

# The journey back home

It is at this time that I give thanks that we took a holiday in UK. Hysteria against terrorists seems to show no signs of abating. It is after all one way of controlling people. I spoke to a friend who had been on an eight-day tour of the Mediterranean by ship. Every time they got back on the ship after a shore excursion they were checked by security, baggage had to go through a metal detector, all for nothing really because to my knowledge a lot of guns had been smuggled through, and objects such as honey have been detected and erroneously considered to be dangerous material.

It takes a particularly low robotic intelligence to react in this way. I think the event happened in America, the dumb down central of all dumber down centrals.

All we had to do was to pack a car without possessions, no weight limit, no extra charges then drive, maybe stop off at a coffee house or something on the way, and arrive home and unpack. Lovely. There were many temptations on the way back in terms of other National Trust properties but we decided that we have had enough. I think you should always stop something when you could do with a little more and not when you are sated.

Due to the proximity of the North Devon Show, We returned via Bodmin and then it's either motorway or good-quality A Roads all the way home. There were no traffic jams, accidents, unpleasant weather, no rain to speak of, and we were free to reminisce parts of the holiday we like. There is always a bubble of sorts, referred to elsewhere and while this bubble is maintained it's nice to be within it and keep the brain switched off.

We even found that music and news were irritating. I have heard all I ever want to hear about Brexit and politicians

promises have a certain sameness about them that become tedious. We did not take a regular paper during our time, and my little radio that I use at night could get no DAB signal so we have to make do with silence and very nice it was.