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156th Edition

The Agiot



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Merry Christmas



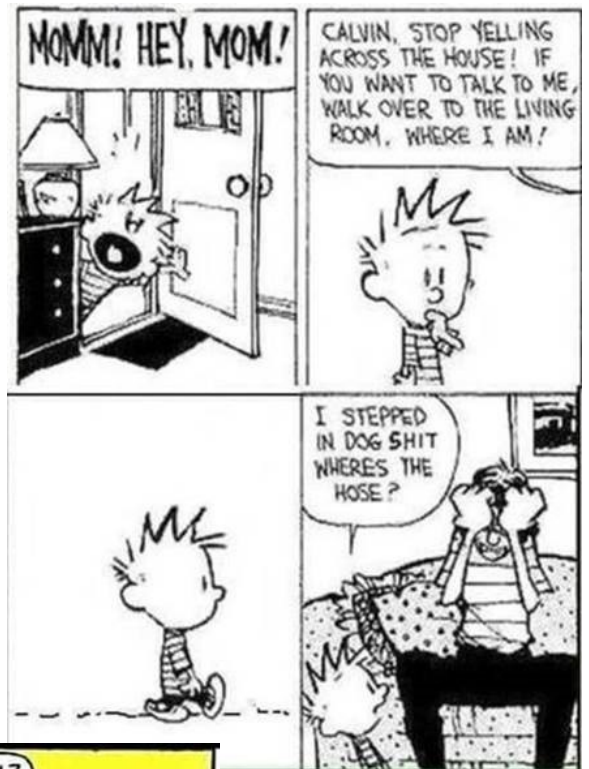
May you have a joyful present
and a hopeful future. Merry
Christmas to you and
your family!



PROUD HAPPY MAMA



Gooners Gags



When you put a bed in your bedroom - you have less bedroom.



This is Wilson. He is now working from home 😊



Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 2

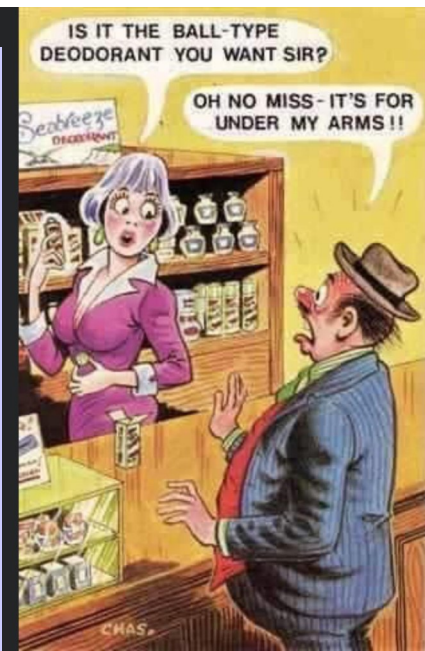
The wife and myself can't agree about our next holiday - I want to go to Amsterdam, and she wants to come with me.



When I see lovers' names carved in a tree, I don't think it's sweet. I just think it's surprising how many people bring a knife on a date

At a mental hospital:
"Doctor Fergusson, what do you want us to do with the new arrival in room 18?
He thinks he's a wolf."

Doctor Fergusson thinks for a moment, "First rule is, don't let his grandmother in for a visit!"



Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 3

Pro Tip: Save business cards of people you don't like. If you ever hit a parked car accidentally, just write "Sorry" on the back and leave it on the windshield.

My mate is forever having to replace broken windows. He lives a stone's throw from the beach.

I came home & my dog peed a little because he was happy to see me. None of my friends pee when they see me. I'm surrounded by fakes.

**Husband: Honey, I broke a glass in the kitchen.
The wife: I am coming with the broom.
Husband: It ain't urgent. You can come on foot.**



Guys, I just heard Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated. Stay safe everybody, I think something big might happen.

12:52 AM · 4/7 2019

Spotted in a toilet of a London office:

TOILET OUT OF ORDER. PLEASE USE FLOOR BELOW

In a Laundromat:

AUTOMATIC WASHING MACHINES: PLEASE REMOVE ALL YOUR CLOTHES WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT

In a London department store:

BARGAIN BASEMENT UPSTAIRS

In an office:

WOULD THE PERSON WHO TOOK THE STEP LADDER YESTERDAY PLEASE BRING IT BACK OR FURTHER STEPS WILL BE TAKEN

In an office:

AFTER TEA BREAK STAFF SHOULD EMPTY THE TEAPOT AND STAND UPSIDE DOWN ON THE DRAINING BOARD

Outside a secondhand shop:

WE EXCHANGE ANYTHING - BICYCLES, WASHING MACHINES, ETC. WHY NOT BRING YOUR WIFE ALONG AND GET A WONDERFUL BARGAIN?

Notice in health food shop window:

CLOSED DUE TO ILLNESS

Spotted in a safari park:

ELEPHANTS PLEASE STAY IN YOUR CAR

Notice in a farmer's field:

THE FARMER ALLOWS WALKERS TO CROSS THE FIELD FOR FREE, BUT THE BULL CHARGES.

Message on a leaflet:

IF YOU CANNOT READ, THIS LEAFLET WILL TELL YOU HOW TO GET LESSONS

On a repair shop door:

WE CAN REPAIR ANYTHING. (PLEASE KNOCK HARD ON THE DOOR - THE BELL DOESN'T WORK)

Continued on Page 5

Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 4

**Just been in Morrison's
and watched a bloke
buy all the mussels,
crabs and lobsters . 😞
I thought you shellfish
bastard.**

A man received the following text from his neighbor:

I am so sorry Bob. I've been riddled with guilt and I have to confess.

I have been helping myself to your wife, day and night when you're not around. In fact, more than you. I do not get it at home, but that's no excuse. I can no longer live with the guilt and I hope you will accept my sincerest apology with my promise that it won't, ever happen again.

Bob in complete shock, didn't know what to do.....

A few moments later, a second text came in: Damn spell check! I meant "wi-fi"

**A 10 year old girl asks her
mum, "mummy, how was i
born?"**

The mother smiled and replied:

**"Once upon a time, me and
your daddy decided to plant a
wonderful little seed. Daddy put
it in the Earth and i took care of
if every single day.**

**After a while the seed started to
grow more and more leaves and
in a few months it turned into
a beautiful healthy plant.**

**So we took the plant, dried it,
smoked it and got so high that
we forgot to wear a condom.**

15 Laws for Women to Live By



1. Don't imagine you can change a man - unless he is in diapers.
2. What do you do if your boyfriend walks out? You shut the door.
3. If they put a man on the moon - they should be able to put them all up there.
4. Never let your man's mind wander - it's too little to be out alone.
5. Go for younger men. You might as well - they never mature anyway.
6. Men are all the same - they just have different faces, so that you can tell them apart.
7. Definition of a bachelor: a man who has missed the opportunity to make some woman miserable.
8. Women don't make fools of men - most men are the do-it-yourself types.
9. The best way to get a man to do something - suggest they are too old for it.
10. Love is blind - but marriage is a real eye-opener.
11. If you want a committed man - look in a mental hospital.
12. The children of Israel wandered around the desert for 40 years. Even in biblical times, men wouldn't ask for directions.
13. If he asks what sort of books you're interested in, tell him checkbooks.
14. A sense of humor does not mean that you tell him jokes, it means that you laugh at his.
15. Sadly, all men are created equal.



Continued on Page 6

Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 5

Don't think it's a Banksy.



The Pope is handing out miracles to kids in Liverpool. Billy walks on stage and asks him, "Can you help me with my hearing" ...? The Pope says, "Yes" and puts his hands on Billy's ears and prays, he removes his hands and says, "How is your hearing now" ...? Billy says, "I don't know, it's not until next Wednesday" ...

Letters to the Editor



Message from the Editor:

A Very Happy Christmas to our Merry Band of Gentle Readers!

Sometimes, Dear Reader, you may find some of the photos herein a little small, obscure. If this be the case don't forget to use the Automatic Zoom at the top of the page.

Well, we all head into an uncertain winter, don't we?

Restrictions in Greece are being rolled out at a slick pace. One might say in a panic.

There seem to be quite a few letters this month. I didn't want to leave anybody out.

A message from Hilary Paipeti;

Can't BELIEVE you bothered to trace a photo of the Etna in Lancaster! Thank you!!!
The wonders of the Internet strike again!
I'm referring to my article Scramblings, page 10, in last month's Edition.

[Ed: - I thought you might like that one!]

I read the very interesting academic review about 'viruses' that was in The Agiot the past two months. Am I right in summarising it like this?:-

- * The existence of viruses is only a theory.
- * 'Virus Theory' was last reviewed in 1898 (122 years ago!).
- * All alternative hypotheses about viruses since then have been dismissed. Including this one:
- * The microscopic fragments that are called 'viruses' may simply be tiny pieces of OUR OWN DNA/

RNA which have been shed by OUR OWN cells due to some inflammatory infection/syndrome.

* Therefore the 'viral' fragments are a RESULT of illness and NOT the cause of it.

With reference to the above, two very vital questions need to be answered:

* Why, when some sort of inflammation is actually the cause of the so-called 'covid' disease, have they banned the use of anti-inflammatories from the treatment of 'covid'? These very simple and cheap drugs, some in use for decades, are known to work, sometimes ending the symptoms of 'covid' within 12 hours, as you know.

* If it's not a vaccine against covid (which it can't be if the above is the case), what IS it that they are injecting people with? (This is a rhetorical question).
Hilary

Continued on Page 7

Letters - Continued from Page 6

Gareth Morgan's reply to Hilary: -

The virus theory was certainly proposed over a hundred years ago. It has never been reviewed or even seriously questioned until recently, when many people have pointed out that "viruses" are indistinguishable from exosomes - - fragments of cells killed by disease, damage or old age.

I can't say why some medications have been restricted but it may have involved financial considerations. As to the vaccines, maybe it doesn't matter much what is in them. Any foreign substance will prompt the body to go into repair mode. A mosquito bite makes us produce exactly the same IgG antibodies as the vaccines do.

Ed: - Thank you for this insight, Gareth.

Kate Bordegas Freter, [with a follow-up from her letter in last month's Edition].

Ha! That was sweet of you to print my story. That picture of SMA pulled a little water from my eyes.... but not much! I stopped it. You're not allowed to go into the bell tower of the Parroquia. I will say the stairs that lead up to it are narrow, well-worn and the view was spectacular! Snuck up there with a few new friends the first summer I was there. That picture is taken from the upper story or the roof of the Presidencia looking across the tops of the pruned laurel trees at the church. That square is called the Jardin. Lots of great/funny stories/memories there. So blessed that God gave me those times.



The Bell Tower

Here is a reminder of Kate's bell tower, from last month's Edition. She asked me to ask if any of you are familiar with the town of San Miguel De Allende?

Effrosyni Moschoudi mails from Athens.

Hi Paul,
Thank you for featuring my work in this wonderful issue. It had so many hilarious jokes, you made my day :)

Seriously now, lovely photos of you and your beautiful family, and, to be honest, this issue had a different air about it, I don't know why. Even the stabs at the plan-demic were sharper and funnier. A real joy to read. I loved the story of the lion punishing the donkey. Such a wise little tale.

Once again, thank you and your family for driving all the way to NP from Athens. It was a great honour for me.

Hugs,
Effrosyni

Ed: - Thank you Frosso, it is my pleasure. I'm glad you enjoyed. Sometimes it [the Letter] is easier than others. Being an author, you will know exactly what I mean!



Letters - Continued from Page 7

J. from England unsubscribed. Here is her letter.

"Hi Paul,

The reason I unsubscribed was because, please don't take this personally or anything, it is to do with me, but I felt unwelcome and out of place because the last issues seemed very anti-vax. I do hope it is ok to say that? I wasn't going to but you did ask! I may be wrong, but I just felt excluded and uncomfortable as living in the UK and then France, where there have been so many deaths, so many infections, our experience of the virus has probably been different than on Corfu.

Anyway, if I am wrong, I apologise, please add me back in; if I am correct then I can always come back once all this is over. I enjoy getting the newsletter and love hearing about the island, which we still miss and are so glad to have called home for a short while.

I hope you are all well. "

Ed: - I should stress J. that I wish this to be an 'open' newsletter. Only Tyrants should divide the people, not the people themselves. Personally, my main issue has little to do with the 'vaccinations' themselves. My beef is with the unelected Masters of technology and Economy who have taken it upon themselves to decide what is best for humanity.

I'm for Humanity, not Technocracy and its Masters and Disciples.

I will publish any letter here from whatever point of view. Only excessive profanity or cruelty is censored.



Dean Barsby's friend posted this, in respect of Dean's recent tales.



