

Days - London

February The Tenth

I stood up, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. The first as always, eggs as always, TV. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< I walk along Oxford Street again, passing Selfridges, I remember Harrods
<< eighteen years old, but it was not London as such
<< I flew from Stuttgart to London, a cheap hotel near the city
<< simple room, but it was okay
<< for a few days in London, then by train to Dover
<< a longer time in Dover, two weeks?
<< then back to London for a few additional days
<< back by plane to Stuttgart

<< remembering Harrods
<< not in the City of London, at a distance, but not able to remember where
<< a smaller street I can remember, a huge facade
<< a large hall with a lot of food, bought two pasties, a wonderful place for the young cook
<< using the elevator, I can remember a small parceled part with furniture
<< looks old, look at the price tags, a huge amount of money in this small area
<< not sure today, but spontaneous over a million pounds, but maybe too much
<< Wedgwood china I can remember, a huge selection
<< I use the elevator, top floor, a restaurant
<< looks very sophisticated, a maître d'hôtel, it's too much to me
<< I'm sweating, trying to escape
<< I can remember that I have two or three of the famous green Harrods shopping bags in the end, I take them with me to Germany
<< from the food hall?

February The Eleventh

I stood up, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. The first as always, eggs as always, TV. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< I stand in the small passage again, on my left is the brick wall, on my right is the housefront, where will it lead to, will I hit the basin again?
<< a short walk and it widens, still the brick wall, but no longer a house front, the basin to my right again, a pedestrian bridge, but I stay on my side
<< the long but narrow ships again, one could buy a coffee and sit down, it looks nearly like a promenade, and in the background, a somewhat different ship
<< very colorful, and a café or a restaurant, most likely both, Darcie & May Green
<< it seems like this would be a real place for leisure time, is this Little Venice?
<< I underpass a larger street bridge, and suddenly, is this Little Venice?

The small path was framed by a building on the right side and a wall on the left side, the wall continued for a while longer, but the building ended and the small path developed into a nice broad pathway at the waterfront - the water was there again, and the long narrow vessels, as well as a closed trailer who offered coffee - if open. It was early in the year; it was still early in the day, but one needed not much imagination to understand, that at a summer day, or summer evening, this place would be crowded. Definitely this became as I headed on and reached two vessels, rebuilt to restaurants, simple, not like the Tattershall Castle at Westminster, River Thames, smaller of course,

a coffee, a tea, a drink, simple meals - yes, in summer definitively a crowded place. I went through a bridge, and it became finally obvious that this was a summer hot spot, places to eat and drink at the large building on the left, as well as on the water on the right - "Little Venice" in London, not the same as "Little Venice" in Los Angeles. "Little Venice" in London smaller but cozy, I started to love the place, I headed on to see what all would still await me!

I went through another huge bridge, obviously a freeway, and was disappointed on the other side - still some vessels, but no longer restaurants or cafés, looked very gray now, despite the sparse trees - but the "building" at the left looked strange, very low, a sign: "The Battleship Building", a arrow told you, that you had to go down a long ramp? Finally confused me, to see a super sports car behind glass - looked not like a battleship, or? Should I go on? The next bridge, a very small one, the water narrowed, only one of the small vessels could pass this at the same time, and even than it would be not easy. But then I saw the sign at the foot of the bridge: "Welcome To Little Venice" - should this mean, that this wasn't "Little Venice" so far, that "Little Venice" would begin just only after this small bridge? The sign offered some information, but especially a map - of course I had none with me! "You're here", the map showed me - wow, behind the narrow bridge the water would open up extremely, a kind of lake or so, channels, I read the headline on the sign: "This charming, hidden part of London marks the junction of the Grand Union and Regent's channel" - was there a channel at Regent's Park, a lot of water, yes.....? The map showed only the near surrounding, much more information on the sign, but I had to see what's behind the bridge! Well, under the bridge, all was narrow and somewhat somber, but as everything opened up again - it was a wonderful sight, really a treasure, I would never have expected to find such a wonderful place here, this looked like another world, really a hidden secret place, surrounded by a gray city.

I had moved somewhat further on, looked at the roughly triangular shaped lake, a small isle inside. The lake was not really large, but beautiful, a channel at all of the three edges. On the other side, to my right, Regent's channel, to the park you would have to walk in that direction. Ahead of me, to my left, Grand Union channel. And finally, behind me, the channel to the Paddington Basin - I had this information from the map. I had also the information, that this lake was Little Venice, not like in Los Angeles. A huge difference also, this channels and the basin were old and had at least in former days an economic reason, not like the channels in Los Angeles. What Little Venice was more beautiful, Los Angeles or London? Both had their beauty?

Well, the channels in Los Angeles were - of course - all straight and right-angled, in a way boring. Sure, the nice bridges for example, but in a way - not so harsh - they looked like the "Tour Eiffel" in Las Vegas. Nice in a way, but obviously artificial, not naturally grown in time and history - but in a way this was stupid. Also these channels were channels and therefore artificial, like the Paddington basin, and I would guess, also this lake - Little Venice, London. But the difference was, that they were build to have a function, not only for enjoyment, British, not American. The "British version" looked more.....organically grown.

I looked at the surrounding people, what should be my criteria? He - I guessed that he would be a he - could see me, therefore I should be able to see him. I would not think that he would be British, an American like I of course - could I see somebody, this description could fit? Well, not that many people around me, I headed on, from one corner to the other, from the channel to the Paddington Basin to Grand Union channel - no one around me appeared suspicious. But of course, he would have to be near to me, he knew exactly where I was and what I did, always - hey, I was the private dick, it was my business to monitor people, I reached the other corner.

The Waterside Cafe, a somewhat longer and larger houseboat, rebuilt to a cozy cafe, a lot of flowers, nicely painted in burgundy color with golden inscriptions - why not a coffee, some chairs outside? I was sick of his play, was not really hungry, but a coffee was good all the times, maybe a snack, they offered salad, toast and omelets? I sat down, soon I had a coffee and I thought about something to eat, I thought about to answer one of his SMSs, that he could kiss my ass, that I would enjoy a coffee now, and most likely a toast, or better an omelet, no salad now.

