

I can understand why Jeff Bezos is rich enough that he can pay for a rocket-ship to be built so he can travel to the fringes of outer space. Almost everyone uses Amazon and we've all reached the point where, if we're not offered next day delivery, we're disappointed and impatient.

Weirdly, I don't want anything from Amazon or from Ebay, or from anywhere else. I have too much stuff already and I get no buzz from ordering more. This is probably the first time in my life where I'm not excited by the thought of a new computer. The eight or nine computers I currently have are fine and fit for purpose. This laptop I am currently typing on is seven years old and I still count it new-ish in terms of specification and performance (granted it did cost over a thousand pounds when new).

The problem with wanting new stuff is that it's never long until the new stuff isn't new anymore and we're looking for the next fix. My brother is like that with cars - when he takes the notion for a new car then he can't wait for one. He has to make the change as quickly as possible. I don't want a new car. I bought well when I purchased my last yoke and I'll keep it until it starts to give trouble.

What I want isn't stuff - its peace. I would love the universe to give my head peace for just a single day. Right now, even as I type this, there are two workmen who randomly appeared to put new windows in my garage. They complained, to one another, about there being "stuff" in the way, but they didn't tell me they were coming, so I didn't move the "stuff" so they have to suck it up. I wish, in their process of sucking it up, they wouldn't keep watching me through my office window whilst cursing about the window frame having to be "millimetrically f\*\*\*\*\* perfect".

Just one day of peace - Garvagh-esque peace when I would spend long, quiet evenings in my little computer room. Those were the days.



I wouldn't say I was this bad, but definitely close.