

## Special Feature

# Our Village Green

Milton Village Green is surely one of the most attractive in the Cotswolds; the townspeople's idea of a rural idyll and, for villagers, the perfect amenity, a space for all to share - cricketers, footballers, gossiping teenagers, paddling toddlers, walkers, dogs and children.



George Vth's time the seat was very sensibly cast in concrete and survives unscathed.

But the real fascination of our morning perambulation is the evidence of a secret life on the Green, which goes on after dark. Just look at some of the things we have found: -

### A Dog's Dinner

We walk around the Green at 6:30am every weekday. Every day we pick things up. We pick up our dogs' little leavings, even searching by torchlight on dark winter mornings for the telltale rise of steam. We have, theoretically, invented luminous dog food to help with this task - (any inventors out there to take up the challenge?)

Occasionally we feel compelled to pick up other people's dogs' leavings, though there are very few of these compared with the other things we have found. We pick up plastic bags, cartons, bottles, cans, wrappers, clothes and lots and lots of FOOD.

Why do people round here throw away so much perfectly good food? What a waste and what a temptation for the scavengers, like my greedy, little dog! Scattered chocolates and sharp chicken bones are dangerous things. Thankfully it's rare to see signs of vandals at work, but we were upset to see that someone had stolen the plaque from the Queen's Jubilee seat. *Why?* In

### Rich Pickings

A lemon, an unopened pack of Sainsbury's salmon fillets, an (empty) magnum champagne bottle - (higher class of drop-outs in Milton?)

A large box of Milk Tray, split open with chocolates scattered, the spilt remains of several tubs of ice cream, with teaspoon, a lamb bone from a Sunday roast; (We could have thrown a dinner party with the above if we'd found them all on the same day.)

A court summons (aftermath of the party?) A mobile phone (we managed to restore it to its owner.) One trainer, one wedge-heeled shoe, a cardigan, a jacket; (A stripper at the party?)...

### A secret life?

What *is* happening on Milton Green in the dead of night? Can anyone put all these clues together and write us a whodunit for The Wychwood magazine?

### Heather Shute