I leant back and decided for an omelet with four fillings: Tomato, mushrooms, onions and chicken. I

had time, I was not in a hurry, should he wait at the Regent's channel. Well, the omelet was not bad at all!

As I had emptied my coffee, I thought about the easiest way to reach Regent's Channel - of course, up the bridge, crossing it, using the way on the other side alongside Little Venice, this way would lead me to Regent's channel, at least it seemed so.

On the bridge, the beautiful pedestrian bridge, not the part for the cars, you had a wonderful view on Little Venice - still wondering why they called this lake "Little Venice". Do not understand me wrong, it was a gorgeous lake, but it was a lake, with channels leading to it? But beautiful, very beautiful, I reached the way on the other side and headed towards Regent's Channel.

Again the now so familiar boats, and after the bend I could see that the way would lead me in fact directly to Regent's Channel, and something else I saw, very English, or? The "Puppet Theater Barge", a larger vessel, obviously with a puppet theater on it - I stopped, should I.....

A puppet theater, had I ever been in a puppet theater? I was not sure, at least I had no memory about it, in my youth you could see performances from a very famous puppet theater on TV, but this was only on TV? I looked for information for the next show, could I get a ticket? I headed on, to pass under the next bridge, to arrive at Regent's Channel!

So, this was Regent's Channel, straightaway, with one houseboat after the other, on both sides. After the bridge a soft bend, a house at my side, then I saw it, the gate! Only a short way, and a gate would block my way, stairs leaded up to the street, I had not to try whether the door was open or not, at least on this side of the channel I would not reach anything.

<< again ships that are restaurants and cafés, but to my right restaurants too now, Zizzi, with a patio
<< and a sign with a plan, Paddington Central - this is Paddington Central?

<< the next pedestrian bridge, but I again did not use it

<< the next underpassing, the next large street bridge, still ships, but for living, no longer restaurants, but a large building to my left

<< a sign says, The Battleship Building, another sign, Paddington Grand Union Canal, an arrow says, Little Venice is still ahead

<< is there a battleship inside? a museum? seems to be an office building

<< a small bridge to be underpass, but now I see it, another sign on the wall: Welcome To Little Venice, Little Venice is on the other side of the bridge

<< I hurry to underpass the bridge

<< wow, this is Little Venice?

<< I do not see much so far, but the channel widens, there is a lake or so, and an isle in the middle

<< I continue my way, alongside an ugly wall, alongside more ships, the way bends

<< wow, it's beautiful, the lake is the matching of tree channels, a triangle of channels

<< I stand halfway, the isle in front of me, covering one of the channels

<< the other two channels to my left and right

<< to my right, the way back, not really beautiful

<< but the other side

<< a nice bridge where the channel to my left enters the lake, and a larger ship

<< obviously a restaurant or so, tables and chairs in front, on the now broader way, the wall now nice either

<< on the other side, opposite the restaurant, a kind of little plaza, a place to gather

<< it looks beautiful, is this still London?

<< I would never come to the idea, would I see a picture, that this nice place is located in London

<< I have to be here for a longer time, the other side, this is such a surprising place

<< I cross the channel in front of me to reach the other side of the lake

<< some palm trees, and where the next channel began something, I headed towards

<< the Puppet Theatre Barge, but not today, I could pass the bridge I saw and follow the channel
<< I remembered, on the board I had seen the channel was up to Regent's Park, more or less – should I follow it? Why not?
<< on the other side of the bridge, the path was narrow, but very nice, with many flowers, many barges on both sides
<< but then, suddenly, after a short distance, a gate
<< I could continue my way on the pavement, somewhat up to the channel, could look down to the channel, but no longer the path at the channel
<< I do so for a moment, but then I decide to turn, maybe eating somewhat at the lake?

<< evening at the pub? There was the one near Le Pain Quotidien, the Duke of Kendal
<< why not something new this time? I enter the Duke of Kendal, looked nice but no “Hello Darling”

February The Twelfth

I stood up, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. The first as always, eggs as always, TV. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< I am in The City of London, near Tower Bridge, as I start to remember
<< the young man, for the first time alone in a foreign country, in London
<< but not London would be the main aim, but now, and later, London
<< I remember being at “stamp shop”, the famous Stanley Gibbons – collection??: British Museum
<< most fascinated by the books
<< the sandwich shop, with many kinds of bread, sausages, cheese, and other things, one could create its own special sandwich
<< behind the counter a young, beautiful woman, and the unsecure young man was in fact, after long hesitation, able to order and create his own sandwich
<< I ate it sitting on a bank nearby, nearly like I would work in The City of London

<< a simple hotel, but that was okay, only a few days now, a few days later, only to come and go, by plane, Heathrow
<< and then, the Chinese Restaurant, China Town
<< yeah, was a young cook, just finished my apprenticeship, and I knew that London was well-known for its Chinese Restaurants
<< I entered one, upstairs, I was alone, but more and more Chinese people entered, at the end, I was the only one among many Chinese People
<< I ordered much, cannot remember what, but I got more and more insecure, started to sweat more and more
<< at the end, I got a small hot towel, had no idea what to do with it, hurried to pay
<< on the street again, it felt like a fool, had the feeling that I had done it, and I felt a little proud
<< humiliated, but at least I had done it

<< and then there was the first evening, I could remember now
<< walking around, passing an expensive looking restaurant, I entered
<< very expensive looking inside, but hey, I was a young German cook, I had to eat well
<< I started to question if it was a good idea, looking at the other guests, I started to sweat
<< then I had to order, I can remember very well, a shrimp cocktail and a steak with side orders, all very expensive
<< an expensive glass of wine, the shrimp cocktail came and was not bad, then the steak
<< the steak was a disaster, more cooked than fried, dry and hard, I would have been ashamed if I

had made it

<< was this the infamous English kitchen?

