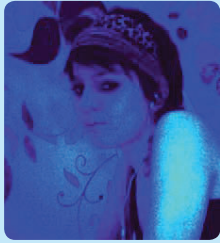


## YOUNG CHELSEA



**Write for us:** Young Chelsea is the creative offspring of Kensington and Chelsea Today and like most progeny it takes a family to mould, form and guide it through the frivolity of youth and into adulthood. This is where you, the wonderful readers and contributors of this section come in. Over the past year we have had a number of you dictate, through your articles, opinion pieces, views, poems or reviews the direction of the much loved section. We want Young Chelsea to grow up into something we are all proud of, so whether you find yourself on holidays from Uni, interning at your first job, trawling the internet for employment or the King's Road in your spring fashions, we are sure you have opinions a plenty. So for a chance to get your articles published then contact me at [ana.sheppard@kensingtonandchelseatoday.co.uk](mailto:ana.sheppard@kensingtonandchelseatoday.co.uk) or if you cannot find the time and energy to conjure up a piece of written work then give us a shout on Twitter @KandCToday or find 'Young Chelsea' on Facebook. Ana Sheppard

### Lucy's Hidden Gems

**B**oujis. Harrods. The Kings Road. Being the home of the "Sloane Ranger", The Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea is famous for a lot of things. But what about the places that don't add to its reputation for expense and snootiness? Behind all the glamour and excess that makes it into the press, there is a whole world of more down-to-earth treasures just waiting to be explored.

#### Teanamu Chaya Teahouse



Occasionally, a milky mug of English breakfast tea and a muffin at teatime just won't quite cut it. Local establishment Teanamu Chaya Teahouse knows exactly how to put the sense of occasion back into afternoon tea. Hosted from a residential house behind Portobello Road, their 40 varieties of Chinese and Japanese teas are presented with ritual and ceremony. Nibbly treats include green tea macaroons and white tea and rose madeleines. It is only open on Saturday and Sunday between 12 and 6pm, so it is worth booking in advance. Teanamu Chaya Teahouse, Coach House, 14a St. Luke's Road, W11 1DP; [www.teanamu.com](http://www.teanamu.com); [pe@teanamu.com](http://pe@teanamu.com)



#### Elfin Oak

Forget the Albert Memorial, the Elfin Oak is the best landmark in Kensington Gardens. Easy to miss besides the rearing Diana Memorial Playground, it is a gnarled oak stump carved with a sprightly clan of elves, fairies and animals going about their magical business. It also has a history that, since its creation in 1930, involves a Lady, Spike Milligan, and Pink Floyd. What's not to love? The Elfin Oak is in Kensington Gardens; [www.royalparcs.org.uk/parks/kensington-gardens](http://www.royalparcs.org.uk/parks/kensington-gardens).

#### Brownie Box

With no frills or fuss, this family bakery produces some of the best brownies around. They are thoroughly homemade and cover the bases from traditional chocolate brownies to more offbeat inventions. The Red Velvet version is particularly delicious. Also offering a range of other baked treats, tea, and coffee, the friendly staff makes this understated café a real gem. 247 Old Brompton Road, SW5 9HP; [www.browniebox.co.uk](http://www.browniebox.co.uk); [brownie@browniebox.co.uk](http://brownie@browniebox.co.uk); 020 7373 9111



#### Acklam Village Market.

Everyone knows about Portobello Market. Not quite so famous is its foodie neighbour, Acklam Village Market. Tucked into an unglamorous pocket under the Westway, the small and select market has world food stalls from exotic places like Venezuela and Portugal. Acklam Village Market runs Saturday 10-5, Sunday 10-4.30; 4-8 Acklam Road, W10 5TY; [www.acklamvillagemarket.com](http://www.acklamvillagemarket.com); [info@acklamvillagemarket.com](mailto:info@acklamvillagemarket.com); 07815 502 164

#### Meanwhile Gardens

Improbably hidden in the backstreets of Golborne is a little nest of tranquillity. A picturesque pathway runs down the side of the Grand Union Canal and, skirting a stretch of it, is Meanwhile Gardens. Originally set up in 1976, it is a community garden complete with a pond and wildlife garden. The peaceful Moroccan Garden, especially, is a real find.

[www.meanwhile-gardens.org.uk](http://www.meanwhile-gardens.org.uk);  
[info@meanwhilegardens.com](mailto:info@meanwhilegardens.com);  
020 8968 2961

#### Caffe Forum

Traditionally decorated with red leather banquettes and wooden tables, Caffe Forum has an atmosphere so comfortable that you could easily while away a morning with a newspaper and a cappuccino. They have a range of freshly made salads, pastas and sandwiches to pick from the counter and the pizzas, ordered by the size, are delicious. 146 Gloucester Road, SW7 4SZ; 020 7373 0090

#### Ciné Lumière

It may not be quite as secret as the Secret Cinema, but it's still pretty hidden. Located in South Kensington's Institut Français, you really have to seek it out. They screen a range of French, European, and World Cinema from classics to new releases. They also run a number of festivals and themed runs, which next month include a Brigitte Bardot retrospective and a series called *Cinema Made in Italy*. Institut Français, 17 Queensberry Place, SW7 2DT; [box.office@institutfrancais.org.uk](mailto:box.office@institutfrancais.org.uk); [www.institut-francais.org.uk/cine-lumiere](http://www.institut-francais.org.uk/cine-lumiere); 020 7871 3519



#### Golborne Deli

Particularly busy during the Golborne Road Saturday market, Golborne Deli



is a bit of a hot spot for locals, with tables and customers spilling out onto the pavement. They serve classics like scrambled eggs on toast and pastries for breakfast, and salads and bruschetta for lunch. Simple, fresh food that doesn't cost a fortune. 100 Golborne Road, W10 5PS; [www.golbornedeli.com](http://www.golbornedeli.com); [info@golbornedeli.com](mailto:info@golbornedeli.com); 020 8969 6907

#### 18 Stafford Terrace



From the outside, it looks like any of the other houses on the terrace. But inside 18 Stafford Terrace, it is still 1899. Preserved to remain exactly as it was when Punch cartoonist Linley Sambourne and his family lived there, the house provides a rare glimpse into an, albeit unusually decadent, Victorian life.

