

# Wetherspoons in the morning + is going to bed the cure?

I have just returned from my ritual breakfast at the above establishment. I have reduced my order to a minimum. *Table 37, traditional breakfast, coffee.* It arrived 5 min later alas on a cold plate so I had to eat it quite quickly because there's nothing worse than a cold fried egg or cold anything come to that.

On weekday mornings the scene is more or less the same. You might as well call it a single mans club in fact I don't think it would take much to get everyone together for a chat. There is a man who comes in every morning with two newspapers and after his breakfast he orders a 1 pint of beer. The single men of which I am one of course sit at various tables giving each other a nod but that's about it. It is one of the few times when Wetherspoon's is quiet. One of the things they did not plan on was noise and when there are more than two screaming children and half dozen families, it does become pretty over-bearing on the eardrums.

I was minding my own business eating when suddenly there was what appeared to be like a claxton ringing out which I quickly realised was a mobile phone. The owner, a middle-aged man of portly disposition, headset is switched to speaking mode so we could hear everything he said with his deep booming voice and also the recipient's. I imitated the caller to try and get into shut up, but he didn't get the message because he was so obsessed with the call. I realised it was a lost cause talking to him and as my eating had finished anyway I decided to leave. I think some people need to be told but I didn't have the energy this early in the morning to complain to him.

A friend of mine, Gregory, was laid low with some sort of virus whilst on a holiday in Spain. On his return, he refused

to take any form of medication or even see the doctor. Although he was so weak he could scarcely go up more than one step at a time without breathing difficulties. The remedy? He decided to go to bed and basically stayed there for two weeks. The result? His own immune system was able to do its stuff and heal him. I feel sorry for children, particularly in America who are in receipt of so many vaccines just as soon as they are born before their immune system has had time to kick in. It's all done from greed of the pharmaceutical companies.

Yesterday, I myself felt a little bit down and was suffering from a sprained muscle at the base of my spine so I decided... To go to bed. This seems strange thing to do on a sunny Sunday afternoon but I drew the curtains and finished a book then had a sleep. Result? I feel much better.

Reading the papers this morning was depressing. Evidently the latest two shootings in the USA, which anyone knows are instigated by the FBI, blamed on Trump. Increased rainfall is blamed on carbon dioxide. Any form of meddling is blamed on Putin. Basically, three whacking great lies and I wonder how people get away with it. Newspaper readership has decreased, and I'm not surprised.

Here are my, writing my diary at 9.48 in the morning and the day has not even started. I wonder what it will bring.