<< I think that I had something sweet and a coffee as well

<< in any way, I had to pay an enormous bill, most of it has been a disappointment, it was my worst steak ever, and the side dishes as well, I was disappointed

<< on the street again, walking around the corner

<< more than one Pakistani restaurant, very interesting looking

<< I knew, many Pakistanis in England, the "happy" Commonwealth

<< it smelled good, had I made a mistake, entering an English restaurant?

<< I entered one of the restaurants, even if I just had dinner

<< I ordered a soup, lamb, maybe even more

<< it all tasted fantastic

<< not cheap, but compared with the garbage in the last place?

<< back on the street, I felt sick, I had eaten way too much, but at least the second try was enjoyable

<< my first evening in London

I was in the City of London now, the known landmarks, but I felt no motivation to see or visit them. St. Paul's was near, the Tower further way, the castle as well as the bridge - still no motivation. The Thames, yes, the river. I entered Farringdon Street, a few hundred yards, and I stood at the riverside.

I thought about to cross the Millennium Bridge, but why I should? There was a.....was it a private celebration or a public space? I wasn't sure about it, but it was of no importance, I would not fit to this people.

London, a city of the rich, an arrogant city, more, a city of people who were proud of to be arrogant. A city where class distinction was a basis for the daily life. Women in beautiful dresses, stockings, high heels, styled, make up, jewelry - would I like it, to be among them? I turned and looked at the water, slowly streaming, and was sure - no, never I would have liked it, to be among them. A young woman walked by, blond hair, chin-length, a coat, knee-length, creme-colored, black cotton tights, and black t-strap shoes. I looked at the water, slowly streaming. I decided to walk back, to walk alongside the River Thames.

February The Thirteenth

I stood up, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. The first as always, eggs as always, TV. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< London Marathon, April 28th, 2019

From Cozy Days In London:

I sat in the breakfast room, enjoyed me scrambled eggs, the toast, the marmalade and all the other things, looked at the TV. No, still no royal baby, but.....today was the London Marathon? Had no idea about it, but why not? I still had no distinct plans for today - why not a marathon? Sorry, The Marathon! I finished my breakfast and hit the road. I had saw that the finish of the marathon was at Buckingham Palace and The Mall - I was there at my first day! So again the way through Hyde Park and Green Park to Buckingham Palace and The Mall, and in fact everything was prepared there for the event. It was very early, but I saw runners already - but very young runners? Already some audience there, but not that much - or? I had no problem to find a place directly at the barrier, at the corner Spur Road and The Mall. Opposite to me, at the corner Constitution Hill and

The Mall a large screen - the live TV broadcast? In any case, I got some information.

The marathon as such had not started till now, the professional runners, the international stars. What happened now were pre-runnings, young runners – male and female - in different classes and different championships. The city championships for example, for males and females, different age classes - not the whole distance, or? Some enthusiastic parents not far apart from me - and pure British sportsmanship? From the corner where I stood, it was only the finishing straight till home - a hundred yards maybe? A young boy stumbled in the bend, he was totally exhausted - and what happened? Another young boy came and helped him, supported him and together they walked over the finish line - yeah, the Brits!

But the young runners were not the only ones on the track at the moment, also the handicapped runners and the wheelchairs, this futuristic looking machines! Also they started in many different classes and it was cool that, whenever a runner came nearer, all the audience started to clap and shout. And if it was obvious that the runner had problems, that he or she had given everything, the applause and the shouting became even more intense. It was a good feeling to be a part of this crowd - I saw me on the screen? Could millions see me now?

But then the main race begun, the favorites got introduced. I had to confess that I knew none of them. One or two names - Leule Gebrselassie?, Eliud Kipchoge? - sounded not totally unknown, but.....I was not sure. But what fascinated me the most was the total number of runners, and to see this sea of runners from the helicopter - over forty thousand runners, over four hundred thousand had asked for the possibility to run! Then the main race begun, the top favorites at first and then more and more of the other runners. It would take a long time, till all runners would even have crossed the starting line! Not to talk about that they would have crossed the finish line? Sportsmanship.....

Sportsmanship was also, that still runners from many different classes reached the last corner, the finish line. The "back-markers", long after the winners of their individual classes, who now got even more support from the audience than the winners. In fact the first victory ceremonies had just started. And hey, also the special areas alongside The Mall, with seats for the celebrities, began to fill - sure, who would like it, to miss the winner of the race! Some royals would be there also! But I concentrated on the runners again - another wheelchair? It was a longer time ago that I had saw the first one, but also this athlete got supported by the crowd.

The fastest runners would need something more than two hours they said, and talked about a possible world record. The conditions would be good this year, last year very hot, too hot, but this year much colder; but not too cold, very good conditions for the runners, maybe a world record? I was not interested in it, as they showed pictures from the starting area, about more and more runners who began with their individual race now - but a lot of them were still not on the track. My phone rang - a SMS?

I looked at the message: "Number 36 765 is the murderer!?" Okay, a joke, but who tried to fool me? Nobody from the States - who should know, that I would stand here at the moment, watching the race? The TV broadcast? Who would sit now, who would know me, in front of a TV in the States - time shift! - watching the London Marathon? I mean, we're talking about America? Even the Boston or the New York Marathon were not the favorite sports events in the USA - but the London Marathon - live? But who would know my number in Britain? I knew nobody in Britain, I had give this number nobody - I decided to ignore the message for the moment, the race had developed. As always runners from Africa led the field, the men's field as well as the women's field. Not far apart from me stood a woman of African decent now, who waved a flag - not sure about the nation. In both leading groups were runners from Kenya and Ethiopia - I hoped that her favorites would win. And not a long time later it got obvious, as the reporter mentioned Eliud Kipchoge from Kenya, that he would look very good today - she waved the flag even more now and was very happy about the heard. I could not get this stupid message out of my head!

The run took its course and it would not last long and we would know who the winner of the male race would be - Eliud Kipchoge from Kenia in the lead, but Mosinet Geremew from Ethiopia not

that much behind him. And also the women's race was led by a Kenyan runner, Brigid Kosgei. Her lead was very comfortable, so everything looked like a double win for Kenya, much to the delight to the woman near to me, waving her flag even more enthusiastically now.

