

Greenmount - October 2016

Saturday October 1st: An early start saw us at the monthly, village Drop-in for 8:45 a.m. Jenny and Gwen were running the bric-a-brac stall and I was testing and pricing electrical equipment for the jumble sale.

Not having foraged for provisions as usual the previous day, we had an afternoon out at Unicorn and Waitrose. Traffic on the M60 was horrendous. By the time we arrived home, I was absolutely shattered and hungry. Jenny stowed away the groceries and prepared a most welcome and very nice tea. My sea-bass fillets, pan fried in soy sauce, ginger and garlic, went down very nicely with a couple of glasses of Yellowtail Chardonnay.

We were both too tired to pack the car for the car boot sale the following day, which was a shame, because a very nice day was forecast. Unfortunately, it was not a good use of our time because too few people were buying our goods. Some of those who did wanted to pay less than the reasonable prices we were asking.

Sunday October 2nd: It was turned 10 a.m. before we stirred, which should give some indication of how tired we were.

After breakfast and pot washing, my attention was drawn to the radiator in the bathroom. Jenny thought it was leaking. On inspection, I discovered it was condensation dropping off it following Rachel's shower. The inspection also revealed it was badly rusted underneath and the paint had flaked off. One would think that radiators, normally full of water and particularly those installed in damp areas such as kitchens and bathrooms, would be made of stainless steel. Having replaced the one in the entrance hall with such a radiator, it was my plan to systematically replace all the radiators with stainless steel ones as we decorated. All I needed to do was to find the time to decorate.

I put up Jenny's new clothes line and then proceeded to cut the grass on the back lawn, Jenny helping me to move the picnic bench for the first time since its installation and under which the grass was quite long, even though it was covered up a lot to protect it from the rain.

I took a refreshment break about 2 p.m. and then mowed the side and front grass (I wouldn't call them lawns). It was about 4:30 p.m. before I had finished tidying up and it was turning cooler, as it did in these autumn evenings. It had been a nice sunny day and very pleasant working outside.

I came in and helped slice up some meat for the beef stroganoff for tea and then came in to light the fire Jenny had cleaned out and prepared with kindling. I fetched in some wood from the garage and applied the fire-lighters. It took a short while for the stove to warm up and the temperature outside would drop quickly once the sun went down.

Monday October 3rd: The intention was to go into Ramsbottom after breakfast. While Jenny was hanging out her washing, I opened my snail mail and read the statement from the Tax Man. Apparently, although he was extracting contributions for underpaid tax in earlier years, I was still £1,500 in arrears. That was entirely the fault of whoever processed my tax returns since I had been completing them honestly and accurately (how many people can say that?) for several years.

We eventually got off to Ramsbottom and I took the power board from the TV I was repairing for Jenny's niece, Tracey, in to the repair shop. We then toured the charity shops before returning home.

I spent the rest of the afternoon sorting out my tax, verifying the statement and I eventually managed to make everything balance.

I then spent a good half-hour waiting for a BT chap in the call centre to become available for an online chat. I was reporting the noisy line at Greenmount Old School for the fourth time and suggested we needed an engineer on site. The chap insisted on running remote diagnostics even though these had shown no fault in the past and subsequent engineering visits had resulted in a reported fault fix. I left him running remote diagnostics which could take up to 48 hours.

While I was waiting, I managed to light the fire for the third evening running. The days were warmish in the sun but the evenings soon turned cold as the sun went down and it was the time of year when the evenings became darker earlier and the sun rose later each day.

Tuesday October 4th: Joani Beale from the Dementia Café collected us just after 9 a.m. and we all went down to the Skipton Building Society in Bury where Joani gave a presentation on Dementia and I provide the technical expertise, setting up the laptop and projector and operating Powerpoint. Jenny and I were enrolled as Dementia Friends and had badges to prove it.

We were home for about 1:30 p.m. after a small detour to the vet to collect the cat's renal tablets. The vet only had 40 in stock until the following week. I would collect and pay for the remaining three month's supply then.

I discovered the BT engineer had been out and resolved the fault at the Old School, The chap with whom I had been talking the previous day had left me a message on my mobile while I was at the Dementia presentation.

The rest of the day was fairly unproductive. My hiatus hernia was playing up again. I did manage to clean out the fire and light it for the third evening running.

