

“I’ve felt able to do anything...”

A satisfied customer writes in to say why she’s so happy with her Mooncup

Dear EcoStore

Right, lets get it out of the way. Periods. There you go, it’s been said. Men, you can move your eyes to the next column, women I urge you to read on. Here’s another word for you. Mooncup. Don’t run away in horror, stay put and listen for a second.

If you’re anything like me, you’ve seen the little stickers advertising this tampon alternative on the doors of toilets for many a year. And, if you’re like me, you probably think it’s some kind of medieval device made of grasses and wild flowers, blessed by a white witch under a full moon. I was convinced vertically-challenged druids sneaked into ladies’ loos in pubs and, when no one was watching, plastered the stickers everywhere chanting “Mooncup. Mooooooncup.” As for the women who used them: hairy, definitely hairy, and most certainly nothing like me. So, I dismissed the Mooncup with contempt when I first saw the ad three years ago, with only a drunken imagination to back up my decision.

I frequent pub toilets less often now but, three years on from my first encounter with the word Mooncup, I’ve become more open to the idea. Why? I’m not sure. Perhaps I’ve become more aware of the environmental impact of traditional sanitary protection, or perhaps it’s for more selfish reasons, ie:

1. I’m forever forgetting to restock the handbag with tampons and end up using a stranger’s emergency tampon that’s been hanging around the bottom of their bag for five years.

2. The boyfriend issue. If I put used sanitary items in his bin, will he a) empty it in the next four weeks and/or b) discover that I’m not an ethereal being and do have periods after all.

3. If I have to use a public lavatory and no bin is provided, forcing me to carry around a bundle of toilet paper the size of a cricket ball that ends up leaking in my bag (we’ve all done it!).

4. I stand sexily in the bedroom door, give my boyfriend a wink and then walk over to the bed, rustling like I’m wearing a nappy. See point 2b.

5. I feel so sorry for the bin men on a Monday morning the week after my period – especially after the seagulls have had a go at the bag.

So, you see, the odds were in the Mooncup’s favour! It was time

“IT’S EASY TO USE AND I FEEL THAT I’M HELPING REDUCE LANDFILL AND MARINE POLLUTION. WHAT MORE COULD A GIRL WANT?”

for the myth to be shattered. I purchased a Mooncup and, as I pulled it out of the box, I was surprised to see a futuristic-looking, silicone eggcup type object. No wild flowers, no spells to cast; just a non-scary bit of rubber that could have been stolen from the set of *Barbarella*. In fact, it was so inoffensive that part of me wanted to attach a ping pong ball to it and give it to a passing child to play Cup and Ball 21st century style. The instructions too surprised me. I expected lectures on landfill and an invitation to join a ‘local wimmin’s group’. But, no, clear factual instructions in a million different languages that Ikea would be jealous of.

There was only one hurdle now. How do I get this thing in? First things first, it must be sterilised in an open pan of boiling

water. I had images of a shared house – “Morning! Hope you slept well. Do you mind if I pop this in with your egg?” – and became ever so grateful that I lived on my own. After it had cooled (very important safety point!), I got down to business. I followed the instruction and, with a bit of folding and adjusting, in it went. It was so easy! And, like a tampon, I didn’t even feel it once it was in place.

Then I had a thought: What happens when it’s time to take it out? Will it suck out my ovaries? Will there be spillage? And will it pop out when I have a wee? Two hours later the answers came: no, no and no. And it wasn’t as gross as I thought it was going to be.

I’ve used it for the whole of my period, even overnight and I felt able to do anything: swimming, gymnastics, parachuting, be pulled along on roller skates by dogs... I didn’t, do any of those things mind, but could have done if I had a fitness level anywhere above none. And no, I haven’t stopped shaving or wearing deodorant.

The Mooncup definitely gets an enthusiastic thumbs up from me. It’s easy to use, my boyfriend continues to believe I am ‘curseless’ and, what’s more, I get to feel smug that I’m helping to reduce landfill and marine pollution. What more could a girl want during that time of the month – except perhaps lots of chocolate.

Yours

Elizabeth Gordon

Mooncups cost £18.99 + p&p www.insightecostore.com

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