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Summer Edition

173rd Edition

The Agiot

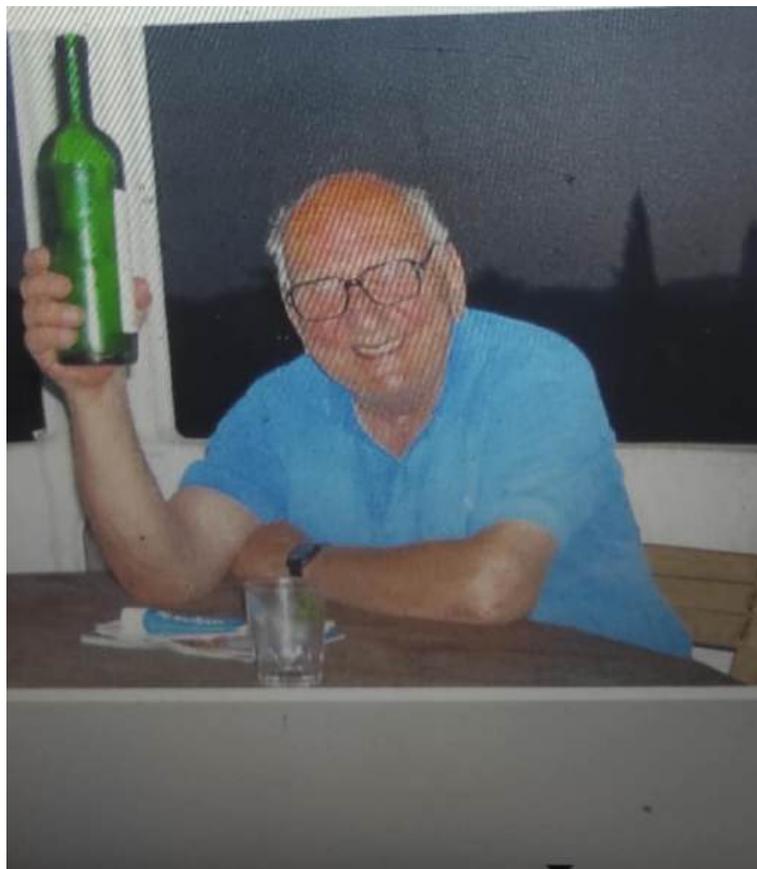
Part 2

This Month cont.

Part 2

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Beyond the Grave



Lionel communicates from t'other side.

Heaven and Hell

While on his morning walk, Prime Minister Gordon Brown falls over, has a heart attack and dies, because the accident and emergency department at his nearest hospital is too understaffed to treat him in time.

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Beyond the Grave - Continued from page 1

So his soul arrives in Heaven and he is met by Saint Peter at the Pearly Gates. 'Welcome to Heaven,' says Saint Peter, 'Before you settle in, it seems there is a problem. We seldom see a Socialist around these parts, so we're not sure what to do with you.'

'No problem, just let me in; I'm a good Christian; I'm a believer,' says the PM.

'I'd like to just let you in, but I have orders from God Himself. He says that since the implementation of his new HEAVEN CHOICES policy, you have to spend one day in Hell and one day in Heaven. Then you must choose where you'll live for eternity.'

'But I've already made up my mind. I want to be in Heaven,' replies Brown.

'I'm sorry... But we have our rules,' Peter interjects. And, with that, St. Peter escorts him to an elevator and he goes down, down, down ...all the way to Hell.

The doors open and he finds himself in the middle of a lush golf course. The sun is shining in a cloudless sky. The temperature is a perfect 22 degrees. In the distance is a beautiful club-house. Standing in front of it is Harold Wilson and thousands of other Socialist luminaries who had helped him out over the years - John Smith, Michael Foot, Jim Callaghan, etc.



I swear, my ball hit a cow turd this size

The whole of the Labour Party leaders were there with everyone laughing, happy and casually but expensively dressed. They run to greet him, to hug him and to reminisce about the good times they

had getting rich at the expense of 'suckers and peasants.' They play a friendly game of golf and then dine on lobster and caviar. The Devil himself comes up to Brown with a frosty drink. 'Have a tequila and relax, Gord!'

'Uh, I can't drink anymore, I took a pledge,' says Brown, dejectedly.

'This is Hell, son. You can drink and eat all you want and not worry and it just gets better from there!' Brown takes the drink and finds himself liking the Devil, who he thinks is a really very friendly bloke who tells funny jokes, like himself, and pulls hilarious nasty pranks, kind of like the ones the Labour Party pulled with the European Constitution and the Education, Immigration, Tough on Crime promises. They are having such a great time that, before he realises it, it's time to go. Everyone gives him a big hug and waves as Brown steps on the elevator and heads upward.

When the elevator door reopens, he is in Heaven again and Saint Peter is waiting for him. 'Now it's time to visit Heaven,' the old man says, opening the gate.

So for 24 hours Brown is made to hang out with a bunch of honest good-natured people who enjoy each other's company, talk about things other than money and treat each other decently. Not a nasty prank or short-arse joke among them. No fancy country clubs here and, while the food tastes great, it's not caviar or lobster. And these people are all poor.

The day done, Saint Peter returns and says, 'Well, you've spent a day in Hell and a day in Heaven. Now choose where you want to live for Eternity.'

With the 'Deal or No Deal' theme playing softly in the background, Brown reflects for a minute... Then answers: 'Well, I would never have thought I'd say this - I mean, Heaven has been delightful and all - but I really think I belong in Hell with my friends.' So Saint Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down ...all the way to Hell.

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Beyond the Grave - Continued from page 2

'The doors of the elevator open and he is in the middle of a barren scorched earth, covered with garbage and toxic industrial wasteland, looking a bit like the eroded, rabbit and fox affected Australian outback, but worse and more desolate. He is horrified to see all of his friends, dressed in rags and chained together, picking up the roadside rubbish and putting it into black plastic bags. They are groaning and moaning in pain, faces and hands black with grime.

The Devil comes over to Brown and puts an arm around his shoulder. 'I don't understand,' stammers a shocked Brown, 'Yesterday I was here and there was a golf course and a club-house and we ate lobster and caviar and drank tequila. We lazed around and had a great time. Now there's just a wasteland full of garbage and everybody looks miserable!'

The Devil looks at him, smiles slyly and purrs, 'Yesterday we were campaigning; today you voted for us!'

Sent in by Lionel Mann, from beyond the grave.

The World of Simon

Greece



My first visit to Greece, a train journey: My Dad - divorced post-war, then married to Maria in the lovely little church of Panagia Kapnikarea off Syntagma in Athens in 1949 (I sat by its iconostasis with Lin last November on a 2 day visit to Athens) - first invited me to beloved Greece when I was 16, during Easter 1957, and I, on my occasional stays with the 'Greek' side of the family in England was used to hearing my dad and Maria speaking Greek. I never looked forward to those brief childhood visits on which my mum insisted. Too much shouting and disorder and kissing and hugging among unruly half-siblings, though I liked being entrusted with a glass of wine now and then. 1957. It took four days, travelling alone on the Simplon-Orient from London, turning Balkan-wards after Venice, to get to Larissa where in the middle of the night this callow

English youth, with a compartment to himself, was interrupted by a wedding party bursting in, joyfully noisy. I - a foreigner had the nerve (in Greece on a Greek train) to glare at them and ask them to be quiet. Instead of taking justified offence they laughed uproariously "Oh Englishman!" and had the effrontery to offer me a drink which I turned away. Near 70 years later I cringe at my teenage churlishness. A few hours later I arrived in Athens... There, at dawn, on a low platform, the Greek side of my family awaited with joyous greetings and many disturbing hugs and kisses. Through a tiny window from the loo of Yia-yia's flat in Kolonaki I saw the Parthenon - no longer the familiar schoolbook illustration, the real place!... .. Well! ... Two weeks later, when I departed from Greece, all had changed; changed utterly and forever, but that's another story, a good one. That first visit over 60 years ago was the start of an affair I'll take to my grave. 'Some enchanted Easter' long ago, I saw Greece 'across a crowded room.' Even now, in dear Ano Korakiana, strolling or cycling on a small back road I hear a family, perhaps on a Sunday afternoon, laughing and talking under their veranda, and I'm possessed by an impish impulse to stroll over "Excuse me! Με συγχωρείς. Θα μπορούσατε να είστε λίγο πιο ήσυχοι!" They will laugh indulgently, even ask me to join them. I know that the UK leaving the EU can never efface - nor portcullis block - the delicious sense of tumbling into another world which I feel when my old feet again touch the soil of mother Greece.

Continued on page 4

The World of Simon - Continued from page 3

Thug - An encounter on the train 12 years ago (Agiot Newsletter):



Off to Scotland for a fortnight. Lin dropped me, my luggage and Oscar dog at New Street for the 1120 train to Glasgow. As we travelled North the weather disimproved. From Glasgow Central station we strolled to Glasgow Queen Street station, in drizzle, waited a while amid the crowds, went out for a smoke, returned to the concourse until our 1611 train was called at Platform 4, then found myself a comfortable seat, with Oscar ensconced in his igloo, my picnic on a little table and my book on my lap. A stooped man in his sixties with an inward curved face and few teeth was wheeled up a ramp into the same carriage and gently guided to one of the two disability reserved seats opposite mine - swiftly vacated by a couple who'd seen him being brought aboard. As soon as the train was on its way he leaned engagingly towards me and said "You're a wanker" adding "I'm from Glasgow", tapping his small jumpered chest. I smiled in a conciliatory way. He muttered something. "Sorry I didn't catch that?" "I dinna like yer hat" My leather outback hat that could be squashed into a bag was also on the table between us. I replied "...and you're quite a rude man." Leaning again he confided "I'm a linguist. I lived in Spain for 15 years" "A linguist? Do you speak Spanish?" "Fuck off" The elder lady across the aisle was giving attention to looking out of the window on her side. "She's gaw deid hair," said my fellow traveller more loudly. "You really are a rude man," I said, lamely - hampered by a disability which wasn't just physical. Asperger's? Intense preoccupation with a narrow subject, one-sided verbosity, restricted prosody? "I'm a professional footballer" he said quietly. "Oh right. Who do you play for?" "Fuck off," - pause - "Where you going?" "Inverness" "Inverness?" "Inverness" "Inverness?" "Inverness." There was a crescendo to this sequence that I thought would end with a remark of contempt at my con-

nection with Inverness but he went quiet. I sipped wine from my picnic, continued reading *Ashes and Diamonds*. The conductor came by. The man offered a couple of new Scottish £20 notes "fer Perth." The conductor, bending over him with care, took one of the proffered notes and issued a ticket and change. Perth was about 30 minutes away I thought. How had he passed ticketless through the barrier at Queen's Street? "Wait a moment, big man" he half-whispered to the conductor, "Can you get me a help with getting off at Perth?" "Nay problem, sir," A collusive wink of thanks for the help. The conductor continued up the train. I continued reading, gazing now and then at the passing lowland landscape but waiting. "You know who's the one person I trust on this train?" I was going to have to answer "That conductor?" "Naw" tapping his little jumpered chest "Me!" I was reminded of the face of the little red coated killer in *Don't Look Now* and felt an abrupt twinge of danger. "But you've just been helped onto the train, and you'll be helped off!" At this sign of incipient irritation the man rose to his feet, leant over the little table between us, pointing at me with a bent finger. "You're an air-sole" "Wait a moment! Aren't you supposed to be disabled?" "You are (pause) the biggest air-sole in the world, you are a fucking air..." Another passenger, a young man, came through "Would you shut it, please. Watch yer language. Just watch yer language." My man sat as quickly as he'd risen and went silent until the other had returned to his seat. "Air-sole" he said again pointing at me, aiming his eyes, starting to get up again. At this point the conductor passed by and the lady over the way touched his elbow "Will you do something about him please?" The conductor had heard the tail-end of the abuse but missed the standing up bit. "He's not even disabled," said the lady. "Alright you. Out! Now!" The man rose at once and scuttled off into another carriage followed by the conductor who, when he came back, received our thanks. "I don't think he'd have done that for me. You exert authority, like my daughter... in the police." "I was a prison officer for 15 years." I was vexed at according undue civility to this semblance of disability; stewing at bit-playing a Lou and Andy re-make. I struggle to find a moral space for nastiness, denying the existence of the condition, assuming an illness, a trauma, an oppression to be lessened by conversation. I'm still half-thinking we got off on the wrong foot - not helped by my old softy hat. Result - this fellow was all set to march into Poland* until the ex-warder, at the request of another passenger, stopped him with a verbal smack. After Perth the pleasure of train travel was restored.

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The World of Simon - Continued from page 4

The six year citrus plague



Ano Korakiana, Corfu - Albania and mother Greece across the Sea of Kerkyra



Our home in Birmingham - in the distance St Mary's Church tower amid the woods of Handsworth Park

Since 2006 we've travelled to-and-fro - *πέρα δόθε* - between our home in Handsworth Birmingham, where Lin and I have lived 45 years, and our home on Democracy Street in Ano Korakiana. Returning to the village after months away in England is a 'moment'. Will the power come on in the house? Will the taps flow? Will damp from rain have leaked down a wall? Will rats, mice or insects have been partying while we're away? Has something died under, or worse, in a bed? It takes two days of errands - sweeping the curtilage, opening the door of the apothiki, hanging a tarp on hooks and bungees below the balcony against rain on the terrace, opening shutters; replacing a battery on the kitchen clock to set it ticking to local time; putting out balcony furniture stored indoors for winter; opening shutters; sweeping and vacuuming up dust; stocking shelves and fridge with the food bought

on our first day's big shop before dispensing with the hire car that Lin has driven up to the village; checking the tyres and charging the battery of my e-bike; making sure we have internet connection; greeting Vasiliki next door with embraces and kisses; being welcomed with words and smiles by neighbours, including Theodora and Pepe, her mum, in their bread shop. Then gardening and housework.

*** ** ***

After 12 years of living to-and-fro between Greece and England, Linda and I arrived in Corfu for Easter 2018 - six years ago. We discovered to growing dismay that our blood orange tree and two lemon trees were thoroughly infested with minute constellations of insects on the underside of their leaves, the leaves' upper surfaces covered in black mould. [Scale insects had invaded and infested our citrus trees](#) and were spreading through the whole island of Corfu. 'Sooty mould' had fixed itself, thriving in the wet of winter, over the surface of billions of leaves, preventing them absorbing light and breathing the carbon dioxide that produces glucose - photosynthesis vital to life.



Female scale insects on the underside of citrus leaves

Citrus trees were suffocating across the island. Mould had spread over their trunks and branches; over the ground and up the sides of the low walls of the terrace, blackening the plaka on gardens, terraces and verandas. Everywhere. Driving, we glimpsed, beside the roads amid healthy burgeoning greenery, orchards of blackened citrus trees, mould smirching their remaining fruit. Some people had repainted trees with whitewash, sawn off larger branches, leaving amputated trunks.

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The World of Simon - Continued from page 5

The six year citrus plague cont.



Sooty mould on a leaf's upper surface

What had happened? We asked questions of a local agronomists; researched the spread of citrus scale insects on the internet and spoke to other villagers. There was no memory of similar plagues, though the internet swiftly revealed the global ubiquity of citrus scale insect infestation, explaining how it worked, but not the provenance of these insects of the species *Hemiptera*, one of many sap feeders that, as well as scale insects, include aphid and whitefly. The male scale insect, short lived, can fly around spreading the infestation. In their thousands these insects stuck to the paper traps we hung in our trees.



Male scale insects trapped

The females, once clustered on the underside of leaves remain immobile, sucking sap from the leaves with hair-like probosces, excreting honeydew that

spreads to the leaves' upper surfaces. Sooty mould, present like dust in the surrounding air, fixes on the honeydew. Ants, clambering about the garden, milk the female citrus scale insects producing more honeydew and more mould. called *Cladosporium* and *Alternaria* - widespread airborne fungi whose spores thrive on damp year around, now fixed by the scale insects' syrup, growing and spreading, strangling our citrus trees.

