

Greenmount – May 2016

Sunday May 1<sup>st</sup>: The first task of the day was to finish off the village web site update. Then we went down to Summerseat Garden Centre for some more organic top soil. Of that, they had none but we did purchase three bags of organic farmyard manure. We came home for lunch and set about re-potting some plants and mixing some of the manure into the empty raised bed ready for the vegetables we planned to grow.

Monday May 2<sup>nd</sup>: It was the day of the village party and Jenny had arranged to take charge of the DVD and CD stall in the Old School with Gwen while I wandered down to the Naylor's Field, next to the Cricket Club for the ceremony to officially change the field's name to the Village Green and the unveiling of a new sign to that effect. My photographic talents were in demand for the day, taking photographs for the village web site.

The field was very wet, particularly at the top end, after the recent, incessant rain and a small pool had formed on the grass, attracting a pair of mallard.

Two of our three councillors and our MP joined us for the unveiling ceremony, performed by the president of the Greenmount W.I., which was accompanied by an Alpine Horn duo. I kid you not.

After that, the overcast sky and short shower having given way to sunny periods, I wandered round the field taking photographs.

I caught up with the Alpine Horns again on the way to the Old School, where I took more pictures of the indoor stalls and for a third time in the Church where I took pictures of the hobbies displays.

It was a most enjoyable and pleasant day. We rounded it off by helping tidy up the Old School, packing up unsold items, carting boxes upstairs and lifting heavy racks of clothes onto the stage out of the way.

Tuesday May 3<sup>rd</sup>: It was marmalade-making day. We prepared the Seville oranges we purchased from our last visit to Unicorn. What we had not anticipated was the need to soak the oranges, once chopped into very small pieces, overnight.

That left us free after lunch to do a little gardening at the back in the long-awaited warmer, sunny weather.

Wednesday May 4<sup>th</sup>: We went into Ramsbottom again, primarily for some more organic sugar, to make our marmalade and set about our task on our return.

I spent some time cleaning the cooling fans on my desktop computer after it powered itself off and refused to reboot because, in the warmth of the conservatory, which was bathed in sunshine, it overheated. The cooling fans were completely clogged with dust and needed a manual clean and vacuum.

That done, I spent the rest of the day updating the village web site again.

Thursday May 5<sup>th</sup>: We started off the day by walking down to the Cricket Club to vote in the local elections. Since this was a safe Conservative ward and we had an undemocratic system (first past the post where the person with the most votes is elected as opposed to proportional representation where every single vote counts), the exercise was somewhat academic.

The rest of the day I spent in the back garden, re-potting some plants, tidying up the fruit bushes, and hoeing the borders. That was in between completely reconfiguring Windows Media Centre on Jenny's laptop after it refused to tune in to the various channels.

I gave up gardening about 4 p.m., feeling somewhat tired and resumed the village web site update, which took another two hours to complete.

Friday May 6<sup>th</sup>: Another grocery-shopping spree took us to Unicorn and Waitrose. We made an early start and, as a result, the journey in both directions was pleasant and uneventful, achieving almost 80 miles to the gallon on the outward trip and over 60 on the return.

I spent what was left of the afternoon looking through the TV programmes for the following week and deciding what was worth recording. The result was precious little.

Saturday May 7<sup>th</sup>: We were conscious (just about) that the next jumble sale at the Old School was looming and we decided to tackle some of the electrical equipment in advance. Jenny was helping at the Drop-In anyway until noon.

The last job of the day was to pack the car for the following day's trading.

Sunday May 8<sup>th</sup>: We arrived in Ramsbottom about 6:45 a.m. ready for another car boot session to find most of the places already taken. Despite there being about forty stalls there and it being a very warm, sunny day, there was not a huge crowd of customers and trade was best described as steady. The sale of a few items at £5 helped swell our coffers and we had a reasonable, if somewhat tiring, day.

Monday May 9<sup>th</sup>: After preparing tea in the morning, Jenny unpacked the car and sorted her stock ready for the coming Sunday while I cut and strimmed the back lawn, cut and strimmed the grass at the side of the house and finally tackled the front garden for the first time this year. I rounded off the day by trimming back the ivy on the garage wall to prevent it intruding into the loft space above. The last job, or so I thought, was to put out the bins for the rubbish collection the following morning.

