

The Universe Speaks

I sometimes get lost in my own dreamy world, a world in which I cannot open gates and sometimes I cannot even see them (Linda!). Being a little weird, as anyone who is much into animals, homeopathy and acupuncture probably is, I sometimes pick up messages from the Universe. Well, it's not that it sends me a text or anything like that, when the Universe "talks" it simply makes things happen. I think I have been having a long conversation with the Universe which lasted more than a year, and it still thinks it is right. The hot topic are my returns to Italy from the UK: I think it does not want me to go back and makes all sort of things happen.

July 2015

Newcastle Airport: Rossella gets sent to the WRONG gate and risks missing the flight to Paris...

Paris Charles de Gaulle Airport: Rossella lands and goes to security checks to board on an Alitalia's Flight to Milan. The security stops Rossella accusing her to be carrying explosives. Rossella's bags are emptied and she is fully scanned electronically, nothing is found. The airport security apologizes but they have caused a serious delay. When Rossella reaches her flight, gates are about to close, the Italians let her in but she gets a wonderful seat by the toilet at the end of the plane. Also, there is no room for her hand baggage anywhere as all the other Italians on board are travelling with style (many suitcases).



August 2016

Rossella, from now on known as “me”, is travelling by car so she expects everything to run more smoothly.

Lauder (Scottish Borders), August 11, next destination Harrogate (North Yorkshire) – The suitcase’s handle breaks down, it had lasted for years and underwent multiple moves. I fix it thanks to my braiding skills and I begin moving southwards

Harrogate (North Yorkshire), August 12, next destination Lower Halstow (Kent) – This journey was supposed to last about 4 hours, it took almost 8 and not because I was stopping to pee against every tree. More simply I got stuck in traffic and I moved southwards very slowly. In the meantime, there were almost no cars heading to “The North”... How come that on the Glorious 12 everyone goes south? I still can’t understand

Lower Halstow (Kent), August 13, next destination Folkstone (Kent) – Re-organizing my things I realized that my Italian sim (phone) card has disappeared. I placed it a safe place, I clearly remembered where, I checked but... it was gone. I have

no Idea of where it is now, I wish it could be somewhere nice on the moors. So... well, I had quite a panic attack realizing I no longer had an Italian phone number I could use while driving back home... and once at home!

Lower Halstow (Kent) August 14, next destination Folkestone (Kent) – It is eight something AM and my local British friends noticed something weird on my car. The windscreen gasket is now sitting on the car's roof. I have no idea of how it moved there but we managed to fix it: the windscreen is fine, at least it seems so.

Folkestone (Kent), August 14, next destination Schwarzenberg (Switzerland) – 10 AM – My Eurotunnel train... is being Re-programmed... and it is late...

Somewhere in Nord Pas de Calais (France), August 14 – 1 PM – I am happily driving on an empty motorway when I hear something weird, I then see something weird. A black snake is bumping on my windscreen and there is no place I can stop the car, of course. I move to the right line (the one for slow vehicles on the Continent) until I find a "aire" (parking area): the windscreen gasket is out of place again, I take it away, end of the story...

Somewhere Alsace (France), August 14 – 5 PM – I am happy, I had a stop in Champagne to feed the car and got a chance to enter the service station with Briony. It was 29°C outside so I asked:

"Est ce-que le chien peut entrer?" (Can the dog come in?)

"Est il petit?" (Is it a small dog?)

"Moyenne" (Medium)...