Wednesday October 5th: I took the car into the garage as arranged. The squeak under the bonnet had turned into a noisy rattle and the handbrake still needed attention. I parked the car and told the chap the engine was now sounding like a can of marbles. He asked me to start it up so he could listen to it. That resulted in an even noisier rattle, rapidly followed by a bang and a clatter. I turned the engine off quickly. Rachel arrived just as I had finished and gave me a lift home.

About the most useful job I did was to put up the new vertical blind in our bedroom and help Jenny prepare the blinds themselves for washing before refitting them.

The rest of the day I spent on the computer, mostly trying to fathom the problem with E-mail. My server worked alright with most other E-mail servers but for some reason, it didn't like the Google mail servers or those at Bury Council or those at Blackburn Council. I focussed my attention on Google and tested mail between my Networking

Consultancy account and my Google Mail account. The message I sent to Google Mail arrived alright but flagged up two issues.

The first was that it was not encrypted by Demon Internet using something called TLS. It did not particularly concern me that it was not encrypted. The fact that it had identified Demon Internet as the culprit rather than my Networking Consultancy server was a clue to the cause of the second issue.

The second was that the sender of the E-mail could not be verified as that specified in the source of the E-mail and could, therefore, be SPAM.

Clearly, the Google mail server had identified the external interface on my broadband router as the source of the message, being a Demon IP address, rather than my server which sat on the inside of the router. Further research indicated that this verification used a new type of record in the Domain Name Server or DNS, called an SPF and, to add to the complexity, this was actually a TXT (or text) record.

For the less technical people out there, a DNS is a service that runs on computers (and sometimes on some other pieces of equipment, like routers), normally those which provide E-mail or web services (known as Servers). The DNS is used to translate names into numbers, a little like a telephone directory. Each computer on the Internet has its own unique number. A server can provide many services with different names. The DNS simply converts the name you provide into the correct number so you get the correct service.

Back to the plot. I implemented an SPF record in my Networking Consultancy domain and left it to propagate the Internet. DNS systems do that. They constantly talk to each other, exchanging information, so any one DNS retains a copy of what it needs even though that information is not held on that DNS. If a change is made, it takes a little while for this temporarily stored information to be forgotten and for the DNS to have to go and ask the proper owner of the information for it anew.

The concept of the DNS is quite straight forward and the Internet could not function without it. The actual technical implementation is somewhat bewildering, particularly if you only dabble in it from time to time.

I was able to do all this in the afternoon in peace and quiet as Jenny had gone off for an extended lunch with her friend, Gwen.

The engineering manager from the garage telephoned to say the car needed a new alternator and they could not obtain one on the day, so they needed to keep the car overnight. I said that was alright since I did not need it. Apparently, the loud bang and clatter was the pulley flying off the alternator shaft. It was lucky that had not occurred earlier.

Thursday October 6th: I spent much of the day cutting and chopping wood for the fire in an attempt to make an impression on the logs I had stored under the side of the car port. Jenny filled three sacks with the logs I had cut while Rachel gave me a lift to collect the car from the garage, my bank balance taking a significant dive for the second month running. The engineering manager showed me the pulley off the old alternator the mechanic had found on the tray underneath the engine. German engineering was not

what it used to be. I supposed, like everyone else, they imported most of their goods from China. That didn't stop them being expensive, though.

Just to demonstrate women can multitask, not only did Jenny tidy up my wood for me, she also managed to deal with the gas engineer who came to service the boiler some two hours late.

Friday October 7th: The usual shopping trip to Unicorn and Waitrose was not too bad, except for the congestion on the return journey resulting in slow moving traffic and some brief stop-start sections.

I spent much of the rest of the day looking into the E-mail issues on my server, concentrating mainly on Google Mail, which seemed to cause the most problems with mail going astray.

Saturday October 8th: We were at the Old School from about 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. working through the electrical jumble. There was a lot of it and it was slow going.

When we came home, we packed the car ready for the car boot sale the following day.

I continued looking into my server's E-mail problems and the mystery just got deeper and deeper.

Sunday October 9th: Although I was out of bed just after 5 a.m., it was almost 7 a.m. before we reached Ramsbottom Station car park and finally settled on a spot between Jack, a chap we had met on several occasions who dealt in British notes and coins and the butty van. Unfortunately, the wind was blowing gently towards the latter so we did not reap the benefit of the lovely smell of bacon cooking.

Trading was slow and steady and we did reasonably well, moving a couple of larger items, one of them being slightly up-market.