I looked around, does the sender of the message was among the crowd? But my number? I looked at the large screen - Eluid Kipchoge had reached Birdcage Walk, soon I would see him, soon he would be the winner, if nothing strange would still happen. The crowd started to get louder; the star from Kenya passed me, now it was definitive that he would be the winner. But also the following runners, Mosinet Geremew and Mule Wasihun, both from Ethiopia, got a fantastic support for the last yards, maybe the crowd cheered even more for them?

Then the women's race. Brigid Kosgei dominated the race now, Vivian Cheruiyot, also from Kenya, and Roza Dereje from Ethiopia followed her, crossing the finish line. The race was over now? Of course not! For some the race would still last many hours, but nobody left. And also I stayed and cheered for the runners who passed us now in a large number. Men and women, young and old - it was not important, the crowd cheered for every runner, especially for them who were exhausted. And one moment was no good moment, a runner collapsed at Spur Road, not much away from me - medics had to carry the runner away on a stretcher. A tent from the Red Cross was on the other side of the road, near Victoria Memorial. I had not looked at my clock, many runners had passed now, many were still on the track, as I had the impulse to move on.

I decided to walk to Birdcage Walk on the other side of St. James Park, but it was not that easy, because I could not simply follow Spur Road. It was only possible to use the road till the provisional footbridge which I had used earlier to cross Spur Road, then the road was blocked. But in the end this was no problem, I could walk through St. James's Park, what would give me also the opportunity to see the black swans again. It was wonderful to see them again, looked at them for some time, then I continued with my walk. I reached Birdcage Walk where also many stood, cheering as one runner after the other passed them. I did the same while walking down Birdcage Walk - I was hungry and thirsty now! Tattershall Castle again? I thought that everything in this area would be very crowded at such a day - I reached Horse Guards Road and entered it.

I followed it and.....was this the meet and greet area of which they had talked about? I saw signs with letters - the last letters of the alphabet? 36 765 - could I meet him here? Would I have to know his - or hers? - name? But when this runner would arrive at the finish, still on the track? That would make no sense! What should I do? The next police station? My smartphone showed me, that the Metropolitan Police at Victoria Embankment was not far away?

February The Fourteenth

I stood up, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. The first as always, eggs as always, TV. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< my way had led me to Trafalgar Square, stood in front of the National Gallery

<< but I did not enter it, but I remembered

<< the young man, hurrying through the corridors, had no time to stop, no time to look at the pictures in an adequate way

<< always on the run, sweating, out of breath

<< fascinated by the pictures, wanted to see them all, at best at the same time

<< it was like a rush

<< but there was more!

<< The British Museum

<< yeah, also through these corridors, the young man hurried, but he was not interested in what he saw

<< he hurried through the whole building, what a waste!

<< he was exhausted, at the entrance again, but he searched for something special
<< the Tapling Collection!, but he could not find it
<< but he knew, as he had read, the collection would be part of the British Museum
<< then he saw a little passage to his right, obviously leading to a small hall or so – like for a doll house in this gigantic building
<< he entered it, nothing interesting, but another passage, light
<< he walked through the passage and was shocked!

<< a giant hall, a high hall, long, very long, but.....
<< in front of him were some glass cabinets, and therein were opened books—old books, beautiful books, but.....
<< all around, the walls up to the ceiling, books, books, and more books, behind glass doors, a balustrade
<< and at the other end he saw something
<< he walked through, yes, the Tapling Collection, even some collections more
<< he looked at the famous stamps from around the world, everything was there, but all these books
<< he could not concentrate, always he had to look at the books, the books!
<< he walked through the hall, alongside the glass doors up the ceiling, he touched the glass and had tears in his eyes, the stamps forgotten, all these books, these old and wonderful books!

<< the young man would later study art history, literature, and philosophy
<< he had no idea in these moments, The National Gallery and the British Museum
<< but he always lusted for art and literature

<< I enter the pub, this time The Victoria again, but something is different today
<< crowded, okay, not empty otherwise, but plenty of people in it today
<< I understand very fast, pub quiz!
<< have seen it already on TV, British crime series
<< an earnest matter, at least if you believe TV
<< I hesitated, shall I go again, but at the bar still enough space, at least one empty seat would be possible
<< I order the usual, the man today, no: Hello Darling!
<< I try to listen, but I cannot understand the questions well, cannot answer anything
<< no problem, I do not participate
<< they seem to have a lot of fun, no reason to kill someone?
<< then the quiz is over, they collect the cards, and the winner gets a price, I cannot see or hear it well
<< I walk back to the hotel

Back in the hotel, sitting on the bed, still Boris and the baby in TV. It was not that late, too early to go to bed, the TV program boring, I started to walk around. Was it by mistake or design, but I walked down the road to the pub, which I entered, what I regretted immediately, the pub was very much filled, but to the right hand, a small and free table. I sat down and realized why the pub was so crowded at such a relatively late time for pubs, it was trivia night! I had heard about it, had seen it already in British crime series, but I thought not that this was real, but it was real. It was more than real, but in a way entertaining - I started to listen to the questions, after I had fetched my normal dark one.

Well, in a way I had some problems to understand the questions as such, the MC had quite an accent - a British accent! And should I be happy enough to understand the question, I had absolute no clue about the answer. Interestingly, the next small table was occupied by three men, and it became obvious to me, that they had won at least some of the previous rounds - this was the last round, as I had understood in the meantime. They, and one table on the other side of the pub,

seemed to be the heroes of the game, the weekly game! Wow, a Dr. Who question the MC announced, maybe I would be able to answer at least one of the questions - the one afore was about football, as they called soccer, about Tottenham! Well, I could even not answer the Dr. Who question in the end - good that I participated not in an active way!

