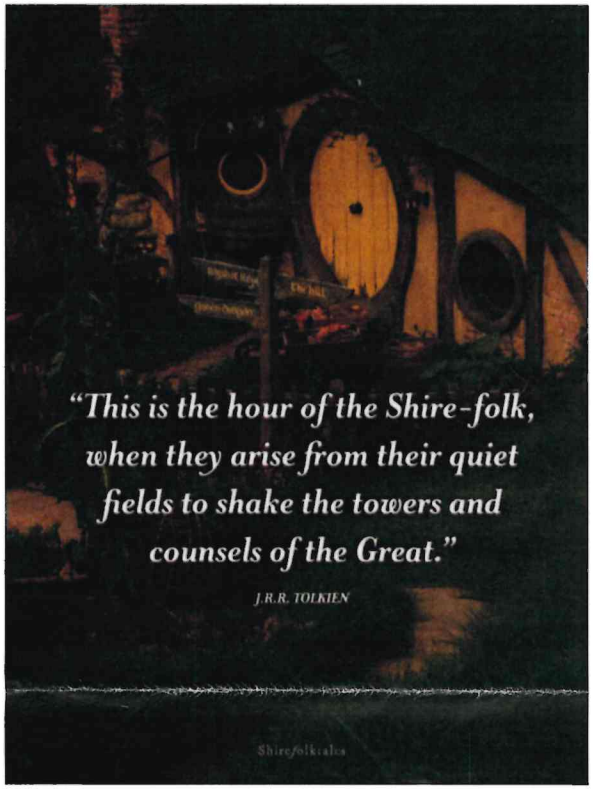
The ((real)) potatoes are still hanging in there. I'm going to keep covering them on chilly nights & hopefully they'll flower? (= baby new potatoes)

COZY VIBES

are indoors too, as I'm learning to cook all kinds of squash & baking bread again ♡

covering up zinnias too, for butterflies floating around

wishful thinking



Angell Deer 6d
Rituals & Rebellion

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The US midterm results came in last night. Something shifted. Not everything. But enough to remember that Empire is not fucking invincible.

The ordinary people rose. The quiet villages. The teachers, the nurses, the farmers, the ones who had been counted out by the towers and the pundits and every smug little man with a podcast who thought he had already won.

Tolkien knew. The Shire rises. The small folk, the gardeners, the ones with mud on their boots and bread in the oven, they are the ones who eventually shake the towers of the Great.

And honestly, is there anything more delicious than watching a billionaire discover that a bunch of unglamorous people with casseroles and clipboards just dismantled his whole plan?

Empire forgets this every single damn time. It builds its cold architecture and trains its loud voices and thinks that is the whole story. Then one morning the villages wake up, look at each other, remember who they are, and the ground itself begins to shift under the shiny shoes.

We are not powerless. We never were. Empire needs us to believe we are, because the moment we remember our own feet, our own hands, our own neighbors, the whole brittle thing starts to crack.

Light a candle today for the quiet ones who rose.

Then go tend your own patch of ground. That is how this gets won. Slowly. Together. From under the hills.

The Hobbits are stirring.

Let the towers tremble.

https://substack.com/@angelldeerwisdom/note/c-378273057