The unscheduled rain shower, two hours earlier than forecast, at 2 p.m. forced us into a rapid finish and we were home before 3 p.m. Since the clothes on the rack had suffered, we unpacked the car straight away and put them on the rack in the conservatory to thoroughly dry out. Most of the other items we had managed to cover with polythene and they were simply stored away in their appropriate places in the garage. The books I left in the garage to dry off, although Jenny had managed to stow them in the car before the worst of the shower.

I continued with my investigation unto the E-mail problem and carried out some systematic testing, recording the results. These highlighted some minor issues with my personal Greenmount Village and Networking Consultancy E-mail addresses being in my blocked senders list and I removed them. The reason this had happened is that my E-mail addresses had been faked to send junk mail to me and I had identified the originator as a blocked sender.

The one outstanding and major issue was that I was not receiving any mail from my Google Mail account (gmail). Since that used to work and the chaps at Google had made some changes in an attempt to improve E-mail security, I could only conclude it was all their fault, particularly when it seemed other people were having similar problems with

their servers and Google mail. My immediate reaction was to advise everyone to steer clear of Google mail and use some other provider. I did intend to get to the bottom of the problem but, not surprisingly, the technical people (I use the term loosely) at Google were not very helpful.

I would have installed a network analysis tool on my server to monitor SMTP (mail) connections to see if the Google servers were trying to contact me but the only analyser I could find required a 64-bit processor and my old Windows 2003 server was only 32-bit.

Monday October 10th: We went into Ramsbottom, primarily to collect the power board for the TV I was repairing, which we did. We toured the charity shops as usual and I found a Louis Armstrong CD with a potted biography booklet, not that it was accurate, quoting his date of birth as 4th July 1900, which is what Louis Armstrong used to tell people. His actual date of birth was an unmemorable 4th August 1901, a year and a month later. The CD had a selection of his recordings (25) from 1929 to 1965 and the booklet recorded his death, in his sleep, in July 1971 (but not the actual date, the 6th, or the location (at his home in Queens, New York). Still, it was not a bad find for 49p.

We came home for lunch and Jenny packed her car boot clothes, which had dried on the rack in the conservatory overnight, away while I updated the village and the Tottington web sites. That took me until nearly 7 p.m., being interrupted a couple of times to help Jenny and for almost an hour with a telephone call from my sister Barbara. I reflected that I didn't talk to people I should often enough.

Tuesday October 11th: The first task of the day was to put the power board in the television I was repairing and test it. That went well.

We eventually set off for Sheffield, essentially to visit Jenny's niece, Tracey, in hospital, lurching on the way on the hill tops on the outskirts, as we had done previously.

We stopped off at Tracey's house, where we met up with her partner, Andy, to drop off and test the TV. That worked perfectly. We also dropped off Andy's computer for which I had found a new power supply.

There were no parking spaces at Northern General Hospital and we parked the car on a side street some distance away. The provision of parking facilities was woefully inadequate and I could not believe how stupid and short-sighted the site planners must have been not to cater for the volume of staff and visitors using their own vehicles.

We spent about three hours chatting with Tracey, one of her neighbours and a staff member who had known Jenny's sisters, Pamela and Kath. I thought we left Tracey in better spirits than we found her but I couldn't help thinking that the quality and co-ordination of care was lacking and that, given better organisation, monitoring and medical interaction, Tracey's health would improve quicker.

We made our way home, arriving for 7:30 p.m. and had our evening meal, joined by Rachel, at the Bull's Head Toby Carvery in the village.

Wednesday October 12th: We went to Bury for a few groceries. We started with a trip to the tip to dump some rubbish, mostly from the Old School and then, after parking the

car, we walked to the “cash for clothes” cabin with two bags of items Jenny had sorted out from her car boot stock that were not selling.

Since we had to pass Marks and Spencer, we called in to see if they had any cotton pyjamas for Jenny. They didn't. What they did have was a load of rubbish, mostly comprising artificial fibres.

We thought we'd try Debenhams. They did have some pure cotton pyjamas but Jenny didn't like them, the fabric pattern being boring, large checks. All the nice ones were, once again, made using mostly chemical-based yarn.

I had more success with a pair of shoes. Having bought Clarks shoes on the last few occasions, I bought a pair of Hotter shoes. Clarks had not had any I liked for a while.

