

## **Greenmount June 2019**

### **Saturday, 1<sup>st</sup> June 2019**

We came home from Edinburgh. With some navigational help from Rachel, interpreting the outbound route instructions for the return journey, I successfully negotiated the route out of Edinburgh which we should have followed when we came.

Unfortunately, nearer home, I missed the M65 turning off the M61 and ended up coming further down to Middlebrook and using the Bolton ring road to come back to Greenmount. As a result, we couldn't call at Tesco at Haslingden for some food for tea and we went to the Red Lion at Hawkshaw, which was a J W Lees pub. Regrettably, it was not managed in the same way as the Duckworth Arms and had a different menu. That didn't matter too much as we all had the gluten-free fish and chips.

I managed to deal with the E-mails that had accumulated while I was away and update my accounts with all my short break expenditure assessing the damage at the previous month end.

When we arrived home, we had discovered the parcel containing the hose for the vacuum cleaner from Dyson, which I had asked to be delivered week commencing 3<sup>rd</sup> June, on the drive and brought it in.

### **Sunday, 2<sup>nd</sup> June 2019**

I intended cutting grass but it rained.

I started the day by unpacking the Dyson hose and trying to fit it to the Dyson Animal Big Ball cleaner. It was the wrong type of connection. It then dawned on me that I must have ordered the one for the old DC07 Animal that had long since been consigned to the vacuum graveyard. The DC07 is still on My Dyson account because Dyson has informed me that there is no way of deleting it.

I informed Dyson and they agreed to ship me the correct hose and send me a freepost label to return the one I had received.

For the rest of the day I dealt with the TV recordings I had left queued while we were away. Everything had gone according to plan and I also put in the TV recordings for the coming week.

That was fitted around a trip to Tesco at Prestwich for groceries to tide us over until our main shop on the coming Friday. We called at Matthew and Carrie's house for a quick look at the progress of Matthew's latest projects and Jenny collected some of their rhubarb because it was better than ours.

### **Monday, 3<sup>rd</sup> June 2019**

I telephoned the medical practice to inform them I no longer needed to see the nurse on Wednesday. My protuberance had dropped off and was healing up nicely.

After dealing with yet more E-mails, one from Premier Inns, where we stayed, asking for my feedback, which was most favourable and more from Dyson about my account, with which I was having difficulty changing my details, I went out to tend to the garden where everything had grown considerably in the few days we were away.

The first job was to put straw round the strawberries to keep them off the soil and to deter slugs.

I cut the grass on the back lawn, trimmed the edges and tidied up the borders. I cut the front lawn and trimmed the edges and Jenny started tidying up the border on the other side of the drive.

### **Tuesday, 4<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

I worked on the video of the village party since it was raining. I started piecing together several videos taken by a couple of people.

By the time I had reached that point, the rain had stopped and we had a dry spell with sunny periods so I went outside and started work on tidying up the bushes and shrubs on the opposite side of our fence, on common land. I packed up when it started to rain again and came in for a late lunch, which was just as well because the rain became very heavy indeed.

After lunch, I continued the production of the video and started exporting the finished video, which was going to take around ten hours.

I left that running and went to sort out the poor wireless signal in the conservatory. I installed a Netgear wireless LAN extender at the far end of the dining room.

That left me time for a quick shower before settling down for the evening.

### **Wednesday, 5<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

I spent the day finishing off the video of the village party, deciding it wasn't really good enough to use and uploading the pictures and files for Marcus to put the picture gallery on the web site.

I followed that up with working on my pictures for my web site and discovered an error in an existing gallery that I spent some time fixing. I started work on the pictures from our recent break in Edinburgh.

## **Thursday, 6<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

We went for a wander round Ramsbottom, dodging the showers. Jenny found a denim jacket she liked in a charity shop and I ended up with about half a dozen Jazz CDs and a DVD to add to my bulging collection.