This was our last harvest of lemons, fruit already blackened by the sooty fungus. Oranges had fallen from their tree the previous winter. For years no blossom appeared and more or less all the other citrus trees on the island produced no fruit. We saw blackened skeleton trees everywhere - with now and then a survivor that must have held some unknown prophylactic, as well as promise. We asked around about what preventive measures had been taken. No answers. No pesticides were working.



White protective coat on dead scale insects

On advice we dissolved olive oil soap and cooking oil fixative and sprayed. This may, with our sticky paper traps, have slowed down the effects of the infestation. I wrapped sticky paper round tree trunks or painted duct tape wrapped round them with a very sticky tinned product from a garden shop. This stopped most ants getting into the foliage, though in their ant-like ways some died creating walkways with their bodies for their fellows to climb on up. Two lots of sticky bands one above the other on a trunk lessened the toxic symbiosis of ants and scale insects.

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The World of Simon - Continued from page 6

The six year citrus plague CONT.



Preventing ants meeting scale insects

Scale insects are 'hard' or 'soft'. These were hard. While feeding on cells just under the surface of leaves, as well as producing honeydew, they excrete waste to form a waxy covering that protects them from sprays – tho' not entirely. Looking at leaves with a magnifying glass Lin reckoned this explained white rings around the insect clusters. Pressing down on these clusters, after spraying, we could smear them off the leaves. Were they dead? Was this the female scale insects' immobility? The internet told us the insects' protective cover remains on leaves for years. By the second year of this horrid plague our friendly agronomist at a nearby garden centre offered us two kinds of remedy – a diluted mixture to kill the female insects attached under the leaves; another dilute to inhibit their reproductive cycle. "Will this kill them?" I asked her "Yes" She said "But will they die screaming in agony?" I asked. "Yes assuredly" she said with a smile, noting my unscientific animosity to these pests that nature had turned on us via the lemon and orange bounty, which outside of a wealthy winter garden, we could never have enjoyed further north. Year after year we sprayed and sprayed at two week intervals. The insects died. More arrived and still no sign of blossom. Leaves that

were not entirely blackened turned mottled yellow and desiccated.



I could no longer pop out our front door bump a tree with my shoulder and collect a lemon to squeeze on food, add to salad dressings, make citron pressé on sweltering days, mix myself, and guests, margaritas.



Tequila, lemon, triple sec, salted glass

Lin could no longer make her lemon ice creams - served cold and hard inside scraped out lemon halve. We could no longer enjoy watching the seasonal changes from blossom, to tiny but expanding green lemons to knobbly skinned yellow fruits hanging in fecund clusters amid the greenery, dropping now and then with gentle thuds to be collected for us and neighbours, and to take to England where, if green, they last for weeks gradually turning yellow in our kitchen. In November 2012 I'd put lemons, brought from Greece, with other small treasures of her childhood, in my mum's coffin in the Highlands. We served an orange dessert made by halving a juicy blood orange, adding cherry liqueur and serving the halves, heated in the microwave, with a chunk of walnut ice cream gradually melting into the liqueured orange; and Lin, after a neighbour's tutoring, made orange pie – *portokalopita*. There had, until 2018, been a ready supply of fresh orange easily squeezed. Now the orange tree suffered even more than the lemon trees. We watched its blackened branches becoming barer of leaves, atrophying into dead wood and parched twigs falling to the ground like dry bones.

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The World of Simon - Continued from page 7

The six year citrus plague cont.

One evening we discussed the plague with our naturalist friends the Swedish herpetologists Bo and Marie Stille, living in Kokkini below the Ropa valley. Bo reckoned there was little we humans could do; that we must wait for predators on the scale insects and for the trees to develop a natural resistance to these parasites. "Trees, like all living things, learn."

Our friend Mark said that part of the problem was that lemons and oranges, though widespread, play no part - as once they did - in the island's economy so there's no research money, no prophylactic policies, no advice to people with citrus trees. So although we did continue spraying in hope, and as a means to torture these *wicked vile depraved and evil insects*. We also scoured the blackened surfaces of walls and plaka with an efficient bleach - *Durochlor* - bought from *Ionic Chemicals* a kilometre north of Tzavros, off the Paleokastritsa Road.

Then in the autumn of 2023 came a glimmer of hope. The scale insects were still fixing themselves to the underside of leaves but we began to see blossom - first on the lemon trees and a few on even the blighted orange tree. We rejoiced when that tree produced six oranges, but wondered if the tree, rather than making a recovery, was now enfeebled beyond hope by the years of infestation. We were told by Eleni, local agronomist at the garden shop on the main road near Tzolou - T-junction into the village - that predator pests had arrived, that the government had even introduced 'nemetodes'. "So no more spraying" she advised "lest you kill the good insects."

In 2024 we arrive in Ano Korakiana the first week of April. Wonder of wonders - the lemon trees are fecund with fruit, green and yellow clusters, while the orange tree is covered, top to bottom in florets, with their lovely smell. In weeks that blossom had set amid burgeoning foliage full of hundreds and hundreds of little green oranges swelling by the day.



Beside the bougainvillea, our orange tree, with signs of wear, but burgeoning again



Young oranges to be spotted amid reinvigorated foliage

A billiard ball sized orange coated with rain and wind born sand from Africa

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Windfall lemons - a daily harvest again

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The World of Simon - Continued from page 8

Pub



The pub's the place to put the world to rights. Dr Samuel Johnson (1709-84) "expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns". Sir John Hawkins (1719-89) reported that the great man

stated firmly that a "tavern chair" was the "throne of human felicity", and that as soon as he entered the door of a tavern he experienced an oblivion of care, for therein he could dogmatise, be contradicted, and in the conflict of opinion and sentiment find delight. That certainly was still true of the real English pub and its clientèle until comparatively recent times. John Earle (Bishop of Salisbury from 1663), made clear the distinction between an ale-house and a tavern. The latter was "a degree", or even "a pair of stairs", higher than an ale-house, "where men are drunk with more credit and apology ... To give you the total reckoning of it, it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the inns-of-court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy". The picture is of my friends Dave and Pete at a pub in the centre of Birmingham. "Mine's a Doom Bar"

Hilary's Ramblings by Hilary Paipeti



Bruni

Why I avoid social media
And it's all due to olive trees (Part 3)

If you've not read Part 1 and Part 2, and wish to learn the whole story, please consult the Agiot archive.

The Story So Far

Due to the actions of a new supermarket chain and an outbreak amongst the locals of perceived poverty and genuine greed, by the early 2000s olive farmers had started hacking down their olive groves, slicing the 400 year-old trees to ground level in order to sell the wood to industrial interests in Italy.

The TV show I was at the time co-hosting ran a report about a Brit ex-pat who had done the same. Though I was not involved at all in this report (and indeed would have called it out as inadvisable if I had known in advance), I suffered a 'pile on' triggered by the mates of the offending ex-pat, who were then joined by uninvolved keyboard warriors, gleeful in the opportunity it offered these losers to vilify (and worse) a successful foreign resident.

Members of a number of message boards (the primitive 'social media of the pre-Facebook age) leapt into the frenzy, spouting vitriolic death threats and incitements to suicide (mine).

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Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from page 9

Continued:

Never wishing to let an opportunity go to waste to get Corfu in the papers (any mention is good, even bad ones), I set myself up as the 'sacrificial lamb'. We invited a friendly journalist, June Field, to cover the story. She was freelance, but often wrote for the Telegraph, to whom she sold this story: An ex-pat was receiving death threats from fellow Brits because she was trying to save the island's olive trees.

The resulting article was quite a big deal - a full page with photos (one of me looking miserable). I phoned my mother, a Telegraph reader, the evening before publication to tell her not to worry so much, it was just a publicity scoop.

The immediate and dramatic upshot of the story's publication was that Corfu's Parliamentary Deputy Nikos Georgiades, furious, burst into the office of the Minister of Agriculture with a copy of the article, overturned the ministerial desk and played general havoc, on the basis that the Ministry's laissez-faire attitude had caused bad publicity for Corfu.

Very speedily, a law was passed to ban cutting of the trees. RESULT!

The drastic cropping of some trees still goes on, but



much less frequently than in the past, and the appallingly aggressive gangs of Albanians who were denuding abandoned olive groves without permission suddenly found themselves redundant.

As I have written in the earlier two parts of this series, this is why I do not do social media. I have experienced at first hand the horror of a 'pile on'. I know how easily it can happen, often for no other reason than someone has arbitrarily taken against you, or just has a sudden urge to besmirch you, usually out of envy. Or, in this case, a handy and more vulnerable substitute for the real 'sinner'.

But now I would say - thank you, thank you, to all those assholes who joined in the attack on me (you

know who you are). Because of your ill-directed rage, Corfu's olive trees have been saved.

THE END (but not of the trees)

Reclaiming the Corfu Trail



IN THE LAST PUBLISHED ISSUE OF THE AGIOT, last year, I wrote a piece about how the world and his wife were jumping on the bandwagon of the Corfu Trail and distancing me from my creation (founded 2001, 25th anniversary next year). **I have been sidelined and snubbed** by walking organisations using my route - many sections of which would have vanished two decades ago due to disuse but for my initiative - without acknowledgment; by supposedly reputable companies who have published their own guidebooks without my input; by local government figures who have exploited the route to direct taxpayers' cash into their pockets; by walking guides who have changed the course of the Trail to suit their own purposes, without consulting me; by map publishers who sell their product on the basis of its inclusion of the Trail route, with no recompense; by travel agencies who fail to pay me the agreed commission per hiker; by innumerable free apps created by losers who have not walked the Trail, whose guesswork sends their penny-pinching users on a badly erroneous route.

The Walking Gods were listening. Since that edition of the Agiot, the Trail has been featured several times in the mainstream British press (don't know about non-English language publications), and I have been quoted in all but one (which to be fair was just a brief mention) under my full name, as Trail founder. One of the pieces, in the Telegraph of June 2024, repeated in July 2025, placed the Trail at number one of the best hikes in Europe. Here are some extracts:

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Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from page 10

A Greek island is winning the hearts of walkers for its meandering trail, which combines a mix of coast and countryside along a 112-mile, south-to-north route. Corfu is probably best known for package holidays, but its scenic walk, the Corfu Trail, is becoming well-known amongst intrepid travellers. This stroll was listed as number one on The Daily Telegraph's '15th greatest walking holidays' and provides a wild glimpse into life on the isle, unaffected by mass tourism. The Greek island trail edged out several other highly regarded walking destinations in countries as diverse as Italy, Germany and Spain.

Rob Currell, Express, August 2025

There's the Corfu of the package holiday. And then there's the Corfu Trail. As it winds betwixt coast and countryside, this wild, south-north route across the Ionian isle avoids areas blighted by mass tourism. Instead, its yellow waymarks lead down backstreets, farm tracks and cobbled paths, via cedar forests and olive groves, amid karst peaks and craggy gorges, past manor houses and monasteries, to expansive beaches and quiet coves.

Such is the variety, reckons trail founder Hilary Whitton Paipeti, that "walkers spend no more than an hour in any one landscape".

Sarah Baxter, Daily Telegraph, June 2024 & July 2025

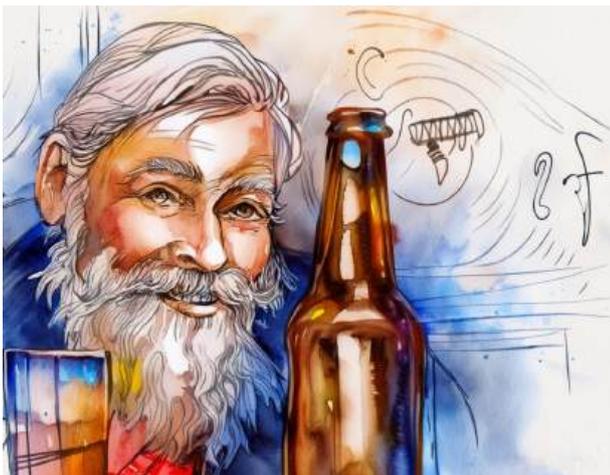
Hikers will be in paradise, with a trip along the white peaks and green forest of the Corfu Trail.
Daily Mail, Spring 2025

How to discover authentic glimpses of Gerry Durrell's childhood paradise? I found the answer in a hike: the 110 or so miles of the Corfu Trail, which traverses the island from south to north, winding inland to visit settlements little touched by tourism. The route stitches together stretches of stony tracks, sandy paths and forest trails, cobbled kalderimi (traditional donkey paths), concrete and asphalt, linking scenic, cultural and culinary highlights.

Paul Bloomfield, Daily Telegraph, Spring 2025

The Trail thieves are going to have to pay attention, then recant and restore.

Customer Service Served by Dick Mulder



It was on the ninth of July 2013 that one of the 'technicians' of OTE, the Greek National Telecom, decided to cut a wire, which suddenly left us without telephone and internet. Another satisfied customer, the man must have thought and then undoubtedly quickly drove to a kafeneion to indulge in excessive alcohol consumption, very satisfied. Because it is good to rest after a hard day's work.



Dick

Who else, besides himself, he made happy with this action will forever remain unknown, he could certainly not count on my sympathy. The internet in particular is of vital importance to us. And so I made a call from our neighbor's house, knowing that this could be a very frustrating period. Well, we were indeed not disappointed. A week, dozens of phone calls and just as many promises later, we are still hopelessly without connection to the world wide web.

Continued on page 12

Customer Service Served - Continued from page 11

You feel like a ping-pong ball, being sent back and forth between all kinds of departments, offices and agencies. And then, after a while, all sorts of ideas, images and visions start to pop into your raging head, which sometimes startle you. Because you didn't know you had so much aggression, anger and cruelty in you! I'm just about to make coffee when the doorbell rings. Since I'm unemployed without internet, I drink coffee more often, mainly to prevent myself from becoming an alcoholic. That would be too much of an honour for OTE.



Spiros

I open the door and see a small man in his mid-fifties, much too fat and fairly unkempt. His friendly piggy eyes are deep in his swollen, unhealthy red head, like currants in loukoumades. Traces of a greasy snack can still be discovered on his shirt. He breathes heavily as he introduces himself as Spiros from OTE, complaints department. As promised, he would come by to explain and put things right. Well, that promise went past me because I would be called by OTE's complaints department. But I don't show my displeasure and invite him in. Once inside, Spiros looks around approvingly and then flops down on our couch. He wipes the sweat from his forehead with the sleeve of his shirt, complimenting me on the softly purring air conditioning. I ask him if he'd like some coffee. He does, so I fill up some water and coffee and turn on the machine. Once I'm sitting opposite him, he asks what my problem is. So I point out that we've been without a phone - and therefore internet - for over a week now and how disastrous that is in our situation. He listens to my

tirade with a benevolent smile. When I've finished ranting, he says: 'Only one week?' I'm almost bursting at the seams, but he doesn't seem to notice. He patiently starts explaining the current situation at OTE. Lots of new technology, with only old equipment. Lots of new requests, but unfortunately few people with a decent education. His mechanics have a lot of strings attached, but little knowledge of the subject. And so on and so on. As a complaints manager, he gets it all on his plate, do you understand, sir? If only someone wanted to know how difficult his life was. To give his complaint some force, he wipes his forehead with his flat hand again and then wipes it on his trousers.

I answer that I sympathize with him, but that this does not solve my problem. And, I add, that I cannot help it, but get the strong impression that nobody seems to care whether my problem is solved or not. He shakes his head as he listens to me. 'You're right sir, nobody gives a shit', he says. He grabs a magazine from the table and fans himself with some extra coolness. I get up and walk to the kitchen to pour coffee. 'And how about you Spiros?', I ask. 'Do you give a shit?' He laughs a strange gurgling laugh that reminds me a bit of a gurgling coffee maker. 'Well, to be honest with you sir, no, I don't give a shit either'. And throws the magazine on the table. From the kitchen I see him shift his heavy body a little on the couch to fetch his handkerchief from his trouser pocket. This effort costs him so much energy that he immediately breaks out in a sweat. At least he starts to vigorously dab his forehead with his handkerchief. I ask him what he actually came to do. 'It's my job sir, listening to your complaint. That's all I can do for you', he explains patiently. 'No more, no less'.