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Letters - Continued from Page 8

Liz Dickie

Hi Paul, thank you so much - lovely as always to hear from you, especially as we are battling with the same things as you and your family down in this part of the world. I am about to lose my job due to my refusal to submit to the madness. Friday is my last day and I am going in to say farewell to everyone, just hoping I am not going to get lynched in the process as everyone in the Retirement Village appears to have been affected by the mass psychosis. Things are getting very tough and Jeff and I have very few friends who share our views, though our closest ones are not holding our stance against us - yet. Our PM is not particularly bright and, in my opinion, a nasty piece of work. She is actively encouraging apartheid over here and even talks openly about it, while smiling her infuriating toothy grin. One encouraging thing is that there was a big protest against the madness in Wellington today and her popularity is clearly waning, even with the people who agree with the jabbing. Sadly, there is not a single politician here prepared to speak up against it and the high court has just ruled in favour of the mandates. Truly scary stuff. It is good to know that there are other likeminded people out there, I do think that the

truth will out but we have a rough road ahead of us for a while. My biggest fear is for the children - I have no doubt that what they are trying to do is a crime against humanity but the propaganda machine rolls on regardless. We are battling to stop our own kids from succumbing - it is so hard for them not to give in to the interminable pressure and they have managed so far but I really don't know how they will cope if they are told it is mandatory for Uni etc. On a positive note, I have been making the most of my time off work (I took sick leave when the mandate came in 3 weeks ago. I never take sick leave but I thought stuff them!) Jeff and I have been working in the garden and getting our vitamin D levels up! We are determined to make the most of life, even if we are pariahs! I have had a wonderful birthday today with the family - a walk with the dogs, smoked salmon for lunch and a couple of bramble gin and tonics which went down very easily on this beautiful hot day! Take care and keep strong, we are in the right and that wins in the end. Lots of love to you and your lovely family. Xxx

Ed: - Thank you Liz,

you are brave and true. We are all in for a mighty struggle, of that there is no doubt. Both vaccinated and unvaccinated are victims of the growing menace. We should never lose sight of who the real enemy is.

This letter appeared from Silke Leusink, a visitor here to Villa Theodora over the last several years, with her Mum Astrid

Dear Paul,

I don't really know how to start this letter so I will just start from the beginning. During the first lockdown period, a few days after my mom sent you her last e-mail, my mom got really ill and ended up in the hospital for one and a half month and she got diagnosed with cancer with a lot of metastases in her brain. There was not much wat they could do, like chemotherapy, except for giving her some pills. These worked good for half a year but after a while the effect stopped and she had to have immunotherapy, but because of this she got a lot of fluid in her brain and she ended up in the hospital again in December with all kind of infections, she recovered from this and the doctors had still one other option of pills left these worked till there was a scan in august where they saw a lot of new tumor spots. There were now officially no options left anymore. Every-

thing actually went kind of fine till 17 October when she got an epileptic seizure, she recovered from this but everything was different then before and she could do less and less. Friday 5 November her best friend was going to sleep at our house for a few days but the moment she arrived we both saw that my mom was really really ill so the doctor came and he told us that she wasn't allowed to eat anymore because her body just could not handle it anymore. The days after she got morphine and slept all the days and, now I come to the point why I am unfortunately writing this letter, today 10 November she has died in the morning.

I want you and every one of the family to know that my mom loved, and still loves, you all massively!!! One of her last wishes was to see you all for the last time and to say that she loves you all so much.

I hope to see you soon, love Silke

Ed: - I have communicated to dear Silke privately.

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Letters - Continued from Page 9

Ed: - For Astrid and Silke.



***Astrid on Easter Sunday
2019***

We want to say something today for our friend Astrid.

We last saw her and Silke on the 5th of May, 2019. They came into our upside-down lounge to say goodbye, at the end of their holiday. They cared nothing for our state of mad chaos, inflicted shortly before by our Granddaughter and her excitable pals. They simply laughed.

Many times, sometimes twice a year, they stayed in our Villa Theodora, Corfu. We took them to our hearts.

On this particular visit they joined our whole family on Easter Sunday at our in-law's home in Kanoni.

Astrid stole the show. Standing tall at 1.85 metres she 'went Greek', stood on the table to rapturous applause, and danced away to our Corfu music.

At this time Silke was 1.60 metres tall. We guess that she is well past that now!

Our entire family want to thank you Astrid, and Silke, for shining your light into our lives.

Farewell dear Astrid, and, Silke, we look forward to you dancing for us one day in our home.

It is enough to lose one true friend in a month. This dark November we lost two.

Jack Lowe was a real character, known by many on the island, especially in the Ipsos area.

He and his lovely wife moved back to the UK, I think about 2011, though Mickey might correct me on that. He passed a few days ago.

This message from Mickey sums him and her up exactly.

'Fly high My Love.
Your Great Granddaughter shared this today and I thought it was just so so so perfect. You are and will always be My Beloved Jack.'



Jack





Christmas Time 🌲
 The flames dance in the fireplace. The carols begin to play. The house is full of love and laughter

Upon this festive day.

🌲 The gifts piled under the Christmas tree. Wrapped in colourful shiny sheets. The delicious smell of turkey cooking. The boxes of chocolates and treats.

🌲 Young hearts are full of excitement. The family's almost here. This day of love and sharing. The best day of the year.

🌲 The trimmings prepared with loving hands. The glasses full of wine. The table laid to perfection. This is Christmas Time.... ❤️

Yes, the most wonderful time of the year will soon be upon us. A time for family, friends, love, sharing and kindness. One of my most favourite times of the year... Christmas.



Countries around the world have their own special traditions at Christmas. England decorate trees, eat turkey, pull crackers, watch our Queen's speech, and eat mince pies.

Greece has their own traditions. Christmas is celebrated for 14 days beginning on Christmas Eve.

Roast pork or lamb is eaten, and the traditional bread named Christopsomo (Christ bread) is the staple of the Greek Christmas table. Midnight mass is very important, and so is 'Karavaki' - the traditional decorating of boats with colourful lights.



Tracey's Time

Goodies and cakes are all part of Christmas. In the UK we love a tin of Quality Street, Matchmakers, Chocolate Brazil Nuts Chocolate Log, Christmas pudding and Christmas cake.



While in Greece Melomakarona, a traditional sweet is a favourite, also Diples and the traditional New Year's Cake, Vasilopita which

always has a hidden coin inside.



Merry Christmas
 One and All, Love
 Always Tracey ❤️

An Irish Christmas Blessing

*The light of the Christmas star to you,
 The warmth of home and hearth to you,
 The cheer and good will of friends to you,
 The hope of a childlike heart to you,
 The joy of a thousand angels to you,
 The love of the Son,
 And God's peace to you.*

The Heroes of Lefkimmi

Ed: - This inspiring true story was first published in this magazine in 2017.

It is much-loved and, so, keeps resurfacing.

Such an inspirational tale for these bleak times.

The Heroes of Lefkimmi

If you turn left just before reaching the coast at Alikes near Lefkimmi, a pot-holed lane leads you to a wide, dusty road junction. Here, amongst the paper and can litter of the roadside, stands a pristine monument in slate-grey granite and white marble. In dazzling full sun the inscription is hard to read, but what it reveals is an almost forgotten episode of World War II, during which the Corfiots - and especially the Lefkimmiois - showed their courage and integrity:

'In memory of the event that took place on November 18 1943 during the German Occupation, in which an American B-17 War Plane Bomber with a 10 men (sic) crew on board crash landed in this area.

'Local Lefkimmi patriots courageously rescued them, hid them and safely led them into the hands of the allies.

'Municipality of Lefkimmi'

It was the morning of 18 November, and the massive Flying Fortress had just completed a bombing run on German-occupied Eleusis Airfield just west of Athens. For all but the rookie co-pilot Joe Cotton [PICTURED BELOW, WHO REACHED THE GRAND AGE OF 94], it was the crew's 32nd mission, and it looked as if it would be a routine one. But even as they watched the explosion of their twelve 500 pound bombs before heading home, flak hit. Initial damage assessment showed two engines on fire and useless; they would have to make it to safety in Brindisi on just the two remaining ones. The crippled plane made its way westwards. But as they reached the Ionian coast, another engine failed. They would have to bail out.

Whitecaps roughed the sea surface, and just as they realized they would not survive in the water, they

spotted an island. They identified it as Corfu, and pilot Dick Flournoy prepared for a crash-landing on flat land near the shore.

The landing was perfect, and the plane slid to a halt just short of a row of trees, with no harm to the crew. It was 1.30. Following procedure, they tried and failed to destroy the craft to save any equipment falling into German hands.

Within minutes, locals began to arrive, and the crew had to abandon attempts to set the B-17 on fire when some climbed inside. Soon, others arrived with items of clothing, and indicated they should put on the clothes and follow them, before some of the many Germans in the area showed up.

Flournoy followed a small boy to a tool shed in an olive grove where he spent two days. A young lady who was hoeing a nearby field took gunner Fred Glor to a shepherd's hut, where he was to sleep the night. The others were led to similar accommodation.

When the Germans arrived 15 minutes later, they were all gone, and the locals were busy stripping the plane. Disingenuously, they put the Germans off the scent by claiming that the five-member crew had already escaped in a boat. A bogus report that they had been sighted in the north of the island put an end to the German's search of the crash area, and within the next day or two, the locals led the crew to Lefkimmi, where they were put up in various houses. Joe Cotton was the first to reach the town, later in the afternoon of the crash. Having changed into local clothes, he was guided to an olive press, where the miller indicated that he should pretend to work the mules. Soon two Germans walked in, evidently searching for survivors, but ignored the terrified co-pilot. Cotton spent his first night in a church with four other crew members, and then was billeted in the large three-floor house belonging to Harry Pappas, formerly resident in the United States. At this point, Cotton was not aware that he was also head of the local resistance. The rest were hidden by townsfolk in various houses, except for Fred Glor, who bizarrely ended up in the town's hotel.

Continued on Page 13

The Heroes of Lefkimmí - Continued from Page 12

Bombardier Ernie Skorheim's host was wheelwright Josephus Montezago, whose wife Tina had to eke out already meagre supplies to feed the fugitive. He lived mainly on bean soup and coarse wheat-and-corn bread dipped in olive oil, though there was often fish and the occasional tiny wild bird. He grew very friendly with the couple, and even managed to communicate adequately in a mixture of English and newly-learned Greek.

Like the others, Skorheim developed malaria from the mosquito bites he had suffered on their first night in the marshes. He was lucky; the Montezago's son had died of the disease, and they were terrified for their charge. Thus, Skorheim received quinine from the local pharmacist, while the remainder of the crew had to suffer through the fevers, with their only treatment blood-letting by leeches.

A month later, they all had more or less recovered, but the situation on the ground was deteriorating. Their hosts were increasingly hard-put to feed them, and - worse - the Germans were becoming convinced that the flyers were still in the area; periodical searches were conducted, during which some were nearly caught.

Just before Christmas, an event occurred that ruled out further accommodation in the town. Flournoy's host was a smuggler by trade - and he was caught red-handed. Germans questioned him, and he hot-headedly told them to look for the Americans instead of victimizing a poor smuggler. Fortunately, the interpreter informed the underground and, at the same time as a unit of Germans approached, the Americans were evacuated to a shack in the hills. The next day, 19 December, the Germans surrounded the town and conducted a door-to-door search. But the Americans had vanished.

The crew, now together for the first time since the crash, spent Christmas 1943 in the shack, supplied with food by the locals and foraging for themselves. On Christmas Day, they risked lighting a little stove, and feasted on wild onions, olives, tangerines, fried fish and bread dipped in olive oil. Between Christmas and New Year there were many rumours of rescue, but none materialized. Finally, on New Year's Eve, they were told to get ready to move. The plan was to transfer them to the north of the island, where the coastlines of Corfu and Albania were only two miles distant. The problem was that

they had to travel by main roads, and would have to pass through Corfu Town, as well as by a German army camp and an air base.

On the first day of 1944, after emotional goodbyes, they set out on five donkey carts which were carrying olive oil, pretending to be Greek workers and warned not to talk under any circumstances.

The carts set out at intervals, and made slow progress towards Town. Two of the parties had very close calls, one when their cart had to stop where Germans were clearing a fallen tree from the road, and another when co-pilot Joe Cotton dozed off and allowed his pistol to be exposed; fortunately, no-one noticed. The carts reached the south of Corfu Town in the early afternoon, and could safely go no further. The Americans set out on foot in small groups, each accompanied by several silent Greeks. Pilot Dick Flournoy, at six foot four, was very conspicuous amongst the short locals, but since it was a holiday, many people were out walking.

The groups had to pass right through the army base, which was built on both sides of the road. Several of the Americans were obliged to use their newly-learned Greek to greet Germans strolling in the sun. The next obstacle was the air base, where Cotton was tempted for a foolish moment to steal a plane! They walked on northwards out of Corfu Town. From time to time, one of their Corfiot escorts would call 'Off road' and they would all hide behind bushes or in a ditch. A few minutes later, a German truck would pass. The Americans were constantly amazed at the excellent organization of the locals, who always seemed aware of a problem before it emerged.

They arrived after dark in Kontokali. Exhausted, they followed their guide to a large three-floor house in the edge of the village, where they were served an excellent meal of chick pea soup, spaghetti, bread, olive oil and wine, and they slept well through what proved to be a stormy night.

Next day they had to keep a low profile and get plenty of rest, for they would travel during darkness. After nightfall, they were taken to a warehouse on the shore, and then to a deserted beach. Locals piggybacked them to two fishing boats to avoid leaving footprints. The night would be fraught with worse dangers, since the waters of the strait were constantly patrolled by the German navy, and their hosts would certainly be shot if caught.

Continued on Page 14

The Heroes of Lefkimmi - Continued from Page 13

The fishermen of Kontokali rowed through the night, and as the sun rose, they could see the Albanian shore ahead. They had reached the Bay of Butrint and an hour later turned into a small river where passwords were exchanged. The exhausted fishermen had rowed for twelve hours, avoiding the many patrols and navigating in darkness to the destination. The Americans were now in the hands of the Greek guerrillas. [One of the fishermen who rowed the Americans to Albania was the uncle of Christos Gerekos, owner of Gerekos Fish Taverna in Kontokali - Ed.]