After lunch at home, with the rain persisting down, I updated my media and decided it was time to have an up-to-date printed list of my CDs. The only snag was that, having lost my original audio media documentation which was in an Excel spreadsheet, I had also lost the Visual Basic macros I had written and one of them was to provide my CD list. I set about rewriting it and by the end of the afternoon, I had my printed list.

## **Friday, 7<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

This was a grocery shopping day and we started off by going to the Holcombe Brook post office to send back the Dyson vacuum hose I had ordered by mistake, for which Dyson had E-mailed me a Freepost return label. I did end up paying an extra £1 for signed delivery, having been requested to obtain proof of posting and arrange parcel tracking.

From there we called at Tesco in Prestwich to obtain a refund for a pack of three organic avocados we had purchased the previous Sunday, of which two were bad when Jenny cut into them. We had tried to do this when we went to Ramsbottom the previous day but we had forgotten to take the avocados with us and the lady on the desk was not particularly helpful, so we said we would return them to the store where we bought them.

We drove a short distance down to the shopping precinct to visit Village Greens for a few items and then we motored down to Dennis Gore's chemist shop at Heaton Park. Jenny purchased her supply of omega-7 capsules and would have bought me a bottle of saw palmetto had there been any in stock. Apparently, the price of this item had shot up by over 10%, so I decided to see if I could buy it any cheaper.

We took the route through Manchester down to Unicorn. The prolonged road works around Castlefield and the large roundabout on the A56 on Chester Road were still causing havoc and delays.

Unicorn was, surprisingly, not very busy and we didn't seem to be there as long as usual, particularly for the amount we had purchased.

We had intended calling at Sainsbury's supermarket in Sale on the way to Waitrose in Broadheath but we decided to leave that until next Thursday, when we would be shopping a day early due to the dementia café being on Friday.

Lunch at Waitrose was passable and the shop went well. On the negative side, they had no organic pork leg joints and no organic lamb shanks, which came as no surprise. On the positive side, we found some un-smoked haddock on the fish counter, which, we had been told a few weeks earlier, they never stocked.

The journey home was painfully slow, although we did, for the most part, keep moving on the M60 – just. Noticeably, an increasing number of drivers seemed to be leaving gaps so that other vehicles could manoeuvre but they were, unfortunately, very much the exception.

The main task for the evening was to deal with the TV recordings for the week. I also started tidying up the recordings for the previous week.

### **Saturday, 8<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

We went round to see what electrical jumble there was at the old school and managed to deal with most of it, returning home at about 3 p.m.

The rain had been bucketing down all night and all day, so this wasn't flaming June, it was flaming wet June. We decided against the car boot sale the following day.

I finished off the TV recordings to date.

### **Sunday, 9<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

I spent most of the day searching for accommodation for a holiday in Cornwall and, luckily, Ken and Cheryl Canning were still at The Old Count House and responded to my E-mail to say they did have vacancies, so I placed the booking with them.

### **Monday, 10<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

I worked on the computer all day, having decided to tackle the job of sorting out my pictures of long-standing so that I could put them on the web site.

### **Tuesday, 11<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

I tidied up a little in the conservatory and then started dealing with the small storage boxes of various items that had been awaiting labels and the contents recording in my inventory list so that I knew where to find things. I left off that job for lunch.

After lunch, we went to collect some jumble for the old school from a lady who telephoned me the previous day to ask if I would do so. That safely delivered, we came home and Jenny was so cold she asked if I would light a fire, so I did. Fortunately, we had a bag full of bits of wood ready for burning so I did not have to rummage through the boxes of wood in the trailer.

I finished off organising my pictures on the computer and went back to checking the pictures I had on CDs to make sure all of those were on my system. Not all of the files on the CDs from Boots, left over from the days when I used film, were readable, so it was fortunate I had copied them all to my hard drive.

That completed and the fire burning nicely, I started work on the picture galleries that resulted from the reorganisation.

It wasn't until I went to bed that I felt the full effect of lifting the very heavy bag of wood. As I lay down, I suddenly felt very sick and the whole of my right side started to hurt. A hot water bottle helped relieve the pain somewhat and I fell asleep after about an hour and a half.