After a quick shower and tea, I switched on my desktop computer ready to record a TV programme, the laptop being otherwise engaged in a similar process on another channel. It didn't stay on long, overheating again. I decided it needed a thorough dismantling and clean and this wasn't the time.

Fortunately, I had installed Matthew's old tower system in the back bedroom to provide surveillance at the back of the property, when we were out, in an attempt to find out who was throwing soft items at the bedroom window to deliberately trigger the house alarm. It was fortunate because the tower system had two TV tuner cards, to one of which I had connected a TV aerial cable, having a TV in the back bedroom for guests. I had

configured Windows Media Centre and I put the programme I wanted to record into that, which proved successful.

Before retiring, I nipped out in the cool, late-evening air and watered the raised beds and potted plants on the patio.

Tuesday May 10<sup>th</sup>: We awoke to a damp and somewhat cooler morning, the weather forecast for the weekend indicating a return to sub-arctic temperatures. I need not have bothered watering the plants.

I spent the morning trying to fix my desktop computer. It wasn't so much that dust was clogging the cooling air intake which kept the processor temperature down. It was more a case of the CPU being hogged by a process called ns.exe, causing it to overheat. The process was part of Norton Security, so I tried to find out what was causing this anomaly.

I fiddled around (that's in the technical sense), removing some unnecessary processes from the start up mechanism when Windows launched and had a good look round the main configuration of Norton Security, resetting all the options to default as a precaution. Whatever I did, it seemed to settle down eventually. It must have known I was about to resort to using the backup system disc.

After lunch, I was going to do some more gardening when I discovered it was starting to rain and I helped Jenny bring in her washing before kneeling on the kitchen floor for an hour and a half, not in penitence, but to clean my walking boots from our jaunt along the muddy coastal path from Whitby to Robin Hood's Bay.

I retired late having struggled with my desktop computers refusal to load from either the operational or back up system discs following a day of periodic high CPU usage and overheating. To add to my technical dilemma, when I tried to configure Microsoft Outlook to work in my account on Jenny's laptop, it refused to communicate with any of the mail servers I used, my intention being to move my E-mail from my desktop to reduce my dependence on the ageing, troublesome machine.

Wednesday May 11<sup>th</sup>: Having now two computers needing attention and it pouring with unscheduled rain, the meteorological office web site still denying its presence in this area, I had decided not to join Steve and Frank for a day's outing, tramping over soggy ground.

To my surprise, matters were not as bad as they had seemed the night before. My desktop burst into life on each of the system discs, taking an age to install the May 2016 update from Microsoft for the Malicious Software Removal Tool on the operational disc. The desktop behaved itself all day and I resolved to dismantle it and give it a good internal clean at the earliest opportunity as a precaution against further failures.

I updated the village web site and that for Tottington District Civic Society, finishing off just after lunch.

We went into Ramsbottom because I had used the last of my Saw Palmetto that morning and Jenny wanted to deposit some car boot cash at the bank. We toured the charity

shops as usual and Jenny paid a visit to Tesco, then Morrisons and then back to Tesco before returning to the car.

On leaving, I had started up the tower system I was using for surveillance. That stuck loading Windows and I gave up. When I came home, I discovered it had shut down and I reloaded it. It burst into life at the second attempt and it seemed fine. I left it running until I went to bed.

Meanwhile, I resumed my struggle with Outlook on Jenny's laptop. It worked fine on her account but not on mine. I eventually discovered this was a known problem, found a Microsoft web site with a complicated procedure for fixing it and managed to get through about half of it before tea. Since the remaining bit needed a reboot, I left it for the following day.

Thursday May 12<sup>th</sup>: I spent nearly all day trying to make Microsoft Outlook 2003 work in my Windows 7 account on Jenny's laptop and failing miserably. I managed to track down where Outlook stored its password in the registry and a piece of software that would extract the encrypted account details. The problem was that Outlook was not storing the password at all and despite various attempts to make it do so including removing and completely reinstalling Office 2003 and even inserting the password into the registry manually was no good. In the end, I gave up.

My next move would be to create another account on the laptop and see if that supported Outlook. If it did, I would move all my data and software to that account and delete the original one. And good riddance.

I did have a brief foray into back the garden to plant a few flowers growing from bulbs that we had been given by a neighbour and I was annoyed I had spent all day working on this damn problem when it was nice and sunny outside.

