

## **Greenmount August 2021**

### **Sunday, 1<sup>st</sup> August 2021**

We didn't rise until about 11 a.m. after a long, tiring day yesterday.

I spent much of the day reconciling the list of attendees at the forthcoming Afternoon Tea on 12<sup>th</sup> August at the old school. Jenny had volunteered to take bookings and the task had been complicated by other people compiling lists separately, so it was a case of bringing all the information together, not that the information supplied by others was as complete as we would have liked, omitting contact details and dietary requirements.

I compiled the final list and asked Rachel to check it against the original documents to make sure all the information, as far as it went, was accurate. She came up with a potential discrepancy in some of the supplied information, which I queried when I sent the list to Christine Taylor and Julie Southworth.

I helped Jenny deal with the blackcurrants we had stored in the fridge and they were frozen temporarily, the plan being to pick the rest of the ripe fruit tomorrow and turn the whole lot into jam.

I went out to pick the ripe raspberries while Rachel picked the few remaining, ripe strawberries.

I helped peel the potatoes for tea while Rachel put out Jenny's washing line for her.

I rescanned some documents that needed storing.

### **Monday, 2<sup>nd</sup> August 2021**

We were at the old school for 9 a.m. for the second day of the sale. Trade was slow following the flying start on Saturday. Thankfully, the boredom ended at noon and we came home for lunch.

After lunch, I listened to the recording of Jazz Record Requests from yesterday and then went outside to pick the ripe blackcurrants. This year's crop was nowhere near as good as last year's yield.

I harvested the onions, hung them up in the garage and then turned over and tidied the raised bed in which we had grown them. I did the same to the spare raised bed on which we currently feed our friendly, female blackbird dried mealworms. Today she had another treat, a few worms from the lid of the compost bin when I emptied the vegetable waste.

By the time I had finished, it was 5 p.m.

## **Tuesday, 3<sup>rd</sup> August 2021**

We went into Ramsbottom, essentially for some Mesa Sunrise breakfast cereal, some dinner candles and some organic potatoes.

We toured the charity shops and I found a Fats Waller CD and an Artie Shaw DVD. Jenny found a book and a pair of trousers. Jenny called in at Plentiful and they had some organic new potatoes and some small potatoes suitable for mashing. She decided to see what Morrison's and Tesco's supermarket had.

We went to Morrison's supermarket.

We glanced at the newspaper headlines, full of Boris Johnson's decision to throw caution to the wind by relaxing the Covid-19 rules and regulations, particularly in respect of foreign travel. What the headlines didn't say was that Boris had well and truly abandoned the science which he had originally emphasised was guiding political decisions. This was a Government that didn't care about people as individuals and instead pampered to the demands of the most greedy and selfish. We had most certainly entered the age of survival of the fittest.

Even worse, there were no organic potatoes. We looked at the box of cereal, priced at £3 and Jenny decided to see what the price at Tesco's supermarket was. We bought two packs of dinner candles that had increased in price by 25%.

We moved on to Tesco. The store had neither organic potatoes nor the cereal.

Our outing was  $33\frac{1}{3}\%$  successful.

We came home for a quick lunch before driving up to Holcombe Brook for our dental appointments. Jenny had a rough, sharp, front tooth smoothed and I had a thorough check-up and polish.

The major task of the afternoon was to pick over the latest batch of blackcurrants, weigh them and put them in a pan with the ones we had earlier frozen and defrosted to make some jam. We ended up with five jars, about a third of the yield from last year's crop.

We seemed to be have set some sort of statistical trend for the day.

## **Wednesday, 4<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

We were up and breakfasted in good time for the Miele engineer to come and fit the new fridge and freezer doors to replace the ones damaged in transit, although the damage did not prevent the appliance working.

A van arrived at about 9:30 and I thought it was the engineer ahead of time. It wasn't. It was a delivery from Miele – a new freezer door. I stood on the doorstep expecting the fridge door as well and the delivery man said that was it. I was left wondering where the fridge door was.

The engineer arrived at about 11:45 a.m., just as I was finishing cleaning the lawn mower after cutting the grass front and back.

We had a discussion about the lack of the fridge door and we decided that it would be best to fit both doors at the same time. Unfortunately, the fridge door had not been ordered.