### **Wednesday, 12<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

It was 11 a.m. before we were up and running, or, in my case, crawling. I felt as if I had done several rounds with a sumo wrestler. Jenny asked me if he had won and I said if he had lost, he was in a very bad way. The whole of my right side from neck to groin was stiff and painful and worse when I moved about. That, coupled with the persistent, low-level pain in my left knee would have made life interesting, were I a masochist.

I stirred from my armchair to clean out the fire and then nipped up the road to ask a new neighbour if he wanted a rather large log that was lying on his front lawn after having a tree felled. Unfortunately, he had promised it to a friend.

For the rest of the day, I worked on the computer sorting out my Edinburgh pictures.

### **Thursday, 13<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

Grocery shopping day came early this week due to D-CaFF, our village dementia café, the following day.

The trip out was fine, except that I forgot to call at Home Bargains in Bury for some bottled water and some other bits and pieces. We went to Unicorn in Chorlton and Waitrose at Boradheath as usual with a brief visit to Sainbury's supermarket in Sale.

The café at Waitrose was closed because the toilets were out of action so we had to miss lunch.

The crawl back along the M60 was as painful as always and an added bonus was that I spotted my nearside headlight had failed. I called at Finney's garage on the way home to ask if someone could fix the headlight the following day. The very helpful chap on reception took the car into the bay and it was fixed while we waited for a modest cash payment which I could have dropped in later, when I was passing, if necessary.

We called at Bargain booze in Tottington for some Yellowtail Chardonnay and Shiraz Rosé, having purchased two bottles of Shiraz which was on offer at Waitrose.

It was nearly 5 p.m. by the time we were home.

## **Friday, 14<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

It was D-Caff day and we went down early to help set up, not that we were really needed. Everybody seemed to know what needed doing and did it. Rarely did one see such teamwork and with the minimum of supervision. The credit for all of this was due to all of the volunteers, to Joani Beale who started the D-CaFF over three years previous and who was currently taking a well-earned, long break due to illness and to Laura Roberts, a very good friend and colleague of Joani's. On this occasion, Laura was unable to attend so Alistair and Joan Waddell were overseeing the proceedings, which revolved around a session with representatives from Miller Care.

I put in the TV recordings for the coming week and tidied up my media around this afternoon's session, which was followed by a brief visit to Home Bargains in Bury.

## **Saturday, 15<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

I spent the whole day tidying up my media and working on the Edinburgh pictures for my web site.

## **Sunday, 16<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

I finished off publishing my [Edinburgh pictures](#).

We left about 4:15 p.m. for a meal with Matthew, Carrie, Rachel, Bob and Marie at the Swan and Cemetery, collecting Bob and Marie from their home in Ramsbottom and dropping them off afterwards. The meal was to celebrate Father's Day and we were treated by our children.

## **Monday, 17<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

After a late start, I went out during one of the rare dry spells this month to put some more hay round the swelling, unripe strawberries. We had run out of the hay we had from last year and Jenny had asked Christine if we could have another bag from the farm, which she had kindly dropped off for us over the week end. The straw helped to keep the strawberries off the soil, helped to keep them warm and deterred slugs and snails because they don't like crawling over rough surfaces. Jenny also helped me to erect a very basic cover of plastic netting to keep off the birds and squirrels (yes, our grey squirrels were back).

For the rest of the day, I caught up with my E-mails and continued reorganising my pictures for the web site, adding several older pictures not previously published. This was still very much work in progress.

I also sent in a request to the BBC's Repair Shop for a repair to my wall clock.

## **Tuesday, 18<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

I didn't exactly leap out of bed and it was another slow start to the day. It was dry, for a change, with a fair amount of blue sky and the odd bit of sun, desperately needed for the strawberries.

I was going out to cut the grass, which had grown considerably after all the rain. The rhubarb was doing well too, which made a change. I delayed that because Jenny suggested I walk up to the dentist with her for her three-monthly check-up (I went every six months) for some exercise, some fresh air and some vitamin D (from the sunlight on the skin).

