

A day with nothing in the diary

I pride myself on having a number of different aspects of my life on the go at any one time. However, I have come to the conclusion that this is not always a good idea or indeed not necessary. People in so-called “primitive societies” do not have to-do lists. They just automatically and organically and almost instinctively respond to what is needed without having been given notice. Perhaps, to-do lists are a symptom of a restricted mind.

Our Prime Minister Theresa May along with Parliament are going to have an Easter recess for a couple of weeks, due back on the 23rd of April if I recall. Anagrams of Theresa May include “she may tear”, “earthy seam”, “heat my arse”, “Ray hates me”. I just thought you’d like to know.

Julian Assange – who is sporting a new white beard –has been thrown out of the Ecuadorian Embassy due -according to his lawyer – to a change of their home government to a less sympathetic one. He now relies on the tender mercies of the supreme hypocrites of the world, the United States of America. people who punish those who expose truths more than the liars and crooks that are create the situation.

The BBC paid lip service to a discussion about HS2 with three experts having 5 minutes in total starting at 8:54 AM this morning on the Today programme. There was little time to say anything coherent apart from ritual ridiculing and abusing the other side.

Next Tuesday, I’m having a visit from a couple who will examine my house for electromagnetic fields using a variety of measuring equipment. They are very hypersensitive to electric fields and make it a rule to possess no items such as mobile

phones or even GPS. They tell me that turning off the whole of the electricity system at night might make a big difference to our sleep. There is much talk of [dirty electricity](#) which is the interplay of fields in the form of interference patterns which can all too easily play havoc with our biological systems. I don't think we can go as far as turning off our electricity every night but I'm willing to listen to any idea that will help me to diminish the pain that I currently experience.

A small irritant: the local paper got my telephone contact number completely wrong with regard to my gardening work. I had to write to the person whose number was advertised in the paper and give him the right contact details.

I'm in touch with a man called Jonny who wants to take on a plot on my allotments. The problem is that people do not realise how much work is required particularly in the growing season. They may be completely sincere and honest in their desire for a plot but, please excuse this terrible pun, the plot thickens when they actually get down to it and realise that such things as digging, tending, planting, weeding and watering take time and this is not compatible with a normal daytime job that takes you all over the country for example. I'm going to be meeting him this weekend and have a chat. I will take such people on if they have a helper but you have to be cruel to be kind and if someone clearly is not able to give the time then I have to say no, regrettably.

So, back to my diary and its emptiness. There is actually nothing statutory to do but I could fill the whole day for example with cleaning the house out of items that we no longer need, trying to make my new petrol strimmer a little bit more efficient. I could watch the dozens of videos both on the Internet and on the TV that I had not managed to see yet. I could tidy up my filing system. I could look at and throw away holiday brochures from Saga Travel. I could clean out the tool

shed (again). I could clean some paving stones at the side of our bungalow,... And so the list goes on....

Every day I have to update my 5Gexposed.com website which I tend to do early evening when the Google updates come. The problem with this site is that it is now too big for other than serious researchers. It does not so easily fit with the pond-skating minds of most people. Nevertheless I intend to carry on doing it. I get about one hundred visits a day and I believe that a good proportion of visitors are serious so hopefully I'm not wasting my time with the public.

Anyway, here I sit in my pyjamas at 10 o'clock in the morning, the sun is shining. I think I might go out and have breakfast at Wetherspoon's...

later...

