

FAREWELL DRY JANUARY...
IT WASN'T TO BE
JASON RUFFELL



ife as we know it has become pretty vanilla.
Well, not even as exciting as vanilla. Even
doggers seem to have cut down on their exercise.
Then again, perhaps I'm wandering in the more
unsavoury parts of town at the wrong time.

Our freedom once more curtailed back to, if we are lucky, our own four walls. If less lucky, someone else's four walls, with the added threat of eviction, or for those that have fallen off the margins of society the brutality of great outdoors.

Our lives have retreated briefly to a stage before the post war boom, where most of us rarely ventured outside of our local community, a time before motorised transport was common, and flying was only for the rich and famous.

As such, I've decided to retreat even further, into the macro world, to find beauty in the 'everyday small'. However, more often than not I've found dust, and more dust and sights I wish I'd not seen. Everyday things infested with unseen creepy crawlies, alive and dead, specks of what I believe to be crystals of either sugar or salt.

I wish I hadn't. I'm now just as scared of the indoors as well as out. Well, I guess you choose your own risk level and go with it.

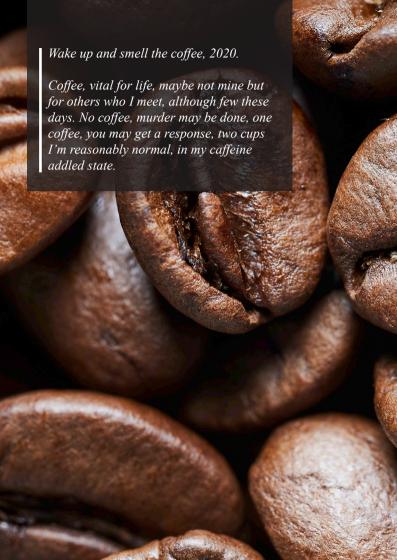
Coriander seeds, 2020.















Coins, from countries now out of reach, 2020.

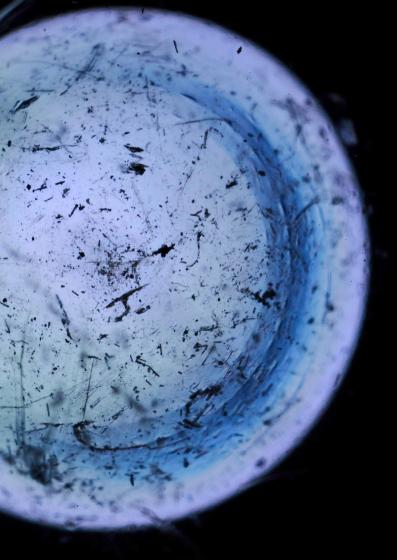


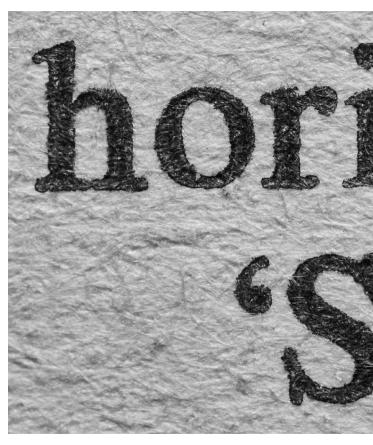
Crystals, when the old gods fail, try New Age, 2020.











The written word, 2020.

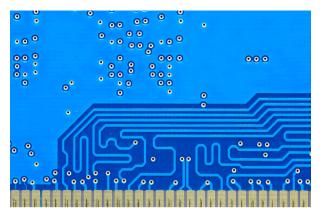
While I have been retreating into the 'macro world', I have also been exploring the real world via the printed word. My consumption of words over the past year has been nearly



four-fold. Bookshelves, purchased to sustain my collection for the next few years, already filled, piles building up in the corner of the room.







Circuit Board. We've all been using a lot of technology that employ these during the pandemic, 2020.



Bubble Wrap. Our lives currently... all wrapped up in small parcels of air, 2020.



Sycamore seeds or samara in close up. Wandering in nature as far as possible is one release, 2020.



Dice. If all else fails, there's always online gambling to take your mind of things... and your house, 2019.

Spring is coming, 2021.

I've never watched an episode of Game of Thrones, but I know that 'Winter is Coming' is something to do with it somewhere in its narrative. 'Spring is Coming' is a less violent, sexually charged, flower-based alternative, unless you are a bee, and then it may be.





2021 started as expected. Back to staring out of the window, jealously coveting the freedom the wildlife seem to have, also knowing that once we can get out once more, the same wildlife will retreat to the margins. It's the way of things.

More freedom will allow us to get out again, pick up where we left off, dust off our old habits and get back to normal, as long as the tools from our old life are still 'fit for purpose' and haven't become obsolete. I'm planning to get back on my bike.

All content © Jason Ruffell, 2021. Why you'd want to copy any of it is anyone's guess.

www.jason-ruffell.co.uk