

An active day – the insanity continues – more rain

I'm getting used to my new car now or maybe its getting used to me. It's driving smoother and I'm getting the idea that merely touching the gas pedal is necessary in order for it to go forward. It does not require much encouragement since it is a turbo.

It is most difficult to get a spare key for this almost 20 year old car. I talked to a chap in Bristol who thinks he might be able to do it but in between tinkering with the dashboard whilst I was on the phone he asked me to send a picture of the key for some strange reason and also the registration number of the car. I don't have very high hopes and I think I shall end up by going to Volvo and paying a fortune for another key.

I'm enjoying the clouds and rain and it is very pleasant to walk on the grass that has been recently rained upon. It does help the earthing that I have referred to and that is good for the health.

It's a good lesson of websites that you get your database running smoothly before inviting anyone to sign up since if you don't get it right they may have to sign up again. It's a tricky question with subscription sites how many questions you want to ask people. If it's just an ordinary mailshot, name and e-mail address is sufficient if you want participation, then more details are required. I'm going to run through this with my colleague Graham and were going to beta test it to death. People have a very short tolerance these days and if something doesn't work the first time they will just leave it aside.

Today I was driving to the allotment and I saw a woman

standing punched not moving. She was elderly, I would say about 85, and it looked as if she had just run out of steam. If I was not in a stream of traffic I would have stopped and made sure everything was all right but I felt somehow that the desire to live was not as strong as it should have been or perhaps she had respiratory problems or some such thing.

I watched a very moving film about a nurse saying how in her New York. NY, Hospital, interns and students were treating people as objects and not human beings and that they were making decisions to put people on ventilators because Medicare gave each case \$31,000 as presumably as an incentive although they were far more likely to die than if they did not have the ventilators. She explained that the patients were in effect blowing up their lungs by pushing in oxygen under far too much pressure. At times she broke down in tears at the lack of humanity. She said the hospitals in Iraq were better.

I met Helen, a Red Pill person, who is also a homoeopath and asked for a consultation. She is thoroughly on the wavelength and quite disillusioned with the names she gets called including of course conspiracy therapist and has decided like me that it's better to leave some people alone.

Next Monday we are going to have to wear masks when we travel by public transport. One of the exceptions as people who have respiratory problems so if I'm challenged I shall tell the bus driver that is what the case is. I hope I don't get dragged off to hospital and put in a COVID ward otherwise I will not come out that's for sure. I might go to Bath for a special edition of this diary and record what goes on, the number of people who wear masks versus the ones who did not. I have never known a time when so many entries on my website have confirmed the futility of mask wearing.

It does cheer me up enormously to either talk to or be with people on the same wavelength. It will make up for the number of friends that I will probably lose because my views are

known to all and sundry. I listened to David Icke today who pointed out that every time people obey an order that does not have any sense they become more susceptible, more gullible, and they will end up doing anything there told without questioning. That, my friends, is really depressing. How many brain cells does it take to recognise this whole thing is a con designed to get control of us and give us wonderful vaccines to change our DNA.

In spite of all, I do feel that with the friends I have and my faith I can survive these times. When I say the same thing in six months time when the concert halls, football grounds, art galleries are still closed. What about the hotels? Will airlines be able to offer bargain flights any more because they must have lost billions through this nonsense. One can only wonder. As I say, there are two important things in life, a comfortable bed and a good conscience the rest is a bonus.