I wasn't doing too badly. I had to weigh the clock for the request to the Repair Shop the previous day and the easiest way of doing that was to weigh myself and then weigh myself holding the clock. My weight was down to 12½ stones (that's just under 76Kg), down from 13st 10lbs (about 82.5Kg).

We took a circular route to Holcombe Brook, up Holcombe Road and along Bolton Road West, returning via Longsite Road, Vernon Road and Brandlesholme Road.

We called at Holcombe Brook post office on the way back to look for a card for Jenny's niece, Georgina, having recently learned that her mother, Winnie, had died. Jenny didn't find one there and we obtained one from the chemist at the Vernon Road shops.

We called in at Lynn and John's house and ended up staying for about two hours, catching up on events.

It was around 3 p.m. when we returned home for a very late lunch.

After that, there wasn't much point in starting anything major so I continued processing my old pictures for the web site.

## **Wednesday, 19<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

It was a nice morning and I thought it would be a good idea to cut the grass after lunch, giving it time to dry out a little after the previous evening's downpour.

It was a morning of odd jobs. I updated this blog, dealt with my E-mails, submitted the meter readings to my energy supplier, printed off some labels for Jenny so she could post a couple of cards, using my last two stamps and repaired a dining-room ornament from which a piece had become detached.

I also contacted Bolton Bathrooms regarding the progress with arranging my bathroom refurbish and fixed a problem with one of my printers.

That took me up to lunch time at 12:30.

After lunch, I spent a good couple of hours looking for and ordering some organic grocery items for Jenny's gluten-free baking which were not available from stores the high-street, at least within a reasonable driving distance. Most of the items came from Amazon and the odd one from Dolphin Fitness. More items would be needed after our holiday in preparation for the Christmas fair, Santa's Christmas Cracker and these we obtained from Healthy Supplies.

I finally got into the garden at about 3 p.m. for a couple of hours and cut the grass front and back. I also tidied up the edges and borders at the back and secured a couple of branches of the blackberry bush that had grown quite a bit.

Our bushes were loaded with fruit, except for the struggling blueberry and needed more sun.

### **Thursday, 20<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

We went grocery shopping a day early again.

Our first stop was just up the road at Gwen and Frank's house to drop off a few things before heading off to Unicorn. As always, the journey outwards was fine and the journey back was horrendous.

We call at Morrison's supermarket in Chorlton before driving up the road to Unicorn because Jenny had been trying to obtain some Moo organic chocolate pieces for baking, which Morrison's store in Ramsbottom used to stock and no longer did. Neither did the one at Chorlton. They were still available from the online store, though.

From Unicorn we gave Sainsbury's store at Sale a miss, having had to spend extra time at Unicorn where our groceries were scanned for a second time when the lady on the till lost the first attempt, after she had finished, while trying to sort out a refund from the previous week.

The café at Waitrose was open this week so we had lunch before starting our grocery shop. The toilets that had been closed last week were now back in use, except that they didn't flush! It seemed to me that the cistern wasn't filling with water. Apparently, they used rainwater that was gathered on the roof of the building and part of the control mechanism had broken. It would take several weeks to replace the broken part, the interim solution being to turn off the supply and then turn it on again slowly. Why it wasn't simply gravity fed was beyond my comprehension. Why make things simple when you can complicate them so much that they become unreliable?

### **Friday, 21<sup>st</sup> June 2019**

I spent the day helping Matthew with the construction of the cover for his patio.

## **Saturday, 22<sup>nd</sup> June 2019**

I dropped Rachel and Jenny off in Bury and went down to Matthew's house again. I collected the ladies from Bury at about 2:15 p.m. and came home since Matthew was going out in the afternoon.

I continued with the work on my web site pictures.

## **Sunday, 23<sup>rd</sup> June 2019**

We were up at 5 a.m. and Jenny and Rachel went off car booting, where they did quite well.