The next two and a half months proved an ordeal. Inadequately clad and shod, sick and debilitated, they were marched from camp to camp and back again, and between marches spent long periods of inactivity, while various plans to evacuate them fell through. One incident that raised their spirits took place as Pilot Dick Flournoy and gunner Fred Glor, holed up in with a shepherd, were discussing life after the war, and their intention of making lots of money. Soon afterwards, the shepherd disappeared into the snow and returned with a young woman in uniform, who produced a bottle of ouzo and began to get fresh. They were too tired to take advantage of the puzzling situation; but later they found out the word money in English sounded like the Greek word for prostitute, and the shepherd had been striving to be a perfect host!

Finally, on March 15, together with the seven-man crew of a British Lancaster bomber which had joined them in January, the Americans were evacuated from the (now) Albanian coast by an Italian submarine chaser that was delivering supplies to the Greek partisans. Even then, the plan was nearly scuppered at the last minute when an argument broke out between the Italians and Greeks over payment for the supplies.

The ship reached Italy on the morning of March 16, and the crew made the final leg of their journey to the American base in Bari by truck. During the trip, they reminisced about their experiences on Corfu and in Greece, with the common thread their great admiration for the courage and cleverness of the Greeks, 'ready to do whatever was needed to see to it that we survived.'

Many of the crew members kept in touch. Some revisited Corfu during the 80s and 90s and met again the Lefkimmi folk who had helped them. Gunner

Fred Glor returned for the first time in 1988. While visiting the crash scene, Glor saw a woman hoeing a field nearby. He walked over to talk to her through an interpreter. She was the same woman who, forty-five years earlier, had been hoeing the same field and had helped him escape.



The information contained in this article was edited by Hilary Paipeti from the book *Aircraft Down! Evading capture in WWII Europe* by Philip D. Caine. ISBN 1-57488-234-1



The World of Simon

Join Simon on his wonderful Facebook page; *Out Of Town* with Jack Hargreaves.

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/JackHargreaves>



My family earn royalties from the sale of Jack's books - published by Medlar and Dovecote Press, as also from the sale of his broadcasts on DVDs published by Network on Air. What we earn goes towards maintaining my stepfather's legacy - these pages being one example - and the hard work of finding and restoring copies of Jack's broadcasts not seen since transmitted. Part of this work is technical (digitisation, synchronising sound and picture, sound and colour restoration of ageing film and tapes) and part is the legal work of protecting or recovering rights in Jack's work outside *Out of Town* and *Old Country*.

<https://networkonair.com/search?controller=search...>

<https://www.dovecotepress.com/product.../jack-hargreaves/>

<https://www.medlarpress.com/Authors/jack-hargreaves.html>

Look a Gif Horse in the mouth

"Now hear this!" as spoken through a tannoy by the Yankee skipper (I don't mean Commander Queeg in *The Caine Mutiny*) in my favourite old US navy war films:

'A member of the crew has asked why we prohibit GIFs on this ship, One of the things we decided to work on when setting up *OOT with JH* was to work - delicately and intelligently - against the flow of Facebook's business model. GIFs are a minor issue of course, but to get rid of the way FB encourages silos, echo-chambers and filter-bubbles - to eliminate variety, opposing values and opinions, the better to shepherd users into homogenous groups targeted for advertising, along with viral sharing of click-bait images and texts to increase revenue. We have discouraged GIFs along with other examples of Facebook punctuation. It can make admin seem pedantic and members mutinous, but by and large we've managed, in an area rife with contention, town and country for a start, we've maintained a happy ship, a diverse crew. GIFs use a few keyboard moves to efface thoughtful nuance. They are throwing a punch as a substitute for the polite expression of difference that can sustain a debate rather than start an argument. There will be no GIFs on this ship! New members will be searched for GIFs on joining. I have prepared a GIF amnesty for all those of you inclined to use them. Hand these into the ship's first officer before midnight after which there will be a locker search, officers included...Who did that 12-button salute?"

[Simon Baddeley](#)

[tOut2118luponlg1o51me](#) ·

Larger mammals of Corfu, Ionian Islands, Greece – status and potential threats by [Marie Stille](#), Ioannis Gasteratos & Bo Stille
ABSTRACT. The occurrence and distribution of ten larger terrestrial mammals on the Ionian Island of Corfu were investigated from January 2020 to March 2021.

The World of Simon - Continued from Page 15

The northern white-breasted hedgehog and the stone marten were found to be common, and this is probably also the case for the least weasel. The red fox was primarily found in the island's rocky northeast and although not uncommon it may be under pressure as it is often considered a pest. Wild boars were found to be present, and reproduction may occur, but the status of this species needs further investigation. The Eurasian otter was found in several areas around the island, but the data indicates that the Corfu population contains few individuals that move over large areas. We suggest strengthened protection for this species to avoid further population decline and subsequent extinction. Brown hares of unknown origins are repeatedly released on the island, and in combination with extensive hunting any genetic characteristics of the indigenous population is expected to be lost. No evidence for presence of fallow deer was found, and except for photos of single specimens this was also the case for red deer and golden jackal. All investigated species are potentially threatened by habitat loss, caused by increasing tourism, extensive development, high water out-take and, in some cases,

persecution. How to cite this article: Stille M., Gasteratos I., Stille B. 2021. Larger mammals of Corfu, Ionian Islands, Greece – Status and potential threats // Russian J. Theriol. Vol.20. No.2. P.204-214. doi:10.15298/rusjtheriol.20.2.09 https://zmmu.msu.ru/rjt/articles/ther20_2_204-214.pdf...

Conclusions: Loss and fragmentation of habitats are the two main threats to most of the animals in our study, but hunting, pollution, and illegal persecution are other potential threatening factors. The seemingly uncontrolled growth of the tourism sector with new hotels and other accommodations constructed close to, or even inside, protected Natura 2000 areas give little room for wildlife. It is important to stress that without adequate information, implementation, and enforcement, regulations have little or no effect in protecting species and habitats. Species such as the otter are in critical need of habitat protection, and an overall plan for the management of protected areas and other suitable otter habitats on the island is urgently needed. Furthermore, all animals in our study would benefit from further studies to secure suitable habitats and safeguard the islands biodiversity.



Comment

Contributed by Russ Perry

PHILIP DAVIES MP
Member of Parliament for Shipley



HOUSE OF COMMONS
LONDON SW1A 0AA

18 October 2021

Dear

Thank you for your letter.

The UK has cut its carbon emissions by almost half over the past 30 years. We are now responsible for less than 1% of global carbon emissions.

Even if we were to reduce that number to 0% it would make no difference at all to global temperatures - particularly when countries like China, India and emerging economies in Africa are going to be increasing their carbon emissions each year by more than our entire total.

Such action would be utterly futile, virtue signalling, gesture politics which would also bankrupt the country along with many families. The estimated cost of getting from less than 1% of global carbon emissions to net zero is estimated to be £1trillion in the UK - that is money the country and many of my constituents can ill afford; especially when the actions of other countries will make it utterly futile.

It is always striking how coy people are about admitting what the total cost of these actions will be and who will be paying for it.

It would be much more sensible to spend money on adapting to changes in the climate rather than a unrealistic view that we are going to change the world's climate. That change in the world's climate is just not going to happen - anyone who thinks every country in the world is going to take these measures are in cloud cuckoo land.

Yours sincerely

If you advertise here it will cost nothing. We have a modest but growing circulation. It is our pleasure for our friends to advertise their wares without charge.



I am writing to let you know about the forthcoming publication of my new book, *Words on the table*, a collection of over 200 poems written over six decades in many parts of the world: Greece, Czechoslovakia (as it was), Australia, England, the Nordics (especially Sweden), the USA, China and Ethiopia, and other countries. The collection is arranged in four broadly thematic sections. It is published by Colenso Books, like my two most recent publications, *Reading the Signs* (2020) and *This Spinning World, 43 Stories from Far and Wide* (2019).

Words on the table will be published at the beginning of November. The publisher is making a special offer

(please see details in the first attachment) in case you are interested. This special offer is only available for the month of November 2021.

As I write at the beginning of my introduction:

“Putting words on the table is a little like laying one’s cards on the table”.

Jim

Words on the table, Jim Potts, Colenso Books

Some reviews:

Michael Rosen:

“Jim Potts zooms round the world, looking wryly and ironically at people and histories. This matches the refreshing restlessness in how he writes: zipping between styles and forms through which we glimpse loves and longings. The result is a book of many contrasts, none greater than his love for William Barnes, Dorset’s poet and polymath, alongside the old blues men like Charlie Patton and Sleepy John Estes. It’s a rich ride.”

Julian Nangle:

“I feel this collection is truly important and reflects our relatively recent international and national history in a way few books can. It will reverberate on chords others are aware of within themselves”.

Mark Allen:

“In this outstanding book of poetry, Jim Potts lays bare his soul, demonstrating a sensitivity and curiosity, etched over a lifetime, which are remarkable. His observation is acute...above all, his love of Greece and what was Czechoslovakia, with their troubled and uneven histories, glitter with interest and knowledge”.

Demetris Dallas:

“A wry participant and observer of life: ‘a new kind of nomad’...one may not be wide of the mark to address him as a modern-day transhumant, and a bearer of memory...”
“Deceptively simple and unassuming poems...almost tactile in their digging for what was and no more exists”.

Niki Marangou (1948-2013) writing about an earlier collection, *Corfu Blues*:

“I was impressed by his poems. They have a naturalness and immediacy which are rarely found nowadays...It’s a poetry that appeals to me, as it is real, straightforward and touches on history and the present at the same time”.



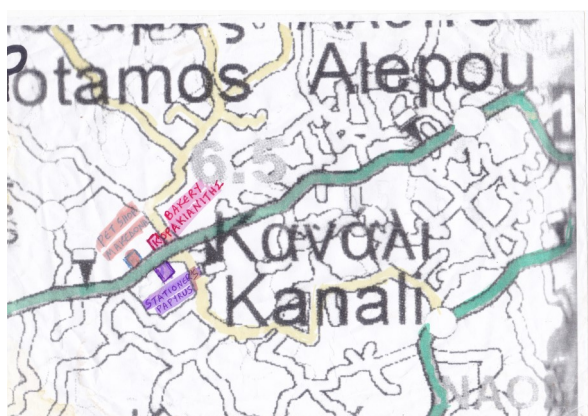
Papyrus in Triklino

Papyrus - Stationer’s & Bookshop

For those of you who may not have noticed there is a friendly Stationer’s on the main road at Alepou, on the Kanalia junction.

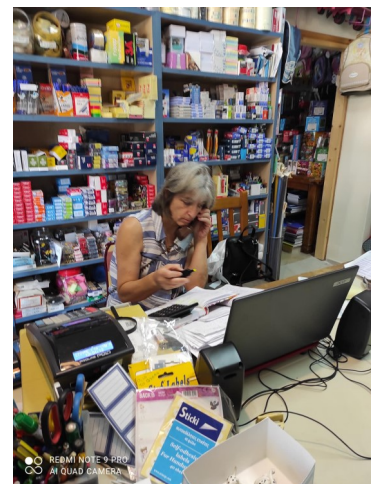
So much easier and more convenient than having the hassle of parking in town.

Owners Manthos and Joanna are both very courteous and obliging.



Car park outside.

Here is a map. - Give it a try!



Hard worker

The banner features the text 'The HTC Christmas Catalogue 2021' in a festive, stylized font. 'The' is in green, 'HTC' is in red, 'Christmas' is in green, and 'Catalogue' is in red. The year '2021' is centered below. The background is white with green pine branches and red and white snowflakes scattered throughout.

Dear Friends,

The HTC Christmas Catalogue is here! Click this link to place your orders.

[HTC Christmas Catalogue](#)

The process is the same as previous catalogues, click the link above and peruse the catalogue selecting the quantity of items you would like to purchase. When you reach the end, select a time on Monday 29th November when you would like to pick up your goodies and then submit the form. We will receive your order and a confirmation email will be sent to you from catalogue@holyltrinitycorfu.net with the details in due course.

A huge thank you for supporting HTC, the Hellenic Red Cross and the Vocation School of Corfu.

From at the HTC Catalogue Team



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Meat Samosas

Onion Bhaji

Each starter served with Salad & Onion Mint Dip

Chicken Jalfrezi - Medium or Hot

Halloumi & Vegetable Makhani - Mild

Authentic Indian Murgh Chicken - Mild or Medium

Chana Palak Masala - Chickpea and Spinach - Medium

Traditional Chicken Tikka Masala - Medium

All served with Basmati Rice, Handmade Naan Bread,
Spicy Indian Red Onion Salad, CCC's Mango Chutney

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Mango Kulfi Ice Cream

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For venues dates and to book call: 6909 825309



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Tel: 26610 36995 or Email: info@ecopoint.gr.

Happy December! Here's a gift from me, to enjoy this Christmas. A ghost story with suspense and romance. The book has just been shortlisted for an award, and I am celebrating as I await the results by giving it away!



Escape to a Greek mountain village this Christmas... This fabulous novella will reel you in from the first page!