What a bunch of amateurs these people were. The engineer was most helpful but could do nothing except inspect the new freezer door to make sure it wasn't damaged. We stored it in the dining room until the fridge door arrived. I sent an ultimatum to Miele.

After tidying away the lawnmower, we had lunch and I dealt with a couple of E-mails before nipping down to Tesco in Bury for a few items we couldn't obtain in Ramsbottom yesterday.

My final piece of work outside was to apply lawn feed to the front and back gardens. Just as I finished a lady from Miele telephoned and wanted to rearrange the engineer for Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>. I said we could not do that as we would be out most of the day so we rescheduled it for Monday the 16<sup>th</sup>. I wasn't holding my breath.

I finished off outside and came in to wash up after Jenny had finished using the blender to make her juice to find she had already done it.

I started looking through next week's TV listings (Radio Times) for items to record.

### **Thursday, 5<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

We had a morning session at the old school, helping with the week-long sale of antiques, collectables and various other, second-hand, household items, as well as books, toys, clothing, records, CDs and DVDs that had been donated to us.

My first job was to install a wireless network extender to boost the signal into the hall. That job had been outstanding for ages and we had reached the point where it was important to the success of the sale.

After that, I went to help Frank with the sale of media, not that there was much to do; custom was limited to three sales throughout the morning. To relieve the boredom, I tackled a few outstanding E-mails on the computer I had used to test the network extender and which I retain for testing items for the jumble sales.

We came home for lunch, after which I had some administration work to do for the coming Afternoon Tea at the old school in a week's time. Jenny had volunteered to take bookings and I was documenting all the information, the task turning out to be a little more complicated than she anticipated.

I finished looking through the TV listings for next week and documenting programmes worth recording.

## **Friday, 6<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

I was first downstairs, putting some mealworms out for the birds and putting out our breakfast cereal, etc., taking care not to confuse the two tasks.

While waiting for Jenny, I started searching the TV electronic programme guide for recordings for the coming week. This scan was for various series and individual items of particular interest.

After breakfast, grocery shopping took us to Sainsbury's store at Heaton Park, which wasn't particularly well-stocked and on to Tesco in Prestwich. Between the two we managed to obtain most of what we wanted and enough to tide us over for most of the coming week.

We called at Matthew and Carrie's house on the way back, returning home just after 1 p.m. for lunch.

I finished documenting the TV recordings for the coming week before commencing my pot-washing duties, taking care of the dishes from last evening's meal, breakfast and lunch.

While I was busy at the kitchen sink, Jenny put away the shopping bags, put more mealworms out for the birds and commenced making some scones.

I programmed all the TV recordings for the coming week and started tidying up what we had watched during this week.

## **Saturday, 7<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

We went to help out at the old school on the final day of the week-long sale, delivered a tall up-lighter with an adjustable reading lamp to a customer and then came home for lunch.

I finished off tidying up the TV programmes we had watched, dealt with a shed load of e-mails and backed up my media.

## **Sunday, 8<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

We didn't rise early, so, after a late breakfast and more pot washing, I went into the garage to find Jenny a large box into which she could put the spare parts from the old Bosch fridge-freezer, destined for the car boot sale. She managed to get most of the parts in the box but there were two large items left over requiring another box.

I started to clean out the fire and that led on to a good few hours of work cleaning the stove, scrubbing the tiled hearth, cleaning the mirror above the fireplace, polishing the wooden surround and cleaning all the ornaments and trinkets. I managed to catch most of Jazz Record Requests as I was finishing off cleaning the candle snuffers. There were no tunes of interest to me in what I heard but I had recorded it so I would scan it again to make sure I hadn't missed anything important.

## **Monday, 9<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

I spent most of the day updating my web site with the diary for the last couple of months and some photos. The latter required me to run some java routines to generate the pages and I also had to generate the thumbnails and images from the originals using Adobe Photoshop. Both proved slightly problematic because I hadn't done this for a long time.

That process was interrupted by a scheduled Microsoft Teams meeting about policing and security with a chap from Bury Council and various other community leaders and such. My two-penneth was to emphasise the lack of funding leading to a lack of resources to provide effective community policing, community support for bored, young people and a fully functional criminal justice system, the latter being particularly overloaded at present due to Covid-19 and social distancing. Nobody seemed to want to know about the lack of funding, particularly for deprived areas, where the need was greatest and the mentioning of the devastating result of the removal of the cap on power prices in October went way over everyone's heads. The meeting lasted 1½ hours.