My first task of the day was to delete my Facebook account. The initial page was cluttered with too much information and I just didn't like it. Having my own web site, I didn't use it much anyway, so if you want to [contact me](#) you can find me easily enough.

I spent the bulk of the morning tidying up my media on the computer and added all the DVDs we had watched recently to my library. I just about fitted in everything on the available shelving. The problem was that I had at least another couple of shelves of DVDs still to watch, so physical space was becoming a problem and needed reviewing.

I found I had an unwanted, protected file on a portable hard drive that I couldn't delete because the security was linked to a non-existent Windows account, another bonus feature provided by Microsoft. It took me two hours to get rid of it and I had to do that from the Administrator account on a Windows 7 machine. I was toying with the idea of using Windows XP but, not having an XP machine, I then considered using MS DOS with USB support. That was getting complicated and time-consuming and I finally found the work-around using Windows 7 Administrator to reset the ownership and then the rights of the hidden Thumbs.db file in the sub-folder of the folder I needed to delete.

After a spot of lunch, I continued with the work on my pictures for my web site.

## **Monday, 24<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

The morning was taken up with unpacking the car following the previous day's sale, tidying the garage and storing our stock.

The afternoon was a little more bitty.

I picked a few more strawberries. The straw was not deterring all the slugs and a few pieces of fruit had succumbed to the slimy pest. I was beginning to wish I had invested in more nematodes this year to kill off slugs in the raised beds.

I also had a look at the blackcurrants and picked those that were ripe. I started with a small bowl and ended up using a much larger colander. There were enough for a pie or a crumble.

I took the foot off a table-top cooker that was in the car boot stock and which was missing a foot, the plan being to obtain one or a set of four similar ones. I subsequently decided it wasn't worth the effort or cost, being filthy inside so I consigned it to the tip.

Jenny asked me to take a picture of a Royal Doulton tea service we had for sale and I downloaded that and prepared a flyer for the car boot sale.

After that, I dealt with the pictures from the last dementia café and prepared the pages for the village web site so that Marcus, our new webmaster, could upload them. Unfortunately, I had difficulty accessing the new web share to upload them for Marcus to access.

I updated my web site with the latest issue of Unearthed from Greenpeace. The news was not good.

Eastern European countries had vetoed an attempt to set a zero carbon emission target by 2050 (my opinion being that we needed a global agreement to negate carbon emissions by 2022 to avoid the extinction of the human race over the next century or two at the most and possibly the destruction of all life on the earth). Shell and BP had both declined to back the plan. There's a surprise.

We currently had soaring temperatures in the arctic and across Europe.

President Trudeau in Canada had, not surprisingly, performed a U-turn on his environmental policy and approved a new oil pipeline that would considerably increase Canada's output.

On top of that, BBC 1 was running a series of three programmes looking at plastic pollution. Plastic had not only found its way into the oceans but a recent Greenpeace survey had shown it was in all our rivers. The programme showed it was breaking up into ever increasingly smaller particles and it had penetrated our food chain. Furthermore, it was also shown that invisible plastic particles were in the atmosphere and we were inhaling those. There was evidence these particles were settling in people's lungs and we wait to see the long-term effects. This latter discovery was due to clothing made from artificial fibres, something I had suspected for years, which is why I only wore clothes made from natural, biodegradable fibres such as wool and cotton.

The future was looking somewhat bleak and those it would affect most were the children and grandchildren of today.

Harold Macmillan was right when he said "most of our people have never had it so good" in 1957. By the end of the 1960s, it was all going downhill and it had accelerated year on year ever since.

## **Tuesday, 25<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

I resumed work on the landing skirting at last. The challenge that I had been putting off was to make the skirting along the back wall fit flush to the wall and still end up with a decent 90°

corner on the right-hand side. Since the wall was not straight or vertical, this was proving to be somewhat difficult.

The piece of wood I had cut fitted alright and the corner angle seemed fine. It was simply a case of forcing the wood to bend a little and stay in place until the glue bonding it to the wall set, not that I was anywhere near the gluing stage yet.