But now also this last round was over, and as expected it came to a head-to-head battle of "my" table and the table of the other side of the pub - the other table won the trivia night as such with one right answer more. Bad luck for "my" table! But this changed nothing, the mood in the pub was very wet today, and also I had my third in front of me now - was it not a bit late for pubs now? Longer at trivia nights? I had no idea, but decided that I should walk back, what was more difficult, as I had thought.

Okay, it should have been a warning signal to me, that I have had real severe problems tonight, from the restroom back upstairs, I was in serious trouble for some time. But now the cold air hit me, and I realized very much, that three pints of dark beer were way too much for me! Not, that I had no idea anymore where my hotel was, this was not the problem at all, but to set one foot in front of the other; that was not that easy anymore. And, even when I knew that I had to turn right, it was surprisingly difficult than, to turn right! Gosh, I was fucking drunken, near to a blackout!

As I asked for the key, I tried to appear not that drunken, but I feared that I would be not really successful in it - I was happy to be back in my room again. What a fucking day! It started with a huge English breakfast and a wonderful cup of tea, the Boston Tea Party, and it ended drunken from beer, The Victoria. In between a murder - and I was involved in it, only that I had not the slightest idea why and in what a way. I had fucking weird dreams!

February The Fifteenth

I stood up, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. The first as always, eggs as always, TV. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

From Cozy Days In London:

The same procedure as every day, scrambled eggs plain, toast, marmalade, roll.....but it was not the same, obviously it was not the same! Yeah, the same shit in TV, but was I interested in fucking Boris or this boring baby?

*At least I had to do something, I had to buy me a ticket at Victoria Station, a ticket for tomorrow, a ticket to **Bristol**.*

Victoria Station, of course I would walk, and it would no real short walk. A walk towards new parts of the city, unknown to me. Therefore I was curious about the upcoming sights and impressions - no phone call from the police. It not seemed, as that they were much interested in information - what information I would have been able to provide them? Nothing in the end, nothing!

The breakfast was nice and good as every day, the staff friendly as every day. The weather, according to the forecast, fitfully as every day. I walked back to my room, had taken an apple, decided for the lighter jacket. Victoria Station, not difficult to find. Till Apsley House as always, but then not down Constitution Hill, simply alongside Buckingham Palace Garden I had to go - somewhat further on, Victoria Station! I had used Google Earth, it was easy to find, why one would need a map? A smartphone? This would have not nearly the same fun - a taxi? I liked it to start, to know the direction, and even if I would miss it, I would have the whole day! The beautiful aspect was, that you discovered always interesting and surprising things and views by doing so! And as said, I had the whole day to buy me one ticket to Dover - this should be a manageable task!

Well, the first part of the walk was very easy, nothing new - of course, the English weather! At the beginning I thought, that maybe even the lighter jacket would have been not necessary, but now

reaching Apsley House, Wellington Arch, I was no longer sure about, whether the other jacket wouldn't have been better - heavy clouds now and some spray. But, this was London, the UK, and it was very likely that at Victoria Station the sun would shine again.

But this time not Constitution Hill or Piccadilly, but Grosvenor Place. I decided to use the right side of the road, alongside of the wall seemed not so interesting, even if this meant that I had to walk under a scaffold at the beginning. But as I said, this way to do it offered you sometimes interesting insights. I looked at the posters which were hung up in the passage under the scaffold, "The Peninsula" was under construction here. The posters told you - mostly - stories from the old "The Peninsula" in Hong Kong, the first, and still most glamorous, hotels of the Peninsula group, opened in 1928. Well, the happy local employees you could see on the posters, who liked it very much to work for the super-rich British colonists - especially I liked it, that the hotel was proud of its fleet of Rolls-Royce cars, all painted in green, sorry, Peninsula signature green! Okay, this was London, snobbery was class, and I had definitively no class!

I reached a green area as expected, Lower Grosvenor Garden, a short way ahead, around the corner of the second green area, the first street to the left, I should see the train station, but I didn't! But before you now would say, maybe a map or so is nothing that stupid, I only needed some time to realize, that my mistake was, that I had Paddington Station and especially the train station in Bristol in my mind. I realized, looking down the road where the station should be, that the station was a part of this line of house facades, no individual building. Now I realized also the large letters on the iron portico down the street - London Victoria Station! Okay, the whole scenery looked not really like a train station, especially not like a train station in a historic city like London - Bristol okay! No, I had not looked for the station on Google Earth, Street View! This was the UK and sportsmanship was an important thing in this country and city. And hey, I had found the station, I had the whole day to buy me a ticket!

Okay, the train station looked definitively not like a train station, at least from outside - hey, it was a normal Londoner house front! Okay, the portico, but behind, the windows, these were flats or? I totally not understood it, but the letters on the portico told you: London Victoria Station. I entered the "building" through one of the entrances - well, now I started to understand the train station. The "house" was in fact a house, the hall of the train station began only after you had gone through "under" the house, the train station was behind the "house" - well, this was Great Britain, in the states we had always more space for such things like train stations or malls. But in the end I had managed it, I stood in the hall of Victoria Station.

The next step, buying a ticket? Hey, this was England, not the States. If you ever will have the "fun", to arrive at a large airport in the States, take it with serenity! Very often somebody will tell you, totally relaxed, in which way you have to go, what you have to do now..... - sarcasm, okay? I think for some reason, I should stress this these days - be careful, sarcasm! Really, it was always very stressful at a US airport, at least till you had managed it behind the customs. But Victoria Station, England, London?

