

My Somerset Life

A diary by Brian Snellgrove

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Trials and tribulations of traveling over the holiday season

Today's return journey from London to Somerset was not the best I have ever experienced but it was certainly populated with events. Our journey sounds simple enough, get a bus than a tram and arrive at East Croydon, from thence take the 20-minute rail journey to Victoria station, walk to the coach station, await the 11am coach (M10 as it so happens) and be transported to Bristol, then take the 172 local bus back to our front door. The journey point to point as the crow flies is about 110 miles.

Actual timetable

9.00 – left house in Selsdon, Croydon

9.20 – Arrive at Addington exchange and catch the tram to East Croydon

10.10 – arrived Victoria Coach Station. Treated myself to a latte.

As it was only two days after Christmas Day the whole coach station was heaving with people wanting to go home to such exotic places as Leeds / Bradford, Manchester, Cardiff, Gloucester



Whilst at the bus station I said some fairly outrageous things. One of the service staff was speaking out the destinations and asking people to join the relevant coach. He was more or less mumbling the words so I told him off – jokingly – and said he should speak louder. I have never done that before in my life but then, there is a first time for everything.

I also met a Christian chap called Richard, who lives in Cardiff, who spoke enthusiastically about a website called The Christian Institute. They are aiming for common sense within the church and that includes Church of England, the Methodist Church, and any other sect. I was particularly attracted to one page here

We were both obviously Christians and it was a pleasure to meet someone on the same side of the fence so to speak.

I also noticed an Indian-looking woman who looked at me in the most amazing way. Her eyes looked very perceptively at me but were also a little bit sad. I told her that she had a wonderful spirit and it was not for this world. I forget the words now but I said something like that only the world of spirit can be trusted and humans are full of faults. I am not sure how her husband, seated next to here, took the intervention.

I spoke to a Dutch woman at some length and said that in my observation the average Dutch person does not speak less than three languages. She confirmed this with a laugh and said she speaks English French German and of course Dutch.

I was there waiting in the bus station for the best part of one and a half hours but the time soon goes when you are talking to people and when you are interested in what other people are doing.

Timetable....continued



11.00 bus to Bristol – delayed. One or two people complained but the staff said they could not help, They were friendly though.

12.10 – a few of us lucky ones were allowed on the 12 mid day bus to Bristol by the same company, Megabus.

The rest had to wait for the still delayed 11.00 to Bristol.

The journey should have taken 2 h 45 minutes

12.20 We left Victoria. As it was a non-stop drive, the Spanish driver said that the toilets did not work because someone had stuffed a T-shirt and blocked the whole thing, thus we stopped off at a service station and everyone had 15 minutes to do their business as indeed the majority did.

Unbeknown to us travelers there were at least three crashes on

the M4. My AA Android app showed miles of red and orange and thus we arrived in Bristol at 16.10 (travel time 3h 50m) having diverted from the M4 to avoid long queues of traffic waiting to go through to Bristol and Wales. One of the two bridges that connect the UK to Wales had been closed so this had a considerable effect on the traffic volumes.

We caught the 16.30 172 bus and alighted at our local stop at 17:45

I met a scientist lady who told us that atoms can exist simultaneously in the four corners of the universe. I said I did not understand what 'dark matter' was and she said that no one else had any idea either.

So the total elapsed time for the journey door to door was 8 hours 45 minutes. If I was a fit cyclist I would have made that distance by bicycling. In theory anyway.

A ZOOM talk on 5G

On my return I took part in a zoom call (SMN) with Olle Johansson from Sweden who has been preaching and warning us against the danger of fifth generation transmission otherwise known as 5G. For his pains he has had his funding removed, his laboratories and his facilities taken away. His academic papers have been ignored. He tells us there is no one to succeed him in his work. He seemed forgiving or philosophical of those who ridiculed him.

I see 5G and Covid as a part of a jigsaw puzzle, 5G being the precursor for covid to be used as an adjuvant used with graphene, which is included in the 'vaccination'. Most of the general population are still stuck at the stage of saying 'they wouldn't do that would they' but the overt plan is population reduction or eugenics; the vaccine contains something that turns the body into a spike protein factory which ultimately causes the body to attack itself because the

detection system in the body does not recognize the altered DNA and thus attacks it. Cheery stuff eh?

Mitigating the effect of EMF

When I left Bristol I suddenly felt lighter and cleaner and I realize that Bristol is a cooking pot of frequencies, rather like London is so 'Escape to the Country' is more than a TV program

On the coach there were 68 devices all radiating away merrily and blasting me with electromagnetic fields. It's not the EM fields themselves although they are bad enough, it is the interference patterns between the fields. I am a bit of a hypocrite. I use a mobile phone because it is so useful and I have allowed myself to become dependent upon it. I have decided from henceforth to do more grounding which basically means relating to the planet via your feet and thus mitigating the destructive forces of electromagnetic fields in general, and 5G in particular.

Other factors include distancing yourself from the source of such radiations, not having any wireless in your house, minimizing the use of a mobile phone. I write this as if to the four winds because I know that those already aware of what is going on do this anyway, the others will not believe me so why do I go on? I do so because I have to.

And so to bed.

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