

# A day in boiling Bristol at the Harbour Festival

We have not been to Bristol for the best part of a year so we thought we might as well go along to an advertised festival. One of the problems with Bristol is that 5G is blasting from every point so I have come to recognize the familiar heavy sick feeling of the GHz radiation. No protecting myself from it; when I leave I need to make sure that I ground myself by walking in bare feet on the earth itself as this somehow dissipates the charge.

Bristol is very heavily woke and there are many advertising signs for black lives matter, examples of numerous black people who have changed the course of history or featured in it.

One thing I know is that I don't like crowds. The only positive thing I can say is that no one was wearing a mask. However I did spot two people among the thousands that were there but on this boiling really hot day who wants to make their breathing more difficult.

We had the opportunity to go round a sailing ship and a steam power barge which was designed 150 years ago go. It was interesting enough but I soon became hungry so we went to the ginormous 500 seater, the Za Za buffet restaurant on the harbour front. We paid £13.95 each for an all-you-can-eat meal. We got a ticket for 1:30 pm and we were allowed to remain in the restaurant until 3:15 pm which I consider to be generous. The food was good and fresh and I went back about 6 times for refills. This is not a restaurant that you could take someone to on a first date. There are many children there. They were well behaved but noisy but we took it in the happy spirit that was meant. The music was full-on so were given a place in a corner where we could at least hear each

other speak.

We were there for about 3 hours and I got rather tired walking about; Françoise has difficulty with her hip and knee and finds walking long distances difficult so that has to be accommodated. We caught the 178 bus which goes round the houses via Keynsham but lands us a couple of streets away from our home in Midsomer Norton. The bus had no air conditioning and on this hot day the top deck was like a furnace roasted by the sun. We took refuge downstairs.

I was to have had a hernia operation but it was put off because my blood pressure was too high but it has been fixed again for the 2nd of August so in this day and age this is not so bad. I have to be there at 7 a.m. On that day I'm not allowed to come home by taxi as I could faint and the taxi driver would not be able to help me.

My hitherto trusted Volvo V70 has got a fault in one of the electronic circuit boards. Because of its age it may cost a four figure sum to replace it and very few mechanics do old cars. We took it to Bristol Volvo from our local garage who did not have the diagnostic equipment but the Bristol people could not help so we had to go back there, pick it up and drive it as best we could to a place in Chippenham about 25 miles away.

My thoughts and prayers were trusting that we would get where we needed to be and sure enough we arrived at our garage destination more by luck than judgement. There it will stay until the middle of next week when someone will pay attention to it.

It is disadvantageous to be without a car. I'm not paying 50 or 60 pounds a day to take a rental car if we can manage by buses and walking. Unfortunately, I cannot earn a living this way as we cannot carry our garden tools around on a bus but hopefully this will last only a few days and our car will be

back with us safe and sound. It is a 2003 model so a part of me is accepting that we may have to buy another car car. The second hand car market has become transformed in that there are far fewer second-hand around that they are going for higher prices. I can find virtually no Volvo V70's.