As I kept saying, although not at this meeting, we were rapidly reaching the point where it was everyone for themselves and survival of the fittest.

I put Jenny's washing line out since it had turned sunny and warm and I picked the ripe raspberries. We decided to leave the blackberries for now.

I had a quick rummage through Jenny's car booty in the dining room for a spare, internal, 2TB, SATA hard-drive so I could back up my Windows 7 desktop but I couldn't find one. I sent Matthew a Skype message asking if he had one lying around.

I published my updated web pages and then replaced the bulb that had blown in the outside lamp at the back.

I removed the netting from the strawberries since they had about finished. That was a challenge because quite a few runners had grown through the netting and had to be fed back. The foliage that had developed on the runners made that somewhat difficult in a few cases. Jenny helped me wrap up the netting as we dodged the odd quick shower.

Since it kept raining, Jenny had fetched in her washing and I brought in the line.

## **Tuesday, 10<sup>th</sup> August 2020**

We went grocery shopping early this week, to Unicorn in Chorlton and Waitrose in Broadheath, because we needed a few items for the Afternoon Tea at the old school on Thursday. Jenny was making all the gluten-free sandwiches and cakes.

I didn't feel very well. I had a headache, aching joints and I felt tired and a little sick. Jenny thought I had a slight temperature as well. It didn't affect my driving and I stayed in the car and listened to a newly-acquired Fats Waller CD at Unicorn and we wore our face masks in Waitrose, as we always did in every store even though they were no longer mandatory. The vast majority of other people did likewise.

Wearing a face mask didn't prevent the wearer from catching the Covid-19 (or any other) virus but it did help to stop the wearer spreading any virus the wearer had.

After lunch, I had a go at this week's Radio Times crossword and completed about three quarters of it.

I started looking through next week's listings for programmes to record.

### **Wednesday, 11<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

I spent the morning trying to tidy the strawberry bed, not that successfully. I removed two large plants with runners and put them in the bed in which we had grown onions. They filled that bed.

I left the rest of the plants to fend for their selves in the large raised bed after removing as much of the debris and as many of the weeds as I could. I was considering revisiting the bed again when the foliage had died off somewhat.

That took until lunchtime.

After lunch, I picked the ripe raspberries and a few remaining, ripe blackcurrants. I tied up a couple of blackberry runners that had grown out over the old patio table and then cut down the chives in the herb bed. They had fallen over and were starting to rot. The stalks I left in the bed looked fine but I couldn't do more because it started to rain.

I tidied up and came in and continued to look through the Radio Times for programmes to record next week.

### **Thursday, 12<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

We did not participate in the activities normally associated with The Glorious Twelfth, it not being so glorious for the grouse. If I had my way, I'd have these people shooting each other.

I spent much of my morning in the kitchen, washing, wiping and storing away pots and pans while Jenny did the preparation of the gluten-free food for the Afternoon Tea at the old school. In what free time I had, I started publishing the pictures of our holiday in the Lake District in June on my development version of my web site, ready for uploading to the live version.

We went to the old school for 1 p.m. and I was on the door checking people in while Jenny sorted out what she needed to do in the kitchen, ready for serving up the food to people with dietary requirements.

Bob and Marie arrived and sat down at a table, reserving two seats for Jenny and myself.

The Afternoon Tea was a tremendous success and everyone enjoyed the food and the very good entertainment from the Greenmount Strummers. It was the first major social event in the village since the Covid-19 outbreak in January 2020.

We came home at about 4:30 p.m. and settled down to watch the evening, BBC quiz programmes, followed by the news, a recorded programme and a DVD.

Jenny retired after her nightly eye drop at 10 p.m. and I stayed up for a little while to finish the development of my picture gallery.

### **Friday, 13<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

I started scheduling the TV recordings for the coming week and left off to go into Ramsbottom for a few items and I purchased two Jazz CDs from the charity shops. I would have purchased a third but it was priced in Age Concern for £1 when CDs elsewhere were half that or less.