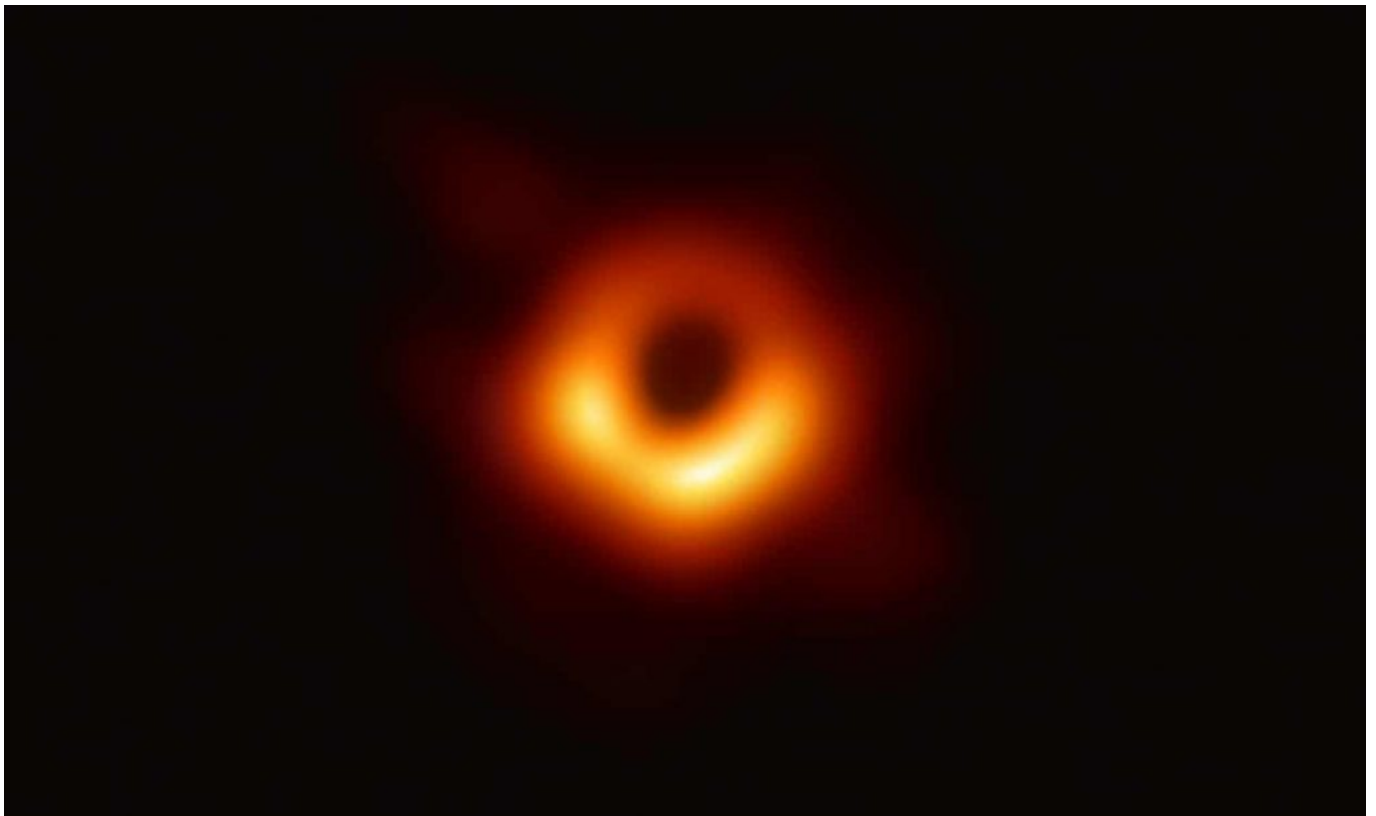
So much for my daily free of activity. Wetherspoon's has become the centre of activity in Midsomer Norton high street. It is futile for other pubs to offer breakfast since Wetherspoon's beats them on quality of service, price, quality of the food. I have just had a large breakfast, basically two of everything plus unlimited coffee for about £6.50. I notice that children are given the normal cooked breakfasts by their doting parents. The food is far too much for them and it is left on the plate. It is for the most part a happy place with a good sprinkling of workers coming and going around 9.30am – 10.30 am

Returned home and off on our 'round'. First I loaded the car with the spoil from yesterday's garden job to take to the recycle. Ever since I have started watching the programme with a delightful lady persuades people who arrive at the recycled to part with their unwanted objects, I have a new eye. I spotted a perfectly adequate casserole dish that someone was going to throw away and quickly asked them if I could have it. Françoise loves coloured garden pots so I keep an eye open for

her.

Off to the local farm to collect a supply of eggs. The lady who runs the farm also grows beans, dwarf and runner, which she sells at £.10 each. Says she cheerfully, just tell me how many you want and when you want them and I will supply them. We buy six large eggs for one pound produced locally. She's always chirpy and positive and we look forward to going there. We have gone to the same place for six years now and you can't get good quality eggs for much less than a pound a half-dozen though I have seen pullets eggs sold for £.60 though you could get three pullets eggs into one ordinary egg.

I'm still reeling from seeing the BBC four programme about the enormous worldwide cooperation required to photograph a black hole. When they say that gravity is so strong that even light cannot escape, when they say that Messier 87 galaxy black hole is the same size as 5 billion of our suns, I cannot cope with that. I cannot understand the concept of 55 million light years from Earth. My poor little brain cannot even understand *one* light-year. [Good article here](#)



On to the butcher in Westfield, where every other person who

comes is either a local of 40 years standing or a farmer. All the customers are known either by sight or by name to the people who serve. I picked out some pigs liver, and a nice chunk of pork which I will cook, divide into four, and make the basis for the same number of meals. The butchers also serve local Cheddar cheese which we both love. We think it is free of chemicals.