Continued on page 13

Customer Service Served - Continued from page 12

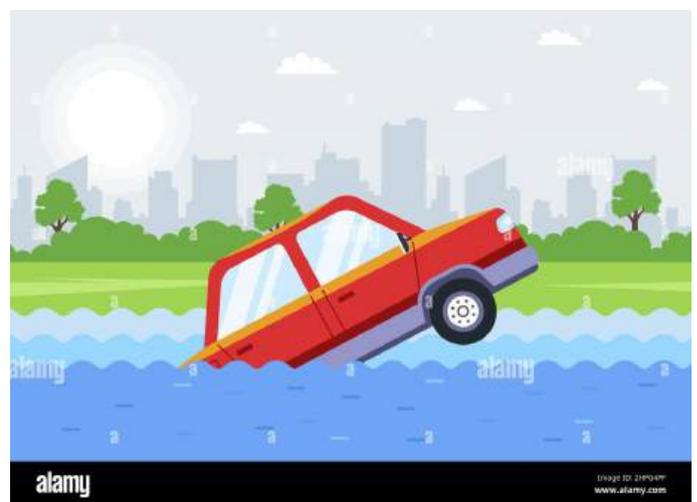
He stuffs his handkerchief back where it came from. 'I only have to work for two more years and then I will retire, thank God', after which he crosses himself. That last remark did it. I silently open the sink cabinet, blindly grab the most obvious bottle of cleaning agent – later I will discover that it has skull and bones on it – and pour a generous squirt into his coffee cup. 'Sugar and milk?', I ask. 'Please sir', he agrees. It just fits in. I serve the coffee and take a seat opposite him. He starts an animated speech about what he is going to do once he retires. Life will be one big party for Spiros; you can count on that. While I listen with mock interest and sip my coffee, his remains untouched. The Greek prefers his coffee cold and Spiros is no exception. He is just coming to the conclusion of his sunny future expectations when he picks up his cup and takes a few big sips in quick succession. It is remarkable how the next moment seems to play out in slow motion for me. I can still see him very calmly putting the cup back on the table, careful not to spill or break anything. Then his red complexion changes to deep purple, while a vein the size of a large earthworm stands out on his forehead. His eyes almost pop out of their sockets while his mouth opens in a helpless gesture to scream out his despair and pain. He only makes a vague rattle and rasp. His plump hands, fingers cramped, clutch his chest, as if trying to tear his heart out, while his head falls back. Then his body, suddenly seemingly relaxed, slumps and a long sigh escapes from his mouth. 'Ahhh'.

As if in a film, I see the whole scene, which probably lasted less than ten seconds, pass before my eyes. With a calmness that surprises me, I ask Spiros if he's okay. No answer. I'm not surprised; his face is as purple as that of a hanged man. His lips are twisted in a hideous grimace, like those of a slaughtered cow. I calmly get up, walk around the table and feel the pulse between a flashy imitation Rolex and his hand. Nothing, no sign of life. I search between his triple chin for any rhythmic movement, but my efforts are in vain. It looks like Spiros will have to revise his plans for the future. With a calmness that suggests that I often handle such tasks (which I don't), I consider the situation. Should I call OTE to say that their beloved complaints manager has died while performing his job, which he did with such dedication? No, I can't call! Then I have no other choice, I conclude soberly, and I start to pull his

body off the couch before he ruins my upholstery with the contents of his intestines.

Maybe I've seen too many mafia movies, but I have very deliberately removed all traces, if there were any, of Spiros' presence in our house. I have poured half the cup of coffee down the sink, after which I thoroughly clean the mug. I have dragged his body as quickly as possible to the cool studio under our house and wrapped it in plastic wrap. With a dry cloth I removed any fingerprints from everything he has come into contact with. In the evening after sunset I dragged his body with great difficulty, over a hundred kilos dead weight I estimate, to his car and stuffed it in the trunk. That was not easy, because the Japanese do not economize on anything except trunk space. In the middle of the night I drove poor Spiros in his own car into the Ionian Sea, at a place where the beach slopes gently into the sea, after which it quickly becomes deeper. I checked the car for a moment to make sure it would sink.

A hundred meters further on the car was still partly visible and I started to worry that it would not sink. But then suddenly the car went into the deep with a big sigh and a trail of bubbles. I wished Spiros a good journey and went home, where I had a nice drink before going to sleep. When I woke up the next morning, Mirjam was looking at me. 'You look satisfied,' she says, 'happy, I would almost say'. I kiss her on the mouth and answer: 'I had such a wonderful dream last night.'



Little Brother is Watching You

Introduction By Paul McGovern, Editor

I am not sure of the arrival of the Next Edition, so this article is sort of crammed with a variety of topics, as we live through this crazy period in our history where the A-National Organisers and Controllers of Global Financial Capital continue their efforts to dumb down the general population with a variety pack of distractions.

The one topic that does not appear here is WAR. This is the main distraction in 2025, as CONVID has been put on the backburner whilst they reconsider their strategies. I have left WAR for another day.

For the Gentle Reader who may be interested, may I refer you to <https://www.facebook.com/groups/274085887771350> , if you have a Facebook account. This is a very active, if small group, with diverse opinions, and you can pick and choose what you like, and comment if you wish. Or post your own opinion whatever it is. It used to be Fuct- Checked all the time, but rarely is nowadays. Facebook itself is probably confused itself over what is what.

I have grouped these small articles and links into subheadings, to save waffle. Have a look and see what you think.

BELIEFS

Anunnaki

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CFKDRArS-HM>

Atheist MIT Professor Converts to Christianity After Discovering THIS

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=186U_vuSmhY

Christians Started Boycotting the Olympics, Then This Happens

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vvK94wKMkWg>

Closer To Home

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OJBWvUEZ-50>

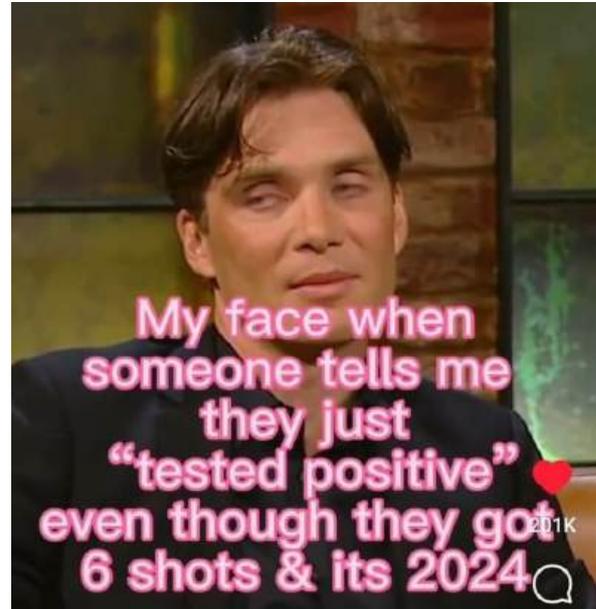
Everything we know about history is wrong

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UR-ENOYIBlg>

Is Elon the False Prophet?

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kfp_FZxqba8

CONVID



Dr

Johnson said doctors were in a daily conference with a national panel about vaccine-induced thrombotic thrombocytopenia, the condition Ms Shaw was believed to be suffering from.

Asked if he would have changed the treatments given to Ms Shaw, he said: "No."

Dr Johnson said The National Institute for Health and Care Excellence (Nice) published guidelines on how to treat the condition in July which matched the treatment Ms Shaw received.

"Lisa got all the treatments that were recommended in the order they were recommended," he said.

"If we had the same presentation tomorrow we would do the same thing."

2ND PANDEMIC: Dr. John Campbell

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sp21CPCVNAw>

Breaking: New Research on Hydroxychloroquine & H5N1

Early Data Is Encouraging

From January 2003 to March 2022, there have been 863 reported cases of human infection with H5N1 around the world, resulting in 455 fatalities.

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Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 14

Preclinical research by Yan et al. has shown that chloroquine (at physiologically relevant concentrations) can inhibit viral entry and mitigate cellular damage in human cells infected with H5N1. Furthermore, when administered post-infection in mice, chloroquine significantly improved survival rates from 0% to 70% by reducing pulmonary alveolar infiltrates (foreign substances in the lungs).

These promising results suggest that hydroxychloroquine, a safer, more widely used derivative of chloroquine, could be a critical therapeutic tool against bird flu.

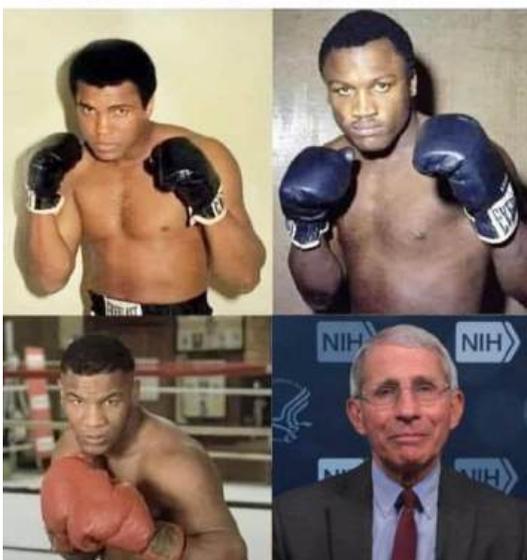
What Dr. Peter McCullough Says

"In the event of more human cases among farm workers or human-to-human spread, chloroquine or its derivative hydroxychloroquine would be reasonable therapeutic choices in high-risk or serious human avian influenza cases," says Dr. Peter McCullough.

This endorsement is particularly relevant as hydroxychloroquine is included in The Wellness Company's [Contagion Emergency Kit](#) and [Medical Emergency Kit](#).

Polarisation of the Covid period
<https://x.com/FlexFilmsTV/status/1819827423636234504>

WHO HAD THE DEADLIEST JOB?



FIGHTING BACK

American Freedom Doctors
<https://aflids.org/>

My name is Del Bigtree. I am the CEO of the Informed Consent Action Network (ICAN), the leading watchdog organization committed to taking dangerous government bureaucrats to court—and WINNING

I am writing to ask you to take action to [protect YOUR right](#) to make health decisions for you and your family.

No other organization does more to [STOP government intrusion](#) in your everyday life. That's a HUGE claim—but it's a claim we can back up 100%

These are just a smattering of the cases ICAN has won over Big Government:

- ICAN's Legal Team was instrumental in supporting bills that exempt private and parochial schools from mandatory state vaccine mandates.
- ICAN went after government entities that falsely referred to COVID-19 vaccines as "approved" or "safe and effective" in direct violation of federal law.
- ICAN secured religious exemptions for Air Force service members' children. A husband and wife who were both Air Force service members requested a religious exemption from vaccination so that their children could attend on-base daycare. The Air Force denied their request. Our attorneys worked with the parents and less than a week later, their appeal was granted.

Their children can now attend daycare while having their religious freedoms honored. We engage in these battles to send a message that nobody, not even the military, can trample on the right to informed consent without being held accountable.

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Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 15

- **ICAN proved the US Centers for Disease Control knew about breakthrough COVID-19 infections post-vaccination as early as March 2021.** ICAN obtained documents showing that California's health department alerted the CDC in March 2021 that it was fielding "many calls" for advice on instances of breakthrough SARS-CoV-2 infection.
- **ICAN blew the whistle on the US Dept of Health and Human Services (HHS) for shirking its vaccine safety duties for over 34 years.** Federal law requires HHS to send bi-annual reports to Congress detailing how it has made childhood vaccines safer. Yet, HHS has never filed a single report.

In response to ICAN checking in again on this issue, HHS admitted that there are still no reports. **Not one.** While HHS has a \$2.95 trillion budget, it **doesn't care about safer childhood vaccines**—and never has. ICAN will continue to hold this agency accountable for failing to fulfill its duties.

It's ICAN who keeps beating government meddlers in court by uncovering explosive information about infectious disease and vaccines that Washington bureaucrats never want you to see. ICAN has ...

- Demanded answers about death discrepancies in Pfizer' clinical trials.
- Forced the CDC to admit that there is no basis for its claim that COVID-19 vaccines do not cause variants.
- Discovered that the CDC cannot provide a single instance of a confirmed COVID-19 death in a child younger than 16.
- Exposed the fact the CDC cannot back up its claims regarding potential genetic mutations from COVID-19 vaccines.
- Uncovered the disturbing truth that the CDC has no data to support its tweet that it's safe to give the monkeypox, flu and COVID shots together.

ICAN Legal Team blew the whistle on a new class of "encrypted RNA" vaccines being developed that would piggyback onto an existing wild virus and spread from person to person without any person's knowledge or consent.

In short, **everyone gets vaccinated whether they like it or not.**

ICAN attorneys not only continue to expose the potential hazards of vaccines but are winning in court to stop BIG Government and BIG Pharma from taking away your right to make the health decisions for you and your family.

Today, I am asking patriots like you who value their freedom to become an ICAN supporter. With your help, ICAN will do even more to protect you and your family.

Please give what you can. Your gift of \$75 ... \$50 ... \$25 ... any amount you can give will help ICAN to keep winning in court. And when we win, you and your family win!

Thank you for helping ICAN's legal team challenge government and corporate excess in court. Together we will keep the ruling elite out of your family's health decisions.

Be Brave!

FINANCIAL



Andy Schektman Brics Reset Gold

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K6tTaqPXXk>

Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 16

GLOBAL WARMING

Don't fall for their climate change shite, the planet goes through natural cycles and unnatural weather manipulation, it's all designed to make you pay more and to put fear into your minds. They are now killing people with their weather machine to make you believe it's climate change owing to CO2. Let me tell you that when a volcano erupts it produces billions of tons of the stuff, will they cap them to!! Expose their lies and then go after them one by one.

Temperatures for each summer since 1976, so 50 years:

1976 – 35.9°C – July
 1990 – 37.1°C – August
 1995 – 35.2°C – August
 2003 – 38.5°C – August
 2006 – 36.5°C – July
 2013 – 34.1°C – August
 2015 – 36.7°C – July
 2018 – 35.3°C – July
 2019 – 38.7°C – July
 2022 – 40.3°C – July
 2023 – 38.7°C – June
 2024 – 35.2°C – June (so far)

Cobra meeting welcome to fact check
 haha

Geoengineering and climate manipulations, the ultimate weapon to control the world. Climate change is a side issue. Toxic chemicals such as aluminium, strontium and barium are being sprayed from planes as chemtrails in the atmosphere, possibly provoking auto-immune disorders. Accumulation of aluminium in the brain is a probable cause of Alzheimers. Governments are justifying such action as 'research', albeit with unsuspecting subjects. Dissenters call it 'war on populations'.

<https://frankenskies.com/#watch-now>



GOVERNMENT



Ed:- This was presented by Contributor Simon Baddeley.

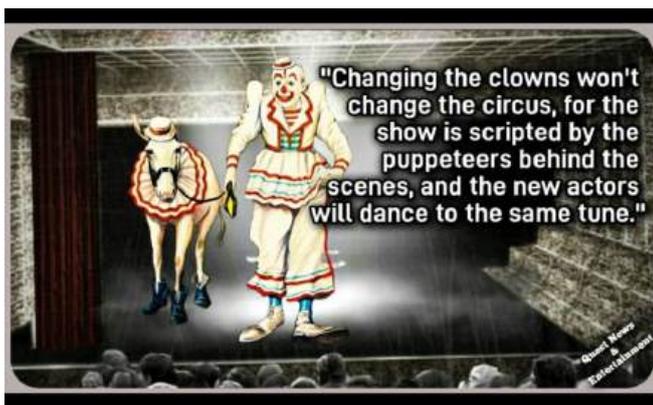
The hard-hitting truth from Prof Matt Goodwin of Essex University.

