

A sad day

We went off yesterday Friday to have fish and chips at Hartley's tearooms (a slight misnomer as they serve breakfast and lunch). We consumed them in our car as you can't sit down in a cafe untildate ? when covid inexplicably goes to sleep.

Prior to that we went to Rocky Mountain Nursery. Next to them is a shop that sells a variety of practical bric a brac and household items. There were closing down signs outside accompanied by a 50% discount. Francoise went in and purchased a few things. She asked the proprietor what he was going to do as he has been running the business for years and he looked down and said 'I don't know'. He was near to tears.

Francoise had to leave the shop as she felt tearful also. This is the price we have to pay. Multiply that thousands of times up and down the high street and there will be some indication of the destruction wrought upon this country of UK and indeed western society in general.

It is a strange time when I have to remind myself what day it is. Here we are a year in to the period 2020-2030 during which the world is slated to be completely reconstituted and controlled by artificial intelligence. 'They' have not done a bad job (for them anyway) and it's only a year in. The public are so gullible it makes me cringe.

I have about 800 books. I need to read them all at at least ten yearly intervals but that is a hopelessly optimistic goal. The problem is, they are all good. I must tear myself away from TV more. Easier said than done.

I am reading Bill Bryson's 'At Home'. I love his reading style. It's a 'page turner' as they say.

Last night we had much wind, and sheds on the allotment which

I did not expect to succumb did indeed do so.

