

A brief vacation in Wales

Saundersfoot to be precise. It's just north east of Tenby, along the south coast. My goodness what traffic jams we saw on the way down on Sunday (5th June). Miles and miles of cars and lorries on the M4. Agreed this was the last day of an extended holiday for the Queen's Jubilee. And this phenomenon on the day that petrol (well, diesel) hit £2 per litre. One pound of that goes to the UK Government. I wonder why they are not in any hurry to address the situation.



Saundersfoot, Pembrokeshire

I wrote up my hotel stay on Trip Advisor. I have written close to 2,000 reviews over the years with a two year pause for covid. Have a peep **here** and scroll down until you see the reviews section. We were very tired – cumulative fatigue from not having had a break for two years. Alas, we enjoyed only one night's sleep out of five nights. We wondered if there was some sort of magnetic or electronic interference similar to the same heavy metal feeling that I experience in Bristol, where there is a lot of 5G.

Having returned home I feel that there was some healing effect though it did not seem like it at the time. I suffered bouts of stomach bloating which prevented me from having a last night of the holidays decent meal in one of the handful of hotels and restaurants open in the evening for the public. I have had to cut out alcohol, and all dairy products including cheese (strangely, goats cheese is all right).

The sound of the sea always has had a therapeutic effect on me, as does sitting in front of a live wood fire. I find the whole process of gathering wood, lighting a fire, nurturing it and letting it mature, to seeing the embers and imagining scenes a la Dante's Inferno from within.

When I am on vacation I make a note of the tasks I need to complete when I return home. This keeps things off my mind and I can relax more. Today Saturday 11th June we went to Shepton Mallet to enjoy the annual town fayre. We visited the Aldi Supermarket on the return and I bought some walking sticks (sticks for walking, Norwegian style) which I would have found helpful on the very up and down walks along the coastal path of Pembrokeshire. It is a sort of safety thing as I am occasionally wobbly when I walk especially on damp uneven ground.

Incidentally I discover it has been government policy to close all information bureaux throughout the country. I was first aware of this possibility in Tenby where we wandered around like lost souls looking for one only to be told that it had closed two years ago.

I am writing a talk called 'How to give better talks'. Funny – such things come into my mind from goodness knows where and I just have to write down what occurs to me. I suppose its like writing poetry or music. I am inspired and it does not take much effort to make notes.