“An elite class that is deeply biased and out-of-touch with the rest of the country; a class that is more interested in criticising and attacking the British majority than addressing the reasons they feel so utterly disillusioned. They are rooted in the deliberate decision to pursue mass immigration, to weaken our borders, to usher in unprecedented cultural changes, to fail to integrate newcomers, and then refuse to tolerate any criticism of these policies. But they are rooted, too, in a palpable sense of unfairness, hypocrisy, and bias when it comes to this elite class – a class that routinely appears more interested in catering to minorities over the majority, attacking rather than listening to the British majority, and violating the British sense of fair play which is absolutely central to our culture. Had the elite class stopped the boats and controlled the borders people would not be rioting.

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Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 17

Many people, too, will be wondering why the likes of Keir Starmer, Yvette Cooper, Sadiq Khan, and others routinely talk about 'hate' and 'thuggery' among the British majority while doing all they can to distract us from asking for the real reasons why our children have been blown up at pop concerts, murdered at dance classes, and subjected to industrial-scale, anti-White rape across dozens of English towns. Many will also be wondering why the elite class has continued to reshape Britain and its institutions – schools, universities, civil service, museums, galleries, and more – around a corrosive identity politics only to now wonder why the British are organising themselves along similar lines. And many people will be wondering if Britain really is the successful multicultural society that the Labour Party and liberals tell us it is then why are we now watching gangs of Muslims roaming the streets chanting 'Allahu Akbar!' rather than waving the Union Jack. Is this what successful multiculturalism looks like? Is Keir Starmer, the man denouncing these protests as 'far-right thuggery', the same Keir Starmer who rushed to Take the Knee days after Black Lives Matter protestors broke the law, injured nearly 30 police officers and defaced national monuments? And is he the same Keir Starmer who openly praised Extinction Rebellion and leads a government whose MPs have openly socialised and engaged with Islamist extremists? Is the elite class that is rushing to denounce the protests the same class that remained largely silent as antisemites and Islamists marched up and down the country celebrating the murder and rape of Jews, or simply denying these things took place? Are many of the towns that are experiencing the most serious violence today, like Rotherham, the same ones where at least 1,400 young white girls were raped by Muslim gangs, a scandal Labour elites said it was 'racist' to talk about?"

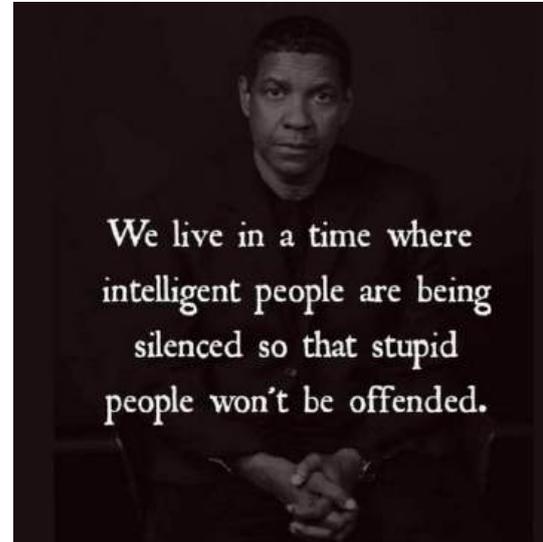


In Plane Sight: George Bush

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

Donald Trump

<https://libertysentinel.org/is-donald-trump-with-or-against-the-deep-state/>



MEDICAL

Help us STOP the gender transition propaganda and medical mutilation of children!

What is commonly referred to as Gender-Affirming Care is in fact Medical Mutilation - life-altering procedures that carry high risks. Recognizing the profound, irreversible harm caused by these hormonal and surgical interventions, AFLDS calls for an **immediate** moratorium on these interventions for children.

We are determined to use every method possible to end this assault on our children.

By partnering with the millions of freedom-minded Americans we aim to reach in the next 90 days, we are set to exert unprecedented pressure on our leaders to take action and safeguard our children.

That is why we are calling upon Congress to pass a FEDERAL LAW prohibiting child gender reassignment surgeries and block the display of trans-propaganda to minors. Countless TV shows, movies, and culture icons are intentionally manipulating the youth of this country in an attempt to push a trans-agenda.

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Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 18

While you read this, twisted teachers, school counselors, doctors, and more are aggressively brainwashing little boys and girls into feeling like they're trapped in the wrong body ... and that "transitioning" is the only way they'll get the right body and feel happy.

I wish these were isolated cases, but they're not.

You'd be shocked how many children hear that message every day in public school classrooms across the country. It's a real pandemic of cunning, evil propaganda.



They want to kill you - Here's how they'll do it

Dr Vernon Coleman

Transcript of Vernon's latest video which is the scariest video you'll ever watch.

Click [here](#) if you would rather watch the video on Vernon Coleman's channel on bitchute

This is the scariest video you'll ever watch. You probably won't see or read any of this anywhere else. And as usual it's all true. I'm going to tell you how they're going to persuade you to kill yourself. And if they don't succeed in getting you to commit suicide, then I'm going to tell you how they're going to kill you. This is scary. It's taken me weeks to put this together and I still find it disturbing.

It is April 2024 and welcome to video 335.

I said in my last video that I was taking a break and I meant it. However, something else has come along that I have to warn you about.

Euthanasia. Suicide by doctor.

Euthanasia is being promoted as offering dignity and control.

But in a growing number of countries all over the world the same lies are told.

Everything you think you know about euthanasia is almost certainly wrong.

Euthanasia is about saving money, collecting organs for the super- rich, killing disabled children, killing the mentally ill and reducing the money spent on caring for the poor and the disabled and patients in pain. Euthanasia isn't painless and it's all about saving money and harvesting organs for the rich.

You think I'm exaggerating?

Well, they killed one man because he was deaf. They've already killed people who were poor. And they've killed people who tried to change their minds. Euthanasia victims have died screaming - struggling to live. They'll kill children who say they want to die - without their parents' permission.

Euthanasia victims are listed in the official statistics according to whatever disease they had last. So, someone with diabetes who is euthanized will have died of diabetes and not of euthanasia. This is the same trick they used to pretend that covid was killing millions. Remember, early in 2020 I pointed out that the rules and the PCR test allowed the authorities to label patients as covid deaths when they'd actually been run over by a bus or killed by an axe wielding madman.

They won't let me tell you about this on YouTube, on Facebook on Twitter or anywhere else except here on my Bitchute channel and on my website www.vernoncoleman.com.

I am banned from every other form of media there is. Joe Biden's White House even tried to get one of my books banned. No one was allowed to report that.

Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 19

Today, euthanasia is already legal in Belgium, Canada, Luxembourg, Netherlands, New Zealand, Spain, Colombia and parts of Australia as well as Switzerland and some States in America.

A disabled woman in Canada was offered a place on her nation's euthanasia programme because it was easier than adapting her home to her needs. A Canadian man who was facing eviction from social housing was accepted onto the country's euthanasia program. A mother was accused of selfishness when she wouldn't allow them to kill her disabled but life-loving daughter.

For nearly 60 years I have chronicled the deceptions of the medical profession and the drug industry. In February and March 2020, I warned that there was no pandemic, just the flu with better than average marketing. I warned that old people would be targeted – which they were. I also warned then about the vaccine that was coming and that would be as compulsory as they could make it. That was many months before there was a covid vaccine – which was, of course, as predicted, just another part of an on-going programme of corruption, deceit and killing. I was the first in the world to reveal the side effects of the covid vaccine.

Now, they are ready for the next stage: death by doctor.

This is what the conspirators have been working towards for decades.

They're preparing to turn the world into one big Jonestown.

Euthanasia or death by doctor is the most evil, cold-blooded massacre since Genghis Khan made genocide fashionable.

They're planning to kill children without telling their parents. They're planning to kill anyone who can't look after themselves. They're planning to kill anyone classified as disabled. And in case you haven't noticed they've been busy expanding the list of people who are now officially classified as disabled. They're planning to get rid of hospices and to abandon palliative care because it's much quicker and cheaper to kill people than it is to care for them.

Forget the self-serving myth that euthanasia is painless and dignified.

There are no standardised methods for euthanasia and so, as a result, there are frequent cases of prolonged and distressing deaths. Patients being euthanized vomit, wake

up from comas and can take up to seven days to die. No one knows what to do if an initial attempt at euthanasia fails. What should be done if a patient is semi-conscious? Should another attempt be made to kill them?

The same drugs which are used for killing prisoners on death row are sometimes used to kill patients who have consented to euthanasia. But if paralysing drugs are used, the patient appears calm, peaceful and quiet – but that doesn't tell us what the patient is experiencing.

Unlike with prisoners, monitors are not used when a patient is being killed. This means that there is no evidence about what is happening.

Experts fear that patients being killed may suffer intolerable, unbearable physical or psychological pain. The relatives of a woman in her 30s heard screams when she was supposedly being euthanized. The woman was suffocated with a pillow after drugs failed to kill her.

An elderly, demented woman in Belgium was euthanized after her family decided that she should be killed. The doctor laced her coffee with her sedatives – while she was chatting with her family. The doctor gave another sedative by injection. The woman then stood up. Family members held her down while the doctor injected her and killed her. Judges declared that 'the doctor did not need to verify her wish for euthanasia.'

In his new book, Jack King reports that complications which have been recorded during euthanasia include: vomiting, tachycardia, sweating, gasping. One patient became unconscious 25 minutes after swallowing lethal medication but woke up and regained consciousness 65 hours later.

Lethal injections cause severe pain, a sensation of drowning and quiet, unspoken terror in the overwhelming majority of cases.

A woman needed a wheelchair ramp in her home. Her caseworker offered her a medical assisted death instead.

A student went to hospital for help with her debilitating feelings of depression and hopelessness. The staff member she saw told her that psychiatrists were in short supply. 'Have you considered euthanasia?' she was asked. A hospital spokesman said that the hospital had followed protocols.

A 61-year-old woman suffered from depression after a concussion sustained in a car crash. She was offered, and accepted, death by doctor as an alternative to treatment.

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Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 20

A 61-year-old Canadian was killed by a lethal injection in 2019. His health problem was hearing loss. No medical personnel contacted his relatives 'out of respect for patient confidentiality'.

A man with a degenerative brain disorder was offered euthanasia so often that he began recording hospital staff. In one recording, a hospital ethicist told him that his care was costing the hospital 'north of \$1,500 a day' and asked if he had 'an interest in assisted dying'.

A woman took her daughter to a hospital emergency room. Unprompted, the doctor informed the woman that her 25-year-old daughter, who has cerebral palsy and spinal bifida, was a good candidate for euthanasia. When she said No, the doctor called the mother selfish.

Euthanasia is being offered to the mentally ill. Since there is now a major global epidemic of mental illness and general misery, this is a perfect background for selling euthanasia.

And they're killing children.

Naturally, the world being what it is these days, the authorities will not tell the parents of those children what is being planned. The parents will only know after the event. They'll get an email. 'You may have noticed that your 12-year-old son did not come home from school today. This is because he enrolled in our Suicide for Students programme and we helped him to kill himself this afternoon.'

How many children (and particularly teenagers) do not sometimes wish they were dead?

'My boyfriend has broken up with me. I wish I were dead.'

'I've been bullied on Facebook so much. I wish I were dead.'

No problem, here at the Justin Trudeau Let's Kill the Children centre we can deal with that for you. Like Mr Trudeau himself, it'll just be a little prick. Just put your satchel and your lollypop down, lie down and your problems are over forever. We'll ring your mum and dad later and tell them that you won't be coming home. They can collect your body from the Justin Trudeau Morgue.

The incidence of state sanctioned suicide is soaring - though as I've explained they fiddle the figures.

Millions of younger people have been encouraged to regard every moment of temporary unhappiness or disappointment as a sign of a serious mental disorder. Doctors in the UK are now writing nearly 500,000 prescriptions for powerful, largely unsuitable antidepressant drugs to be given to children.

This is a perfect background for selling euthanasia.

The media has created fear and sadness and a sense of powerlessness and worthlessness. They have created the concept of a life not worth living.

Is it really a coincidence that the subject of euthanasia is being promoted heavily by the media and by politicians at the same time as fear levels are at their highest for a very long time?

And physical disabilities now merit euthanasia too.

Back in 2010 the British Government quietly changed the legal definition of disability. Lots of people thought this was kind of them.

You are now automatically classified as disabled (and, therefore, likely to be a suitable candidate for euthanasia) if you have, among other many things:

Any visual impairment

Any physical or mental impairment

Any difficulty in communicating with other people

Any difficulty in filling in forms

Any difficulty in preparing and eating food

Any difficulty in sitting down or standing up

Any difficulty in using a computer

Any difficulty in getting washed and dressed

Any difficulty in following instructions

Long covid - even though it doesn't exist

Menopause

ADHD, autism, dyslexia

Millions welcomed the change. The disabled can be permanently off work and receive benefits. But disabled people are candidates for euthanasia, whether or not they are willing to be killed.

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Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 21

Campaigners speaking on behalf of the disabled have for many decades warned that the legalisation of assisted suicide would lead to society devaluing the lives of people who are disabled or elderly. The usually unspoken fear was that patients would be made to feel guilty if they didn't kill themselves (or allow themselves to be killed).

It's happening.

Death is seen as a viable alternative to costly and inevitably futile medical treatment.

A paper in Canada concluded that Medically Assisted Death could dramatically reduce annual health spending.

Vulnerable people will be killed (or will be expected to do a Captain Oates to save money and resources).

One third of those taking part in Canada's euthanasia programme perceived themselves to be a burden on their family, their friends and on their caregivers. Many worried about the amount of money that was being spent on caring for them.

Unsurprisingly, euthanasia is rapidly becoming one of Canada's fastest growing causes of death.

A woman who was living on disability payments and who had failed to obtain affordable housing ended her life under Canada's assisted-suicide laws. 'The Government sees me as expendable trash,' she said.

Canada's Supreme Court ruled that the previous law which excluded people with disabilities from the death by doctor scheme was unconstitutional.

Amazingly 27% of Canadians believe that euthanasia should be expanded to include people who aren't ill but who are poor. And 28% of Canadians would offer 'death by doctor' to the homeless.

Euthanasia was supposed to be offered only to people who were terminally ill. But who knows what is incurable and what isn't? A cure may be just around the corner. The patient's problem may disappear without treatment. The diagnosis might be wrong. The doctor may not be aware that a cure is available. An available cure may be deemed too expensive. I've known patients diagnosed as having weeks to live who were still alive a decade later.

With mental health problems, the worries are even greater. But there won't be a chance for a better day. The sensitive and the vulnerable will be dead.

The elderly are being killed off first, of course, being made to feel guilty if they don't submit to euthanasia. Conditioning, propaganda and predictive programming are all being used to promote the idea that older citizens have a duty to die when they reach 70 years of age.

Enthusiasts like to claim that doctor assisted suicide is essential because people are living longer and, as a result, the global population of elderly people is growing out of proportion. The only sensible thing to do, the argument goes, is to kill off the excess old people to preserve space and resources for the young.

As I first explained back in the 1970s, that's a myth.

Improved sanitation facilities and better drinking water supplies meant that the number of babies dying - and the number of women dying in childbirth - fell dramatically at the end of the 19th century and the start of the 20th century. That is what has resulted in a bigger population and more old people.

Life expectation for adults has not risen appreciably during the last century. Take a look at my book 'How to Live Longer' for the proof.

So why are so many countries legalising death by doctor?

One reason is that a bunch of conspirators claim that it is necessary to reduce the size of the global population. They want to cut the world's population down to 500 million. There is plenty of food to feed billions more. But much of the food is in the wrong place at the wrong time.

The conspirators have two fundamental policies: 'End global poverty by killing all the poor people' and 'End disease by killing all the sick.'

You have to follow the money if you want to find the truth.

The disabled and the elderly are now widely regarded as of little or no financial value.

And then there are pensions, of course.

Many of those who receive State pensions believe (quite erroneously) that the money they have paid in taxes has been put aside to pay their pensions. But pension programmes are simply huge Ponzi schemes. State pensions are paid out of today's taxes. In twenty years' time, pensions will be paid out of the taxes which are paid by workers in twenty years' time. If the size of the aged population can be cut, the annual savings will be measured in billions of dollars.

