

# A grim world

I could write quite a list of things that disturb me. I hear that the smog is so bad that in New Delhi, India, one in every two children has an irreversible lung disease. Fukushima continues to leak radioactive water into the Pacific at the rate of 3,000,000 gallons a day, we have corruption on a massive scale in the Samsung organisation in Japan. Planet X may or may not be approaching you to assault causing a magnetic shift in the poles, the Americans are perfected a new type of 'fertiliser' which consists of human waste plus a sludge made up of an required chemical waste. They then advertise it for spreading on fields. What a brilliant way of contaminating the food chain and getting rid of chemical byproducts. There is more and more evidence that men did not land on the moon, the whole thing was a fake, and I'm so sick of reading about 911, the official story, it's just getting boring.

I think the answer is to focus on positive things, unfortunately the mainstream media tend to focus on what is not right rather than what is right, the heroic stories of men and women who have dedicated their life to improving the planet, bringing about culture, trying to cure disease that the latter is dangerous if you produce any product that threatens in any way the profitability of the fear-based drug industries. Anyway that's my rant over for the time being.

I normally get up about 5 or 5:30 AM because once I wake up after a sleep I can't think of any reason for lying in bed. It gets boring And I start thinking about things I want to achieve during the day, bills to be paid, papers to be tidied. Perhaps I need to be taken away on holiday and

physically restrained to be kept away from all things administrative and Internet. The problem is the material on the Internet is so interesting it is a bit like a drug I suppose. As I said before, the fact is there's not enough hours in the day to do what I want to do.

The gardening season will start soon and I should be busy during the day and earning my daily bread. TripAdvisor published the review of my visit to the pastry and bread shop mentioned above. They must publish my stuff without reading it but then again I have over 600 reviews myself and they should know by now that they can trust my material. I must be one of the most prolific writers not so much the number of entries but the length. I don't write less than 500 words and indeed I don't want to because I attempt to write a scenario and develop it. If all you're interested in doing is saying that something is fabulous, or wonderful, you might as well not bother. It's much better to write why you think something is good or not so good in this communicate something of value to the readers. incidentally I always make a point of talking to the proprietor if I can normally find that the enquiry is well received. People will be struggling as from this April when the new business rates kick in and I dread to think how many small shops and enterprises will simply close. Business rates apply by the way not only to offices but to your local friendly doctor's surgery. Basically anything that can be taxed will be taxed. This gives a big advantage to Internet companies who only have virtual office space.

We went for a walk this afternoon along the Avon and Kennet Canal which links up Bath and Bristol with the canal system that used to carry coal to Birmingham and London. There is something instantly healing about walking along side of a canal. I feel like I am back in the 19th century and that modern life or modern existence does not exist. No one is on their mobile phones, Macdonalds is not to be seen,

people are driving their boats at 4 miles an hour and everyone talks to everyone else. I think we pay a big price for living in so-called civilised places. There is always noise, danger, other people intruding, advertisements, invitations to buy products, rude behaviour, and we had to continually insulate ourselves against this. The weather was 9°C which is not bad for early February, the birds were singing and for the most part the sun was shining. Such are the simple pleasures of life. I get so inspired during this time I need to take a notebook to write down the thoughts that come into mind.