Friday May 13<sup>th</sup>: Our day started early at 06:45 with a shower and breakfast followed by a short grocery shop to Village Greens and Tesco at Prestwich via Asda at Pilsworth. We were back before noon for lunch and out again at 12:45 for the opening of the new, monthly, D-CaFF, a café and drop-in for local people suffering with dementia and their carers. We were there, helping out and taking pictures, until 3 p.m.

After returning home for a comfort break and to collect copies of the latest issue of the village magazine, Greenmount Voice, we were out again delivering the newsletter to the homes on our delivery round.

On the way back I called in to see our neighbour at the back, Sylvia, to discuss my plans for repairing the fence that had suffered weather damage over the years at the back of our garden. The repair involved some work on her property.

My last job of the day was to configure Jenny's laptop to record the TV programmes for the week.

I reflected on what had been a busy day after a very nice tea, cooked, as usual, by Jenny and what I considered to be a well-deserved, couple of glasses of wine.

Saturday May 14<sup>th</sup>: A long day at the Old School testing and pricing more electrical equipment for the coming jumble sale was followed by a short rest at home, listening to Jazz Record Requests, on which most of the music (I use the term loosely) was complete cacophonous rubbish and an hour and a half session of packing the car for the following day's car boot sale. How time flies when one is having fun.

Sunday May 15<sup>th</sup>: A 5 a.m. start, more by luck than judgement, my having forgotten to set the alarm and fortuitously waking at such an early hour, saw us leaving the house just before 6:30 a.m. and at one of the three remaining pitches at Ramsbottom at about 6:40 a.m. to commence another day of car boot trading.

Despite an early sale of a large item and a couple of other sizeable sales, trading on the very cold, May, Sunday was extremely slow and we did not fare as well as the previous week. The sun did shine through the clouds intermittently but its warmth was no match for the bitter arctic breeze and we were home for about 3 p.m.

One of my first tasks was to stop the surveillance camera recording. Since installing the surveillance web cam for use when we were out, there had been no incidences of the house alarm being activated. Whether the culprit(s) had decided to give up or had found out about the surveillance, I did not know but at least it was having the desired effect.

The rest of the day was taken up with routine chores, the main one being the preparation of tea, with which I helped, noteworthy in itself since I am not inclined to culinary activities.

As the evening progressed, my desktop computer, already having complained about the heat and lack of ventilation due to a dust-clogged cooling system, had now decided that the Northbridge chip cooling fan on the motherboard was no longer performing at its best. In fact, it had stopped altogether. This had happened once before, many years ago and I ended up having to replace it. That was, of course, in the days when one could obtain spares from the motherboard manufacturer, ABIT. The company had disappeared into oblivion years ago and it was a case of searching the Internet for a replacement. I thought I had found one on E-bay and bookmarked the page in Firefox for further investigation.

Meanwhile, the Northbridge fan had resumed normal operations and I decided to deal with the cleaning and/or fan replacement later in the week.

Monday May 16<sup>th</sup>: A tip run was the first order of the day. To be more precise, we took the rubbish from the Old School electrical jumble to the Bury Recycling Station in the trailer and, while in Bury, we dropped off some of the clothing that wasn't selling on the car boot stall at the Cash for Clothes weigh-in.

Returning home, Jenny started sorting through her car boot stock while I cut the grass on the side and front.

After lunch, I cut and strimmed the back lawn, uprooted the blueberry bush and transferred it to a pot on the patio and then set about dealing with the compost bin.

The large, black compost bin was in the far right corner of the back garden and constructed from sides that sort of clipped together. Unfortunately, the construction was

not very good and the back, right-hand corner had become dislodged and the bin needed reconstructing. That meant emptying the contents onto sheets of visqueen laid out on the lawn. That was a hard, time-consuming and smelly job. The material we had put in the bin had rotted down a treat and was full of worms with the odd, fat slug.

I emptied the contents, using some of it to fertilise the raised beds and parts of the garden and removed the sides to fit them together on the lawn before lifting the interconnected sides back onto the base, Jenny helping with the reconstruction and refitting. After attaching the lid, I put all of the unused compost back in the bin. Jenny helped tidy up and we came in for tea at 6:15 p.m.

I started an update of the village web site while Jenny prepared tea and finished it before retiring at 11:00 p.m.