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Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 22

After thousands of elderly people were murdered in hospitals and care homes during the lockdowns – remember I called it murder at the time – politicians boasted with glee that the financial savings, in unpaid pensions, would be huge. The more people they kill, the more money they'll save.

The pro-euthanasia programme is nothing to do with reducing pain or distress: it is all about saving money.

It is a lot cheaper to kill people than it is to provide palliative care.

Take a look at what is happening in Holland.

The advocates of killing-by-doctor in Holland don't like to use the word 'kill', of course. They much prefer anodyne phrases such as 'physician assisted suicide' or 'aid in dying'. You can call it 'medically assisted suicide' or 'death with dignity'. But don't call it killing or murder. They've mastered the art of state approved slaughter.

Doctors will kill people of any age and they will kill people who are demented or depressed or who have long-term, chronic disorders. An 18-year-old with psychiatric problems was killed by doctors.

They will, indeed, kill just about anyone. They'll even kill you if you are just 'tired of life'. A petition, signed by a number of prominent Dutch citizens, has suggested that euthanasia should be available to everyone over the age of 70 who feels a bit worn out.

Plans were announced for a law that would allow 'assisted suicide' if a patient 'felt that they had completed their life' (whatever that means). It was said that the needs of older people should be met if they were struggling with mobility problems, a loss of independence, fatigue or loneliness. Meeting their needs shouldn't involve walking sticks, wheelchairs, dietary help or companionship but death by doctor.

Way back in the 1990s, a 50-year-old social worker felt so miserable that she said she wanted to die. So her doctor gave her a glass of poison to drink. And she duly died.

Today, they'll kill you if you are demented or have an existential problem you can't cope with. They'll kill you if you are lonely or depressed or not much use.

Older patients are deprived of food, water, diagnosis or medication. And then, when they feel pretty damned uncomfortable and miserable, they're offered a death pill.

'You've had a long life, why are you hanging on when your time is up? You're using up valuable resources.'

And they'll kill children as young as 12-years-old.

The enthusiasts promoting 'death by doctor' in Holland now even have a 'Euthanasia Week' where they can share propaganda promoting euthanasia.

Individuals can make a 'Living Will' or 'Advance Directive' in which they sign up for euthanasia at some future time. Don't try to change your mind because living wills are legal documents which cannot be easily rescinded.

One patient fought back while doctors were giving her a kill shot. The relatives held the patient down while the needle went in. The patient was screaming as well as fighting. Courts later cleared the doctors (and presumably the family) of any crime.

And look again at what is happening to hospices and palliative care around the world. Funding for both is disappearing. There's plenty of money for gender displacement clinics but none for hospices or palliative care.

Hospices have to find three quarters of their funding themselves. Just imagine the outcry if, for example, infertility services or cosmetic surgery clinics relied on jumble sales, car boot sales, bucket collections and charity shops to survive?

The aim is clearly to reduce palliative care just as the availability of euthanasia is increased. The same thing is happening all around the world.

What the world desperately needs, of course, is more mobile palliative care services with doctors and nurses available to visit patients who are dying and who are in their own homes.

But the opposite is happening.

Just a few decades ago, doctors in Britain visited their patients at home during the daytime, during the evening, at weekends and on bank holidays. Nowhere in the world was there a better 24 hour a day GP service than in Britain. Today, the average GP earns well over £100,000 a year with a £50,000 vaccine bonus and works just 25 hours a week. Accountants and librarians work longer hours than GPs.

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Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 23

Health care in Britain has been destroyed by this. There is more untreated illness and more people are suffering from chronic illnesses and suffering unnecessarily. Patients have little alternative but to call for an ambulance or visit their nearest Accident and Emergency hospital department. Many of these patients have problems which could be dealt with by a GP in five minutes but the vastly increased pressure means that the average waiting time for an ambulance has gone in many areas from minutes to hours, and in Accident and Emergency departments patients wait days to be seen. It is now by no means exceptional for patients to die while waiting to be treated. Last year over 100,000 people over 70 waited more than 24 hours in A and E.

The result is that millions of people are on never ending waiting lists.

And many never get there. Turn up at a hospital, in an ambulance and sedated and they'll offer you instant death instead of hours of waiting and pain.

The same deterioration has taken place around the world and it has led to a dramatic increase in the number of people agreeing to have Do Not Resuscitate notices placed on their medical records and accepting euthanasia as the only viable option.

And there is one other reason why the establishment is so keen on euthanasia: it will release a good many organs for use. If people are left to die naturally, their organs will deteriorate and begin to rot but if they are killed at the right time, their organs can be harvested in good condition - as they're needed.

Organ donation started out as optional and voluntary but has become the default position with citizens having to opt out of giving their organs - possibly while they would like to be still using them.

There is no little irony in the fact that patients being encouraged to die might themselves be saved if they were considered important enough to be treated as organ recipients rather than as organ donors.

Doctors have been told to suggest organ donation as, if not an incentive, kind of 'consolation' for the person's own loss of life.

Since organ transplantation is extremely expensive, and health services are cutting costs, it is inevitable that the organs taken from patients who have been murdered by the State will be reserved for politicians and billionaires.

Euthanasia is now global. In America, death by doctor is being pushed by politicians, lobbyists and lawyers. Death by doctor is being sold as freedom, as a choice, as a human right.

The right to die has become the duty to die. In Oregon and Washington, well over half of requests for assisted suicide cited 'feelings of being a burden' as significant reasons for their requests.

Just how enthusiastic would anyone be if doctors simply shot their patients in the head instead of injecting them? Doctors agree that the quickest, simplest, most painless, most dignified and cheapest way to kill people is to shoot them in the head.

Or maybe gas chambers could be introduced. They are cheap and effective and can be used to kill a number of people at a time.

Suicide by doctor isn't legal yet in the UK but the Brits have had an excellent substitute. Back in the 1990s something called the Liverpool Care Pathway was introduced. This allowed doctors and nurses to kill anyone over 70 whom they didn't like by the simple expedient of not giving them food or water.

Years ago the Liverpool Care Pathway was put out of bounds as being unethical, painful, distressing and wicked. But doctors and nurses still use it. And speed it up with a kill shot of morphine and midazolam. This was very popular during the covid fraud and was used to free up whole hospital wards so that nurses and doctors could get on with rehearsing their TikTok dance steps.

And then there were the Do Not Resuscitate notices which I have warned you about many times over the years. DNR notices have been put on patients' notes without their permission and even against their wishes.

Euthanasia, supported by the media, will be legalised in the UK very soon.

Who will decide who can or should die? Will it be patients themselves, relatives, nurses, social workers or just any old neighbourly busy body? Suicide has gone from illegal to optional. How soon will euthanasia become compulsory and for whom?

When euthanasia is made legal worldwide then Pandora's Box will be open. And no one will ever be able to close the lid. The laws are always extended to include people who are deaf or diabetic or 16 and feeling fed up with the world.

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Who is going to be trained to help with euthanasia?

The problem, of course, is that good, caring doctors and nurses are trained to keep people alive and refuse to kill their patients. Most hospices refuse to have anything to do with euthanasia.

This will leave patients in the hands of people who are not experts in end of life care or of pain management.

Either euthanasia will be provided by a small group of itinerant doctors who will travel around the country killing patients they don't know - the modern equivalent of the professional hangmen who used to travel around with a supply of rope.

Or euthanasia will be provided by technicians who have as little as six hours' online training. I suspect that many of the people who will be attracted to work as hired killers will be psychopaths, murderers and assassins who will enjoy killing people.

Remember that the vast majority of people who, for whatever reason, attempt to commit suicide and fail, later give thanks that they have failed. With 'death by doctor' that possibility is lost.

Can doctors bring up the subject of assisted death without influencing their patients? Or frightening them unnecessarily? Is it really a doctor's job to offer to kill their patient?

If you want to know more about how they are going to kill us, please read a new book called 'They want to kill us' and it's written by Dr Jack King. It's the only truly honest account of their evil plan I've ever read and I've bought copies to give away. Please do the same. There's a link to the book in the box below. And please share this video as widely as you can.

Discussing euthanasia would make a great TV or radio debate.

But the authorities will never allow a proper debate - just as they will never allow a debate about vaccination or the covid fraud.

Unless you share this video or distribute copies of Dr King's book then I've wasted my time, mankind is lost and we're all finished. It's as simple as that. This video is not monetised and nor is my website.

Please remember you are not alone. More and more people are waking up. And once they're awake they don't go back to sleep.

Distrust the Government, avoid mass media and fight the lies.

And thank you for watching an old man in a chair. I'm old, my eyes are going, I have difficulty using a computer and I'm worried. However old you are, you should be worried too.

Click [here](#) to purchase Jack King's shocking new book "They want to kill us"

Click [here](#) to purchase Jack King's shocking new book "They want to kill us"

Please buy copies to distribute to family and friends so that we can share the important truth together.

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When Nitsa Was Young

Chapter 8 : The Princess in Germany and Thereafter

by Paul McGovern



Kostas took his little Princesses over to Brindisi, up to Munich by train and then changing for Windischeschenbach and the New Houses. The journey took about a day or so. At Munich station little Lula discovered a press-button fountain near the toilets. What a novelty! Kostas was beginning to wonder why his daughter had been downstairs for the toilet three times already. Whatever could be up? He was irritated because he had to leave the luggage upstairs

Agiots Abroad

unattended whilst he went to see what was happening. What was happening? Pools of water everywhere, that's what.

Nitsa was waiting in her dressing gown to welcome the children; she had not seen them for six months. Lula ran straight into her arms, she remembers.

Germany was new and exciting for the girls. Lula remembers everything was bright. Electric lights everywhere, not like home. For one week she and Anna were settling in and then they were packed off to the town every morning at 7.30 by bus to attend kindergarten two kilometers away, run by nuns. These ladies were strict but not cruel. Naughty children were put into a dark room but crafty Lula had worked out where the switch was and found a chair to reach it. There were



Anna and Lula

four Greek children in the school, the rest being German. A boy named Thomas bullied little Anna; she was terrified of him. Lula used to beat him up. She was very protective of her little sister. Every afternoon their father or mother would walk from the factory to the corner shop, where the shop owner's family looked over them for a little while, to pick them up. There the little girls would be standing, hand in hand waiting.

Nitsa's job at the porcelain factory was to dip pieces into a glaze before firing; 6000 per day was her target. She had to wear protective gloves and stand all day, which did not help her troublesome back. She stood in a line of three or four women. Kostas and Nitsa both remembered that the work was hard, but less so than the manual labour they had been used to in Corfu. Kostas' hourly rate was now two marks and twelve pfennigs per hour, while Nitsa was on one mark and sixty pfennigs.

Within three months the little Princesses could speak German. They liked it there. On the weekends they were taken on trips. They went to their first fair and saw their first Big Wheel. Lula saw her first Christmas tree and lights. On St Nicholas' Day Kostas watched his girls recite poems at the kindergarten and receive their presents. On a starker note, an hour away from Windischeschenbach they were taken to see a small crematorium from World War 2, where 60,000 had perished.



Christmas

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Cold winters

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When Nitsa was Young - Continued from page 26



The factory was also impressive to young minds. It had seven storeys and lifts! When Kostas and Nitsa worked overtime, there were other relatives from Corfu on hand to babysit: Nitsa's brothers Giorgos and Teo, and Kostas' sister Katina, who had her little boy

Hari with her and her husband Nikos - Nikos later became the priest in Vatos.

This happy life lasted three years in Germany, with one paid holiday to Corfu after the first year. In late August 1965 it was ripe for a return to the island. It was time for some Greek schooling for the sisters. Grandad Ioannis had been running the kafeneion during their absence. No main food courses in those days, but there were little mezes, and beer, wine and cigarettes in abundance.

A few tourists came to the village from the early 60's, young travellers. By the late 60's the kafeneion had graduated to a taverna.



There remained one last return to Germany for Kostas Halikias. In 1968 his sister Sofia recommended him for a good job in a paper factory in Dusseldorf. He earned seven and a half marks per hour, a big increase on his earlier wage. He was back home again in June of 1970,

and the taverna was becoming busy. Too busy for Nitsa and the aged people. Marika (Kostas' sister) lent her husband Spiros to help work the place until Kostas' return for good, after his years of hard work in Germany.

For Corfu in general, and certainly for Agios Ioannis, this was the start of modern tourism. The taverna, in one guise or another, had existed since 1908, but now it was about to enter a new and exciting international chapter.

The hostel in the plateia [now the Archontiko Petrettini Boutique Hotel] was open from 1958, operated by Vasilis' aunties. By 1966, the first backpackers were coming. In 1969 the typical stay would be a bed at the hostel for 18 drachmas a night! A short stagger over the plateia, the taverna was on hand to dispense beers for two or three drachmas a bottle.

You could get chips (from potatoes grown by Kostas and Nitsa at Barberanni), spaghetti, omelettes and cigarettes, and a Metaxa cost two drachmas. There was a drink called Spumande, a sort of fizzy retsina.

English, American, Dutch and Australian visitors were the first Kostas remembers from these early days. These were the pioneers.

Word quickly spread and by the following year the stage was set for the glory years to follow. An American, the late Scott Smith, moved into Villa Sofia in the early seventies and recorded some histories from those precious times. By 1972 the hostel was fairly full in high-season, so the overspill moved down to the Cactus Hilton, to pitch their tents among the olives.

Business became unbalanced; many people were deserting the hostel for the free Cactus Hilton. One day Vasilis the hostel owner called the police, who



came and knocked down the tents. They were erected again within a few days.

Now Deserted

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When Nitsa was Young - Continued from page 27



Greek night in Germany

Dear Crazy Nitsa [a lady who helped Kostas and Nitsa] let out a cheap room near to the taverna (one week here would cost about 100 Drachmas for two or three people), and on one occasion Nick The Watch was chased by Crazy Nitsa with a broom - only he would know why.

Where Anna’s apartments now stand was an old spiti for guests, with a single room. Some people slept in the open in sleeping bags.

There were no mobile phones then. The single village phone was in the taverna. From here only could our patrons reach a world beyond.

Each succeeding year got busier during those mid-seventies. Life was free and easy, but Kostas kept control of his wayward charges.

He ran a tab and played the game with the craftier of the clientele. Off to Myrriotisa went the young revellers, to return for loud and happy balmy nights. They got loud very often. Occasionally, Nitsa would dampen their passions by throwing water over them from her bedroom window, above the taverna tables. Uncle Lollos, dear old Uncle Lollos, had his own unique method - he would start up his chain-saw when the taverna row got too much to bear.

The world-famous Kostas Juke Box was inaugurated in about 1972 and many of its songs live on, in cassettes scattered across the globe and in the souls of the ‘degenerates’. In 1975 Dino Analitis joined the fun and opened Dino’s Taverna on the crossroads.

Many a story emanates from this golden time in Agios Ioannis. But this is not the place in which to record it just now, but recorded it will be.



Home for holiday



Kostas, Nitsa, Lula and Anna in garden of Factory overseer



Lula, Nitsa, Kostas and Anna



Lula with bunches



For you Motorheads by Frank Johnson

Try this 60-second trick to instantly reduce your fuel costs by 85%.

A mechanic from rural California has stunned the nation with something no one expected. He recently shared a strange trick that anyone can use to fuel cars for barely a dime. It works so well that it's taking social media by storm, turning into a total viral sensation.

The story began 18 months ago. Christian, a mechanic and father of two, woke up one morning to a big scare. He had been struggling with the high cost of fuel for months, barely managing to make ends meet. One day, he had to make a heartbreaking decision between filling up the car with gas so he could get to work or buying the dream birthday gift he had promised his 8-year-old son.

Seeing the look of disappointment in his son's eyes when he couldn't afford to give him the gift he had been looking forward to was devastating. To make matters worse, his son had been getting bullied at school, and Christian knew that bringing the gift to school would have boosted his confidence and helped him make new friends.