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Address: [5 Gardikioti Spyrou Street, Mantouki \(Corfu\), 3os orofos, 491 32 Greece](#)

Services: 4 Years on xo.gr



Delfini Transport

23rd November 2021•

Some big news that we're really excited to share, and has been in the making since the beginning of this year - Delfini Transport

has opened today in Corfu! 🥳

We're fully established as a Greek business, and the Greek Delfini has been facilitating all imports and exports post Brexit ensuring everything we carry is customs compliant and making

all procedures much simpler and more economical for you 😊

Our new depot is centrally located in Dasia and we're really happy to be expanding from just the two of us and welcoming Achilleas to the team! You'll find him at the office weekdays

08:30 to 15:30 and Saturdays 09:00 to 14:00 📞

You'll be able to collect items that have arrived from the UK, as well as drop off anything to go back. More exciting services are following very soon though so keep an eye here and please also pop over to

www.facebook.com/DelfiniMetaforiki, give us a like and follow all the updates! 💙

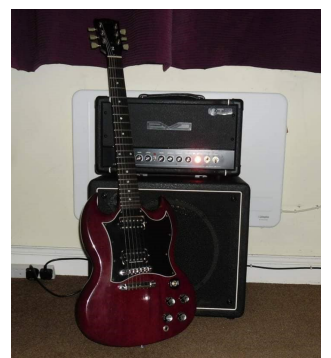
OCAV TRAVEL

www.travel.ocaycorfu.com



Roadhouse music supply Corfu; *we have just about everything.*

1973 ovation breadwinner, ebony fingerboard, 1975 DiMarzio dual sound and Ibanez 70s v2 pickups upgrade. This one plays itself super low action, comes with original hard case. these ovations are really getting rare to find now as they generally are keepers. €1500



Debunking 9 common medication myths

As the use of medication and the availability of research resources online have significantly increased over the last years, misconceptions about medicines are becoming more and more common. Keep reading to see if you have fallen for any of these myths!

1. Myth: all medicines prescribed by the doctor are chemical substances therefore synthetic

Fact: at least 35% of prescribed medication are derived from natural sources, mostly plants. But that doesn't mean that they are safer, as many natural substances may be poisonous. What matters really is not the origin of the medicine but how suitable it is for you.

2. Myth: medicines are used to treat diseases and medical conditions and not to prevent them

Fact: nowadays there are medicines that are prescribed to prevent medical conditions and others to prevent the potential complications of such conditions. For example acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin, salospir) is used to prevent heart attacks.

3. Myth: medicines are foreign bodies to your organism so they work by causing your body to function abnormally

Fact: for medicines to take effect, they have to alter some already existing functions of your organism in the same way your body would do! In fact, your body has its own chemical substances that it uses to alter its functions and the medicines, simply by having a similar chemical structure to those substances, imitate them in order to change these functions, only this time much more effectively. Here's an example: salbutamol is a medication prescribed to treat asthma attacks and breathlessness. It works by imitating adrenaline (the hormone your body naturally produces in order to expand the air passages and help you breathe better) but its effects are much more stable and last longer.

4. Myth: generic drugs are not as effective or as safe as brand-named drugs and they are more likely to cause side effects

Fact: a generic drug contains the same chemical substance as a brand-named drug originally protected by chemical patents. Once the patent to the original developer expires, the generic drug becomes available. Generic drugs must meet the same quality, strength and purity standards as brand-name ones in order to be approved but, since their manufacture does not involve a repeat of the extensive (and expensive) clinical trials to prove the safety and efficacy of the chemical substance, it costs less to develop them. That makes them cheaper and, since they share the same substance, they have the same benefits and side effects as brand-named drugs.

5. Myth: medicines are developed by doctors

Fact: for a new medicine to be developed dozens of scientists from different branches of science like pharmacology, chemistry, biology, biotechnology, medicine, psychology and others are involved. Amongst these scientists, the pharmacist plays the most important part since he participates in all the stages of the process, from the discovery of the chemical substance to the development of the drug and the clinical trials.

Debunking 9 common medication myths - Continued from Page 23

- 6. Myth:** if a medicine cannot improve my health in 1 or 2 days than it won't work at all
Fact: many pharmaceutical drugs like those prescribed for high blood pressure, antipsychotics, antidepressants, and more, are long-term medications, which means it can take days or even weeks for the patient to start benefiting from them and notice an improvement in their health.
- 7. Myth:** I feel better so there is no need to continue taking the medication the doctor prescribed me
Fact: it may make sense to stop taking your medication when you no longer have symptoms. However, this does not necessarily mean that the cause of your condition (for example the bacteria or the virus that caused the infection) has been eliminated. Like mentioned above, many medications take time to fully take effect, so continuing to take your medication is vital in order to prevent your symptoms from relapsing.
- 8. Myth:** all medications that are supposed to be administered orally should be taken on a full stomach
Fact: this is only partially true and it depends on which part of the body the medicine is supposed to be absorbed in. If the medicine is absorbed in the stomach than the presence of food will increase its absorption rate and its effects will appear much quicker. If the medicine is absorbed in the small intestine instead, then the presence of food in the stomach will slow down the passage to the small intestine, delay its absorption and therefore its onset of action. So always ask your pharmacist whether you should take your medicines on a full or empty stomach!
- 9. Myth?:** all medicines cause side effects
Fact: well, this is actually true. All medicines, even over-the-counter, supplements and natural ones, can cause side effects. But it is also true that, while some side effects can potentially become even life-threatening, some others are just an inconvenience. Most of them and more importantly, the most serious ones can be prevented or treated simply by following the doctor's orders. In other words, following your physician's instructions and your pharmacist's advice when taking medicines significantly increases your safety.

Having the correct information is extremely important when using any type of medicine. Next time, don't be shy and don't hesitate to ask your pharmacist to clear up some of these misconceptions. They will be happy to help you stay safe!

Zoη Νιακα

A Christmas Story

At Cam, Upon a Midnight Clear

By Anon

The Guard told me what happened, afterwards.

Coming from the south along our old Way, they'd arrived on nightfall, the Man - hooded, heavy-robed - on foot, and the Woman - hardly more than a girl - on a sturdy pony. The Guard went to greet them from afar, as he always does; but, seeing no threat, he led them to the farmstead. The strong walls of Cam shelter travellers, its hearth fire a beacon for traders and runagates alike. No other refuge but Cam stands on this lonely, wind-battered hill.

The Keeper greeted them into the byre, the warmest spot in the steading, aside from the Master's hearth and the kitchen, where he, the Seer and the young ones sleep among sheepskins. The young beasts were patient in their pen, chewing on fodder, and fresh bedding lay in a pile in the corner, together with the stores the Keeper was going to unseal in celebration of the passing of the Darkest Night. If the sky cleared of the swirling snow, we would see the New Year Sun align with the Three Augurs, those glittering pinpoints of light, as it breached the horizon.

The Woman gave birth that night. They wrapped the baby in wool cloths and laid him in the sweet bedding. The Keeper sent the Guard to recall the Shepherd. He knew everything about little ones, from sheep-lambs to people-lambs.

Gab the Guard came fast to our place, above the highest sheepfold, on the Moss above our home Beck. From here we can look west, and sometimes smell the distant sea (I have only ever smelt it). My Shepherd understood he was needed; something of import had happened. 'Con, stay wit' sheep,' he commanded, hastening down the slope, with the tiny lamb that had just been born too soon. It needed warmth, and not the frost of deep winter.

I'm good wit' sheep, and they trust me, but something stronger was tempting me, compelling me to follow. The sheep were born on this hillside, the insidious voice told me, so they won't stray far, and we've not seen or heard any wolf for a week or two. So I ran in the tracks of the Shepherd, first grabbing my prized possession; I was jealous it would be stolen if I left it behind.

As I pushed aside the heavy hide flap and flicked through the thick homespun curtain at the entry to Cam's huge byre, the scene was alight with lamps and wonder. The Woman lay on her side in the straw, holding her infant. At her feet was the Shepherd's new-born lamb, and an array of silver trinkets, a bag of salt and many small boxes of the spices and fragrant pastes we collect from merchants heading north, in payment of our hospitality. Standing around were the Master and the Mistress, over from their abode, and the Helpers and Stockmen, all looking at the Man. He said: 'The Iron Army will come here too, one day. We came from far south, where I am King; we cannot hold them back. They have taken our lands and enslaved us. They buy our chieftains with their riches, they smash straight roads through our forests, slashing and burning. They will come here, up your Old Straight Way. They will take your Beasts to their fortresses. They will mine your silver.' He broke off as the Seer rose to her feet, her blind eyes unfocused.

'This Child will be our saviour,' she said. 'We must safeguard him 'til he can defend us. And he will come again, each time our land is under threat.'

While everyone's eyes were occupied, I approached the Child. I laid my offering on the straw beside him: my precious bone, buried now three months and perfectly ripe for tomorrow's sustenance rite. It was the only present I could give; though it pained me, I reckoned the Child would like a thing to chew on, in amongst the trinkets and such. I nudged his arm and he gurgled and touched my coat.

Continued on Page 26

Christmas Story - Continued from Page 25

At the sound, the Shepherd turned and spotted me. 'Con, get back to the sheep! NOW!' Under his imperious command, I slunk away back into the now-clear frosty night, my brindled tail between my legs. But at least I had caught a glimpse of the Child, Arthur.

Cam is a real place, an ancient farmstead located on the moors between Ingleton and Hawes, just off the Pennine Way, and between the Three Peaks of Ingleborough, Wharfedale and Pen-y-ghent. The Way here is marked on OS maps as a Roman Road, but it is thought to be much older - an 'old straight track' used by the Ancient Britons. Alfred J. Brown writes (1948): 'Cam Houses consists today of two farms, through there is evidence that there were originally seven (some say thirteen) houses. How old these farms really are, nobody can say, but Cam is probably ... an Ancient British settlement.' (Broad Acres - A Yorkshire Miscellany)

At sunrise on Christmas Morning, the alignment of the three stars of Orion's Belt points to the exact spot where the sun appears on the north-easterly horizon, the only day of the year it happens. This is the moment when the sun's position at sunup, stationary for three days at its furthest northern



point, starts its incremental course back, day by day, towards dawn on the midsummer solstice. Some alternative commentators speculate that the three stars represent the Three Wise Men (or Kings), who follow the Star that rises in the east - the Sun that crosses the daytime sky, 'westward leading'. This configuration plays a great role in the mythology of Ancient Egypt, in which Christianity has many roots, not least the concept of a deity who remains dead for three days and then rises again - the Sun, or Son.

A similar event, on the same night, took place in a land thousands of miles distant from Cam.

Arthur, of course, is the 'Once and Future King'.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites



Κουραμπιέδες [Kourabiedes]

With Christmas upon us, what better to serve up than these Greek tasties for your guests.

Ingredients:-

500g almonds, coarsely chopped	A pinch of cinnamon
500g fresh butter	1 tablespoon.
2 egg yolks	Finally, the almonds.
200g icing sugar	of brandy
900g flour	300g icing sugar for sprinkling

Go:-

Beat the butter in a bowl for 40 minutes until it becomes white.

Add the sugar, beating continuously.

Add the egg yolks, the cinnamon, the brandy.

Finally, the almonds.

Add the flour slowly, kneading continuously.

Take small pieces of dough and shape them in to balls.

Place them in a buttered baking pan.

Bake in a preheated oven at 180 degrees for 15 minutes.

When ready, and hot, sprinkle with plenty of icing sugar.

Καλη Ορεξη!

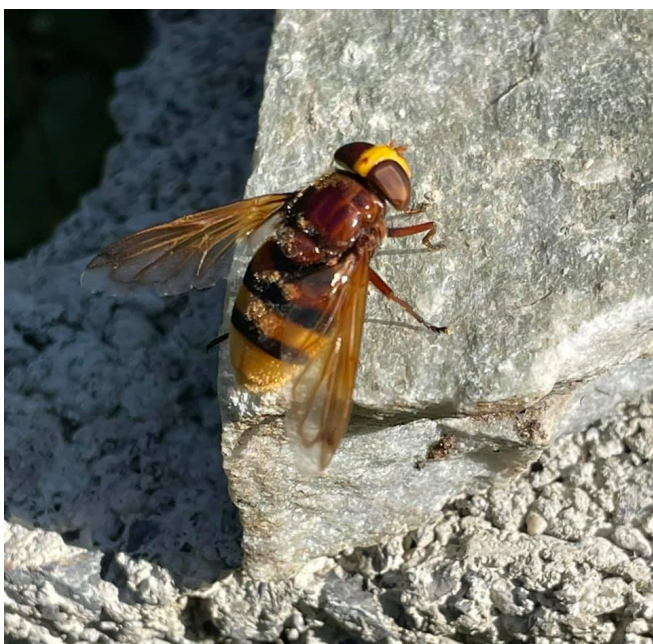
Nature



Beech Marten [Kounavi]
 Contributed by Peter Hardiman



Bory's Crocus
 Contributed by Cindy Harris



Hoverfly
 Contributed by Rob Kessler



Not related to Corfu but proves how modern technology can be used to understand the miracles of Nature.

THIS SHOWS THAT NATURE IS FANTASTIC!



A female fishing falcon has been equipped with a satellite tracking system in South Africa before migrating to Finland. Here's the image that shows the tracker data, so in just 42 days, it covered more than 10,000 km to an incredible average of 230 km a day. It's really amazing that the falcon has thrown a straight line across the continent (except when it had to fly over water) but more exciting is that, according to the tracker, the falcon turned right at the fountain of the Nile (Sudan) for lu Ego follow the course of the river to the Mediterranean.

Contributed by Joy Konstantis

Nature - Continued from Page 27Purple Milk Thistle (*Galactites tomentosa*)

"Cut thistles in May,
they'll grow in a day;
cut them in June,
that is too soon;
cut them in July, then they will die."

~Mother Goose rhyme

Contributed by Maria Markatou

Dear All,

I hope this finds you well.

I have been working with wildlife artist, Carim Nahaboo, to record a scene that has now sadly been lost from the island.

Prior to the environmental damage that occurred at this site, this spring-fed stream on the east of the island had post-millennium populations of the critically endangered Corfu Toothcarp *Valencia letourneuxi* and the Greek Red damselfly *Pyrrhosoma elisabethae* as well as the only known population of the Freshwater Blenny *Salaria fluviatilis*.