Ticket machines on one side, ticket counters on the other side - looked very easy, especially because I would use the ticket counter, because I had a question respective the departure times. But hey, sometimes things are not that easy! I came close the beginning of the fenced off part, the part to create a queue in the way you knew it from airports or so, as a woman addressed me. I had not noticed her, my aim was the one of the ticket counters, she stood right in the middle between the ticket machines and the fenced off part. She wore a uniform and told me, very distinct, that I should use the ticket machine. In the first moment I not reacted, moved forward nearer to my aim - again she addressed me, this time very distinct! I continued my way, said something about "a question", she followed me with her eyes - wow, if looks could kill! Sure, that this was no American airport, sure that I had no beard and dark skin? I reached the area to queue, not many in the line - but a lot at the ticket machines, I knew the reason why. In fact, the short time I had to wait, I had the opportunity to become the witness of three more "episodes". People who intended to use the ticket counter, not the ticket machine. Even showing papers and telling very understandable, that you had

a question, helped not much. Also at the ticket machine one could get information, was the answer! I had no idea, and have till today no idea, why it was such a bid deal to use the ticket counter at Victoria Station, especially because of the "nice lady" all the ticket machines were strongly used and only a few waited to buy a ticket at the ticket counter - four of the counters were opened? I was the next, I was scared, to make a step forward, reached the counter, a young woman of color behind the glass, would she kill me now, because I dared to stand here, not using the ticket machine? She smiled at me and asked with a soft voice, what she could do for me.....

Wow, I relaxed and described her my request: A return (?????) ticket to **Bristol**. I needed no ten minutes, then I had my tickets and the printouts of my two connections, as well as always two alternatives! I thanked the woman behind the counter very warmly and left the fenced off area, passed by the uniformed woman, looked at her, with the tickets and the printouts in my hand, shrugged with my shoulders - and now?

Well, of course, I orientated, looked where the platform for my train of tomorrow would be. It was not difficult to find the platform, and of course, I would be early at the train station tomorrow, as always - and now? Looking at Google Earth yesterday, I had decided to cross The River Thames, to walk back to Westminster Bridge on the other side of The River Thames. Therefore I bought me a coffee, left the train station, walked by the bus terminal, I knew that in this direction I should find a large street to the next bridge - rough directions, details were not important, I liked this strategy! And in the end it was pretty easy, Vauxhall Bridge Road around the corner - what one would need more?

So I began to follow Vauxhall Bridge Road, obviously the road would lead to Vauxhall Bridge, I could cross The River Thames and walk back to Westminster Bridge - the distance? I had no real idea, some miles obviously, but I had the whole day? It was still in the morning and this was no American desert! It would be easy to buy me always something to drink or eat, I could find always a place to sit down - how long would you need in London to find a cab? So, where was the problem in doing so? Vauhall Bridge Road waited!

I reached River Thames, was not so interested in Vauxhall Bridge Road, especially because this was the beginning of the walk, because I was interested in to reach the Thames, to walk back on the other side, and also Vauxhall Bridge Road was longer as thought, the distance to the bridge and River Thames. I was interested in to reach the Thames as fast as possible, to have a long time for the way back and I reached the bridge as well as the river.

My first impression? The "houses" on the other side of the Thames - well, I had heard of the housing projects at the Thames, and obviously these were two examples on each side of the bridge on the other side of the river. Even from this side of the river it was obvious, that to live on the other side, in one of this super-modern blocks would be not very cheep. A lot of glass and concrete - I perceived them as ugly, cold and repelling, no place to live. But I thought that the people who lived there - and worked? - would see this differently. I had my problems with the architecture in London, with the old as well as with the new. I started to cross the bridge and suddenly I saw something very different, looking down the river!

Pink Floyd - yeah, only the pig was missing! I remembered, the power station at the Thames, but it had been not aware of me, that I could see this icon from this bridge - I smiled. Well, it was quite a distance to it - it still was there, still a power station? Animals, end of the seventies or so, I was impressed! Yes, with some planning and reading a tourists guide, but by how much more impressive the sight was now, I was fascinated! But one problem, the station was on the wrong side, away from Westminster, should I walk to the station? On the other side, it was the direction of the bridge I would cross tomorrow by train, I should pass the station tomorrow, more or less nearby, I knew roughly the way the train would take tomorrow, why I could not use Paddington Station as starting point for a trip to Dover. So I decided to stand for a while here at the river, looking at the power station, thinking of a time, when I was a boy.

The modern buildings? Yes, the one on the right side showed stylistic elements of ships - hey, the River Thames!, and also the tower was "impressive". The one on the left side was more block-like, both with a lot of green-blue glass - hey, water! Both boring, both most probably future icons of this city, like the ugly, totally unproportional Ferris Wheel I would see later again. I decided to walk back and had to realize that I had no idea, how to reach the walk alongside the Thames, at least from my side. So I crossed the busy road and reached the river finally.

The first part of the walk was not that interesting, well the water, some "spectacular" buildings, bank towers and suchlike - I had passed a statue, but the inscription puzzled me more than it helped: Baveswara 1134-1168 / unveiled by Shri Narendra Modi / PM of India / Work is worship - yeah? That London had a large Indian community I knew, but.....maybe I should do some research later. So I continued my way and reached a vessel, a freaky vessel painted in yellow with many beer barrels on board! Obviously a pub or so, obviously somewhat more rustic than the Tattershall Castle. Unfortunately it was too early, too early to enter, too early for a drink, therefore I continued my walk till I reached the next bridge.

Two things, I could see Westminster Bridge, my aim, now. And I reached Lambeth Pier shortly after the bridge, I could buy me a coffee. Maybe a mile away from the train station I was now, the way from the hotel to the train station, the rest to Westminster Bridge, the way back to the hotel - yes, again a day with some miles! I sipped at my paper cup, looked at the water, the sun shined and I had stuffed the jacket in my backpack - at the pier you could make a cruise? Not for me, I emptied my cup and proceeded with my walk.

I reached Westminster Bridge, a nice little park, a fountain, stalls - to use some British English - where one could buy food and beverages, a statue - this city was full of statues and memorials - and benches to sit down. I decided for a coffee, a pasty filled with beef, and two cookies for later. The statue? Mary Seacole - maybe some more checking on the Internet? I sat down, enjoyed my coffee, the pasty and the cookies thereafter, happy to have the jacket with me, under a now very cloudy sky - soon we would have some rain, it was London!

Afternoon, I would have still some time to walk around, on the other hand tomorrow in Dover I would walk a lot. Back to the hotel? Well, I could walk back slowly, through the parks, java u? The one in Edgware Road? I could eat something, a nice tea? Pub? I leant back as it began to rain - only somewhat! I would say, in an hour or so, I could stuff the jacket back into the backpack, to enjoy the sun again - does someone thought, that this weather conditions would be cool?