The pain and guilt of not being able to provide for his family weighed heavily on him, and he felt like a failure. As a father, Christian decided he would never let his family down again, so he vowed to do something about it. Using his expertise in automotive technology, Christian discovered most cars made after 1996 were configured in a way that causes the engine to consume more fuel than it really needs.

Using proper technology, it was possible to override it and instantly unlock massive savings. Using cutting-edge AI technology, he built a one-of-a-kind device that calibrates your car's fuel usage, reducing fuel costs by 30 percent without any decrease in performance. Christian decided to test the gadget in his own car, and his wife couldn't believe what happened.

They went on a few weekend trips, and his wife noticed the fuel gauge had only slightly moved, even after driving for several miles. She double-checked the car's mileage on the dashboard, then took a longer drive around the neighborhood and couldn't

believe how little fuel they had used. Unlike other fuel-saving devices they had tried, there was no decrease in the car's performance.

It was simply more efficient, but Christian was still skeptical, so he ordered further testing. Under controlled testing, consumption of his gas-guzzling car went from 12 mpg to 32 mpg, giving him more than double the mileage from a single tank of gas. But the only problem was the device was too big, taking up way too much space in the car. So he continued to work tirelessly on his theory, and 27 prototypes later, he finally struck gold with a device smaller than a matchbox that drops gas bills by a massive 85%.

After word got out about what he'd made, investors quickly lined up. Christian was given over 3 million in funding to bring his device to market, and after months of development, the result of his work is finally here. It's called Optifuel, and the response to it has been breathtaking. It's a revolutionary device that uses cutting-edge AI technology to calibrate your car's fuel usage, reducing gas costs by 30 percent without any decrease in performance.

At just the size of a matchbox, it plugs under the dashboard of any car made after 1996, instantly giving you almost double the mileage from a single tank of gas. That's an average of \$3,000 in savings for every driver each year. Installation is easy and takes less than 30 seconds. Just plug it in, and it works.

Optifuel instantly reduces fuel costs without any maintenance needed. After hearing the incredible feedback, we had to give it a test, but truth be told, we were skeptical. We've tested dozens of devices over the years that have claimed to reduce fuel consumption, but most have either slowed our car down or didn't save on fuel as much as they claimed.

But the device arrived two days after ordering, and the first thing we were struck by was just how small it was. After plugging it into our car, we didn't even notice it was there. But that's not even the most exciting part. When measuring fuel consumption, we were stunned. It was able to slash our car's fuel bills by a staggering 85 percent without any decrease in performance.

For you Motorheads—Continued from page 29

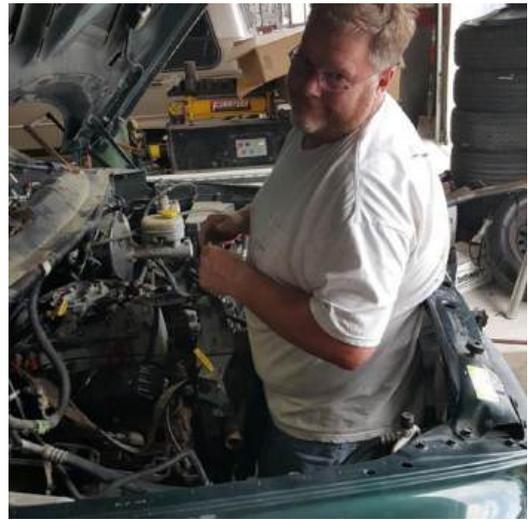
We'd struggle to find anything that will save car owners more money this summer. Lightweight and quiet to run, it's incredibly easy to use. Simply plug it into your car, and it'll instantly start optimizing fuel consumption, giving you almost double the mileage from a single tank of gas. It works in any car, truck, SUV, or van made after 1996, turning every vehicle into a fuel-efficient machine.

Work commutes, weekend trips, and daily drives all can become 100 percent fuel efficient. Already have a fuel-efficient vehicle? Use this—it will make it even more effective. With rising fuel prices, it's been difficult to stay in stock, and the Optifuel Fuel Saver has sold out three times already. But Christian has resisted the temptation to increase the price.

Despite the big oil companies trying to sue him into oblivion because he is cutting directly into their profit and bottom line, they have already been banned in stores across America, forcing Christian to sell it exclusively online. And he wants everyone to know about this new technology, so he has since tripled production and is offering a 50 percent off welcome-back sale for anyone who orders within the next 24 hours.

This is a great deal, and it might be taken down at any time, so it's best to act now. Now, I know what you're thinking: Will it work for me? Well, Christian wants purchasing to be completely risk-free, so he worked with Optifuel, the company behind this device, to offer an industry-leading, 180-day money-back guarantee on all purchases today.

You either reduce your fuel costs this summer, or you get a full refund, and you don't even need to return the product. Grab yours now before the super-low price is raised.

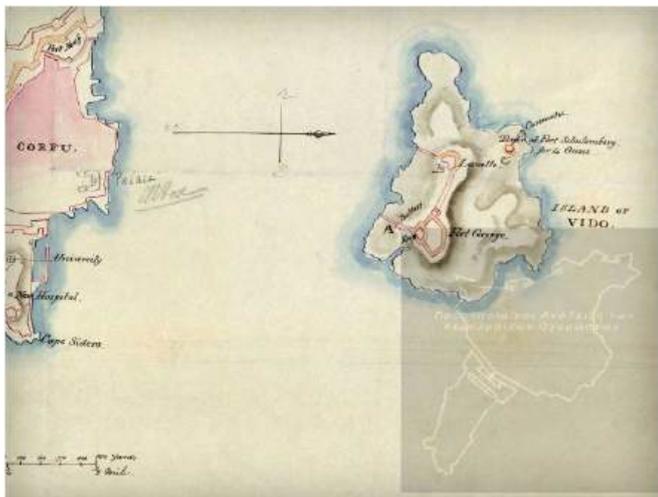


myoptifuel.shop
Cut Fuel Costs Instantly with This Genius Device

Vidos Island: The Key to the Island's Defences

.... And a Great Day Out: Part 3

By Hilary Paipeti



In 1807, under the terms of the Treaty of Tilsit, the French returned. They were determined not to be caught out a second time, and set about the construction of extensive fortifications around Corfu Town and on Vidos. Nine Russian-built coastal batteries stood on the islet, some built on the site of earlier ones, but this time the French plans were much more ambitious. Three powerful redoubts were constructed, one on the west side of the ridge (Redoubt Napoleon, meant as a last stronghold should the islet be invaded), and another to the east of the ridge (Redoubt Signal), while Fort Schulerberg was upgraded. Smaller batteries were built in other spots, while coastal entrenchments were installed all around the islet. The footprint of these defences can be seen today in the layout of current remains and constructions.

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Vidos Island: - Continued from page 30

But these formidable bastions were never tested. Following the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, the Union Flag was hoisted over Corfu on 23 June 1814, and the British protection of the Ionian Islands was confirmed by the Treaty of Paris the following year. During this latest seizure, not a shot was fired.



Fort George ruins



The Fortresses on Vido from The British Time courtesy of Corfu Fortifications



Wellington Lunette

The British arrived with contemporary ideas about the design of military architecture, driven by advanced scientific principles. First, the French fortifications had to be demolished, and replaced with the latest models. The Redoubt Signal site was rebuilt as Fort George (named in honour of the king). In an act of singular mockery, Redoubt Napoleon was supplanted by the Wellington Lunette (the second time in a decade that Wellington had dominated Napoleon). Daddy of them all, Fort Schulenberg, was blown up and a well-armed Martello tower was raised in its place. The smaller French fortifications were upgraded and refashioned.



Fort Schulenberg



Fort George layout



Fort Maitland (Schulenberg)

Vidos Island—Continued from page 31

Fort George was the most radical of the main fortresses, representing a new generation of military structures called polygonal works. Surrounded by a broad ditch with vertical walls, it had galleries both on the outside and inside of the ditch from where infantry could pour fire on any attackers foolhardy enough to venture into it, topped by ramparts on which stood nineteen artillery guns ready to bombard approaching naval vessels. At its hub was a keep, a mighty redoubt which could be isolated from the rest of the fort, and would serve as a last resort in the event of a successful attack.

In addition, the islet was covered by a vast infrastructure of service buildings and storage and armoury facilities.

The reconstruction of the Vidos defences was only a small part of the wider fortification of Corfu Town, which cost the equivalent of a million and a half pounds sterling, a vast sum for the day. While the investment served as an imperious assertion of British military and political might of the time, in the end it was money down the drain. As was the case with the French fortifications, the British ones were never needed to fend off an attack (though they must have provided a lot of fun for the soldiers!). But worse was to follow.

According to the terms of the 1863 Treaty of London, which handed the Ionian Islands to Greece, Corfu was proclaimed 'Open City' so that no Great Power could claim the island and utilise it for their own strategic interests. Part of the deal was the eradication of all the fortifications, including those on Vidos. Accordingly, they were obliterated, largely by explosives. Only severe pressure from the Hellenic government spared the Old and New Fortresses from the same fate.

The destruction angered the people of Corfu, whose taxes had paid for the defences.

In a world where Corfu had become something of a backwater, no further attempts were made to fortify the island. Later, when Europe and the world went once again to war, military machinery had moved on from the typical static formations of the 19th century.



A visitor's approach

Today, despite the destruction, some remains are still visible if you know where to look. Fort George was almost completely obliterated, and only in one place enough is preserved of a wall to imagine the grandeur of the past. Several parts of Wellington Lunette, including some vertical walls of the ditch, are still to be seen. Some of the outer walls of Fort Schulenberg exist, but the Martello tower is completely gone. Recently, at this location, an underground passage was excavated, leading to two galleries with double musketry loopholes, saved by a miracle. A coastal battery known as Canonieres remains in good condition on the western tip of the islet.

Amongst the dense vegetation, some gravestones keep alive memories of French and British soldiers who died for the cause of their betters. Many of the water reservoirs were not destroyed, and with restoration and maintenance still supply the needs of today's summer visitors. In the 1980s, the stables were redeveloped as a restaurant.



Water reservoir

To be continued.

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Vidos Island—Continued from page 32

How to visit Vidos

The history of Corfu Town is the history of its defences, and the offshore island of Vidos was their key. Five minutes by boat from the Port, Vidos is now a protected wildlife sanctuary, but in the past it boasted three major fortresses, the remains of which are still extant. Follow this app-based, mapped and audio walking tour around the island, taking in the ruined walls, two beaches, and a few surprises. And learn all about its history, as well as its role in protecting Corfu. In the lovely forests that cover the island, you may also encounter pheasants, peacocks and wild rabbits.



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A wild rabbit on vidos island

What To Expect

An immersive experience of the history of Vidos Island

Views of dramatic military structures and a different perspective of Corfu Town

A heart-rending insight into Serbian history from the First World War

A gentle walk, through forest and along a lovely coast, surrounded by nature and wildlife

Top Sights Include

The Ruined Fortresses

The Secret Hidden Treasure

The Serbian Mausoleum

The Abandoned Mansion & more

From early summer, a regular caique service runs from the harbour between the Old and New Ports.

The App is now available through Corfu Narratour. If you have not obtained it in advance, you can scan it at the Vidos ticket office or on the ferry.

Weather

Here is a dedicated site monitoring 'wildfires' in Corfu. <https://www.corfuislandpass.com/corfu-fires-today/>

Despite the optimism of the text, from experience I can safely say that the phrase '**We are delighted to assure all our cherished visitors that Corfu is completely free of wildfires**' might better have added 'at the moment' to the end of the sentence.

However, it is true to say that the Corfu Fire Service is very good, often working in very difficult circumstances.

It is August and we are in the middle of a heat wave. But they are not new. We have been having them at many points during the last 35 years I've been living here.

There are also opportunists who take cover under the euphemism 'Wildfires'.

Refer to a temperature table in the Little Brother article.

[More about our weather records](#)

Advertising works. If you wish to advertise for free on this page, then simply drop me a line at mcgovern@otenet.gr and we can take it from there.



'Our goal is to encourage self-healing using basic and effective techniques that re-enforce the natural life force energy that we are born with.'

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(Contact us for information on our meditation evenings)



Sofrito

The Kitchen

Agios Ioannis

"What's it all about?"

Greek Cuisine, Open kitchen

Hours:

Sunday	Open until 19:00
Monday	11:30 am - 19:00 pm
Tuesday	11:30 am - 19:00 pm
Wednesday	11:30 am - 19:00 pm
Thursday	11:30 am - 19:00 pm
Friday	11:30 am - 19:00 pm
Saturday	11:30 am - 19:00 pm

Reviews:

[Michiel L](#)
[Delicious food](#)

This afternoon for lunch we had Moussaka, mistea (stuffed paprika and tomato), Greek salad and Lamb dish. The food was delicious and the portions large. We got trays to take what we couldn't finish. I recommend The Kitchen to everyone to visit.

[MattGrandjean, Jul 2024](#)
[Greek cuisine and smile](#)

Simple and traditional. Greek Atmosphere, sper welcoming. Traditional Greek cuisine with Moussaka and pasticcio... Delicious and affordable.

[JMHT1970](#)
[Home made](#)

Fantastic home made fresh food, large portion size also can take away. Couldn't manage it all so asked for a container to take away. Great service and value for money.

Tel:

+30 697 045 4394



Some 100 Club activity over the last months.

We met with Jade Taylor the mother/family who are asking for support towards legal costs to become guardians (not adoption) for Victoria, the 11-year-old girl whose father was killed and whose mother is now in custody, charged with manslaughter.

Jade has the blessing of the father's family, who we believe are Greek. They are happy that Victoria can become part of a family, and Jade's daughter; is her best school friend.

The total legal cost for guardianship will be in the region of 1000 euros. We made a 100-euro contribution.

A fund has been set up 4fund.com in her name, but if members wanted to help, we/I can get the money to her.

On a different note. We were able to help with a "shopping" basket of goods for **Share a Smile**, (Maria). to the value of

118.95 euros, so we still have 41.77 available, which will be used for children's Christmas treats.

The Smile of The Child no longer has children living at the home in Kavadas, its being used for admin purposes etc., all the children were moved to Athens.

The Orphanage in Anilipsi has 12 children there the home has joined a group which is for all of Greece, not just Corfu, the last 4 years we have tried to donate to them unsuccessfully we have now found out that they get and give support within the amalgamated group, which means if we did donate to them the items purchased

would not necessarily go to the children on Corfu. Which is not what we are about, supporting Charities of Corfu is our Criteria.

We have decided to set up a new fund to help supporting children in need on Corfu, which will start with 800€, which we had put away for the last 4 years, we will review at the end of March 2025 how much we will award to this new fund.

Over the last few days, we have been able to supply food items to the Social Kitchen based in Corfu town, to the value of 58.20 euros, the amount was the balance of the allocation we were able to supply this year. The Social kitchen continues to provide food/meals for 140 people, and works closely with the Social Laundry.

Additionally, we were able to supply medical items (dressings, protective gloves, blood pressure monitors etc.) to the value of 115 euros to the Red Cross. The pharmacy in Methodiou 7; is run by Aris, one of the Red Cross volunteers and in liaison he has put together the most needed item.

Konstantinos Tekton Pharmacy can also fulfil this coordination with the Red Cross if any individuals felt they wanted to donate in a similar way.