I have included the guardian of these aquatic habitats, the Greek mythological water nymph, Corcyra, from whom the island gets its name, for reasons that are probably very clear.

There is a very real danger that the globally important fishes and other freshwater species, including the important population of the Mediterranean Killifish *Aphanius fasciatus* at Erimitis, will be lost from Corfu permanently within this current decade.

I had the great privilege of observing the species shown in this illustration when they were still there. The very least I can do is share my memory of this once beautiful scene with others.

Warmest regards,

Peter Sutton



Persimmon

Contributed by Evi Vlachou

<



Continued on Page 29

Nature - Continued from Page 28



Strawberry tree fruit
Contributed by
Dennis Grammenos



Kerkyra European Copper Skink
Contributed by **Gabriela**



Kerkyra Stick insect on a pine tree
Contributed by
Labrador Tree Services



Wild Cyclamen
Contributed by
Mandy Locket

Village and Island News by Paul McGovern

Deepest dark November.

Though not all days were dark, far from it.

Many days were unseasonably warm, fires were not required. Flowers burst into new life, throttled out of them during the very hot summer days before.



Mild weather late blooms

Trees stand silent witness.
Cyclamens twinkle along the puddled path.

Alive. Now. In the moment.

Walking in Agios.

The compensation of more restrictive times is the beauty of Mother Nature at every turn.

Dawn. Gentle rain falling. A rumble from the West. No breeze.



Twinkling

I love November, a hibernation period; a chance to get all those jobs- some of those jobs-done on the domestic front. Let's decorate the parlour!

There is another advantage. If you stay in you spend less. Not that there are so many places to go, without conditions.

Our feline population had surged to eight in number -definite Lionel territory this.

The adverts had brought forward nobody. But Nikos comes to the rescue.

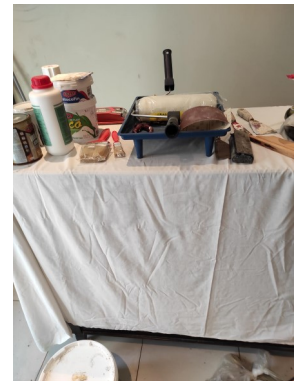
One day he says to me, 'I take them to my house. And the mother.' [Snowy].

'Really?'

'Yes, but there is problem. I have no box to carry them.'

'Ah, no problem, Niko. I have a cat box.'

On November 11th I was very busy enticing five cats into the box with bait, then driving them down the short distance to Spiti Nikos.



Decorating time of year

Continued on Page 30

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 29

Anna was unimpressed when I turned up. Nikos had failed to let her into our cunning plan.

Nonetheless, the dastardly deed was done. Why was I feeling guilty?

A day later the clever Mum Snowy returned to us on foot, followed by one of the kittens, Souvlaki. Well, at least we found a home for three. We have yielded to the two returnees. The Mum has since been spayed.

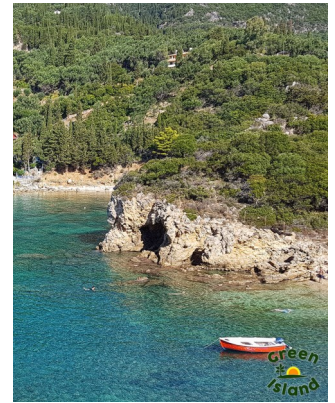
Our furry friends are enjoying November too. And there is a new one, moved in with Peter and Elina. This is a German shepherd puppy, they have named Naiya. The cats are unimpressed when she comes a-calling. Meantime, the old Matriarch Purrsephone is far more interested in watching me paint. On occasion, she catches me in some corner, or another, and gazes up at my toil intently, as if about to give a nod of assent, or a show of distaste. I ask her if she likes the colour scheme. She blinks, mysteriously from behind her whiskers.

Our dear Aged Person Kostas is being taken to Court, for ABH. This is a continuance of the Taverna War, which has been far too quiet of late. Seeing his advanced state of feebleness it would stretch any jury's imagination to the Twilight Zone, to imagine him in fisticuffs.

So, as you can see Gentle Reader, all is comfortingly normal in Agios Ioannis.



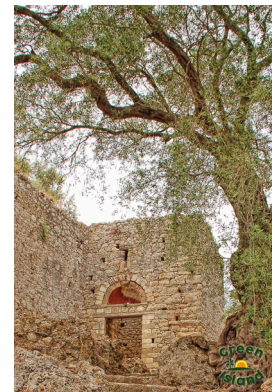
Cheapest cafe on the Liston



Peaceful coves



Rawhide in Agios



Gardiki castle



Rebels with a cause



Photo by Tim Burr



Wind a-building



Flag toppled in gust

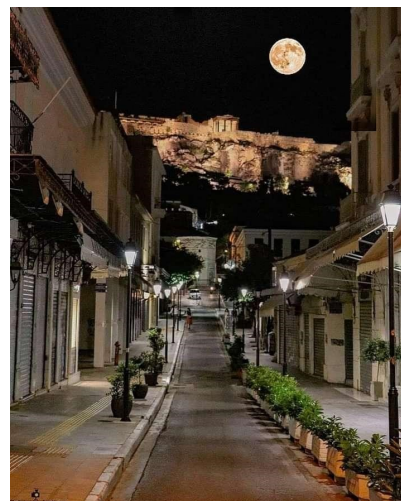


Photo by Russ Perry

Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

Preparing for 'Katastrophic' Peak Verge

THE KATASTROPHER PASSED BY THE OTHER DAY. No, it's not the title of a new Schwarzenegger movie, but (in case you don't reside in rural Corfu) a large and noisy device for cutting back roadside under- and overgrowth. Attached to the rear of a giant tractor, the apparatus possesses a double set of gnashers at the end of a jointed arm that can be pivoted in every direction and at every angle. As the tractor groans along, the meshed fangs, clattering away, strip the verges of their desiccated summer growth, of dead thistles and deseeded flower heads; they chew up overhanging twigs and flay branches, so that the hedgerows retreat as if shrinking back from the traffic. As it advances along the lanes the cacophony the vehicle produces makes a chainsaw sound positively euphonic.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3gGNqSzuARE>

But once it's passed, the episode is over for the year. This year the Katastropher came late - the start of November instead of very late spring. For me, this meant a long summer of dodging cars whilst walking the dogs. Because burgeoning spring growth and summer heat limit my access to the fields due to the risk of snakes, I have to stick to the lanes, where the encroaching verges pose another hazard - that of not being visible to drivers. Now the lanes are widened by a couple of metres, I can step off the asphalt when a car approaches, and drivers are no longer blinded by vegetation on bends.

Despite the initial 'catastrophic' damage - the painful slashings and shavings - the verges and wild hedgerows recover quickly. In less than a week, grass is appearing, and because this year the flowering plants remained uncut and were allowed to fully seed, the first shoots of next spring's honesty and other wild flowers have germinated. The scene is set for the next Peak Verge. Due to the Katastropher's delay, I predict a good one.

(Peak Verge is my label for the zenith of spring flowering, when roadsides display a huge diversity

of blooms of every colour. Peak Verge only lasts a week or two, until grasses and climbers and thistly things smother the earlier flowers. Last spring it took place over the last week in March, but the timing may vary from year to year according to conditions.)



The first blooms of the Corfu Snowdrop appeared on the verge on November 11, Remembrance Day. In perfect conditions, the snowdrop can grow to six or even eight inches tall, with its drooping flowers an inch long; it's not the same snowdrop as the tiny pan-European one, *Galanthus nivalis*, being a species indigenous to Corfu, *Galanthus corcyrensis*. Unlike the common version, it blossoms in late autumn rather than the end of winter. In both species, the name *Galanthus* refers to its white colour: gala = milk, anthus = flower.



Continued on page 32

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 31

Idiots

I'LL BORROW THE HANDLE FROM ANOTHER COLUMN in this newsletter to describe the morons who litter my little lane with used face-masks. The last lot were devoured by the Katastropher, but the new crop, discarded after the machine's ministrations, are even more conspicuous on the bare roadsides. If the selfish jerks that perpetrate this littering are actually wearing these items whilst driving, then they obviously believe that a nasty virus is doing the rounds, and that the mask will keep them safe by trapping the bug in its fibres. They then proceed to jettison the 'infected' mask into a place where other people may come into contact with the 'infection' it carries, instead of disposing of it safely at home, in a plastic bag. Do they not consider that some people might become upset and scared by their disgusting habit? Do they THINK at all?

Even a Covid-sceptic who is not worried about death-by-discarded-mask regards this as a vile practice.

The Hum

IS IT JUST ME, or can anyone else hear the Hum? It has been described as 'a low frequency hum, almost a vibration, just on the threshold of human hearing ... If you do hear it, you're among the roughly 4% of the world's population affected by "the Hum", a frequently reported but little understood global phenomenon.' (The Guardian, 7/7/21)

I often hear the Hum in the mornings. At first, it appeared to come from the large junction box on the electricity pole 100 metres away, but when I went around the corner of the house, it hummed from another direction. It doesn't get any louder as I approach the pole.

Speculation about its possible cause has provoked lots of head-scratching. Is it mating fish (not here, inland)? 5G (NOT here!)? Vibrations caused by volcanic eruptions or earthquakes, or lightning strikes (then why is it intermittent)? Ocean waves shearing against undersea ridges (not in the shallow and calm-ish sea we have here)? No-one knows.

Perhaps there is a 'novel' explanation. At the end of Stephen King's story 11.22.63, in which the protagonist repeatedly travels back in time to undo the Kennedy assassination, the much-altered present he returns to in 2011, having [Ed. Spoiler Alert!] prevented the event, features 'a watery rippling

sound ... nobody seems to know [what it is]. The scientists argue, but in this case I think the preachers might have the straight of it. They say it's God getting ready to tear down all the works of His hands.'

Let's hope our present-day 'hum' is not one of the same. Merry Christmas!

Scramblings: The Tyranny of the Name Day

UNTIL THE EMERGENCE of this indulged generation of young people, Greeks did not celebrate birthdays, but instead honoured the name-day of the saint they were named after (generally, the name of their grandfather). Some older folk report that even the name-day used to be ignored, as it pretty much always was for girls.

30 years ago, my ex's name-day was a major happening for all the family. As wife, it was my task to prepare and cater for it (and clean up afterwards - see below). Nightmare No.1 was trying to avoid bossy interference, mainly from sister-in-law (cement-thick Koula).

On a name day, you had to stay at home all day, awaiting a procession of visitors whom you had to feed and water, and from whom you had to accept gifts that mostly you didn't want nor had use for.

(On the subject of these gifts, there was the story of a bottle of particularly vile sweet liqueur that every year was passed on to another unlucky name-day recipient, until about 12 years down the line it arrived back at the original donor.)

The hospitality one received depended on the time of day. Morning visitors were few but were offered small cakes and sweet drinks, or spirits. Then I was expected to serve a lunch for the immediate family. As we lived in a village, most friends and relatives turned up in the evening, when they would expect to be offered food. In most households, the offering was a rather desultory plate of mezes, mostly put together in the morning and by this hour looking a bit limp, if not congealed. The plate might simply contain a square or two of cheese and a couple of slices of salami or cheap sausage, and perhaps a piece of cheese pie (tip: cheese pies were NOT a good serving idea; filo pastry flakes were sure to fall on the floor, to be trampled in by the next set of guests, and you never got a chance to Hoover).

Continued on Page 33

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 32

Early on, I decided to upgrade the offering by preparing every plate fresh, just a matter of planning, assembly and last-minute quick cooking. My stints in the Etna Restaurant prior to settling in Corfu provided good training - see *The Agiot*, November. So, as couples arrived (children were not usually brought along), within minutes I served a throwaway plate per person (sorry!), perhaps containing

- * a slice of cold pork, roasted the day before, and pre-sliced,
- * a couple of fingers of half-decent cheese,
- * a couple of slices of cucumber, or bottled roast red pepper
- * a just-fried cheese pie or patty,
- * perhaps a couple of boiled egg quarters.

Notice: no olives - no-one knew what to do with the stones, and they ended up in the ash tray, unpleasantly mingled with cigarette remains.

The cheese pies were a trick. It was a recipe from Elizabeth David that involved making 'Ravioli Caprese', a soft-paste dough stuffed with a mix of cheeses. Her suggestion: 'Ravioli made with this paste also make excellent little hot pasties. Instead of cooking them in water fry them in very hot oil for about half a minute only on each side ... Good to serve with drinks.' Indeed, they were. And with no filo flakes to fall.

People appreciated fresh, home-made food, and all prep apart from the frying could be completed in advance.

A year or two down the line I decided to do something entirely different. Once, I had a pizza party. I made vast quantities of dough, ditto tomato sauce base, then prepped lots of different toppings on separate platelets. A friend who did catering came in to put together the pizzas and supervise the oven so I could serve and mingle. As this part of the celebration only kicked in at about eight, only hard-core relatives, close neighbours and friends were present, so we all crowded round the vast kitchen table, as pizzas with a variety of toppings were sent out, cut up for sharing. This proved extremely popular, as pizzas hadn't really reached rural Corfu at that time.

Another year I offered Indian, though I can't remember what I served. I wore a sari for authenticity's sake.