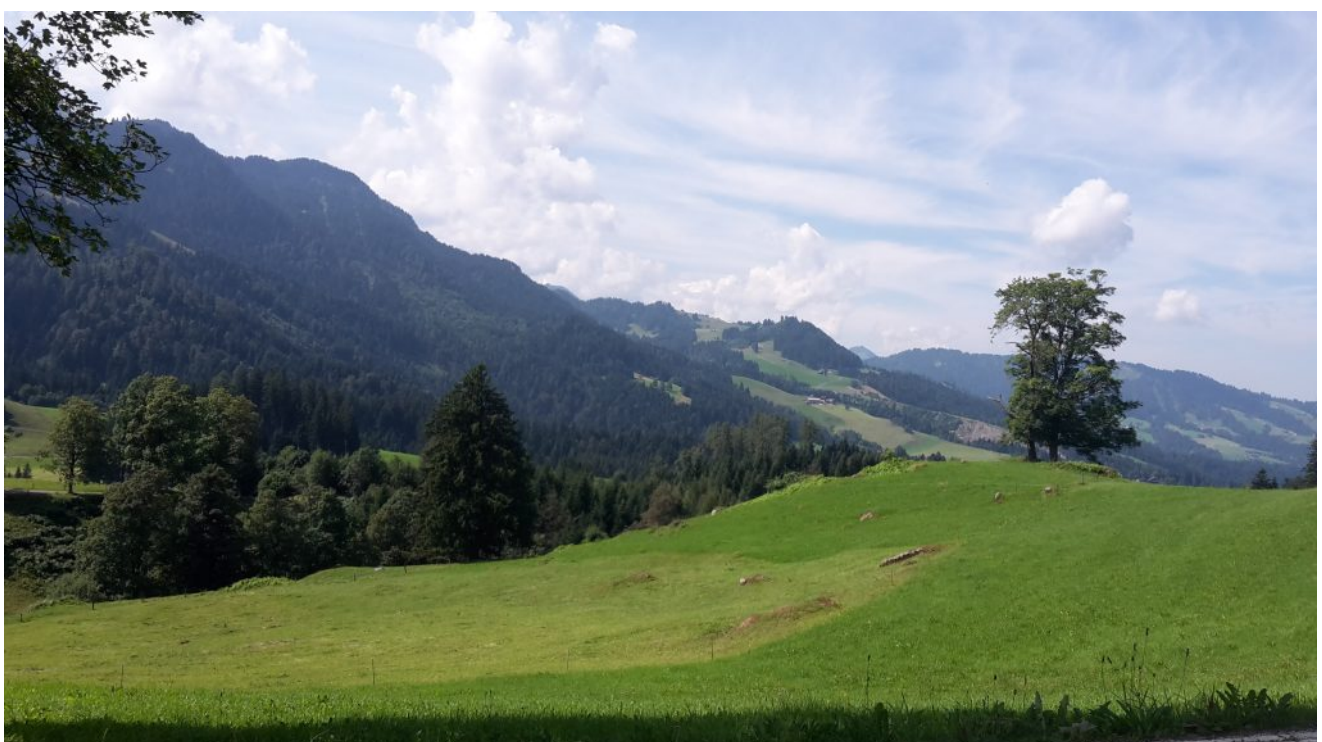
"Umm... ok!"...

So, I was happy to be back in dog friendly France when.... Wow, another noise, from the right side of the car (passenger seat

for us). Ohhh WOW the mirror! That's quite a long story. In July I was driving along a NARROW Yorkshire road and a truck hit my mirror. The driver was named Adam, he was young and cute indeed, but still he had broken my mirror and insisted I was in the middle of the road. It was early in the morning so everything could be, but I was driving at snail speed when his truck hit my mirror at full speed. So... Not sure to be the guilty one, but that could have been difficult to determine. The mirror needed a replacement, but I was moving from place to place it was impossible to order one, a mechanic fixed it and her (yes a she, I got a blonde female mechanic!) fix worked wonderfully until I tried to go back to Italy.

Deeming a bumpy mirror to be dangerous (if it had decided to "go" it could have killed some other drivers), I desperately started looking for a place to stop. When I finally found a service station, after miles at slow speed, there were no mechanics on duty so, classing myself as "smart" I wrapped it into a black rubbish bag and which was later blocked by the car's window. As soon as I started moving, some hair inflated the bag creating a cushion around the mirror.

Problem solved but Universe still setting roadblocks.



Schwarzenberg (Swiss Alps)

Schwarzenberg (Switzerland), August 14, next destination home (Italy) 9 PM– As soon as I stop the car, after a 12 hours drive and after having dealt with 4 languages in the last couple of hours, a wonderful Swiss “lady” runs towards me yelling that it was her private parking. She was about to call the police... Not sure they would have sent me back to Britain though. A couple of Swiss-Vikings-Like beings, though, came and rescued the tiny Italian.... Thank, thanks M. & F., that was an amazing rescue!

Switzerland & Italy, August 15– The Universe seems about to give up, the Milan bypass is empty (I love national holidays!), so the motorways, but I still can't find my Italian sim card. My chronic shoulder blade pain (never felt it in the UK), resurfaces at the last roundabout before home.

Italy, August 16 – After 2 hours spent visiting four shops, it seems I might have my Italian phone number back... and, sadly, I will soon have to say goodbye to my British one, if the Universe allows...



Waiting for the Italian phone number....