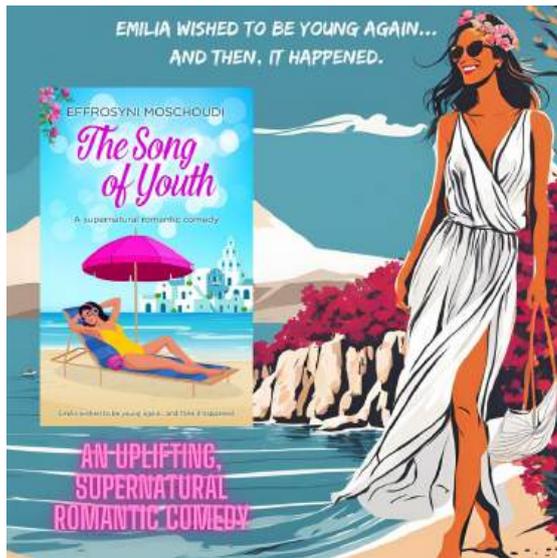
Thanks for all your support,

Kindest Regards

Paul and Jan (On behalf of the 100 Club)



Pete's first 100 club win



The Song of Youth

by EFFROSYNI MOSCHOUDI

For more eye-opening truths:

Join Effrosyni's Facebook group, TRUTH SEEKERS UNITED:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/361111602908713>

Other links to visit for Effrosyni:

<https://effrosyniwrites.com/>

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/361111602908713>



The Archnoitiko

Why not stay in this fine family hotel, in the historic centre of Agios Ioannis?

The history of this village has filled the pages of this magazine for 18 years.

Become part of that wonderful story.

The Archnoitiko is now making its own

history.

Earlier this summer it was a setting and a base for the upcoming BBC Series The Marble Hall Murders. <https://www.tvinsider.com/1173352/marble-hall-murders-cast-premiere-date-trailer-plot-magpie-moonflower-pbs-masterpiece/>

Come and stay and fall under the spell.

https://www.tripadvisor.com/Hotel_Review-g1574356-d23624466-Reviews-Archontiko_Petrettini-Agios_Ioannis_Corfu_Ionian_Islands.html

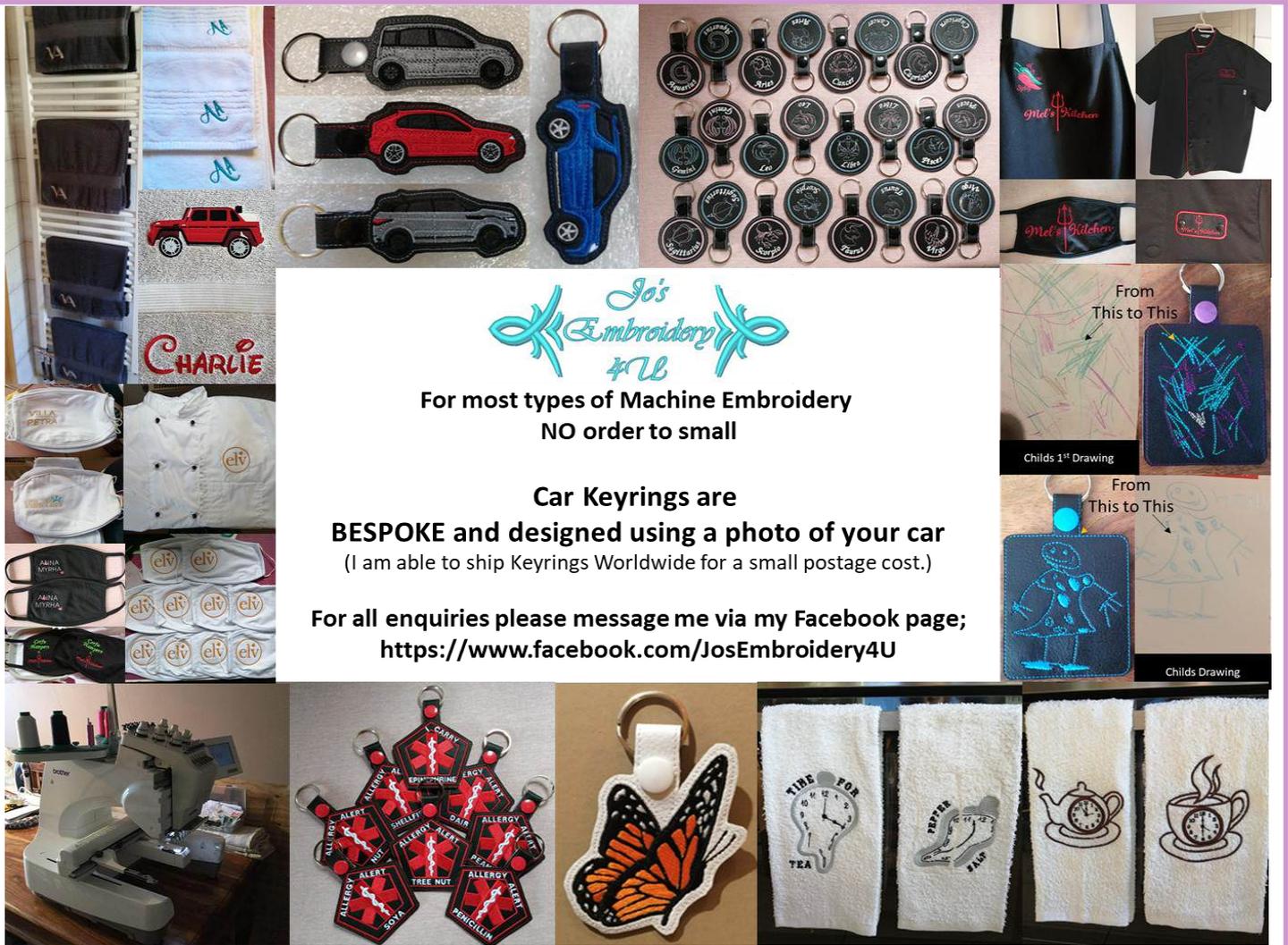


Corfu
travel guide

Download our free app Corfu Travel Guide, It's the ideal companion to exploring Corfu and works offline.

<https://corfutourist.com/corfu-travel-guide>





Jos Embroidery 4U

For most types of Machine Embroidery
NO order to small

Car Keyrings are
BESPOKE and designed using a photo of your car
(I am able to ship Keyrings Worldwide for a small postage cost.)

For all enquiries please message me via my Facebook page;
<https://www.facebook.com/JosEmbroidery4U>

Σήμερα είναι μέρα γιορτής!
Με υπερηφάνεια σας παρουσιάζουμε την νέα ετικέτα της Corfu Beer Lager.
Μια ανανέωση με μοντέρνο σχεδιασμό, που αντικατοπτρίζει την αφοσίωσή μας στην αυθεντική ελληνική craft μπίρα αλλά και την εξέλιξή μας.
Κάθε νέα ετικέτα της αγαπημένης σας Κερκυραϊκής μπίρας είναι μια γιορτή της κληρονομιάς μας και της δέσμευσής στην ποιότητα και στις αξίες μας.
Μια γιορτή αφιερωμένη σε εσάς όπου 18 ολόκληρα χρόνια είστε συνοδοιπόροι μας σε αυτό το συναρπαστικό ταξίδι.
Σας καλούμε να ανακαλύψετε την νέα όψη της Corfu Beer και να αφήσετε τις γεύσεις μας να σας ταξιδέψουν.
Μαζί κάνουμε το επόμενο βήμα!



[#CorfuBeer](#) [#Lager](#)
[#CorfuBrewery](#)
[#Welcome](#) [#New](#) [#Label](#)
[#Nextstep](#)

Everyday is a day of celebration!
We proudly present the new label of Corfu Beer Lager.
A refresh with a modern design that reflects our dedication to authentic Greek craft beer as well as our evolution.
Each new label of your favorite Corfu beer is a celebration of our heritage and our commitment to quality and our values.
A celebration dedicated to all of you, who have been our companions on this exciting journey for 18 whole years.
We invite you to discover the new look of Corfu Beer and let our flavors take you on a journey.
Together, we take the next step!



***Dear friends,
Please find below the corrected version of our previous e-mail, with the accurate closing date of the Festival. We apologise for any inconvenience caused. Also, thanks to those of you who have already subscribed as Friends and/or made a donation.***

Dear Friends

The feedback on our production of La Boheme last September has been tremendous and it certainly was a wonderful event as was the Opera Gala at Imerolia. Our thanks to all of you who attended and to those who could not, but still supported us.

Although we have not been in touch for some time, this does not mean we have not been busy on your behalf and we are proud to announce our first ever Music Festival, which will take place in the Kopani Theatre in Gastouri from 6 to 20 September. There will be 5 events, all of them free and there is something for everyone from Jazz to Opera to Musical to Choral to Orchestral.

We cannot offer free events such as these without your support either as sponsors, donors or friends (donors/sponsors automatically become friends). Details are at the bottom of this email and on our website and the basic price to become a friend is £50/€60 pa. Please become a supporter and help us to continue to develop the Foundation.

We look forward to seeing you in September.

Richard Woods
Chairman
Corfu Arts Foundation

CORFU ARTS MUSIC FESTIVAL 2025

Supported by
**THE MUNICIPALITY OF CENTRAL CORFU AND
DIAPONTIAN ISLANDS**

Produced by
THE CORFU ARTS FOUNDATION
at
THE KOPANI THEATRE, GASTOURI

**JAZZ CONCERT – Saturday 6 September - Dimos
Dimitriades Quartet**

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4KhxrCWQkma&list=RD4KhxrCWQkma&start_radio=1

**OPERA GALA - Sunday 7 September - Vassiliki
Karayanni & Friends with the Omonia
Philharmonic**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-gjT3iWWPL8>

**SIA KOSKINA - Saturday 13 September - Songs and
Dance from famous Musicals**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qYPdu0ZR5R8&list=RDqYPdu0ZR5R8&index=1>

**ST SPYRIDON CHOIR - Monday 15 September -
Choral Concert**

https://youtu.be/T_6tpA3fyR0

**IONIAN CAMERATA - Saturday 20 September -
Classical Concert**

<https://youtu.be/ocJqArC4bdI?si=7Map9AtMJNkTPBvV>



Cont.

Corfu Arts cont.

Applications by the public can be made on our website from 14 July and entrance is free to all events. Early Booking will be open to our supporters from 7 - 13 July. You can become a supporter now as a Sponsor, Donor or Friend below:

GBP Sterling

<https://corfuartsfoundation.com/supporters/>

Euros

<https://el.corfuartsfoundation.com/supporters/>

Please note: As a charity we donate any profits to Corfu charities and other worthy causes in Corfu.

www.corfuartsfoundation.com

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You are receiving this email because your department expressed an interest in this event. If you believe you have received this in error please click unsubscribe.

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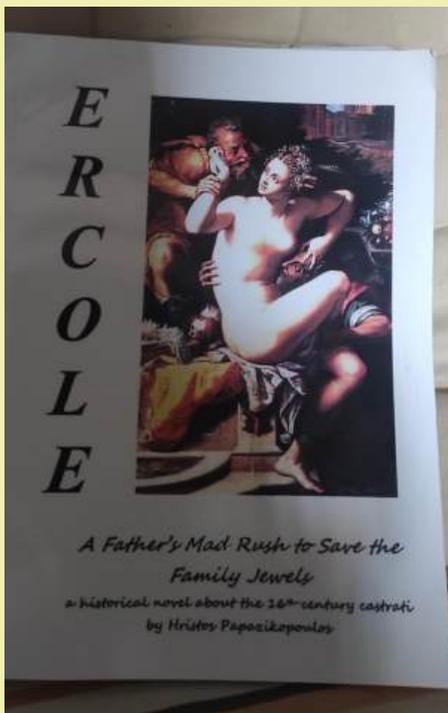
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Another treasure snuck away in the very heart of the historic Agios Ioannis.

Our very own famous author Christos Papazikopoulos has not one, but two new published books.

And, they are both available and for sale in Kostas Taverna, the beating heart of our village.

Step inside the taverna and you will see them on display.

Buy one, or both, before they fly away.



Rosie's Bakery

Find us at 71 Paleologou Street
At the entrance to 'Jewish Community' - look for sign
Stand with your back to PUBLIC doorway
We're in the small square opposite

Genuine Vegan Products made without dairy and eggs, also without honey

Sweets and Cakes made even more strictly, also without refined sugar

Gluten Free Products (only sweet items) made in exclusive bakery premises

No danger of cross-contamination

Made without eggs, butter, milk, refined sugar, palm oil. No soya traces, no enhancers, flavourings, additives, preservatives. All natural.

Big Range of Traditional Greek Products

Baklava without sugar or honey, special for diabetics

Vegan Savoury Pies (not gluten free)



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.



Papyrus in Triklino



Hard worker

Owners Manthos and Joanna are both very courteous and obliging.

Car park outside. - Here is a map. - Give it a try!



Agiotfest Remembered by Paul McGovern

The Agiotfest never goes away. And, why should it?

Here is a little peep into the past-and present.

We were very sad to lose the lovely Andy Lawrie this year. He was the leader of the Sensational David Bowie Tribute Band, who played Agiotfest in 2018; the last time in the ancient groves. They were a stupendous band, and very lovely off-stage. R.I.P. Andy.



Andy Lawrie

Claire Sesay went to the renowned Weyfest, and bumped into Leatherat. Here she is with Pete Bailey. She says 'Pete and Jono send you all their love.'

I do too Paul 🌻 🥰 🥰



Pete and Clare



Pure Genius

<

7 Mile Limit have been a mainstay at Agiotfest. What a swing band!

The singer is Dimitra:



'As it's summer, I'm getting a lot of outdoor music memories popping up.'

This one from 13 yrs ago at Agiotfest supporting the Steve Gibbons band.'

The lovely Alexei Maine from 2016

>



Angela Jones takes the stage

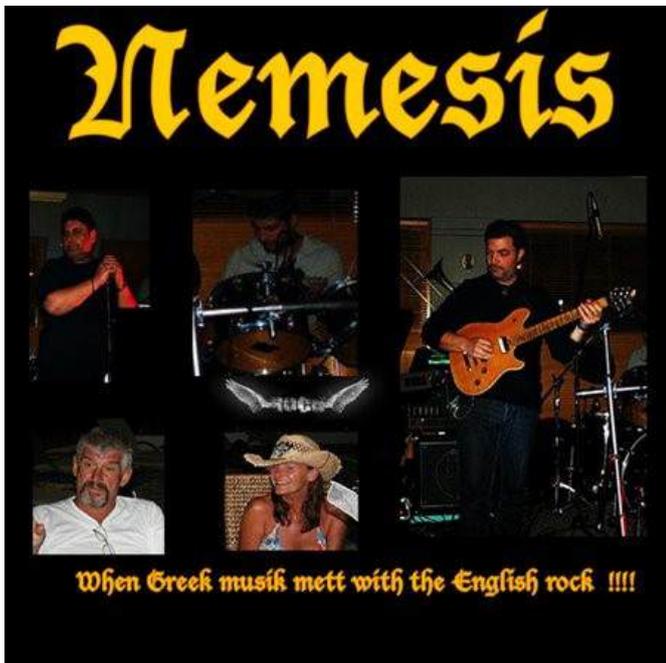
Agiotfest Remembered - Continued from page 41



2009 proper fan



I recognise those legs from 2018



Agiotfest 12



Two lovely groupies



Miltos and his band yet to play

AGIOTFEST 17 HIGHLIGHTS
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DyckImiVIRw>

George Gakis: Agiotfest19
<https://www.facebook.com/agiotfest/videos/vb.129472247074639/668353827002901/?type=2&theater>

My thanks go to Dawn, for donating speakers and equipment to Agiotfest, from the belongings of our dear pal Paul Fennell.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites



Courgette Pie

Use only your hands or a wooden spoon for this recipe, not an electric mixer, to stir the ingredients.

INGREDIENTS:

- 600 grams Courgettes
- 2 spring onions chopped or one onion finely sliced
- 2 Tbls. Of Greek yoghurt
- 4 eggs slightly beaten
- The zest of half a lemon
- 100ml. of olive oil
- 20 grams of butter
- 200 grams of feta cheese
(cut into medium sized pieces)
- 200 grams Ricotta cheese
- 120 grams All-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. of baking powder
- 2 Tbls of dill
- (if you don't like dill use mint or parsley)
- 20 grams sesame seeds
- Salt and pepper

GO: Preheat the oven on 170 degrees centigrade

- 1) Wash courgettes and grate them using a coarse grater.
- 2) Put them in a cullender, salt them a little, and let them stand for fifteen to twenty minutes. Then, squeeze them with your hands so that their juice oozes out, and transfer them to a bowl.
- 3) Add the onion and the dill to the bowl.
- 4) Add salt and pepper, the cheese, yoghurt, beaten eggs, lemon zest and olive oil.
- 5) Add the flour and stir until it is absorbed by the mixture.
- 6) Grease with butter a 30cm diameter dish and put in the courgette mixture.
- 7) Brush the top with a little olive oil and sprinkle the sesame seed on top.
- 8) Put the dish in the oven and bake for about 45 minutes or until the top is golden brown.