February The Sixteenth

<< Concert Days

From Cozy Days In London:

Victoria Station again, I had only a small bag and my backpack with me, no luggage as such. I would stay only one night in Bristol, the rest of my luggage was still in my hotel room in London - I would pay for two rooms this night. But it was easier, than to carry everything around for only one night. Paddington Station early in the morning, as expected I was there long before my train would depart.

I liked it to be at places like train stations or airports. I liked the mood at such places, the many people arriving or departing. I decided to have a coffee in one of the places, the station offered you. In some hours I would be in Bristol, I would check in, I would have some time, then I would hear the most wonderful voices on earth - a capella in a former church. There were two songs, or maybe three or four? Would they sing them? Even if not, this would become a very special evening. Well, not the first concert for me, and not the first impressive artist I would see, but as said, the most wonderful voices on earth.

Two sisters, together with a third female voice. Each voice alone, but all three together, like a choir of a thousand angels! Well, I imagined this, it would be the first time to hear them a capella, the first time to hear them live. Whereby, on some songs on their albums the music was very reduced - maybe this could give you an impression of what one could expect? I was excited! I looked at the other people, would some also be one the way to Bristol? Most probably not, but you never could know - yeah, you never could know!

I have had my coffee, but still time. I walked around - nice old train station. It was a terminal station, not uncommon for a train station in a large city. More uncommon, at least for me as an American, was the British system. Sure, you bought a ticket, but you had to show the ticket before you were allowed to enter the platforms. With other word, only ticket owner could enter the platforms - how unromantic was this! Hey, all these movies, all these lovers, a last kiss on the platform before he or she had to enter the train - or the other way around? The train arrives, he or she waits, the door opens, and then.....nothing! Because you had to leave the platform first, by showing your ticket, and then in the hall you could embrace and kiss the beloved one - not before! Oh Brits, where was your romantic side?

I liked it, to look at the other travelers. Many people left the train, from around the world they could be. And some still waited to enter the train - their aims? All over the world there aim could be - I entered the platform for my train, not all over the world, Bristol would be my aim. The train to Bristol was already ready for leaving, I had still nearly ten minutes till the departure. As expected, not that many passengers were in the train, the number of suspects would have been very small in that case. But maybe I would get an email while heading to Bristol? After I had took a seat at a window, I looked outside at the station platform - four minutes till departure, and because this was British Rail, I had no doubts about that we would leave the station in time. I leant back, the train started to move.

It was always interesting to see a city from a train, not the shiny facades at the streets you saw in that case, but the shabby backyards instead - and this could tell you much more about a city. Through industrial areas, quarters you would not have been in otherwise, it was always interesting using a train to explore a large city - much better as by car. Driving a car, you had to concentrate on the traffic, especially in an unknown city, not to talk about, if you would have to drive on the wrong side. In a train you could lean back and you could open yourself totally to the expressions you had. I liked it, but also a disadvantage - maybe a disadvantage. A train not stopped if you saw something interesting, often only a glimpse was possible, a short moment, sometimes surreal, sometimes confusing, sometimes extremely impressive.

As always in the city limits the train moved slowly forward, we passed a patrol station, but soon we drove through the suburbs of London. I had no idea in which part of London we were at a certain time, sometimes I could read a sign at a station, but it was interesting to see these suburbs. Very different to the USA. This typical row houses, bricks, as you knew it from the pictures or TV - was this still London, or had we already crossed the city limits?

We would need around one and three-quarter hours to reach Bristol, somewhat over ten minutes I was in the train now, but now I was sure that we were no longer in London. More and more landscape, independent cities - Maidenhead I could read, no longer in London definitively. I looked at the soft hills, the green, some lakes. Not that you could not find such a landscape in the US, the States were huge, very huge! It was, that I knew, difficult for the Europeans to understand, that the States were roughly as large as Europe - without Alaska! But even more, you could find more diverse landscapes in the USA, than in Europe! The snowy Rockies, the deserts in the south. The Great Plains and the region alongside the Great Lakes. The Sun Belt and Florida and the New England States. And much much more! But this landscape here, in the south of England was very different to the landscape of my home. After twenty-five minutes we reached our first way station - Reading.

Obviously Reading was no small city, at least for an English city. London, and maybe some more somewhat larger cities in England, but nothing comparable to New York or Los Angeles, not to talk about Greater Los Angeles! Well, maybe I was unfair now, to compare England with the whole USA. Some states in the USA had fewer inhabitants than London! But what I meant was, that England appeared like what I knew from media or movies. Small cities, the typical houses, the green landscape - could be perfect. But then there were these movies, novels or news. The Brits, some dark secrets behind closed doors. A strange humor, and not only the humor was strange. Freaks and people with strange obsessions and tics. British comedy, from Monty Python till today - I thought that such stuff told you a lot about a society. In America? Well: Are there any niggers here tonight.....

Well, a problem with sitting in a train was, that I could not easily leave the train for some time to continue with my travel later. In a way yes, and in a way I was not interested in, because my aim was to reach Bristol early, but with a car you can stop for a short time, ten or fifty minutes to have a look at something, traveling by train made this a bit difficult, but as said, Bristol was my aim. But I had the feeling that also Reading would have been an interesting aim - at least I had this impression, looking out of the window, as the train continued with its travel.

The landscape changed somewhat now, soft hills, farmland, lot of smaller woods, a lot of green. It was a comforting landscape, it was nice to look at, while driving through. We passed, or drove through, some smaller cities as the train stopped for a second time - Didcot.

Still this well known red row houses, should this be more than a cliché? And behind the doors? Hadn't England not a long history of conflicts? The fights connected with worker rights? The dissatisfaction of the youth?the Queen and her fascist regime..... - was this correctly quoted? The unequal distribution of assets? On the other hand one could see this as a proud history, of standing for your rights! Northern Ireland?