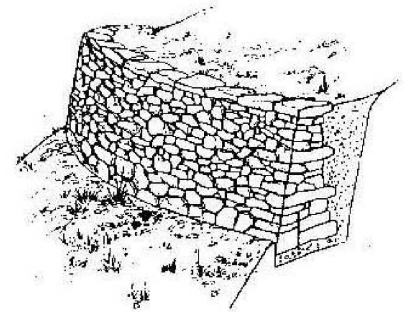
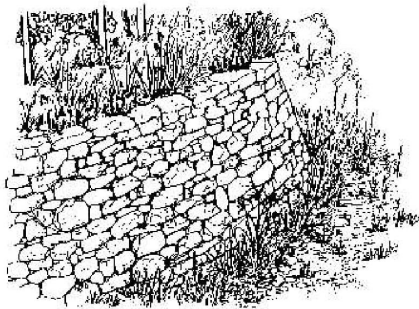
The bane of the name-day (Nightmare No.2) was my father-in-law. In those days, before decent cake shops like Papagallo and Emerald were established, the only choice for cake-du-jour was something appropriately called 'pasta', comprising layer upon layer of horribly sweet faux sponge and wallpaper-paste cloying faux cream. It was gluey. It was so unpleasant that most folk would take a token spoonful and leave the rest. My father-in-law was about the only person who ever ate all of his, being an indiscriminate trougher with no teeth who loved soft and sickly food. Every year I begged him NOT to bring the cake, and every year he would turn up with an identical yucky offering, which his presence in the corner for much of the evening obliged me to serve.

The full horror of the cake would come the next day. I am quite relaxed about clearing up after parties. As long as I have everything collected from the living areas and neatly stacked in the kitchen before hitting bed, I am happy to leave the washing up till morning *. The cake plates ('pasta' was generally served on proper sweet dishes) defied order. Inevitably, someone who thought they were helping out would stack the plates ready for clearing - since, remember, no-one but F-in-L would eat a full portion, the plates arrived in the kitchen sandwiched with squashed, gluey cake. By morning it would have turned to cement, and the tableware needed to be prised apart. Scraping sticky glue off them was horrid.

Is this why I so dislike sweet stuff? Maybe aversion therapy works.

* In the UK, post-party, my English sister-in-law, who quite likely has OCD, washes, dries and puts away every single used item, and then HOOVERS and DUSTS, even if it's four in the morning. She seems to regard this as normal behaviour.

Bespoke Property



Wall terracing in Agios Ioannis

Corfu Weather Statistics - November 2021

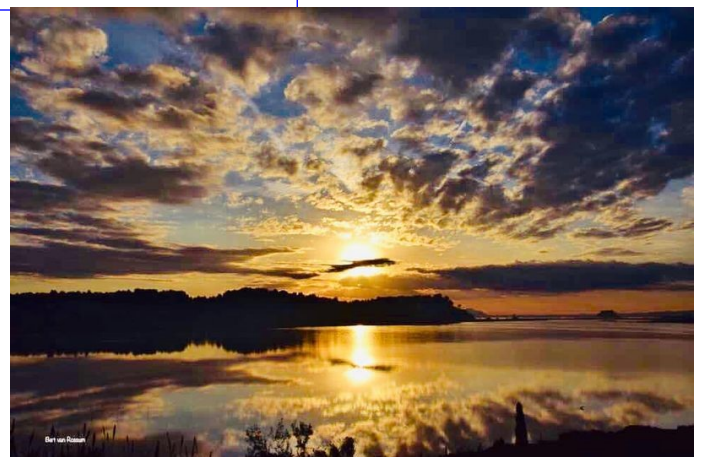
Summary

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature (°F)			
Max Temperature	82	68.87	55
Avg Temperature	74.79	62.66	51.87
Min Temperature	70	56.3	48
Dew Point (°F)	64	54.23	28
Precipitation (inches)	0.00	0.00	0.00
Wind	26	6.87	0
Gust Wind	58	0.92	0
Sea Level Pressure	30.26	29.96	29.49

Read more at:

http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statename=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugcTGf.99

*Photo by
Bert Rossum
>*



Characters of Agios

Continuing the first of a new series.

The story of an old cockney geezer.

Chas Clifton - Part 2

CONTINUED FROM NOVEMBER

As Charlie grew older , with money in his pocket he began to spread his wings,all the time there were parties to go to , it didnt matter if you were invited , gate crashing seemed to be the norm, often the parents were away for the weekend, so lets have a party; just turn up with some beer and your in ,he always had a vic stick in his pocket,inside there was like a wax paper,not knowing at the time it contained amphetamine, as the night went on he'd tear off bits and chew it, that way they'd keep going all night most teenagers done it.



Then came rock n roll, tight drainpipe trousers tony curtis haircuts with d .n. a short for ducks arse at the back , every Friday after work all the guys would meet up at Charlies neighbours

house.The womans name was mary and she would curl the front of their hair with curling tongs ,but in those days they were not electric like todays, she'd heat them up on the gas ring ,all you could smell was burning hair. The main attraction in Battersea in the late 50s and early 60s was the festival of Britain ; a funfair and fairground with coffee bars tree walk and general stalls and music. Every Friday afterwork they'd put on all their teddy boy suits and brothel creepers [its what the suede shoes with thick soles were called] this was the original name for the full monty,they used to buy all their suits,shirts , shoes , from Montague Burtons, hence the full monty. It soon came to Charlie that to get the girls he needed a car,this was no problem then , since the American forces had been repatuated ,the yanks left loads of american cars on the back streets most of them in running order, obviously not entirely legal

but with a new battery,its ready to go [no insurance or road tax] definately no licence,he would keep a car for maybe two or three weeks then leave it and move on,



It was in about 1960 someones parents had spent a holliday on the isle of Sheppey ,in Leysdown,they owned a chalet on a holiday camp, I heard later it was used to film Hi dee Hi the tv programmethere,so for some reason it was decided to go for a weekend there,well what a great time; girls music booze ,what more could you ask for . so it came to pass, he'd hire a banger from a breaker guy. 4 guys 1 pound each Friday to Sunday night not bad 4pound, the chalet cost 5 pound for the weekend, the girls cost nothing, this went on all summer,[memories] .

It was later that year Charlie met a girl who he started dating on a regular basis; this continued through the summer ,although he was taking her out ,he had met her friend ,bang; what a beauty, there was no stopping his feelings , and need i say more her name was Brenda, it was love at first sight, he never knew what she saw in him ,she could have the pick of most men ,but two years later he walked her up the aisle and his life was complete



And for 54yrs they raised two beautiful children, who produced four lovely grandchildren.

There is the finish to the story of Charles Clifton.

In love



Beach Rats

A Summer Diary by Lili Gabbiano

DAY 19

August 6

Insects,
 everywhere insects,
 in bikinis, board shorts and naked.
 They crawl, they scream.
 Different sounds,
 excited,
 chatty,
 noisy and
 annoying.

August is blooming.
 Sounds are everywhere,
 louder than the others.

These creatures, these insects,
 ants left their jobs for now
 to crowd the beaches
 and leave the dirt.

They hustle around,
 Fast.
 And they laugh out loud,
 so loud that everybody must hear
 how happy they are...
 in the crowd,
 in the mass,
 on the beach.

Disgrace you, August.
 Go away and don't come back.

Tourists go home!

The Way Things Were and Are



Brenda in Cienfuegos



Degenerates

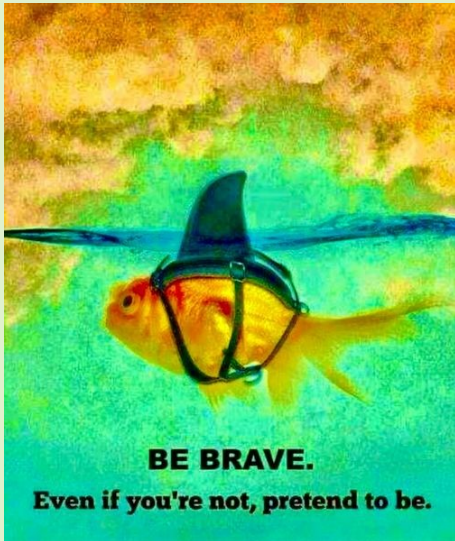


In the Good Old Days



Family Agios
<

Nick The Clock's World



The Comic
With A
Conscience

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO DECOMPOSE ?

- PAPER TOWEL - 2-4 WEEKS
- BANANA PEEL - 3-4 WEEKS
- PAPER BAG - 1 MONTH
- NEWSPAPER - 1.5 MONTHS
- APPLE CORE - 2 MONTHS
- CARDBOARD - 2 MONTHS
- COTTON GLOVE - 3 MONTHS
- ORANGE PEELS - 6 MONTHS
- PLYWOOD - 1-3 YEARS
- WOOL SOCK - 1-5 YEARS
- MILK CARTONS - 5 YEARS
- CIGARETTE BUTTS - 10-12 YEARS
- LEATHER SHOES - 25-40 YEARS
- TINNED STEEL CAN - 50 YEARS
- FOAMED PLASTIC CUPS - 50 YEARS
- RUBBER-BOOT SOLE - 50-80 YEARS
- PLASTIC CONTAINERS - 50-80 YEARS
- ALUMINUM CAN - 200-500 YEARS
- PLASTIC BOTTLES - 450 YEARS
- DISPOSABLE DIAPERS - 550 YEARS
- MONOFILAMENT FISHING LINE - 600 YEARS
- PLASTIC BAGS - 200-1000 YEARS.

WE REQUEST YOU, PLEASE SHARE THIS PIECE OF INFORMATION IN YOUR NETWORK AS MUCH AS YOU CAN.

THIS WILL CREATE AWARENESS AMONGST PEOPLE THAT PLASTIC IS ONE OF THE MAJOR REASONS RELATED TO THE GLOBAL GREEN HOUSE EFFECT.

PLEASE SUPPORT A GREEN ENVIRONMENT



REMEMBER GARY WEBB



IN 1996, GARY EXPOSED HOW THE CIA HIRED DRUG TRAFFICKERS, TO SELL MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF COCAINE IN THE UNITED STATES, IN ORDER TO RAISE UNTRACEABLE FUNDS TO FINANCE A TERRORIST ORGANIZATION WHO WERE TRYING TO OVERTHROW THE NICARAGUAN GOVERNMENT. THESE MASSIVE SHIPMENTS OF COCAINE ULTIMATELY SPARKED THE CRACK EPIDEMIC THAT DECIMATED INNER CITIES DURING THE 90'S. AS A RESULT MAINSTREAM MEDIA VILIFIED GARY WEBB & DESTROYED HIS CAREER, WHICH ALSO DESTROYED HIS MARRIAGE. BUT HE REFUSED TO BACK DOWN. IN 2004 HE WAS FOUND DEAD WITH 2 BULLET WOUNDS TO HIS HEAD. HIS DEATH WAS RULED A SUICIDE. THIS MAN LITERALLY LOST EVERYTHING TO GIVE US A GLIMPSE OF THE TRUTH. DON'T LET HIS MEMORY OR WHAT HE STOOD FOR FADE.



So a couple living near a busy road was fed up because every time a bus rumbled by, the wardrobe door swung open. The wife decided to get a joiner in to fix the wardrobe. The joiner checked it over and couldn't find a fault so got inside the wardrobe. Just then, the husband came home and went into the bedroom. "What's going on?" he asks, as he opens the wardrobe doors. joiner replied, "You won't believe me, but I'm waiting for a bus!"

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 37

Wanna guess which child has the world stage saying their childhood has been stolen?



If you're husband leaves his clothes on the floor, it means that he doesn't want them. It's ok to throw them in the trash. I'll be back tomorrow with more marriage tips and advice.

GoodLivingGuide.com

Just bought a greyhound, my mate said: "What you going to do it with it?" I said: "Race it ". He said: "My money's on the dog".



Dr: Okay Dave, try not to get an erection during this prostate exam
 Patient: My name is Steve
 Dr: I know, I'm Dave



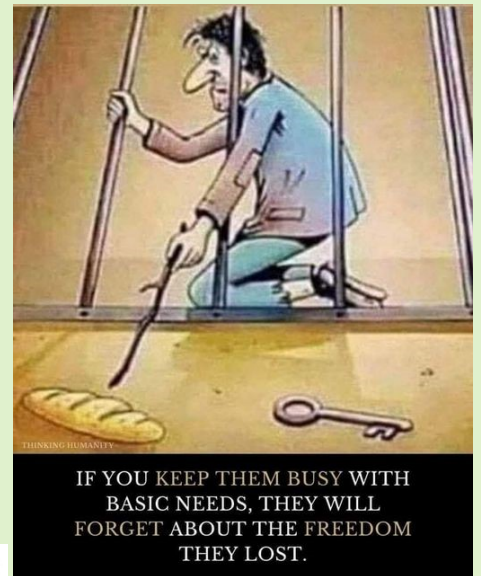
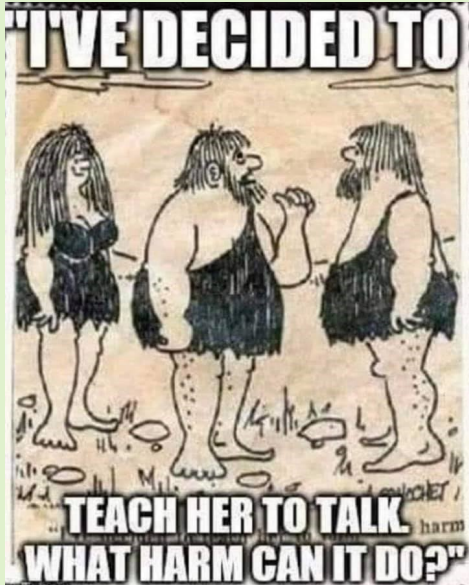
"A policeman stopped me and said: Would you please blow into this bag, sir? I said: What for, officer? He said: My chips are too hot."
 - TOMMY COOPER



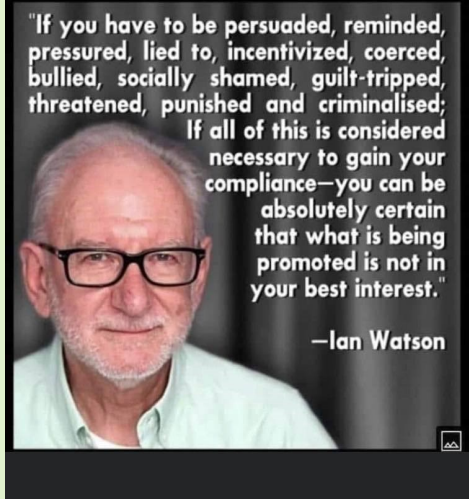
In Sweden, people tend to pack excess food in a bag and leave it on the street so that even those who do not have enough food can eat. Thank you to those who share...



Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 38



It was during her 7th booster, for her second passport renewal, when Karen suddenly started connecting the dots...



No one who had the polio, MMR, chicken pox, influenza, HepB or other vaccines ever worried about someone unvaccinated giving them the disease. No that stupidity started in 2021.



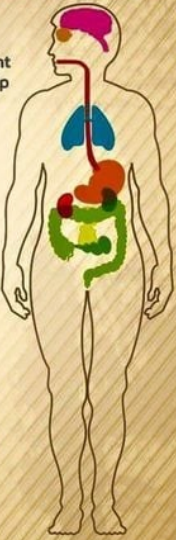
Nick at home



Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 39

NATURE'S FitLife.TV
11 MOST POWERFUL ANTIBIOTICS

Your first line of defense against any illness or infection is your own immune system! These foods will super-boost your body's ability to fight any nasty bugs that come your way and will help keep you on top of your game all year long.



- APPLE CIDER VINEGAR
- GARLIC
- GINGER
- HORSERADISH ROOT
- ONION
- HABANERO PEPPERS
- OREGANO OIL
- TURMERIC
- ECHINACEA (HERB)
- RAW HONEY
- COLLOIDAL SILVER



Mrs Davidson's dishwasher quit working so she calls a repairman. Since she has to go to work the next day, she tells him, "I'll leave the key under the mat. Fix the dishwasher, leave the bill on the counter, and I'll mail you the check. Oh, by the way, don't worry about my Bull Dog; he won't bother you. But, whatever you do, do NOT, under ANY circumstances, talk to my parrot!" When the repairman arrives at Mrs Davidson's apartment the next day, he discovers the biggest and meanest Bull Dog he has ever seen. But just as she said, the dog just lay there on the carpet watching the repairman go about his business. The Parrot, however, drove him nuts the whole time with his incessant yelling, cursing, and name-calling. Finally, the repairman couldn't contain himself any longer and yelled, "Shut up you stupid ugly bird!" To which the parrot replied, "GET HIM SPIKE!!!!!!!!!"

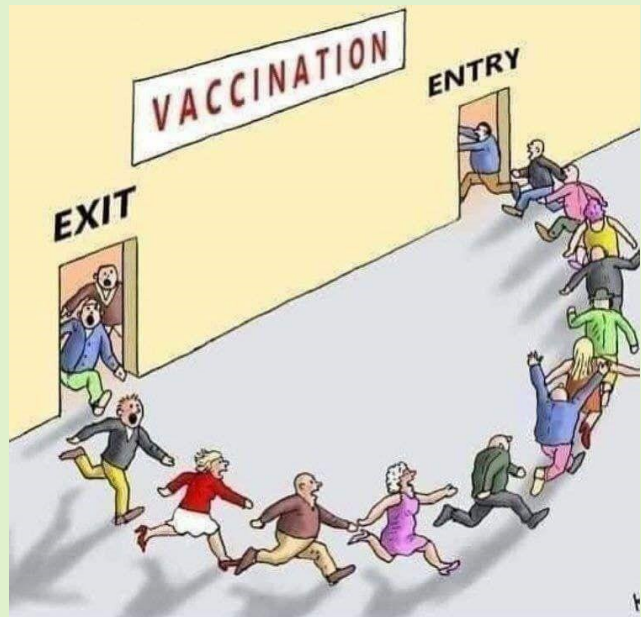
A woman goes into labour with her child. The doctor says they have invented a new device to transfer the pain of child birth to the father. He asks if it is ok to use the new device? The couple agree & so he turns the pain to the father to 10%. The man feels nothing. They bump it up to 20%. He still feels nothing. They keep doing this until they have the machine up to 100%. The man still felt nothing so they go home happy, until they find the milkman dead on the porch

Friend woke up this morning coughing badly, think he may have pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoc oniosis, but it's hard to say.

If smoking is so bad for you, how come it cures salmon.

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 40

Mick and Paddy were walking through a graveyard and started reading the tombstone inscriptions. Mick said 'wow, look at this Paddy this chap was 89 when he died, that's a good age' Paddy said 'that's nothing, this woman was 96 now that's a good age' As they were leaving the graveyard Mick said 'oh my god Paddy I can't believe it, this man was 146 when he died' Paddy said 'are you sure, I've never known anyone live that long What was his name? Mick said 'he was called Miles from London'



Ring a ring a roses, atishoo, atishoo, we all fall down



Meet the darkest model on the Planet, Nyakim

A blonde dies and arrives at the Pearly Gates, where she is greeted by St. Peter.

"Welcome!" he says. "Because we are currently operating at 99% capacity, we can only let a limited number of souls into heaven. Therefore, you must answer my questions correctly to gain entrance."

"Okay," says the blonde. "Here's your question: Name two days of the week that begin with the letter T."

"That's easy. Today and tomorrow!"

"Well, that's not the answer I was thinking of, but I'll give you another question.

How many seconds are there in a year?"

"That's easy. Twelve!"

"Twelve?" "January second, February second, March second ~"

"Okay, okay. I can see you misunderstood this question as well.

Well, Okay. I'll give you one more chance. What's God's name?"

"That's easy. Howard!"

"Howard?"

"You know - 'Our Father, who art in heaven, Howard be thy name..."

Paddy runs into the pub and shouts "Mick, some bloke has stolen your car"

Mick says "Did you see who did it?"

Paddy replies "No, but I got the registration number"

That's' All Folks !

Video Plus Corner

A Message for Nurses

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SDD7M1OWBDg>

Jasirah exotic dance

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eFhcogOmFds>

What's Crystal Methamphetamine Feel Like? Why Is It One Of The The Worlds Most Addictive Drugs?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dQVb6Cd-w8s>

Kram Raliuga

Did meth for 4 years straight. I loved everything about it. I loved being up for 13 days straight, I loved talking to people who weren't there, I loved having conversations with demons, I loved chasing the gnats and mosquitos in my vision, I loved taking pornographic pictures and editing them for days and days, I loved being 112 pounds and being able to wear anything without feeling self-conscious about my weight. I hated how I lost everything, I lost my job, I lost my relationship, I lost my friends, I lost my talents, I lost normal bodily functions, I lost the ability to breathe normally, I lost my nasal structure, I lost all my money, I lost my ability to make myself happy, I lost having a normal sleep pattern. I lost everything. Once you've been there, you will always be there. I will always be a crystal meth addict, but for almost 6 years now I've chose to be an addict that no longer uses. I dream of it, I crave it, I miss it, but I'm thankful to still be alive and to have people who still care for me. Do not get addicted to meth. It will ruin your life.



Jerry

An old man's advice

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JhckVlgYZJE>

Real humans; Jerry

<https://medium.com/change-your-mind/an-amazing-story-of-unconditional-forgiveness-from-la-s-skid-row-c0660f912bd5>

Heretics' Picnic

The first day heretics were banned from eating in restaurants, EVEN IN THE OPEN AIR, we Saturday walkers were due to eat at Apomero in the Ropa Valley. The heretics had arranged to take tables and chairs and our own cutlery etc. We sat in the field opposite the restaurant and ordered our food and drinks as takeaway. Rena kindly carried everything across, including plastic glasses for drinks. Once the owners understood what we had planned, they found it clever and somewhat amusing, especially since they are not in favour of the ever-increasing restrictions. Many thanks to Rena and the Apomero staff for their support.

It should be noted that not all the people in the photo are 'heretics'. A couple of them have been vaccinated under coercion and wanted to show solidarity, and one had forgotten the 'freedom' paperwork.



Little Brother is Watching

HUMANITY V TYRANNY

Paul McGovern

I never thought that, in my life, I would sit and right words such as this,

Let alone publish them for others to read.

Yet here we are. December 2021.

My belief is that we are now at war. A war thus far without guns. World War 3.

A war of **CONDITIONING-FEAR-POWER AND PROPAGANDA.**

I've decided to 'come out' because it is too deadly serious to shrink away from.

I know that many will believe my words, many more will not.

This is not surprising, as the Cabal Power structure above us drives to divide the Common Man.

There is no difference between the vaccinated and the unvaccinated.

We are both the Common Man. The main danger to us all was never from a virus-proven or unproven-but from a small group of beings who have planned a New Normal for us for a very long time. It is not going to be a New Normal. It is going to be

THE NEW ABNORMAL

https://mobile.twitter.com/i/broadcasts/1dRKZlpQXmwJB?s=07&fbclid=IwAR30adBxkbaZvniBYdk6FEzM1csVF6Co-j6ShSzR_OtMmkRtlBZVrnLOts



From the Nuremberg Trial (1945) Hermann Goering to the question "How did you convince the German people to accept all this?", he replied: "It was easy and has nothing to do with Nazism. The only thing a government needs to turn people into slaves is fear. If you can find something to scare them you can make them do anything you want."

We are counting on you to not wake up.

We have always owned all your politicians

We own all your news media

We own the internet

We own the UN

We own Defense industries

We start all your WARS

THE 8 REAL THREATS TO HUMANITY

one down

We own all the Central banks

We own all your food & fuel

We own your electricity water & gas

The world owes us 232 trillion dollars

Keep wearing those masks and be sure to get our vaxxine. Thank you for your consent.

Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from Page 41

NOVEMBER DIARY EXCERPTS

November 1st: Ivermectin has been legalised in Japan.

Here, in Greece, it is 'being reviewed', which is double-speak for being banned.

There is no doubt that the Technocrats, the Demen, are turning the rack on Humanity, that their Sheep's clothes are slipping by the day from their callous carcasses. And their simple yet effective plan to divide us is gaining rapid momentum.

November 3rd: New Covid-19 Measures in Greece which will be enforced from Saturday.

Announcement was by AFP: 'Following Greece reporting a record-high number of new Covid cases, health officials have announced tighter rules for non-vaccinated people and heavier fines for people who do not comply. From Saturday, anyone who has not been vaccinated will have to provide a negative Covid test before they can enter public buildings, shops and banks. Workers in the Public and Private will have to provide negative tests twice a week at their own expense. Fines for shops and restaurants which don't follow the rules have been doubled to E5000 [£4253].

November 6th: More people are dying, many of whom have had injections.

Unvaccinated will be targeted by the Cabal as Lepers. They are wrong. We are Leopards.

C.D.C. can also stand for Corfu Defence Confederacy

November 16th; Austria becomes Standard bearer in Europe for the new Jackboot.

November 19th; More Government Martial Law decrees: from Monday unvaccinated people are no longer allowed in theatres, museums, gyms and cinemas.

Kyriakos Mitsotakis televises; 'this is indeed a Pandemic of the unvaccinated'.

November 20th: CDC [Corfu Defence Confederacy] has a picnic.

November 24th: Government Officials are falling over each other to deliver door-to-door Census forms. The same Officialdom seems incapable to dispose of rubbish, pay outstanding pensions, yet easily obstructs Private Enterprise and building.

November 25th; A 'dangerous' 'new' variant is

emerging from South Africa, timed to frighten and suppress the masses some more.

November 26th; Hard on the heels of the Census ladies, the Electricity Board is now roaming in the villages securing new seals on exterior electricity meters. Why?

November 27th; A YouTube video is posted from the U.S.Senate, in which Senator Rand Paul called on two specialists to reveal the results of extensive trials, recently carried out, proving the efficacy of Ivermectin in combatting successfully Covid-19.

Within a few short hours this video was pulled by Youtube with the laughable statement 'This video has been removed for violating YouTube's Community Guidelines.'


WHAT CAN YOU DO?

SAY NO. DO NOT COMPLY. BE BRAVE. CHALLENGE EVERYTHING EVERY DAY, IF IT SEEMS UNJUST. DO NOT PAY FINES. DO NOT WEAR MASKS OR HAVE INJECTIONS UNLESS IT IS YOUR CHOICE. SET UP NETWORKS, CLUSTERS, JOIN OTHER CLUSTERS, NETWORK. ORGANISE. MAKE A PLAN. THINK ON A LOCAL LEVEL. WE HAVE TO START THERE FIRST. DO NOT FOLLOW MASS MEDIA. THEY WERE BOUGHT LONG AGO.

SEEK PRACTICAL HELP LIKE THIS:

Coronavirus Job: You can say NO!

Don't leave your job or give in without talking to us!




Workers of England Union

WEU Helpline Tel: 0300 302 1515

E-mail: admin@workersofengland.co.uk

Head Office Tel: 0161 883 2552

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Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from Page 44

FEAR V LOVE

This is a war between fear and love.
We know what must win.

OPEN MIND

WITHOUT IT YOUR OPINION

MERELY ECHOES WHAT CONDITIONED YOU FIRST

Disarming Thoughts

PEOPLE UNITING

People all over the world are joining protests for the first time in their lives.

Why?

Because human freedom is a universal concept that carries with it the undeniable vibration of truth.

History is repeating itself and the only thing standing in its way is the combined courage of a sea of individuals like you.