Καλη Ορεξη!



The Way Things Were and Are



History on a wall

Here is but a tiny glimpse of the thousands who have passed through that special place called Agios Ioannis. Maybe, Gentle Reader, you are in this collection. Many of the photos here were provided by Agiot Sue Topp.



The Way Things Are and Were - Continued from page 44



LOOK THROUGH ANY WINDOW

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0hhU4TSY0f0>

Ed: - Every month from now, here, will be a secret snap from my cottage eyrie. All the world will pass here, given enough time.

This month featured snap



Juanita gazing through her window

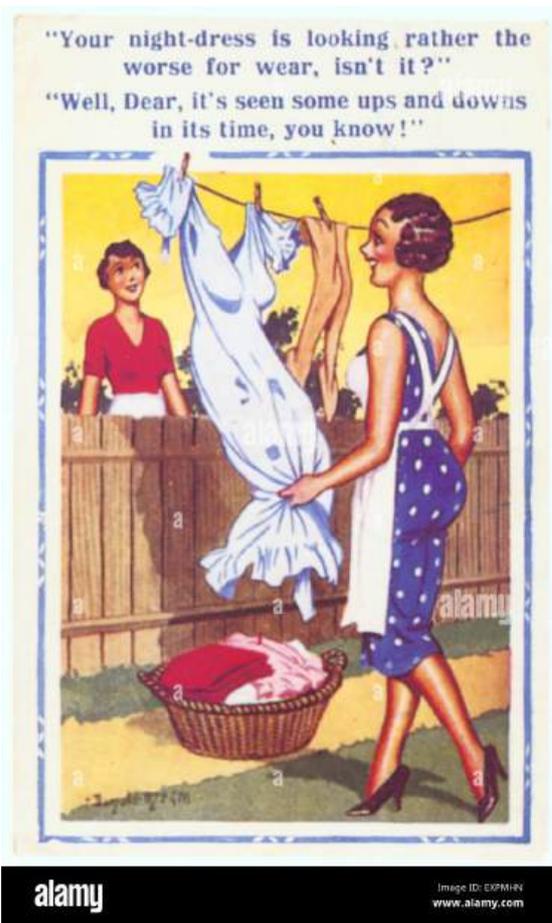
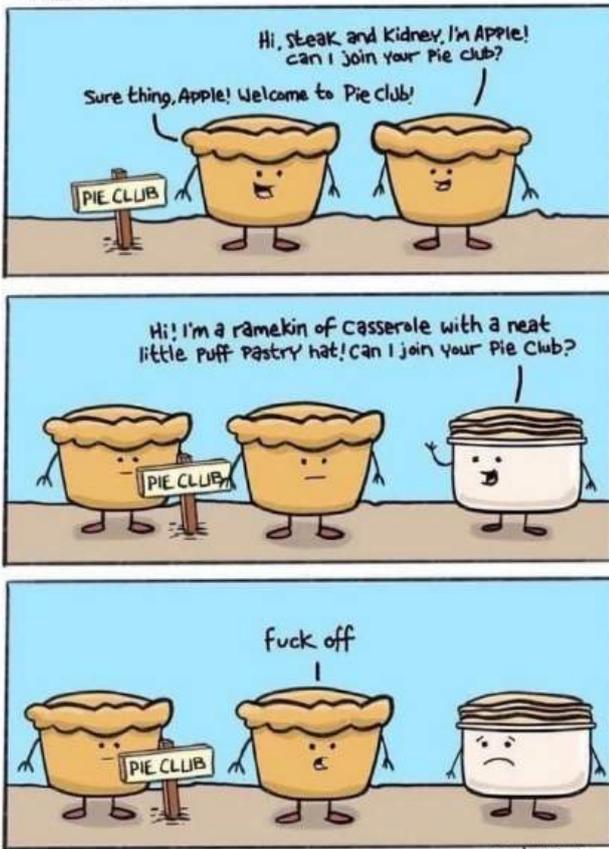


Saucy Postcards

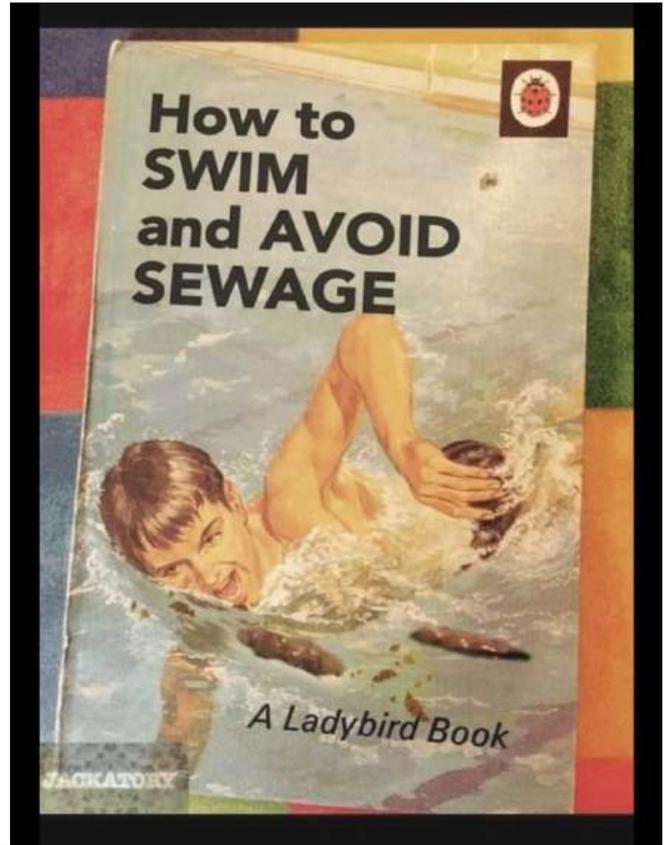
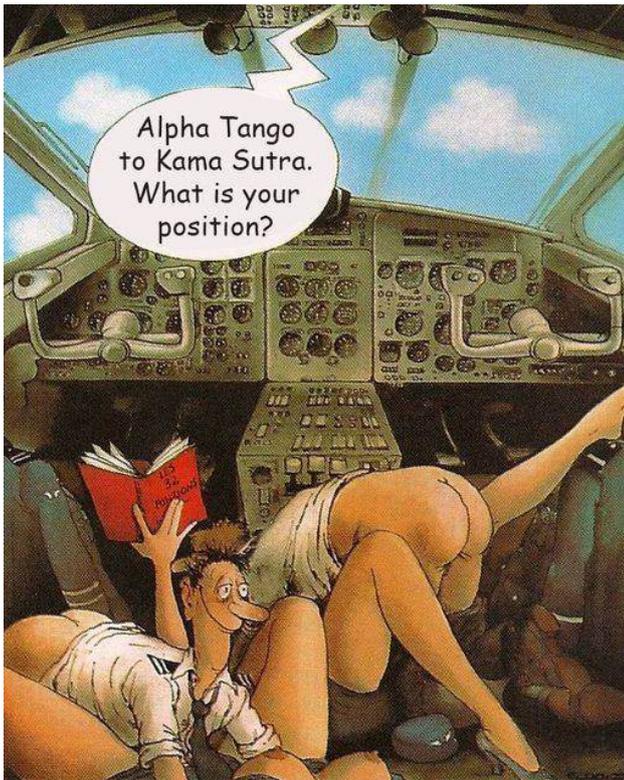
WARNING OUR SAUCY POSTCARDS ARE NOT SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN OR THOSE OF A SENSITIVE NATURE.



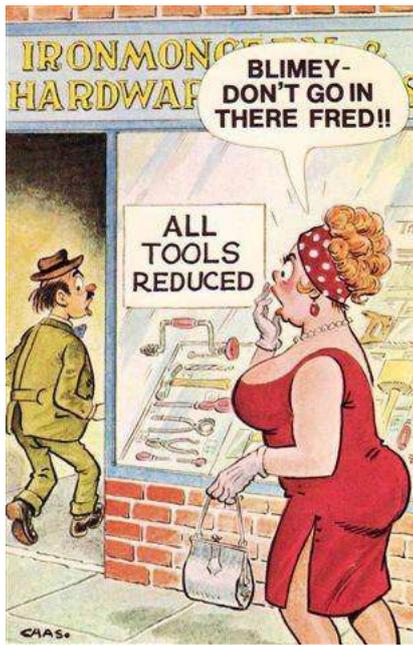
Pie Club



Saucy Postcards - continued from page 46



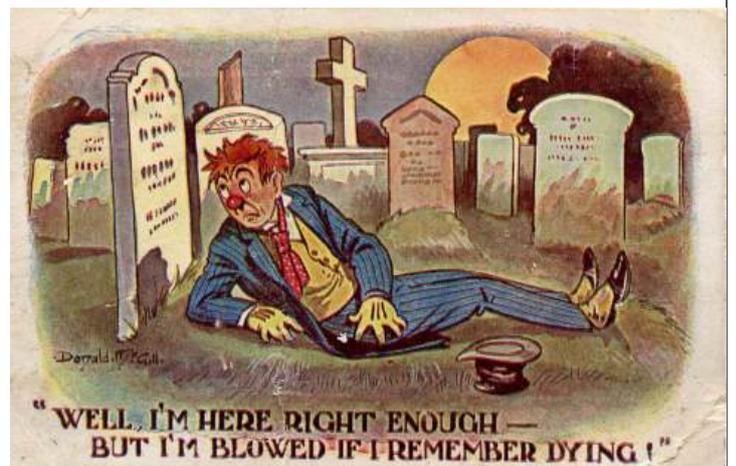
Saucy Postcards - continued from page 47



“Didn’t she marry him after all?”
 “No, he had a bad accident and it was broken off!”



It was a shitty cruise, rained a lot. But they had a great buffet, I had two of everything.



The Eagle

She Risked Everything in a Kayak to Save a Drowning Eagle and Found Herself Changed Forever

~



The massive bald eagle thrashed in the water, a tangle of fishing line wrapped around its wing and anchored to a submerged log.

My heart pounded against my ribs. This was a bad idea. A very bad idea. I was in my small kayak on the reservoir, and the bird was just twenty feet away. Its struggle sent waves slapping against my boat. One wing beat the air, useless. The other was caught tight, pulled at a sickening angle. It was going to drown.

I couldn't just watch. I dug my paddle into the water, closing the distance. The eagle stopped fighting and fixed me with a stare. Its eye was the color of old gold, fierce and intelligent. My brain screamed at me to turn back. Those talons were no joke, they were like sharpened meat hooks. That beak could take a finger off, clean.

The bird was huge. Way bigger up close than you see on TV. Its head was a brilliant, snowy white, even though its feathers were soaked and slicked down. It didn't screech or make a sound. It just watched me, its chest rising and falling with panicked breaths. I could feel its terror, and I could feel its pride. It was a king, brought low by a piece of garbage.

I fumbled in my vest for my Leatherman tool. My hands were shaking. "Easy now," I whispered, not sure if I was talking to the bird or myself. I edged the kayak closer, right up to the log. The eagle shifted, its good wing half-raised in warning. I held up my empty hands first, showing I meant no harm. Then, slowly, I opened the pliers with the wire cutter.

The fishing line was a thick, braided type. It had dug deep into the feathers, cutting into the skin beneath. I reached out, my fingers just inches from that powerful beak. The eagle held perfectly still. It watched my hand, then looked right into my eyes. I swear in that moment, we had an agreement. It knew I was there to help.

I positioned the cutter. The first strand of line was tough. I squeezed with all my might. Snap. The bird flinched but didn't strike. I cut another strand, and another. The tension on its wing loosened. With one final, tough snip, the last piece of line gave way.

The eagle was free. But it didn't fly away. It was exhausted. It used its beak and talons to haul its heavy, waterlogged body onto the log. It stood there, shaking, water pooling around its feet. For a full minute, it just stood, regaining its strength. Then, it looked at me one last time, a long, steady gaze I will never forget.

With a powerful shrug, it shook the water from its body. It stretched its freed wing, then the other. And then, with a single, massive downbeat that sent a spray of water over my kayak, it launched into the sky. It circled once above me, a dark shape against the bright blue.

And watching that great bird climb back into its kingdom of sky, I felt a piece of my own spirit fly right alongside it.

Holly

💛 A final piece of advice from Holly Butcher – written the day before she passed away from cancer at just 27:

“It’s a strange thing – knowing you’re going to die young.

At 26, I thought I had time...

To fall in love.

Start a family.

Grow old.

But cancer doesn’t care about plans.

Now, I understand how fragile life really is.

Every single day – it’s a gift, not a guarantee.

I’m not writing this to scare you.

I’m writing to remind you: really live.

Stop stressing over little things.

Be kind to your body – move it, nourish it, stop criticizing it.

One day you’ll wish you had appreciated it.

Go outside.

Look at the sky.

Feel the sun.

Just be.

Spend less time chasing “stuff” – more time making memories.

Don’t skip moments with people you love.

Laugh more.

Write a note.

Tell someone you love them.

Complain less.

Give more.

Helping others brings more joy than anything you can buy.

Be present.

Put your phone down.

Show up – really show up.

You don’t need to have it all figured out.

You don’t need a perfect body, or a perfect life.

Just follow what makes your heart light up.

Say no to what drains you.

Make changes when you need to.

and please – donate blood.

I wouldn’t have had that extra year without it.

And that year gave me memories I’ll hold close... forever.

Thank you for reading this.

Live your life well.

And maybe... we’ll meet again someday.”

– Holly 💛



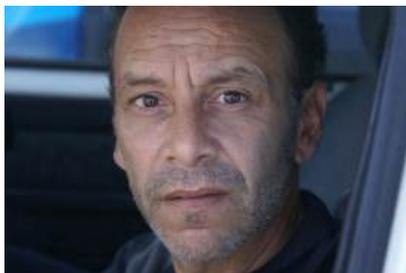
Stop Press

It is with sadness we report the passing of Anne Mann, from Brantford, Canada.

She was a cousin of our famous Lionel, who had tracked her down as part of his family tree, and persuaded her and members of her family to come visit Agios Ioannis. They did just that and a connection has been forged ever since between these faraway places.

Commiserations to Ray and the whole family.

https://brantfordexpositor.remembering.ca/obituary/anne-mann-1093031022?fbclid=IwQ0xDSwMIsX5jbGNrAwixeWV4dG4DYWVtAjExAAEeznbBQnGTv7ArSSbNfi9tRtB3I2PDYgk_LmsFYHae7OIbnYNDsr0pgcepSDM_aem_phX8E4la0IAkDiX2HwxBrw



A big shock for us in Agios, just a few days ago. Jimi, our very popular painter, died whilst working at Spiros and Vasilis

Restaurant. He simply collapsed. He was 54.

He is summed up best in these words from his friend Vicky Lintovoy, from Vatos.

Ο παιδικός μου φίλος, ο κολλητός μου, ο φύλακας άγγελος μου, εκεί στα όμορφα εκεί κ στα δύσκολα.

Για όλους. Όποιος είχε ανάγκη ήταν εκεί.

Με ευγένεια με καλοσύνη.

Ανιδιοτελής. Η ψυχή της παρέας.

Όλα ήσουν Τζιμί μου.

Σού χρωστάω πολλά.

Θα σ αγαπώ για πάντα.

My childhood friend, my best friend, my guardian angel, there in the beautiful there and in the difficult. For everyone. Anyone in need was there. With kindness, with kindness. Unselfish. The soul of the company. You were all my Jimmy. I owe you a lot. I will love you forever.