

Another grim day in the High Street – Night TV – drones

OK Midsomer Norton is not the most brilliant and exciting High Street in the UK but what there is of it is useful enough. I went along about 11 o'clock this morning to meet a friend I had chanced upon on a previous occasion. We are in the stage of getting to know each other. He is against masks but not interested in Covid. He shared his enthusiasm for gardening and his own front and back garden is a source of pride. We sat outside a Health Food shop until the rain ended our meeting prematurely. While we were talking, a man and his wife walked into the store. The man had a funny floral mask and the woman had no mask.

Things went downhill experience-wise from this moment on. I went along to park outside the chemists from where I can hop across the road to Lidl. I met a previous lady friend who has a chest complaint who basically and fundamentally disagrees with me about my attitude to Covid which she considers to be irresponsible. She says that if she catches the disease she will die. She was in such a state of panic that she asked me not to approach her. Once a person is in such a state, there is no point in trying to engage and she was not in the mood to listen to anything I had to say. That was depressing but then she has never taken any notice of health advice anyway so I should not have been surprised.

On to Lidl. I did my normal performance of tidying up of the black baskets on wheels which are used in the store. I have done this for about five years now. There was not much in the store where my attention. The £1.50 box of miscellaneous vegetables, designed for people who are less well off and need to be fed, was a little bit unattractive so I declined. Everyone in the shop except me was masked up. I approached the check-out with one or two items and was waved through in a

distant way by someone who had a large shopping trolley-full of items. I find being with such people is a bit like being with ghosts. There is no communication. People are almost furtive.

I went to a stationery shop and the main woman, never friendly at the best of times, told me to wash my hands before I went in. I refused, walked out, and went into the Post Office next door where I found what I wanted. The assistant was over polite to me, formal, almost apologetic.

In the whole street there was no atmosphere to speak of, alas. I was almost glad to get in the car and go home.

This morning early, I could not sleep, and I watched one of the TV channels that devotes its nighttime hours to selling items. They can take the whole half-hour programme to sell for example a mattress with magical qualities and a money back guarantee after 100 nights sleep if you don't like it.

Another item of interest advertised was a drone which apparently responds to your hand movements, lands and takes off on its own, can fly up to 1600 feet, can do everything including taking photographs so I thought this was an ideal toy for the month. £99.99 is not bad value but the cynical side of me says it's just one pence below the level that you can activate your credit card request for a refund in case of fraudulent or unsatisfactory transaction. I think it's a great idea to photograph my allotment from above or indeed myself from about so here we come playtime. The item will probably arrive about the middle of next week and I look forward to receiving it.