After lunch, I continued scheduling the TV recordings and later started to tidy up what we had watched.

### **Saturday, 14<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

It had been my intention to work outside, clearing the weeds from the drive and the front path. I started early by pot washing and then, after breakfast, picking the ripe raspberries and blackberries.

Jenny wanted help with cleaning the glass protector covering the lounge coffee table and what was one job turned into a day-long cleaning exercise in the lounge, on the stairs, in the bathroom and both front bedrooms, the latter interrupted by a blocked filter in the Dyson vacuum cleaner. The blockage took ages to locate and then required the dust container to be dismantled, not a simple task and thoroughly cleaned, outside.

We left off twice, the first time for lunch and then when Matthew and Carrie paid us a visit.

The rain that had threatened all day and which was forecast didn't really mature apart from a brief, light shower and a few drops here and there in the wind, so it wouldn't have been a bad day to do what I had planned outside.

### **Sunday, 15<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

We didn't rise early and after breakfast I spent a couple of hours refining my list of Audio media and the Excel macro that produced the list of CDs I carried when searching for ones to add to my collection so that I didn't buy ones I already had.

I had a brief break to clear my thoughts, then went to help Jenny, who had washed all the dishes from this morning and last evening, with a stubborn dish in which she had made the lasagne yesterday.

I decided to tidy up my DVDs, having watched quite a few recently, those being stacked up, waiting to be put in the bookcase (or DVD case as it had become) in alphabetical order – the only way I could find what I wanted when I wanted it. I took the opportunity

to gather all my James Bond DVDs together in the order in which the films were released, which meant changing the entries in my list of DVDs, the latter being invaluable when looking through second-hand shops to add to my growing collection.

### **Monday, 16<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

This was the day we were expecting the delivery of our replacement fridge door and the Miele engineer to arrive to replace both the fridge and freezer doors on the new but somewhat battered fridge freezer.

The fridge door arrived just before 10 a.m. and the engineer arrived about an hour later and replaced both doors as expected. We had to empty the fridge and freezer before the engineer started and wait for the temperatures to drop again afterwards.

I had been dealing with E-mails and after the engineer had finished, I started to tidy up the conservatory, the weather forecast from the met office for this area being totally useless.

The tidying of my desk led me to deal with an old cassette tape containing a radio recording from 1994 of Marty Grosz, live from Wavenden. Marty was an American Jazz Guitarist with a sense of humour. We had seen him live at The Rythm Station in Ramsbottom some years ago and I had started the process of converting the cassette to MP3 some time ago. The plan was to create a CD of it and I completed the 'B' side of the tape during the rest of the afternoon.

### **Tuesday, 17<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

I continued working on the Marty Grosz tape, although the sound quality was not good.

After lunch, we went down to the Trafford Centre for a potter round John Lewis and Lakeland. Jenny bought a new baking tray and I bought a freezer thermometer for the chest freezer in the garage from John Lewis.

I also looked at laptops in John Lewis but there was nothing on display anywhere near the specification I wanted. I also looked for a pair of cotton pyjamas and they had a range of organic cotton ones but the design was not particularly inspiring. We also looked at 3-piece suites but there was nothing with a firm enough seat or decent back support from which one could easily rise.

I had noticed I had chipped a small piece off my lower-left, second pre-molar a couple of days ago and I had tried to contact my dentist last Friday afternoon but the surgery was closed. I thought that strange since my dentist always seemed so busy.

Over the last couple of days I had also noticed there was a problem with my hearing. I was picking up a constant sound like a strong wind rushing past the house. I put it down to the dreaded ear-wax and looked up what to do about it on the NHS web site. The advice was to try to obtain some medical-grade olive oil from the pharmacist and drop it into my ears over three to five days to see if it loosened the ear wax. If it didn't, it would mean a visit to my GP. The last time I had my ear wax syringed out, it took some doing



because it had set fairly solid in one ear, resulting in a loss of hearing altogether in that ear.

Life had its little challenges.

### **Wednesday, 18<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

My trip to the chemist was a complete success, one of those rare occasions in life. I obtained some medical-grade olive oil for my ears and a copy of this week's Radio Times.