I did toy with the idea of chiselling out some of the brickwork to make the wall flatter but decided against it. The wall was supporting the house roof, after all.

I decided to try using some old house bricks, stored in the garage, wrapped in an old blanket, to hold the wood in place. A dozen bricks stacked two high at six points along the length of the run did the trick up to a point but there was still a gap between the top of the skirting and the wall.

I decided to try another three stacks of two bricks supporting a wooden wedge between the base of the bricks and the top of the skirting at three points on the left half of the run to force the top of the skirting against the wall. I couldn't do that on the right hand half because it would have affected the corner so I had to be content with a gap on that half.

All this took a considerable amount of time. Of course, had I nailed or screwed the wood to the wall, it wouldn't have been so much of a problem but I didn't want any visible signs of fixing on the varnished surface.

The result was as good as I was going to get on the uneven wall and I was prepared to glue the back piece onto the wall, except that I didn't have enough glue. I tidied up and packed up for the day, leaving the bricks in place.

I returned to processing my miscellaneous pictures for the web site.

### **Wednesday, 26<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

We dropped off some items at the old school for the jumble and some rubbish at the tip on the way to B&Q at Heap Bridge.

I went for some No More Nails and purchased a 3 pack for £11.50. A single one was £7! While I was there, I thought I'd look for some bits and pieces to put up Jenny's new clothes line. I bought four stainless steel bow shackles and three stainless steel tensioning hooks. The plan was to put a bow shackle into the metal loop that was screwed into the house wall and then attach a tensioning hook to each of the three lines that ran from there, hooking them onto the bow shackle. The remaining bow shackles were intended for securing the opposite ends of the three lines.

From B&Q we drove up the motorway to the next junction at Pilsworth for a visit to Asda where we bought a few groceries, Jenny forgetting the main item, a carton of Moo organic, semi-skimmed milk.

We called at Matthew and Carrie's house and picked up the Dremmel and the saw from the garage so I could continue with my landing skirting. While we were there, I showed Jenny Matthew's construction at the back and, on the way out, picked some ripe raspberries. His blackcurrants were going to waste as well but we didn't have time to pick those.

We called at the Tesco Express at Brandleshome for the milk on the way home. The store didn't stock any organic milk so Jenny bought some non-organic milk, which I wouldn't have done, not that it mattered to me other than the damage to the environment of non-organic farming, because I wasn't consuming it.

Arriving home, we found a very nice letter from Jenny's niece Georgina whose mother, Winnie, had recently died. Unfortunately, we could not make the funeral, so we had sent a card. Jenny asked me to locate a poem she would ask Georgina to read at the service, which I did and, after lunch, I produced a full-page, faded picture of a large oak tree with the poem (The Family Tree) on it for her.

It was then time to do some practical work.

I removed the remnants of the clothes line to the right that had snapped, put up the shackle in the wall loop, prepared the tensioning bolt, tied a bowline in the end of the new rope, put that onto a shackle and put the shackle round a thin, firm branch on the hawthorn tree. I cut the rope to length and tied a bowline in the other end, hooked it onto a tensioning bolt and hooked that onto the wall shackle. Tensioned up, that was the first new line up.

I dismantled the old middle line after Jenny had transferred her washing from the old line on the left to the new one. The new middle line far end bowline hooked straight onto the pole at the back of our neighbour's garden, just over the back fence. Sylvia had given us permission to use it a while back. The house wall connection was the same as the first new line.

Jenny didn't want the third line replacing, which was just as well because I had run out of rope.

I dismantled the third line, threw away all the old line and put away the S-hooks I used for the old lines.

The next task was to fix Jenny's third clothes prop. The bolt that went through the hole in the extended prop to hold up the extension should have been fixed to the prop using a small chain so that it wasn't lost. The chain had become detached from the prop and I secured it using the staple gun.

I was going to start on the protruding nail that was preventing me fitting a new piece of skirting on the landing, grinding it down with the Dremmel but by the time I had finished all of the above, it was nearly 5 p.m. so I took up my chair in the lounge to relax before tea.