You are not alone in your opposition to what's happening.

Dylan Charles



Melbourne today - Go you good thing! 🍌 🍌



est 700,000 (ballpark)

And a few pics from elsewhere around

Australia too. 🍌



Spain rules covid does not exist:

[https://rumble.com/vpbhec-spain-won-against-the-government-with-charlie-ward.html?](https://rumble.com/vpbhec-spain-won-against-the-government-with-charlie-ward.html?fbclid=IwAR1D1sAS4gO7Rx-ZT9xb5zaKijX7S-rlH4AVm4TrYe2AS4-uUtKo5RwErkM)

[fbclid=IwAR1D1sAS4gO7Rx-ZT9xb5zaKijX7S-rlH4AVm4TrYe2AS4-uUtKo5RwErkM](https://rumble.com/vpbhec-spain-won-against-the-government-with-charlie-ward.html?fbclid=IwAR1D1sAS4gO7Rx-ZT9xb5zaKijX7S-rlH4AVm4TrYe2AS4-uUtKo5RwErkM)

Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from Page 45



Even in tiny places like Corfu clusters are forming

The third dose increases immunity, so after the fourth dose you are protected. Once 80% of the population has received the fifth dose, the restrictions can be relaxed as the sixth dose stops the virus from spreading. I am calm and believe that the seventh dose will solve our problems and we have no reason to fear the eighth dose. The clinical phase of the ninth dose confirms that the antibodies remain stable after the tenth dose. The eleventh dose guarantees that no new mutations will develop, so there is no longer any reason to criticise the idea of the twelfth dose.

NEXT MONTH:

Why do so many rational, intelligent people go along with it?

Even the Pharmaceutical companies give warnings in the small print that vaccinations are dangerous for people with certain underlying conditions. And yet they try to mandate such for everybody.

Know and target the real enemy, not the messenger boy politicians.

Why we should not depend upon the Cavalry or the Rapture to save us.

**YOU ARE BEING
GENETICALLY MODIFIED BY
LETHAL NANO-TECHNOLOGY
EMBEDDED IN A FLUID
THEY ARE DECEPTIVELY
CALLING A 'VACCINE'
SO YOU WILL 'TRUST' IT**

Authentic Thinking

The Monk and the Demon



The Monk and the Demon

Once upon a time, there was a saintly monk, who lived in a monastery in a rural area. One day, he decided to leave the monastery and visit a cave on a mountain peak nearby to pray in total isolation for a day or two. Because he was old and weak, he took a young boy from a local farm with him to carry some food for him, a bottle of wine and a blanket.

After a short walk along a mountain trail, they reached the cave. At the entrance, the monk turned to the boy and said: "You stay here, young man. I need someone to stand guard, here at the entrance. I must concentrate on my prayer, and I need you to make sure that no one interrupts me!"

The boy nodded happily and stayed put while the monk went inside the cave to pray.

An hour later, the boy looked at the opposite peak and did a double take. "It can't be!" he muttered. He put up a hand to shield his eyes from the sun and take a better look. What he saw left no room for confusion. A huge demon was half-running, half-tumbling down the opposite slope at tremendous speed! He had already reached the bottom of the mountain and was hurrying across the plain towards him. The mountain where the boy stood was not too high, and the boy knew that the demon would climb up in no time if he hurried in the same manner along its windy path.

The boy ventured a little out from the entrance of the cave and looked down. Surely enough, the demon was ascending fast. Now he was closer the boy could see him much more clearly and he began to shiver.

The demon was gigantic. He had a hunchback with stone-like protrusions, massive jaws of jagged teeth, green scaly skin, huge paws with curved long nails, and a long, lizard-like tail that hung low, its end sweeping and raising the dirt. As he continued to hurry up the path, he growled, foam spewing from his mouth.

The boy panicked. "Oh God, what do I do? Shall I disturb the monk? He made it clear he didn't wish to be interrupted. But the demon is fierce! Surely he means to kill us both!"

The boy tried all he could to decide but couldn't. Fear had caused his mind to turn numb and his knees to buckle. Frozen, all he could do now was watch as the demon approached. When he arrived at the peak and began to sprint towards him, the boy jerked backwards suddenly. Next, he spun around and began to run for his life in the opposite direction, all the while praying the demon would stop, by miracle, and not hurt him or the monk. He kept running and didn't dare look back.

Back at the entrance, the demon stood to catch his breath for a moment. Then, he began to enter the cave stealthily, sure-footed...

Inside the cave, the monk heard the sound of a twig breaking, and it stirred him from the meditation he had sunk into. His eyes still firmly shut, he listened intently and now knew that someone was approaching. He could hear shallow breathing and wondered who that could be, standing behind him without speaking. He knew it couldn't possibly be the boy, since he had clearly asked him to stay at the entrance.

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The Monk and the Demon - Continued from Page 47

Why did he let someone in? I told him to stand guard! he thought, but then it occurred to him that maybe what he could hear was not human but a wild creature. What if it had overcome the boy? In his kind heart, the monk then felt compassion, his momentary frustration about the boy dispersed. Taking a deep breath, and praying to God that the boy was all right, the monk opened his eyes.

Then, he turned and saw the demon stare back at him with malice. The moment the monk saw him, the demon disappeared, turning magically into smoke, as if he'd never existed.



The problem with evil

The parable I just shared with you explains what happens when we shed light onto the darkness of evil.

The problem with evil, though, is, that most people are too afraid to look. Another problem is they think it's futile. What power do they have to fight it? People feel defenceless in the face of evil. They turn away from it thinking that as long as they steer clear of it, they will be safe. There is nothing they can do to stop it, so why bother? Why look into it? They are too small to ever do anything about it.

Sadly, our families while we grew up, and the Church, have indoctrinated us in this manner. We live in a world where evil has been allowed to operate stealthily, right under our noses, all our lives, unobstructed, because, like sheep, we have been taught from a tender age to fear the wolf and to run away when we see it. Our parents and our priests never encouraged us to study or research evil. It has always been a taboo subject, not to be discussed, let alone dealt with. Why is that, I ask? Have you ever wondered?

In the story of the monk, the farm boy and the demon, the monk represents our Higher Self. It is the divine soul within us that is holy. It is pure light. Eternal, all-knowing and unafraid.

The farm boy represents our Ego. It is in our mind for a reason. It is our dedicated protector. Every human being has been traumatised from birth onwards. The Ego forms when we are around nine years old and never grows in its thinking or its power of reasoning beyond that age. It catalogues every single thing that has ever hurt us on any scale, every single thing that has ever gone wrong. It is that chatter box inside our brains that is forever trying to keep us away from harm, pain, strain, strife, ridicule or awkwardness. It reminds us with extraordinary compulsion of our shortcomings, our weaknesses, our vices, and addictions. And it sabotages us at times, too, depriving us from our freedom and a true connection with others.

In this story, as I stated earlier, the farm boy is the Ego. So his mission is to protect, to stand guard. Except, the danger proves too great for him to handle. The evil is too much to fight back. So the boy panics and runs away. Essentially, he gives up in the face of evil.

But the monk, our true Divine Essence, sits inside the soul, forever knowing, aware, and unafraid. The monk knew instantly that evil was there. And he knew what needed to be done to neutralize it. All he had to do was look at it...

"How come it was so easy?" you may ask. It is because this is a simple matter of energy. Light dissolves the darkness. It's as simple as that. Everyone who ever lit a candle, shone a torch, or flicked the light switch in a dark room knows that.

What if I told you that our world is in the process of getting purged from evil? Yes, it is happening simply because more and more people awaken from their slumber every day, just like that monk resurfaced from his deep meditation, to acknowledge the presence of evil that permeates our world – all facets of human activity, actually.

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The Monk and the Demon - Continued from Page 48

Brave people all over the world are opening their eyes right now, their egos surrendered, to shed light on the darkness so it may dissolve.



Are you brave enough to look at evil, too? To start researching? Start your research from child trafficking. This is one of the most criminal operations of evil worldwide. Eight million children disappear every year around the world. Yes. 8,000,000! Where do these lost children go? Why so many? What happens to them? Who are their kidnapers? Have you ever wondered?

Start asking questions... There are millions of brave people out there opening their eyes to child trafficking and discovering the shocking truth.

The children who are being trafficked need us to look. Their survival depends on this. You see, the evil that plagues the world is all connected to them... The truth you will find by researching is uncomfortable. No, I won't lie... It's UNBEARABLE. But we have to be brave for the children. They are the future of our world. Without them, there is no Humanity.

"So, how and where do I look?" you may say. "Where do I start?" You'd do well to avoid the usual pitfalls in your research so I am glad you asked J

Pitfall number 1: Whatever you do, avoid Google. Instead, go for the humble, yet honest and able search engine Duckduckgo.com to look things up. Using Google to research child trafficking is like going to the wolf to ask if he's seen your lost sheep (when you research you'll understand why I am saying that).

Try this: Go to Duckduckgo.com. Research 'Adrenochrome', and also the 'Red Shoes Club', especially in conjunction with child actor Macauley Culkin, Joe Podesta, or the Pope.

Once you've learned enough truths to get an idea, I highly recommend you research further with the below two videos. These will give you shocking proof by the buckets:

1. Episode 1 of the [documentary series, "The Fall of the Cabal" by Janet Ossebaard](#). Janet doesn't just expose evil – she skins it and roasts it for dinner! She's done 19 episodes so far (and counting) and they're only getting better.
2. Watch just an hour or two of [this video](#) by Australian pop star, Altiyan Childs. Childs became the winner in a music reality show in his country and was initiated in freemasonry. What he found out was so shocking he had to get out, then became a whistleblower. This video will open your eyes to evil like nothing else.

Pitfall number 2: While you research, please remember: The term 'conspiracy theory' has been coined by the CIA to keep people from finding out what evil does and how it operates. This fact alone will set your mind free instantly if you take it to heart. I pray to God that you will.

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The Earth is rattling and shaking... everything evil coming into the light. The truth about the evil that has been operating stealthily in our world will be shocking! But, what if I told you that we're going to be all right once it's been exposed? That the future of Humanity is going to be resplendent? Have you ever heard of the Great Awakening? What about GESARA? Join my Telegram channel "Truth Freedom Justice 5D" to find out more. Search in there and you'll find plenty of answers about the state of the world, and also health tips, spiritual inspiration and guidance, positivity, laughter, and hope. Perfect for truth seekers who like to question everything. JOIN the channel to get all new notifications: <https://t.me/TruthFreedomJustice5D> It is free to join, and so is the Telegram app!

Corfu Light Railway

Hello Avid enthusiasts of the Corfu Light Railway, it appears that I start my update with the same words as my previous article. There has been a significant duration since there has been an update as to the progress of the islands light transit system, for which I can only apologise.

However, this does not mean that the CLR management has been idle, far from it. The purchase of the diesel locomotive is in progress, we just need to raise more finance to secure the sale of the locomotive from our sister railway in the north of England.

Unfortunately, the purchase of the rolling stock hit the buffers. The carriages and brake van that we had hoped to purchase from a Belgium theme park were sold to a railway in China. Undeterred, our rolling stock manager co opted the aid of our sister railway and their carriage works department. After lengthy negotiations and numerous trips to England, a design was agreed on.

The new rolling stock will consist of a single carriage, with disabled access and space for two wheelchairs, it will also incorporate a guard's quarter (to eliminate the need for a separate brake van). I will divulge further technical specifications at a later date.



As you can see from the picture above, construction is well underway. We are hoping construction will be completed in February 2022, there will then be the necessary track trials, which for operational purposes will be conducted in England. On completion of successful trials the carriage along with the locomotive will be shipped, using specialist road hauliers, to Corfu for the beginning of April. Then the fun begins.

The CLR management are mindful that they have neglected to update the Gentle Readers of the Agiot as to the progress of the trackwork and final route of the CLR. Could we please ask you to bear with us on this highly sensitive subject?

Earnest Porter

Here is Gareth Morgan's fascinating, alternative Virus theory and reassessment Part 3

https://www.academia.edu/44497713/Virus_Theory_Part_3?fbclid=IwAR0Ypc3fzpb-EVwye3cO3UHPvwjHnMfp146r2i48ENud9v5b40Ii68zfeaM

Poet's Corner

Boots

INFANTRY COLUMNS

We're foot--slog--slog--slog--sloggin' over Africa --
 Foot--foot--foot--foot--sloggin' over Africa --
 (Boots--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again!)
 There's no discharge in the war!

Seven--six--eleven--five--nine--an'-twenty mile to-day --
 Four--eleven--seventeen--thirty-two the day before --
 (Boots--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

Don't--don't--don't--don't--look at what's in front of you.
 (Boots--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again);
 Men--men--men--men--men go mad with watchin' em,
 An' there's no discharge in the war!

Try--try--try--try--to think o' something different --
 Oh--my--God--keep--me from goin' lunatic!
 (Boots--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

Count--count--count--count--the bullets in the bandoliers.
 If--your--eyes--drop--they will get atop o' you!
 (Boots--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again) --
 There's no discharge in the war!

We--can--stick--out--'unger, thirst, an' weariness,
 But--not--not--not--not the chronic sight of 'em --
 Boot--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again,

An' there's no discharge in the war!

'Taint--so--bad--by--day because o' company,
 But night--brings--long--strings--o' forty thousand million
 Boots--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again.
 There's no discharge in the war!

I--'ave--marched--six--weeks in 'Eil an' certify
 It--is--not--fire--devils, dark, or anything,
 But boots--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again,

An' there's no discharge in the war!

Rudyard Kipling

*Wishing you all
 a Very Happy Christmas*