On returning home, Jenny put me three drops of the oil in each ear and plugged both with cotton wool before trotting off to meet her friend, Gwen. They had planned to go for a walk, taking Gwen and Frank's dog, Ruby, but it had been raining so plan B was to go to the Dunelm store in Bolton.

I had received an E-mail from the BBC in response to my enquiry about the programme featuring Marty Grosz I had on the tape, suggesting I contact their archive department. My plan was to see if they would rebroadcast it, either from their own archives or from my tape, suitably restored.

I subsequently started to thumb through the TV listings for next week to decide what to record and that took me up to lunchtime. Jenny returned just as I finished my meal.

After lunch, my ear problem was getting the better of me and I decided to return to my living-room chair and deal with some e-mails, including one from Jenny's friend, Lynn, on Jenny's behalf.

### **Thursday, 19<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

It was the time of the month when I submitted the meter readings and I went into the garage to obtain the latest gas, electric and water figures.

After that, we both went into the garage and started sorting through the bric-a-brac in the car boot, looking for some Pyrex dishes for Marie, who had recently broken two. We had found one already but there were none in the garage stock. Jenny took the opportunity to tidy up a few things and to grab a couple of items she withdrew from the stock for household and personal use.

After a late lunch, I dealt with a few e-mails and had a look at the shredder from the old school jumble that needed repairing. I worked out exactly what I needed to do and intended purchasing some epoxy resin from Halfords when we went grocery shopping tomorrow.

### **Friday, 20<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

I didn't sleep that well, troubled with a bit of a cough and my ear problem.

We were up at 9 a.m. and it was 11 a.m. before we got off grocery shopping to Sainsbury's store at Heaton Park, followed by Tesco at Prestwich.

I couldn't believe it was 3 p.m. before we returned home and 4:30 by the time we had eaten what would otherwise have been lunch.

It was amazing where time went. The inability to hear properly and the loud, background, rushing sound in both ears was really annoying and giving me a headache.

### **Saturday, 21<sup>st</sup> August 2021**

We didn't rise early and it was late afternoon by the time we had returned from Ramsbottom, having visited the charity shops, where Jenny acquired a few paperback books and I found a DVD of "The Big Country". We had also dropped off a Pyrex dish for Marie, who had broken a couple and had asked if we have any spare.

I put in the TV recordings for the week.

### **Sunday, 22<sup>nd</sup> August 2021**

It was another late start and a cooked breakfast for a change.

I spent the rest of day fruit picking (blackberries and raspberries), tidying up the blackberry bushes and sweeping up the debris on the patio while Jenny and Rachel went for a stroll.

I came in and listened to a recording of Jazz Record Requests. There were a few enjoyable tracks, one featuring Louis Armstrong with Ella Fitzgerald and a couple from Ken Colyer. The rest was far too modern for me.

### **Monday, 23<sup>rd</sup> August 2021**

I developed a rather irritating, chesty cough on retiring last night and it took me a while to get off to sleep. The cough was back when I finally strolled downstairs at about 9 a.m. I didn't feel particularly rested either. The good news was that my hearing was almost back to normal, the right ear still harbouring a slight, intermittent buzzing sound.

I went out to cut the grass at the back and I trimmed the edges and the awkward bits under and around the raised beds. I cut the grass at the front and then cleaned the mower before storing it away. I trimmed the edges at the front and decided to cut back some of the growth of the lilac tree. It had put out roots from which new trees had sprouted and it was a bit of a mess, so I tidied it up and filled the garden waste bin.

After that, I packed up and came in, forgetting to clean the edge trimmer – a job for tomorrow.

I had been wearing an old pair of shorts and my legs, particularly the left one, were dirty from the bits of mud thrown out from the edge trimmer. A shower was required.

**Tuesday, 24<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

It was almost noon by the time we had breakfasted, dealt with the dishes and a few other, routine bits and pieces.

Apparently, during the night, I had experienced something of a nightmare involving sitting up, waving my arms about and shouting something unintelligible. I recalled nothing of this when Jenny told me I had woken her to this terrifying ordeal, which didn't last long and after which, I had laid down and resumed my slumbers.

The application of olive oil to my ears was somewhat later than planned and this was the last day of the week for it. Since it had not been totally successful, I decided to book an appointment with my GP but despite the AskMyGP web site for the practice saying I could contact the team any time, it was not accepting any more requests today due to demand.