From then on we resumed normal operations, starting at Holland and Barrett looking for some organic, chick-pea flour so Jenny could try out a gluten-free bread recipe she had found. That was a waste of time. We did notice that the organic items we buy from either Unicorn or Waitrose, also stocked by Holland and Barrett, were significantly more expensive there, being somewhere in the region of one-and-a-half times to twice as much. I remarked to Jenny that I thought they should rename the shop Holland, Barrett and Ripoff.

After that we made for the Health Food Store in the market, where Jenny bought her organic, chick-pea flour and a few other items before finishing off at Tesco.

We came home for lunch and I spent the remainder of the afternoon updating the village and Tottington District Civic Society web sites.

Thursday October 13th: I spent most of the day cutting wood for the fire again. A late start and a leisurely lunch break resulted in only just over two bags of wood.

I lit a fire again in the evening, which we had started doing every evening now the evenings were turning cooler, so we were burning wood at a rate faster than I was cutting it and I needed to step up production.

Friday October 14th: The usual outing for groceries was a short one to Village Greens and Tesco in Prestwich. Even so, we barely had time for lunch before we had to leave for the Cricket Club and the Halloween themed Dementia Café. Jenny went dressed as a witch and I went as normal, which was frightening enough, clutching my camera.

We returned to let the dishwasher take care of all the soiled crockery, cutlery and pans from the last 24 hours and Jenny prepared the cooked, evening meal of fish, as usual on Fridays, much to the cat's pleasure.

Saturday October 15th: As the jumble sale loomed, we tackled more of the electrical goods stored in the old School cellar. By the time we returned home at 5 p.m., it did not seem we had made much of an impression.

Sunday October 16th: It was not a good day. I awoke with a very sore throat and my oesophagus felt like it had been cleaned with a wire brush. Clearly the double dose of Omeprazole for two weeks had not sorted my problem. Drinking lots of water

throughout the day and a rather large, single, Scottish, malt whisky before tea seemed to improve matters a little.

Meanwhile, I concentrated on a rather large and complicated update to the village web site, which took most of the day. That was not surprising since we did not rise from our slumbers until 9:45 a.m. and only then because Jenny's friend, Lynn telephoned.

I did manage to cut the cat's claws, not that the cat was impressed. Jenny ended up with some rather large scratches on her arms from trying to hold the cat still during this process and also two spots of blood on her sweater collar. We were not sure whether that came from Jenny or the cat. There was no trace of blood from the cat's paws, so I don't think I nicked her skin. She seemed alright afterwards. Jenny washed her arm with antiseptic and spent the day in the kitchen (where else?)

I also lit the fire again. The evening was turning quite cold after a wet day. I suspected the following day would be a wood-cutting day.

Monday October 17th: Apart from a brief walk to deliver a leaflet advertising the coming Jumble Sale and the Remembrance Day Service to the residents on our village round, I worked on updates to the village web site and such other IT trivia.

Tuesday October 18th: I spent most of my day cutting logs for the fire. Since we were burning a bag each evening, I thought it best to replenish our dwindling stock. I was averaging 2.5 bags per session so I needed two sessions a week just to keep pace with demand. The positive aspect of all this effort was that we were not using the central heating and my gas bill for the last quarter was only £55, as I discovered two days later.

Wednesday October 19th: The highlights of my day were a trip into Ramsbottom for a potter round the charity shops in the warm, autumn sunshine and a visit to the medical centre to see the nurse for my check-up. The result of the former was three Midsomer Murder DVDs and a DVD of Zodiac. The result of the latter was the extraction of more blood for tests (although I had my doubts as we were approaching Halloween) and a vaccination against influenza. The good news was that my blood pressure and weight were both down. An organic, gluten-free diet would seem to be having a positive effect. I had always suspected our farmers of poisoning us for decades and now I was convinced that wheat was not at all good for the digestive tract.

I spent the rest of my time dealing with E-mails, submitting gas and electricity meter readings and updating the village web site yet again.

Jenny's friend Lynn telephoned and she told Jenny that her daughter, Alison was featured in a Youtube video, created by her partner, Nick. The video can be viewed here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QWFPbqbnGM>. I found it well produced and very moving.

Thursday October 20th: I had another day of woodcutting, followed by a hair-cut and a shower. Jenny cleaned out the fire from last evening and I attempted to light it after my shower. For some strange reason, making it burn proved somewhat difficult. Although I was using a new sack of wood, it came from the same batch as the previous evening's logs and they burnt very quickly.