Filled with period paintings, furniture and trinkets, the house is well worth a tour. Lucy Hanlein

18 Stafford Terrace, W8 7BH;  
[www.rbkc.gov.uk/museums](http://www.rbkc.gov.uk/museums);  
Monday to Friday 020 7602 3316,  
Saturday and Sunday 020 7938 1295

Photograph © Justin Burton

## YOUNG CHELSEA

### Chelsea Nanny: Parties



**T**he middle one's ninth birthday party was exactly 3 weeks and 6 days ago. Today she initiated negotiations for the next one. As her preliminary plans stand, her Birthday weekend (yes, *WEEKEND*) has an itinerary worthy of the most over-ambitious Hen Party, with a matching price list. Just to give you an idea, the last birthday, from which we are all still recovering, was as follows: Saturday morning was spent making cupcakes with 10 friends. All the ingredients were sourced, as instructed, from the Hummingbird Bakery.

The afternoon consisted of a session at the Build-A-Bear Workshop in Westfield. For those who are unfamiliar with this bizarre haunt, favoured by the Little Darlings, it is unlike other toyshops. The kids not only choose their teddies, but also create them. They bestow their chosen creature with a silk, beating heart, giving the gift of life to their stuffed bodies, no doubt fuelling an already burgeoning God-complex. They also have the option of adding a squeeze-induced sentence, pre-recorded by the child, usually "I love you (Isabella/Rufus/Ludo!)", adding a mildly disturbing narcissistic element to the whole process. The workshop resembles some kind of horrifying dystopian world, in bright yellow, with outfit options ranging from Hell's Angel to 'yoga bunny'.

Why a teddy bear needs to attend yoga classes is beyond my comprehension. I only managed 4 sessions of Bikram out of a 30-day deal I bought in January, and I am a human being. On purchase, the bears are stored in a box more luxurious than the one my aunt recently brought her cat home in from the vet. They are also given passports and encouraged to travel. At this point, I felt quite

envious, knowing it'll probably have more stamps than me by the end of the year.

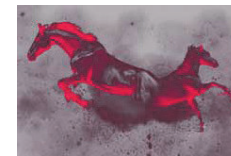
For the next birthday (in 48 weeks time) she wants to follow the trauma of a Build-A-Bear trip with going straight to a 'nightclub', hired out for the evening. With a DJ, obviously, "but I'll tell him what songs to play". She doesn't mind which club apparently; it just has to be 'somewhere in Chelsea'.

Forgetting that 10 year old children are unlikely to be hungover on a Sunday morning, I assumed that the Birthday extravaganza would finish there, but Sunday is billed as a 'chilled day', with a cinema trip and 'LOADS of popcorn!'

I was tempted to articulate my concerns that it might be a bit extravagant for a 10 year old's birthday, let alone become difficult to top each year, but I've witnessed (and witnessed) the 'little get-togethers' held by the parents, so I know it's hereditary. I'm not worried about the Sweet 16 though, I'm pretty sure I'll be long gone by then, I'll just be angling for an invite.

### Thou shall not eat Horse!

By Will Emkes



British supermarkets are apparently unable to distinguish between a cow and a horse! The vitriolic anger that Britain's most popular supermarket has suffered at the hands of its customers, has little to do with the misrepresentation of ostensibly 'beef' products or the even more worrying thought that Tesco clearly have no idea what is going in its food. No, the anger centres on a very British custom, we don't eat horse.

It might be OK for the French to tuck into a Black Beauty steak sandwich, but not the British. This was not always so. In fact, the eating of horse meat occurred in the UK right up until the 1930s. Delve back further into history and you will find that the consumption of horse was hugely popular throughout much of England.

In medieval times the Archbishop of Canterbury had to anathematise the eating of horse in order to build surplus stocks for the royal cavalry and stop them being eaten.

The decline of horse meat in this country is the result of a very simple

development. The refusal to eat horse carried with it a sense of social superiority. Horse flesh was commonly eaten by the poor as it was cheap and readily available. In doing so it acquired a certain social stigmatisation and therefore more and more people refused to eat it. Today the refusal to eat horse carries the same stigmatisation, perhaps not that it's consumed by the poor, but

rather, that it is a depth to which the British public will not sink. We don't eat horse for the same reason that the name *Frogs* has become synonymous with the French. Our collective shame and disgust at the consumption of horseflesh is nothing more than a handy cultural pretence with which to flog the French. We don't eat horse.  
Will Emkes

### Young Chelsea Competition:



#### Meet Rae

She's sixteen, sixteen stone and has a HUGE lust for life. Oh, and she's just been discharged from a psychiatric hospital. Set in the mid-90s at the height of cool Britannia, *My Mad Fat Diary* takes a hilarious and honest look at teenage life from the perspective of Rae (Sharon Rooney), a funny, music-mad 16 year-old who, despite an eccentric mother, her own body image and mental health issues, has a huge lust for life, love and trying to get laid. For your chance to win a copy of the first series see the Kensington and Chelsea Today Facebook page a [Like](#) before the end of March!

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