I sent an e-mail complaint about the practice to NHS England, much good that would do.

I went outside to try the old steam mop (without any pads) on the weeds in the block paving and it seemed to cook them quite well. Whether this would be a lasting effect remained to be seen. The fact that the steam mop leaked was not helpful and I made a mental note to take a look at it.

Things were going nicely but slowly as I started to feel a little dizzy. I tried to ignore it but it got the better of me and I came in for a drink at about 3 p.m. I then collapsed in a heap on the settee and felt terrible. Jenny gave me some grapes and a drink of water. The room started to spin and I vomited violently. The colour drained from me and I was groaning in agony.

Jenny was quite frightened and she rang the NHS help line, 111. They asked some questions and then said someone would ring me back. Meanwhile I continued to vomit twice more.

Jenny rang Matthew and he suggested ringing our GP's practice. A doctor from the surgery responded quite quickly and asked a few questions, one being "Was the room spinning?" I said yes and he immediately diagnosed an attack of vertigo and issued a prescription to the local pharmacy for some tablets, which Jenny rushed round to fetch before they closed.

Meanwhile a doctor from the NHS help line rang and I threw up again while she was on the telephone. She was more concerned that I had mentioned my chest felt like an elephant had been sitting on it as one of my symptoms, which I thought was probably connected with my being sick and my hiatus hernia playing up as a result. She thought otherwise and wanted me to rush down to A&E for an ECG. She would even arrange transport for me. I said I would ask Matthew to come and take me, since the DVLA had still not renewed Jenny's driving licence from her application in January.

Jenny returned with the tablets and I took one straight away, which helped considerably and I spent the rest of the evening flat out on the settee. I was able to watch a couple of DVDs to pass the time.

### **Wednesday, 25<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

I was feeling a little better after a reasonable night's rest but spent the day in the lounge on the computer, taking it easy.

I wondered whether the vertigo had anything to do with my recent hearing problem and I tried to arrange an appointment with Sanjay, one of our GPs. By the time I accessed the AskMyGP web site, by mid-morning, all the bookings were taken for the day.

I telephoned the surgery and spoke with the receptionist. Apparently, Sanjay was only there on Thursdays and Fridays and the receptionists no longer booked appointments – the doctors now booked their own. I would have to ring back in the morning to speak with Sanjay to book a face-to-face appointment. I wanted to have my ears checked, discuss my vertigo and ask about the ECG.

I walked round to the village convenience store and pharmacy for next week's copy of the Radio Times and spent the rest of the day working through the TV programme listings.

### **Thursday, 26<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

It was another nice, warm, sunny day and I was stuck in the lounge resting.

I worked through the rest of the TV listings for the coming week, edited the most recent recordings for viewing and patched a recording that had some breakup in it from a second recording of the same film, which had also generated some transmission errors when edited, fortunately, none being visible in the small section I needed for patching.

I went out to pick the ripe fruit, not that it was very good this year. I needed to do something quite drastic for next year, like dig everything out and plant anew.

### **Friday, 27<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

I was up just after 7 a.m. and managed to get a request in to AskMyGP before 7:30. It had a few spelling mistakes with no facility to correct them but I wasn't going to worry about that if it meant losing my slot.

I picked up Rachel from Finney's Garage where her car was having its MOT and brought her home before we went grocery shopping to Unicorn in Chorlton and Waitrose in Broadheath.

While I was out, Rachel had taken a message from the surgery for my appointment at 4:15 p.m. followed by an ECG at 4:30 p.m.

After lunch at home, I took Rachel down to collect her car and then went round to pick up my monthly supply of tablets from the pharmacy before going for my doctor's appointment.

My blood pressure, temperature and respiration were fine and an examination of my ears confirmed they were still harbouring a lot of wax that needed moving. The doctor prescribed some drops to dissolve the earwax. It was that which was causing my vertigo.

I had my ECG and the doctor said he would telephone if it showed any serious problems. He didn't telephone later so I assumed all was well.

I called for my new ear drops on my way back home and started treatment later in the evening.

### **Saturday, 28<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

I started my day by scheduling all the TV recordings for the coming week and dealing with the recordings from last evening.