To Radstock, and to a very small vegetable shop little wider than a corridor where you can buy vegetables just a little bit out of date but which are still fresh.



the roots of a tree in the churchyard which reminded me very much of a big foot

To the Swallow community cafe. This is a place where people with various disabilities and learning difficulties practice working in the conventional world by working in a cafe. Due to staff difficulties they are not able to open every working day of the week yet they do manage to open Thursdays and Fridays from 11 AM until 3 PM.

The young man who took my order, a Downs syndrome man round

about 20 years of age I would say, wrote down my order carefully. The order consisted of a tea and a coffee and an apricot tart. He remembered the first two items and charged me three pounds. I had to remind him about the tart. I made a joke out of it because I realise that it was some effort for him to remember things. He took the order in writing on a copy of the whole menu and he highlighted the item that was requested.



Francoise reading the local paper, my self indulgent tart far too rich and far too early in the day but never mind

A few moments later the tea and cake were delivered but I had to remind them about the coffee. There were two other people in the cafe and two people sitting outside. Every effort had been made to make the whole thing cheerful and attractive. Unfortunately the location of the venue is somewhat out-of-town. I'm sure if it was more convenient, more people would go. There were two or three people standing around waiting to do something. We left, I having had far more cream that was good for me but it was nice.



On the way out I noticed a sundial on the wall of the local church which I consider to be quite unusual in its design.



To the dump as it used to be called but now it is more correct to call it the re-cycle Centre. I always keep an eye out for anything that can be salvaged including pots, useful bits of wood, machinery that I guess can easily be repaired but you have to be careful not to fall foul of the regulations. Once

the item has been thrown into the container it ceases to be anyone's but the council so you have to ask them if you see something that you want and they may say no.

To the allotment to have a chat with one or two people. I met a new allotment holder who had worked in Hertfordshire for the best part of 51 years in the motor trade though he had moved to Frome a few years prior to his retirement. He decided that since his relatives lived locally he would join them. I had a chat with my fellow committee member and we discussed an adjoining hedge that had grown to a height of about 5 m and was also growing out so needed some attention. This would be the job of the Council but since it is about 50 m long, this is no mean task.

To Lidl to buy some necessities. For the last five years, I have made it my task to move used baskets from the tills back to the entrance. I do this because it annoys me to see them piled up. It is not because I'm a good person or anything. It's part of my mild OCD which likes everything in order. The problem is that the staff are always overloaded and do not have time to do it themselves so this is my small contribution to the running of the whole show.

To Sainsbury's to buy some flour for breadmaking. I enjoy mix and matching ingredients and today's magic addition is spelt flour which I will mix with normal wholemeal flour to see what happens. I enjoy experimenting with bread because the average loaf takes about a pound's worth of ingredients so that if it fails to rise, or you create the equivalent of Aladdin's cave, it really doesn't matter because you throw it away and start again.

To home where we unload and then off to the place where we are to buy some curtains and a carpet for the living room. The quote for the curtains with black backing for a small bay window was over £500 which came as something of a shock. The price of a new carpet for a 4 m by 4m room was about £450

which was more like it.

Back home to watch a film documentary, 200 min, about the way the Earth is really run. Into the mix goes the Rothschilds, Cecil Rhodes, George Soros, Bill Clinton, the phoney and unnecessary First World War. Operation paperclip, the continued existence of the third Reich in the USA. Only if you understand the process of history by these people can you understand the mess we are in today. According to other people who really run the planet we are not in a mess we are just creating the necessary steps towards the desired One World Order with one government, one monetary system, one judicial system, in which the prophecies of George Orwell will be more than fulfilled. I can hardly believe that anyone would want to spend over three hours watching the video but it is quite gripping [if you want to punish yourself](#)

I do not think people want to entertain what is really going on because it would disturb them too much but this is the world in which I live. The Red Pill versus the Blue Pill. See The Matrix for more information.

I like to relax watching YouTube videos. I enjoy the mad ones with car crashes especially in Russia which seems like the wild West or should we say the wild East. I enjoy watching people who take revenge on inconsiderate parkers, particularly those who park on their drive.

I'm currently watching tapes from emfhealthsummit.com including one from Dr Marlene Seagal who is a veterinarian of 33 years in Tampa Florida who is talking about how EMF radiations can kill animals.



the person who inspired me to write these diaries, Samuel Pepys

So I see that day with nothing planned has resulted in a 2200 word essay. I note with pleasure that I'm over the half a million word mark. I reckon it'll take me another 18 months to get to the million words by June. You never know I might become more loquacious as a writer and increase my daily word count even more.