Tuesday May 17<sup>th</sup>: The plan was to continue where I had left of the previous day, finishing off the gardening jobs before the incessant rains came the following day and for the foreseeable future, according to the meteorological office. Unfortunately, the best laid plans and all that...

We rose reasonably early to say the previous couple of days had been long and tiring ones. After breakfast, we went into Ramsbottom for a few groceries from Lolos. A trip to Ramsbottom would not be the same without a tour of the charity shops and Jenny bought a book at one of them. We also called at Morrison's supermarket for a couple of items and took the opportunity to stop at Bargain Booze on the way back to see if the offer of six bottles of Yellow Tail wine for £30 was still available. It was not, but they were still offering two bottles for £12 and we bought two each of Shiraz and Chardonnay. This was still the best price in the shops at the time.

By the time we arrived home, I was quite hungry and was ready for lunch, intending to change afterwards and work outside. I didn't make it. While sitting in the lounge allowing my lunch to digest, I fell asleep in the chair. I didn't sleep long and woke up to find the lounge very cold. Still feeling groggy and a little worse for wear, I was about to light a fire about 3 p.m. when Jenny suggested I should recover in the conservatory that was very warm, benefitting from the sunshine. I took her advice and slept for another three hours.

I awoke about 6 p.m. to find Jenny had done a pile of ironing and was about to prepare tea, which was just a swell, as I was feeling hungry again. It struck me that I was spending too much time with the cat.

The rest of the evening was no more productive, except that I eventually got the fire going as the weather turned unseasonably cold again and, as predicted, the torrential rain started in the late evening.

Wednesday May 18<sup>th</sup>: The met office got it wrong again. It turned out to be a nice day with warm, sunny periods, not that I had time to enjoy it. I spent the morning scrubbing (as in hands and knees job) the kitchen and hall floor and finished just in time for an appointment with the banking adviser in Ramsbottom. That turned out to be a very useful session and we came home for lunch.

Lunch was followed by an attempt to reorder some organic, gluten-flour from Doves Farm, our last shipment, ordered in late 2015, having been exhausted. That was not as

easy as one would expect, the item having disappeared from the Doves Farm web site. I sent the company an E-mail enquiry asking for help before spending the rest of the afternoon searching for an alternative supply, of which there was none and then for gluten free flour mixes (i.e. a mix of various types of flour that contained no gluten for use as a general purpose flour substitute). I found some useful information for Jenny so she could check her flour stock.

I also placed an order for six more boxes of organic, gluten-free lasagne sheets from Healthy Supplies. This seemed to be the best place to buy them but the shipping costs added quite a bit to the overall cost so we ordered six boxes rather than the usual three to halve the overheads.

I received notification that there was a new version of AnyDVD to download on Jenny's laptop. This handy piece of software made the DVD drive region-free so I could play DVDs from anywhere on the laptop. The HD version did the same for blue-ray discs but I didn't licence that because I didn't have any blue-ray discs. When I installed the new version, it told me my licence key was invalid and I needed the HD key. That was probably because the drive was capable of playing blue-ray discs. I had the option of purchasing a new licence or reinstalling the old version from the current download on my desktop, which the laptop was intended to replace, hence only one licence. Meanwhile I requested a new licence key to find out the cost. Unfortunately, the server was out of commission so I requested a temporary, free licence that would last for a month. All this came about because there had been some dodgy dealing with the company (Slysoft) ownership. The company had been taken over by the developers and the product had been rebranded Redfox. Why care if it still worked?

Thursday May 19<sup>th</sup>: I decided to tackle the problem of my E-mail not working on Jenny's laptop. I created a new account and set up my mail. It worked perfectly. As planned, I moved all my documents to the new account, checked I had all the software I needed and then deleted the old account.

The only problem I had was that a couple of Direct Show filters I had registered were originally stored in the old account and moving them to the new account had broken the link, so they did not work. Worse still, I couldn't remove them from the filter database.

Fortunately, I found a piece of useful software on the Inetrnet to remove broken filters (see my [web site](#)). Then I moved them from my new user account to a folder on the system drive and re-registered them.

The whole process sounds simple but it took me the whole day. The reason was that, having deleted the old account, I decided to rename the new account back to the name of the old account. Never, ever rename an account. All it does is to create a front for the account you are renaming and leaves all the references to the renamed account as they were. So I renamed the account back to what it was. That worked but it left the renamed account in the list of users and I had to take ownership of that in order to delete it.

