

# good days and bad days... this was a bad one (or was it)

#1 Yesterday I had a chat with a businessman on the phone who wanted me to mow his garden followed by another project unspecified.

#2 For about a month now, Francoise's printer has not worked. Epson has delightful software in it that decides when it thinks a filter should be replaced. Try actually replacing it without any special knowledge and then try telling the printer that you have done so. I'm a fairly resourceful person but I was beaten. I even went on eBay to try and find a workaround but the instructions were written in Chinese English. The words were there, the sense was not.

Now the scene is set for an unproductive and possibly frustrating afternoon. We set off to go to PC World in Bath, the place from which we bought the printer. The printer was out of warranty. I know there was a technicians help desk so we optimistically went along thinking that our problem could be fixed. There was one other problem. The only telephone number given is the central sales desk for the whole country and there is no way of telephoning an actual store. The Powers that Be presumably think that this will save money but in fact it did not save my money because we had to do a long journey to discover what you will see could have been easily revealed on the telephone.

As soon as I explained the project, the very nice gentleman explained that they do not touch anything out of warranty and even if it is in warranty they send it off to a factory. In other words they offer technical advice but no actual work. He recommended me to a place in Bath called unlimited IT. We eventually found the firm in a side street, George Street in the middle of Bath. We pressed a buzzer and discovered that it was a workshop by appointment only. This was totally useless.

The firm did not respond to our telephone call as promised.

After spending £1.60 for the privilege of parking for 30 min we decided to go back to PC World and buy the printer that Francoise had seen. It was £39.95 or something like that. At the last moment we decided that we would go via the Amazon route, reading the reviews and probably getting a keen price, was the way to go. As I write, we are busy reading the reviews but as inkjet printer users will be aware, the cost of the cartridges has to be borne in mind. My own view is that people sell machines for virtually nothing and make the money on ink.

And now part two of our saga. I'm not talking about Saga Travel who seem increasingly desperate to sell me places on their holidays. We seem to get one very expensive brochure or should I say a collection of brochures every two weeks or so. It must cost them a fortune. The problem with the uncertainty of Brexit – for American readers this is about the United Kingdom wanting to become independent of the European community – is that it creates uncertainty and anxiety in people's minds. Holidays in the UK, so-called staycations, are increasing in popularity. Traveling to airports, standing in long queues, taking your shoes off, being searched, is regarded as increasingly onerous.

So, off to see the customer for the work. The customer or potential customer had warned me that his postal code was difficult to find. I wish that postal codes were allocated in an orderly way but we found ourselves 3 miles away from where we should have been. We eventually found the right place, or thought we had, through typing in to TomTom the name of the street. Even then we were unable to see where the property was. It was called the Little Manor. In my experience places called Little...anything.. are anything but small. There was no sign anywhere. In addition, we found ourselves driving up a narrow lane, a mistake that long wheelbase car owners should avoid – and we found ourselves reversing down said narrow lane

narrowly missing flowers and stone walls. I find it a type of arrogance that people do not display the name or number of their house or pile on the grounds that everyone who is worth anything should know where they are. We never found it and decided to leave. I sent him a text saying that I could not help him.

I have found through long and bitter experience that if something is impossible or difficult to find you are not meant to find it. On occasions when I have ignored this, it has always bought me trouble.

Anyway, we went off to console ourselves at a country tea house. I ordered a piece of coffee cake and some latte. To my surprise, I was bought cold nay frozen latte. I have never had such a cold coffee in my whole life. I pondered why they even bought me the cold version when I asked for the normal version but actually I didn't mind because it was a new experience and something I have never sampled in my life before. That is not something I can say every day.

So, back home. We decided to light a fire this evening because it is windy and not very pleasant. After finishing this diary entry and ordering the new printer using Amazon Prime I shall sit in front of the TV. With this Amazon service they deliver on a seven day a week basis so if I order it tonight, Friday, I will get it on Sunday.

Today, I am suffering particularly from electro-sensitivity, and had to call in support from friends of mine. Someone suggested that I buy a long but length of cable, Ethernet cable, and use it outside perhaps in a shed or outhouse. A 30 m example will arrive tomorrow Saturday. As regards the problem in general, I would like to think that I could spend a few minutes standing outside in bare feet and discharge the worst. This unfortunately is not true. This is the downside of being a body psychic; you get everything whacked at you without the ability to completely resist it.

My conclusion is that everything is not going to go right every day and if it's 'one of those days' you just accept it, have a laugh, and shrug your shoulders. The same applies to getting inspiration and ideas. If nothing is going right, then it's not the right time, and you just leave it and do something else.

Regarding suffering, I'm not talking about the long-term torture of people waiting for court decisions for years. I'm thinking of relatives still waiting for justice over the Irish troubles, people killed with bombs, 35 years later so that is in another category. That's Ireland and the justice system for you.