

Writers Blog: Slow Train To Spain [7] From GroundHogDay to SkyRockDay

While Spain is lacking rain for more than 40 days, and the church prays for rain in vain and in the meantime something extraordinary happened in the sky, something extraterrestrial, well, we'll hope it will get closer and clearer to change our situation, which is a source of worry and sorrow: more than 40 degrees in April makes me worry, well the world seems on fire, in all aspects, why mention it, we know it, we ought to know it. Save us, E.T., Save Our United Love, a Solutiion out of the mess we made of our planet.

In the meantime I'm suffering from brainfogs, that really fucks me up: It's Max Tegmark, stupid, I remind myself, not Tag-Mark. Together with the inspiration of Lex Fridman, Joe Rogan, Elon Musk, Brian Keating and some others of which the names don't bubble up through the peaceful brainfog, which I prefer above the nervousbreakdownstate I passed through. And the positive vibes my male offspring, Koen, and grandsons Luka and Dylan.

My first draft of my new book '**The Wonderful Disappearance of Mrs Pear**' is ready. It is printed for Hotel El Puerto, which I finally left last sunday. They are very happy with it, and so am I. Although it feels kinda weird, not being wrapped up in it every day. And it's a victory, because that was what I wanted, a paperback story written in the seven weeks I stayed in El Puerto, which paid partly for the bill. Such a lovely place, it kinda kept me there in a strong electromagnetic field, U could call it a spell. Happily I went to the Boeddhatemple nearby that very evening with Koen, nearby, a little drive in his car and we were there and I felt restored.

Now it is the last day at Koens apartment. And tomorrow starts The Slow Train From Spain; first stop, after a day of doubt, yesterday, noterday, the fact that Bruce Springsteen will perform there, and **The Magic Fountain** is on walking distance of the expensive hotel I am staying in, called **EXPO**, how could I refuse, well, **Bruce SpringSteen** plus a Famous Magic Fountain should do the trick, and push me OUT. Wherever, whenever I don't know, only have to be back on Sunday, when my travelpass is finito. That great adventure will be the story of WritersBlog 8.Broke or not???