I did manage to find a company to supply me a new Northbridge chip-set fan for my desk top on eBay and I ordered one. The price was in US dollars, although it was shipped from Holland.

Friday May 20<sup>th</sup>: A long shopping trip to Unicorn and Waitrose took most of the day, the return journey round the M60 being long, slow and boring due to one broken-down vehicle in the fast lane (I use the term only in a relative sense, the base mark being stationary) on the approach to Barton Bridge and two vehicles, again in the fast lane, being involved in a shunt on the approach to the M61 turn-off.

Saturday May 21<sup>st</sup>: We rose relatively early intending to make an early start at Greenmount Old School on the electrical jumble. That was delayed by a chap offering to prune my very large sycamore tree at the back and, although the cost was considerable, I decided to accept his offer, given that it was spreading quickly and I was concerned more about the roots than the loss of light. He and his two lads did do quite a reasonable job and I was surprised at the amount of light it had been stopping. Cutting it back should, he advised me, stop or, at least slow down, the spread of the roots.

We eventually spent another long day at Greenmount Old School playing with the electrical jumble. For much of the time I was chatting and socialising and productivity was down by about 50%.

We returned home to discover my Northbridge fan had arrived. That was another day's job to be scheduled.

We ate at the Bull's Head Toby Carvery in the village and came home dripping wet after the few minute's walk in a heavy downpour. I had visions of Thixendale (see [The Yorkshire Wolds Way](#)).

Sunday May 22<sup>nd</sup>: We had decided not to do a car boot sale this week end because of the unsettled weather and the rain forecast for the early afternoon. Instead we went to Newbank Garden Centre for two, large, frost-free, earthenware pots. One was to re-pot the catmint that was in a frost-free, earthenware pot we bought from Summerseat Garden centre a couple of years earlier and which had cracked as a result of frost, not the first such pot from there to have done so. The other was to be used for some green beans when we acquired the organic plants.

We also bought two bags of organic, peat-free compost to fill the pots and top up the second raised bed, a new head for my patio brush, some natural jute twine to tie up my fruit bushes and a bottle of organic, tomato-plant food.

While we were there, the rain started, earlier than forecast and we were glad we had not gone to the car boot sale.

We came home for lunch, after which I dealt with the previous day's TV recordings on Jenny's laptop and then started rebuilding Windows 8 on a Lenovo laptop that had been donated to the jumble sale at the Old School and which I had brought home to configure so that I could retain it for testing items that required a computer.

Monday May 23<sup>rd</sup>: I spent most of the day in the garden. In the morning Jenny and I re-potted a few plants, including the two tomato plants we had in the conservatory. After lunch, Jenny went to help with the dementia activity of the day, this being the village dementia awareness week. Today it was potting a Forget-Me-Not at the Cricket Clb.



Meanwhile, I tied up the fruit bushes again following the tree-pruning operation on Saturday, which disturbed the supports I had originally implemented.

Tuesday May 24<sup>th</sup>: The day started with a trip to the ironmongers and hardware shop at Waterfoot, about twenty minutes' drive up the Rossendale valley. I went in search of several items and scored two: a dozen No 4, ½ inch, brass, dome-head screws and a wire brush with a wooden handle. What they didn't have were a 2 mm diameter, 2 cm long, brass split-pin, a Spear and Jackson, traditional, skew-back, hand saw with a wooden handle or any stainless-steel, cup hooks. The latter two items I knew I could purchase off the Internet but I preferred to give local businesses my custom whenever possible.

On the return journey, we called at Ramsbottom and toured the charity shops, to no avail, having first called in at Lolos to see if they had taken delivery of the Peppermint Menthol mints I had asked them to reorder. They had not and I was told they were closing down the small shop due to lack of custom and were expanding the restaurant, which was, thankfully, more profitable. It was a shame to see an excellent supply of vegan and organic products disappear from yet another shop in the area.

We also called at the hardware store for a new clothes line, which was a little cheaper than the hardware store at Waterfoot but turned out to be about five metres too short. The last one we purchased there was more than long enough but they did not seem to have any longer ones in stock and I thought it might just reach. I was wrong.

We made another foray into Morrisons for some gluten free groceries for Jenny and an organic loaf for me, Unicorn only having one when we shopped there on Friday.

