

An elemental day – wind and rain

One of the wettest places in Europe is Bergen in Norway with an annual rainfall of 2250 mm. By contrast our nearest big city Bristol has about 819 mm of precipitation per year. It comes in fits and starts. Today we have both fits and starts.

The wind itself is only about 35 miles an hour but when you combine that with driving rain, it's not a pleasant environment to be out in. I went to the dump this morning – pardon – I should say the recycle, a place that is normally rammed full on a Sunday morning but there were only a few people there. I have a deal with people on my allotment that I will take away their rubbish if they are unable to because they have no car. As soon as we got out of our car at the allotments we were blasted with an icy shower but it soon stopped after a couple of minutes and we just carried on. I don't think I could take such treatment every day. My preference is to go back to my lair and stay in warmth and comfort. I wonder how workers on the roads fare?

David Sedgwick, who wrote an excellent book on the corruption of news by our BBC here in England, called **The Fake News Factory: Tales from BBC – land**. Amazon have not banned the volume out right but when I tried to write a review it did not appear. Amazon gave Dave a disingenuous excuse that 'something has gone wrong'. so his reviews could not be published. I imagine that someone from the BBC had a word with Amazon and since they are so closely connected with corporations around the world, a positive response was gained. I would love it if the BBC were to actually report Independent News the sort of thing we could get our teeth into and take use it to take part in the day-to-day running of our minds. Instead, we get disguised propaganda, a travesty of truth in order to keep the public in a somnambulant state.

Heaven forbid the public should actually think.

I went to buy an axe for cutting wood at the local branch of Wickes. At the checkout, there was a little girl who I estimate to be about six presenting three small tins of paint. The cashier treated her with great respect. The mother stood proudly over her daughter telling us that someone had given her a dolls house and she was going to repaint it using her own colour choice. She said that her daughter was going to buy this paint – with her own money. I found the whole thing very transforming that here was a child actually doing something, a creative activity and not sitting in front of their devices pressing buttons.

I always try to give extra services as chairman of my allotment Association. I plan a rubbish disposal day when we can either burn or dispose of bits of wood, rotting vegetables and unwanted items which inevitably accumulate. I might even paint a couple of sheds that are looking rather scruffy at the moment.

The weather Tempest continues as I sit here. Glimpses of clear blue sky alternating with great gusts of wind and blasts of rain. I believe it will continue tomorrow sometime and then finally pass.

Try this video (brief) to blow your mind