Friday October 21st: A trip to the tip with Old School jumble rubbish was followed by the usual journey to Prestwich, where we deviated from our route to Unicorn at Chorlton down the M60 to call at Village Greens for a few odds and ends in the grocery line. Travelling to Unicorn was reasonable considering the volume of traffic and the M56 to Waitrose at Broadheath was not too bad at all.

Arriving at Waitrose around 12:30 p.m., we headed straight for the café and by the time we had acquired our teas and vitals, all the tables were taken. Fortunately, a kind lady offered us two seats at her table.

The journey home along the M60 and subsequently the M56 was painfully slow, due (a) to the large volume of traffic (it was 3:30 p.m. so there was a lot of school traffic) and (b) drivers simply not leaving gaps for others to move into.

There were plans for Manchester to expand by some 225,000 new homes by 2035 which meant at least around another quarter of a million additional vehicles on the road. The city would grind to a complete halt if this were to happen because there was simply not the infrastructure to handle that kind of increase in the population and there was not the space to construct or provide the necessary infrastructure. It was time that the planners stopped thinking about economic growth, which was supposed to be the driving force for this initiative and more about what was best for the existing people of Manchester. In reality, the reason for this proposed development was to make those with a great deal of money and power as a result of their greed even richer and more powerful. It was time for the population of Manchester not only to oppose this imposition but to take positive action against it.

Saturday October 22nd: We spent a long day at the Old School, from 10 a.m. to nearly 6 p.m., working on the electrical jumble.

I managed a village web site update before tea.

Sunday October 23rd: We had planned another long day at the Old School and that started well about 10:30 a.m.

We received a telephone call about 3 p.m. to say that Jenny's niece, Tracey, had suffered some kind of heart problem the led to her being moved to the High Dependency Unit at Northern General Hospital in Sheffield and that she was not expected to live for more than a few days.

We dropped everything and headed for Sheffield. By the time we arrived, about 5:30 p.m., it was too late. Tracey had, in fact, passed peacefully into the afterlife at about 3:30 p.m.

We spent some time saying our farewells and went to spend a little time with her partner Andy at his home before heading for tea at the Meadow Farm, Ecclesfield, not that Jenny was in the mood for eating.

We arrived home at about 11 p.m. and made it to bed just about midnight.

Monday October 24th: We were back at the Old School for about 10:30 a.m. and I had a long day working on the electrical equipment while Jenny set out jigsaws, games and such

as a second string to our bow. Jenny came home for lunch and to fetch me some while I continued working. There was still some work left over as we approached the jumble sale opening time and I stored it away for next time.

Our takings were not as high as last time, although we made a reasonable sum. We packed away at 6 p.m. and we were home for 7 p.m.

Tuesday October 25th: We had a relatively leisurely day. Following breakfast and washing the pots, I connected up a TV aerial cable to the second tuner in Matthew's old computer system I had up and running in my conservatory. The two tuners were connected to an aerial signal booster and I configured Windows Media Centre to recognise both tuners so that I could record two TV programmes at the same time. With a USB tuner connected to Jenny's laptop in the lounge, I had the flexibility of recording three programmes at once.

We went into Ramsbottom to have a front door key cut for Jenny. Her old key had broken in two. We took the opportunity to tour the charity shops.

The plan was to come home for lunch and then visit Carrie who was recovering from her operation at home. Carrie was otherwise engaged so I turned my attention to testing a wireless repeater for the Old School jumble. I couldn't make that work at home because my network had a 64-character key and the repeater would only accept up to 63 characters, a limitation of older devices. I sent the manufacturer an E-mail asking if a firmware update was available. I did not intend to hold my breath for a reply.

I cleaned the fire after a few days of burning, which took a little while and then lit it and had it burning pretty well by 5 p.m., just as the central heating came on. (Rachel had turned it on over the week end.) I turned it off.

Wednesday October 26th: A late start did nothing for the day. By the time we had eaten breakfast and washed the pots it was approaching the afternoon and I spent that in the conservatory on my desktop computer that used to be Matthew's system.

I installed a Canon MG 2950 printer to replace the old HP Deskjet Matthew had given me and which did not have proper, fully functional drivers for Windows 7. The Canon printer had come from the jumble at the Old School and was as good as new.

I first installed it using the USB interface but then thought it might be better using the wireless interface because I could then print to it remotely from other computers without the desktop being powered on.