Jenny asked me to go outside to pick some mint and then to chop it up so she could use it to flavour the lamb meat-balls she was making for tea. That took a while as the mint needed trimming back and it was going to seed, so I had to cut down a fair amount to obtain enough decent leaves, the waste being consigned to the compost bin.

Jenny also asked me to pick any ripe blackberries to add the ones I had picked the other day so she could make a fruit crumble. I took the opportunity to tidy up the blackberry bush a little, removing some dead runners.

I came in to check that the first TV recording of the day was ready. It wasn't. It had not recorded at all. I could see nothing wrong with the scheduler so I shut down the computer and reloaded it. A brief recording test showed that all was well but I had missed a recording to which I was looking forward. That was most annoying.

I then discovered a problem with my Canon i990 printer. The indicator was flashing green then orange five times and then back to green and so on. The information on the screen was that there was some kind of problem with it and it gave me a procedure to follow which didn't resolve the problem. Neither did the advice from one web site giving me a series of button presses to perform. A second web site that suggested cleaning the contacts on the print head didn't help either, even though the printer error message did at one point indicate that the print head was not being recognised. I gave up at that point.

I again searched in vain for a spare 2 TB internal SATA hard drive with which to back up my Windows 7 system I used for TV recording. Having found several 250 GB discs, it then dawned on me that I never had any 2 TB discs, only the 250 GB discs and I looked online for one to match the system disc I was using. I found that PC World had some in stock for about £107.

I tidied up the recordings we had watched during the previous week and backed up my files, as I did every week end.

## **Sunday, 29<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

I woke to the alarm indicating it was time for the drops in my ears, feeling somewhat rough, at 9:45 a.m.

I had breakfast in my dressing-gown and then listened to the first of a collection of four CDs featuring Tom Lehrer.

I had been intending to cut my hair and beard for a couple of days and stirred to do so, followed by a shower, which made me feel a little better.

I dealt with a few e-mails and then set up the workbench to engineer a repair to a shredder for the old school jumble. The piece of plastic on the bin that triggered the micro-switch on the shredder had broken off and I had bought some epoxy weld to shape a replacement that would stick to the bin. First, though, I needed a kind of mould in which to place the epoxy resin for it to set.

The plan was to use two pieces of wood, clamped to either side of the support for the bit that had broken off using a paperclip. To avoid the resin sticking to the wood, I intended to line it with pieces of thin card.

I found some wood that would suffice and enlisted Rachel's help to cut out the shapes required.

We put the wood and the paper linings in place, mixed a small quantity of the resin and filled the gap, building up to the top of the wood.

We left that to set for a short while and then I peeled off the wood. That had stuck to the paper, so I parted it with a Stanley knife. The paper came away at the bottom alright but left a covering on the epoxy resin on each side.

I placed the shredder on the base we had repaired and it worked a treat. I left the top off the base overnight for it to harden thoroughly. All it would need then was a delicate sanding to remove the paper on each side of the repair.

I listened to jazz Record Requests, which was full of utter rubbish this week.

## **Monday, 30<sup>th</sup> August 2021**

I started to catalogue everything in my desk in the conservatory to save me hunting for items when I needed them. It was no good in relying on my memory of where I had put various objects. It was a day of general tidying.

I also finally built up a specification for a new PC – a Dell XPS 17.

## **Tuesday, 31<sup>st</sup> August 2021**

I finished off the specification of my new laptop with help from a lady at Dell and obtained a quotation.

We walked down to Bury. I had run out of Vogel Bronchoforce so Jenny suggested I might find some at the health Food Shop in Bury Market.

I took the opportunity to call in at Currys/PC World for a WD Black 2 TB SATA hard drive as a back-up for my Windows 7 desktop. They didn't have one in stock so I ordered one for delivery to store and intended to ask Jenny to pick it up on Friday when she went grocery shopping with Rachel. I was not supposed to drive while taking my tablets for my Vertigo because they could cause drowsiness.

The Helath Food Shop was no more. A nearby stall-holder told me the business had gone bankrupt.

Jenny suggested we try Holland and Barrett. I was doubtful they would have the herbal medicine in stock. I was wrong. I bought two bottles since it was buy one, get one half price.

We caught the bus back to the bottom of Vernon Road and walked home from there.

I resumed the checking and refining my quotation from Dell.