

Me'Shell

Once again, I put pen to paper to tell the tale of one of our rescue animals.

This one is the tale of three rescues all Turtles and all called Me'Shell. Two concern live animals and one not a live animal. Intrigued? Then read on 😊.

The not real Me'Shell

The story of the not real Me'Shell begins with a service called the Junction delivered in partnership with RDaSH in NE Lincs. a service user group decided to knit a blanket. Each member would knit a square and all the squares would be sewn together to create one large blanket. Unfortunately, the knitting skills of the group weren't the highest and, because none of the squares were actually square or, the same size, when sewn together the result was not so much a flat blanket as a colourful hill!

I will never forget the laughter as the service manager and the manager responsible for the service user group and I decided how we could rescue the blanket. The solution was obvious -not) create a Recovery Turtle. The group produced head four arms/legs and a tail and hey presto a large Recovery Turtle called Me'Shell. She even had adventures and even had babies. Here is Me'Shell on the beach in Africa.



There was soon a thriving industry producing Me'Shells babies and even I was presented with one. Mine was clearly designed to try and give the maximum embarrassment to the Chief Executive and had built in stereotypical links to drug culture. It was a Rasta turtle complete with dreadlocks.

I avoided the obvious drug connections by calling him Nigel rather than Bob or Marley.



Real Rescue Recovery Turtles

Recovery Turtles were quite the craze for a few years and triggered one mentor to acquire her own real recovery turtles. Seen in her kitchen below.



Sadly, their care became too much for the mentor. The service manager at the time, Dale, had a large pond in his garden and volunteered to rescue them. Six years later he still from time to time posts updates on their antics and they can be seen basking in the sun of the side of his pond below.



Our own Rescue Recovery Turtle

Sometimes things happen which lead me to believe that the universe is aware of our existence and frankly has a twisted sense of humour. During the midst of Recovery Turtle mania we had a call from our friend Carl. Guess what? Would we rescue a baby turtle!

I've long since given up any notions that I may have harboured that I have a say in things like this and was duly dispatched to collect the turtle and buy the kit we'd need to keep her in the manor to which she'd like to become accustomed.

Having had stern words with Carl I collected the turtle and kit and arrived home. Obviously, I then spent a couple of hours in the garden collecting slate and rocks which were inspected by Dylan and my wife Chris to see if they came up to scratch FFS! I was also tasked with finding a piece of branch suitable and then cleaning the damn thing. Finally all was signed off and we put the tank together.



Over the years we've had odd things in our freezer, everything from frozen rodents to chicks and, to this we then added frozen blood worm. Blood worm are mosquito larvae and come in what look like ice cube trays. A new hazard had been introduced to the house and several time we caught unwary visitors on the point of putting the "fancy red ice cubes" into their cold drinks.

Of course, the name we chose couldn't be anything other than Me'Shell 😊

As we had no large pond once Me'Shell had grown too large for the tank we'd bought we too had to re-home her. This was successfully done, and she still lives on happily in one of our friends' ponds on the edge of the Lake District.

All in all, it was happy ending all round.