After lunch at home, I put up the new washing line and then finished repairing Jenny's two clothes props using the screws I had purchased to replace pins fixing the guides to the wood. The pins had a tendency to work loose.

I turned my attention to the garden and cut the three lawns, cleaned the lawn mower, stored everything away and came in for tea at 7 p.m. It had been a long day.

Wednesday May 25<sup>th</sup>: I had arranged to go walking locally with Frank and company at 9:30. I telephoned to say I wasn't going at 9:00 because the weather forecast was pretty awful and I was feeling a little rough. I hadn't felt well the previous day and I struggled to achieve what I did do and I was pleased that I had managed to cut all the grass because the man on his mower arrived to cut the grass today and made the usual mess of it, leaving my bit well alone.

I settled down to fix my desktop PC. It needed a thorough clean and the new chip-set fan fitting. I took the case apart as much as I could without disturbing too much. I removed the old fan and fitted the new one without too much bother, except I found that easier after removing the graphics card. It was fortunate that I had because the cooling fan on the underside and the heat sink were both completely clogged with dirt and needed a good vacuuming. I also had to remove the CPU fan, clean it painstakingly with cotton-wool buds and refit it.

I reassembled the machine and powered it up. It burst into life, except that I had forgotten to connect the external power to the graphics card and I had not plugged in the CPU fan sensor properly so the PC thought the CPU fan wasn't working. A bit of

fiddling and a few reloads seemed to sort things out eventually, including an inexplicable glitch with the sound card and a few system hangs, resolved, I thought by changing the external power supply to the graphics card to a dedicated connection from the power supply unit instead of using the same one I used for the fans.

It did take me all day and I spent much of the evening synchronising my documents on the desktop with those on my account on Jenny's laptop. My E-mail remained, at least for the present, on the latter. Believing in belts and braces, I also backed up my laptop account to an external hard drive.

Thursday May 26<sup>th</sup>: I spent the day updating the village web site. I couldn't believe how long it took, given that there wasn't a lot to update. What there was turned out to be somewhat fiddly, the bulk of it to do with the new Dementia pages.

Jenny went swimming with Rachel in the evening, which gave me an opportunity to watch a couple of films I had been wanting to see, namely one of Steven Spielberg's early films, *Duel* and Richard Attenborough's excellent take on World War One "Oh What a Lovely War".

Friday May 27<sup>th</sup>: The trip down to Village Greens and Tesco in Prestwich for groceries was followed by a late afternoon session at the Old School preparing for the jumble sale on the coming Monday.

Saturday May 28<sup>th</sup>: We spent a long day testing and pricing electrical equipment. We had an evening meal at the Beefeater at Heaton Park. The meal itself was not as good as one might have expected, the lack of salad garnish on the mushroom starter indicating a trend of unnecessary economy and the inability to adapt dishes to cater for a gluten-free diet somewhat restricting. Add to that a shortage of staff and I perceived a significant decline in standards while the cost was equitable with another local establishment offering all of these and more besides.

Sunday May 29<sup>th</sup>: See Saturday, above. The arrangement of the jumble sale this Bank Holiday week end prevented our presence at the 1940s week end on the East Lancashire Railway in Ramsbottom.

Monday May 30<sup>th</sup>: Another early start prepared us for the jumble sale at 11 a.m. and, despite Bury Times publishing the incorrect time (4 p.m.), trading was steady and we eventually left for home at about 1 p.m., after packing up. The afternoon was spent recovering from three day's feverish activity.

Tuesday May 31<sup>st</sup>: I was back at the Old School before 9 a.m. expecting to receive a call on my mobile telephone from a BT engineer concerning the repair a fault on the Old School's telephone line first reported on April 12<sup>th</sup>. I confirmed that the engineer had my number and came home. I busied myself winding line round the cassette for my strimmer while waiting for the engineer to call.

The engineer turned out to be a pay phone specialist and when I explained the problem was with the line, he said he would have to pass on the fault to the cabling engineer. I gave up all hope of the fault being fixed that day and finished the task I had started.

I strimmed the edge of the back garden by the patio to test my handiwork and then proceeded to cut the grass on the side garden, completing most of it before lunch and finishing off afterwards, followed by strimming the edge by the path and other bits I could not access with the mower.

After that, I packed up and we popped into Ramsbottom for the usual tour of the charity shops and a few groceries.

That brought my day's activities and another month to an end.