

The glories of re-cycling – the ‘Monday morning feeling’ with a difference

I woke shortly after 8 am worried that my full care service and MOT due on Tuesday would run over to Wednesday when i had booked a precious slot at the local re-cycle. We have a new system which I quote like where you book a time on the Internet – a 15 minute slot – and turn up thus avoiding the queues which can often appear.

I decided to see if there was a cancellation and sure enough – there was. The one and only slot was offered – for 9 am. Quick as a flash I booked it. Francoise jumped out of bed to assist the loading of the car. We went via the allotment and made it with three minutes to spare.

I did not quite like the look on the receptionist’s face – ‘blank and puzzled’ was the best description. I said I had booked and showed him the booking to prove it. Only one problem, in my haste I had booked for the depot in Bath, a good 30 minute drive away. Quite how this could have happened escapes me but there I was, sitting like a lemon with a car full of spoil. The man kindly let me in ‘this time’.

My problems had not ended. I could not get the rear door of the car open because it was jammed by a few small branches so we had to unload through the side doors but eventually through kicking the rear door several times I managed to open it. We finally unloaded and left without further ado.

I worked hard on the Internet site yesterday Sunday so decided to have a day off (which means working about four hours instead of eight). I had a nap during the afternoon and tidied up papers and fiddled around in the garden.

I uploaded some quite dreadful work (I mean – content that causes dread) which was about how the vaccine which is not a vaccine at all interferes with the DNA. In the second shot it introduces new instructions into the body with all sort of programming implications. All those who want to be robots controlled by AI, step this way.