Once installed, I used it to scan a couple of documents and left off the second, large, multi-page one at 6 p.m. to light the fire for the evening.

Thursday October 27th: I finished off my scanning, as one does. I ventured into the garage to locate two halogen bulbs and proceeded to replace the two bulbs that had failed in the kitchen ceiling down-lights. While still in a fairly active mood, I investigated the problem with the lights under the kitchen units and deduced those fluorescent tubes had reached the end of their lives as well. Had I looked at these sooner, we could have acquired two from the hardware store in Ramsbottom on Tuesday. I shelved that task until our next trip there.

Friday October 28th: A trip to the tip in Bury was followed by a journey to Asda at Pilsworth and a leisurely stroll round several aisles from which we needed little and purchased even less. That was until we reached the wine and spirits. Yellow Tail Shiraz was priced at £24 for a box of six, an offer we couldn't refuse, particularly since we had none. Yellow Tail Chardonnay was £5 a bottle and another box of six found its way into the shopping trolley. Prosecco, which Jenny quite likes, was also £24 for six but not being so keen, I only bought one bottle for £5. I did add a bottle of Janeau Armagnac to the list of purchases, though.

Our booty stored safely in the back of the car, we headed for Unicorn in Chorlton and then, as usual, to Waitrose at Broadheath. It wasn't exactly a case of the TV programme "Eat Well for Less". It was more a case of eat and drink well for a small fortune.

The drive home was painful. After having tried route one (that's a bit like Plan 1, except in a car) and hitting (not literally) stationary traffic on the slip road adjoining the M60 motorway, I veered, cautiously, across to the exit ramp up to the roundabout, crossed the motorway and performed a 180° turn to exit at the junction we used on the way down. Here we joined the M56 towards Manchester and came home via the scenic route, through the centre of Manchester. I wasn't sure it was much quicker but it was more interesting than the stop-start routine on the M60.

We were home for about 5 p.m., having left about 10 a.m.

Saturday October 29th: I used the day to tidy up my media on Jenny's laptop and to investigate the E-mail problem on the server. I came to the conclusion that my server was not receiving mail from Google users because Google's Domain Name Server was not configured correctly and this time I provided evidence to Google.

Sunday October 30th: I had intended to cut some logs. Instead, I undertook a village web site update. Matthew and Carrie arrived for a bit of a chat, the first time we had seen Carrie since her operation almost two weeks earlier and she was looking well, all things considered. After that, I spent the rest of the day grappling with network printer problems on Rachel's Dell XP laptop. I thought I'd never say this but XP wasn't as good at networking as Windows 7.

Monday October 31st: Apologies to all those trick-or-treaters for whom we were well prepared, complete with pumpkin lantern, meticulously hand-carved by Rachel. We had to go over to Sheffield to help Andy clear Tracey's house and came back with a car load of items for our car boot sales.

On the outward journey, I had to call for some diesel and we stopped off at Tesco in Bury since we were passing. Two thirds of the pumps were undergoing some sort of maintenance and were out of use and there was a long queue for fuel, so I decided not to wait and called at Asda at Pilsworth, also on our way, being just off the M60 ring road.

Returning, we had just started our descent on the Manchester side of the Woodhead Pass (or A628 as some might know it) when Jenny asked me to pull up. Those familiar with the road would know that it is not one on which there was a great deal of room, covered for much of its length with solid white lines in the middle of the road (meaning no overtaking) and passing places were few and far between. Stopping, except in a dire

emergency, was not really a wise move, particularly in the dark, with an articulated lorry travelling at around 60 m.p.h. about six feet from one's rear end.

I pulled on to a makeshift lay-by on the opposite side of the road as soon as it was convenient and it was then I discovered Jenny had mislaid her handbag ("A handbag!" did you remark?), complete with purse containing her debit cards and her house keys. A few words of wisdom sprang to mind.

I telephoned Andy on his mobile and asked to have a look round Tracey's house for it because Jenny was sure that was where she left it.

We continued our journey home, calling at the Swan and Cemetery for our very nice evening meal. As a result, our month concluded on a note that was a semi-tone *above* bottom E flat.

Would we recover Jenny's keys and raise the tone of our mood? Shall we have enough space in our garage for all the car boot stock? Shall we ever see the garage floor again? These and other pointless questions will be ignored in next month's gripping episode of life, the universe (well, the important bit, around Greenmount, anyway) and everything.