## **Thursday, 27<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

I resumed work on the landing skirting and, with a bit of friendly persuasion, a lot of patience and some grinding, I managed to get the skirting more or less in place between the small bedroom and the toilet, taking in one internal and one external corner.

That fitted around a few other odd jobs like picking the ripe strawberries, a task that had become routine recently and we had had a good crop from our few plants. What is more, they were juicy, sweet and their flavour was much more intense than shop-bought fruit, as was the case with our blackcurrants. I was convinced that home-grown and particularly organically, home-grown, produce was much nicer and much healthier. It was also hard work and to be self-sufficient in fruit and vegetables would require a larger plot and better soil than we had. I was still struggling with the blueberry bush and maybe that was due to lack of experience. Self-sufficiency would be almost a full-time job.

## **Friday, 28<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

It was our usual grocery shopping day with a few added features. We started off with a visit to Home Bargains in Bury and then headed for Matthew and Carrie's house to drop off Matthew's saw and Dremmel. We were about half-way there when Jenny realised we had forgotten the keys to Matthew and Carrie's house, which we needed because they were both at work.

We came home for the keys using the scenic route through Tottington to avoid the three-way traffic lights at the junction of Brandlesholme Road and Longsight Road on our usual route to Bury.

We set off again the same way and completed our second task of the day, then headed for Unicorn in Chorlton as usual. We made a short stop at Sainsbury's store in Sale on our way to Waitrose at Broadheath.

People kept asking why we shopped so far from home.

Firstly, all of Unicorn's fruit and vegetables were organic, ethically sourced and there was a huge variety. They were almost entirely loose and shoppers helped themselves. There was hardly any plastic wrapping. We put most of our fruit and vegetables in a large, cardboard box, available for free from Unicorn and which we reused. For those who wanted them, brown paper bags were supplied. Many of their other goods were organic and all were ethically sourced and environmentally friendly. Unicorn was run as a worker's co-operative, which kept prices competitive, even for organic items. Unicorn had certain health standards and did not stock anything containing sugar, any meat or fish or any dairy produce.

Secondly, Waitrose stocked a good deal of organic produce and it was the first supermarket to announce that it was ditching single-use plastic. All of the fish was sustainably sourced and the store chain won the MSC award for the best fish counter in 2018. At the time of writing, the chain was piloting loose, refillable packaging for dry goods and people could bring their own containers. (Unicorn was also trialling this for a limited number of dry goods). Duchy items

resulted in a contribution to the Prince's (Prince Charles') Trust and all the employees were regarded as partners with a share in the profits. As a result, it was in their interests to treat customers well and they did. As for prices, it was a case of swings and roundabouts. Some were good, some competitive and some a trifle expensive and they varied from month to month. "My Waitrose" customers benefitted from special offers, like "Fish Friday" with 20% off the counter prices.

The only drawback was the M60. I had concluded that the majority of drivers simply did not have the mental capacity to cope with busy motorway conditions. A much more stringent driving examination prior to obtaining a licence and regular reviews would solve this problem in two ways. First, it would dramatically reduce the number of vehicles on the road and second it would ensure that those who obtained and managed to keep a licence would be much better drivers. A by-product would be that it would also reduce pollution levels and the effect on global warming.

### **Saturday, 29<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

I spent most of the day working on the electrical jumble at the Old School. Jenny joined me later in the morning and left shortly before me.

The rest of the day was taken up with tidying up my media files.

### **Sunday, 30<sup>th</sup> June 2019**

We were up at 5 a.m. and Jenny and Rachel went car booting.

I washed up, dried and put away the dirty dishes and then sat down to update this month's epic saga.

I dealt with my E-mails and updated my web site.

After lunch, I stuck the skirting on the back wall of the landing and the small piece between the back bedroom and the bathroom.

Leaving the adhesive to set for 24 hours, I went out and picked more strawberries and the ripe blackcurrants before resuming work on processing my miscellaneous family photographs for the web site, by which time Jenny and Rachel had returned having had a reasonably successful day.