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Great balls of fire
Went to church on Sunday and met someone who wanted to talk to me about flea powder - thus proving that he had read my last blog. I don't know why I assume nobody reads what I write - but there's always hoping.
I am usually punctilious about writing nothing of interest to anybody in the village - but now I feel compelled to jazz things up a bit. So - here goes: last week, when I was doing my rounds of the lanes, I noticed small bits of hair - furballs distributed in the hedgerows. At first sight they looked like dandelion seeds gathered together, or the kind of debris stuffing up the hoover, but on closer examination with a muddy stick, they turned out to be old balls of cotton wool. Why, I mused, would anyone require cotton wool in the countryside, let alone the kind to apply Clearasil with? I have heard that the layby's near where I live are used as outdoor knocking-shops, and wondered if this perhaps would provide a clue, except that the cotton wool was miles from anywhere, down the side of a field as sexy as an infinite sea of mud can be. All around were finches - this is a particularly good year for gold ones, who dart across the hedges like flying
tinsel, and I wondered if they had stolen it from some nearby bathroom to make nests from, but it seemed unlikely. My query was answered by a farmer, I met. Apparently, cotton wool balls impregnated with vaseline makes a great fire-starting kit, favoured by travellers. When it is as wet as it has been recently they don't work, and they fling them into the ditches.

Tartufi hunting
Paolo

truffling with brenda x valentino

Hunter'ress