Not only! Wales and Scotland? A very bloody history about religion and suppression, a history of suffering. But in the last decades good developments, not every week news about bombs and death in Belfast - Derry! And yet, everything was questioned by a voting based on obvious lies - not only in the states "truth" had become a relative thing in our times. The train moved on.

From Didcot we needed fifteen minutes to our next stop, the next somewhat larger city, Swindon, again through soft hills, green land, from time to time a grove. Also this city looked interesting, at least seen from a train. I asked myself, if it had been more interesting to spent time in such smaller cities, than in London. Often the idea was, staying in a foreign country, that you should visit the capital city. Well, the USA and Washington was maybe no good example - I mean, who was interested in Washington anyway? But England, you had to stay in London? France, you had to stay in Paris? The USA, you had to stay in New York or Los Angeles? Well, I looked forward to Bristol, as the train continued its way.

The next part of the travel was very short, ten minutes later we arrived in Chippenham, again a smaller city, and another twenty minutes later we arrived in Bath, again a somewhat larger city, the last stop before our final destination. The landscape was hillier now, the hills often covered with woods, I thought this landscape somewhat more interesting. I leant back, in around twenty minutes we would arrive in Bristol. So far the travel was a very relaxed one, no new SMS. Maybe I should forget this stupid matter? The train started rolling again, for the last time, soon I would be in Bristol, soon I would hear the wonderful voices.

The train needed another twenty minutes from Bath to Bristol, only for a shorter time we drove through the open landscape, soon we reached the outskirts of Bristol. Bristol was one of the largest cities on the isles with nearly half a million inhabitants, Bristol was an old city, for an American an unbelievably old city. Most of the historic buildings were older than any American city, even when WWII left over several scars and losses.

We drove alongside the Avon, a long tunnel, crossed the Avon, industrial areas, crossed the Avon again and reached the train station - Bristol Temple Meads. I left the train, a roofed railway track awaited me - only two tracks? I looked for the exit and realized that there were obviously more tracks "outside"? I was somewhat puzzled as I saw the way out, the barriers were you had to use

your ticket to be able to enter the hall of the station, to leave the platform - and it was fascinating. The "hall" was small, very small, but appeared like the hall of a church, simply beautiful. Later I realized that this train station was one of the oldest train stations - in the whole world! I was enchanted and left the station.

My first impression standing in front of the station? A parking lot in the middle, a way around it, to drive to the station, or to drive off the station, many taxis waited. To the left and right a row of low stone houses, sand stone, obviously also very old. An interesting looking building straight ahead - also obviously fitting to the houses to my left and right, but much larger. In the background a modern apartment block, not disturbed the view overall. I turned around and saw the forefront of the station for the first time - the train had approached from the other side. I was speechless.

To me the station appeared like church, a cathedral even. And yes, I knew, that had been the intention of the architect, but train stations in the US? Whereby, in a way the hall of this station reminded me somewhat to the famous hall of the Union Station in Los Angeles - no, this hall was very different. The difference was, that these buildings not tried to appear old, they simply were old, very old for an American.

Walking? Yes, walking! I had only some luggage, the hotel was not far away, no mile, and with a slight detour I could have a look at the venue first. I would walk to the venue, then to the hotel, check in, refreshing, relaxing, and then the concert, that was my plan. I had the way in my head, used Google Earth yesterday, and knew the direction, more or less - I liked it, to do it that way.

No smartphone? No GPS? To be honest: No! I owned a cell phone, I could receive SMS, could write SMS in what I was not interested in - hey, the cell phone had even a camera, had no idea how to use it, but it had one! Okay, I was somewhat old-fashioned what phones concerned, better to say, I had no idea why I should need a phone with Internet access - because you would find the way to the hotel more easy? Hey, if I would have been interested in the easy way, I would have used a taxi! I was old, maybe old-fashioned in some ways, but no idiot!

I had memorized that I had to leave the station, had to walk towards the street, had to turn right, had to find Victoria Street. And hey, it was not that difficult, even when it was not that easy, because the area there was a large construction site - I had to look around somewhat, but then I found my way to enter Victoria Street. Now it was easy, following Victoria Street, crossing the bridge, and wow, that was why I liked it to walk. A nice park and some interesting buildings to my right, maybe I would have time to come back later - Bristol obviously a hilly city. I continued my way, now High Street, later Broad Street. Maybe this sounded difficult, but maybe fifty yards, uphill, then I had reached my first aim, a series of plazas, a kind of pedestrian area, definitively one of the main areas of Bristol. It was around 11 am now and it seemed, that the area would fill - some were there and ate something. Okay, it was the first day of May today, therefore it was no warm summer day, but I could imagine that in summer this was a widely used area to spend your lunch break. But I headed on.

The next what I had memorized was, that I had to follow the broad street, the next hill, and after the bend it became obvious, that it would be a very steep way I had to go. But on the other hand, I knew, that to find the venue, I would have not to walk the whole way uphill, later yes. But now, I had to find Great Georges Street to my left, there the venue, St. George's Bristol, a former church, would be. Also what I saw after the bend made compensation for the effort of walking, the next plaza, a green area, a very interesting - official? - building. And in the end it was easy, maybe somewhat exhausting, to find Great Georges Street, the next steep street. But only a few yards, and I stood in front of the entrance of the venue of the concert this evening, and it was a beautiful sight! But many hours I still had and I became curious, I decided to continue to follow the rest of the street up the hill - was there something? Yes, I could remember that there should be a large park, "behind" the venue. As I said, still enough time, an interesting park opened up, a park at a hillside. I was already sweaty, had enough time, would have a long shower in the hotel, I decided to enter the park, to walk uphill.

The first what I saw in the park were two young school girls in their school uniforms, running down

the hill, maybe eleven or twelve. But they used not the ways, they ran over the grass, was this allowed? Well, Hyde Park? Maybe I confused this with German behavior. I continued my way up the hill and realized that it would become a longer way, and that at the highest point there was a higher tower. I reached a traversal way, better a viewing area with benches, the view on Bristol was spectacular! I sat down for a moment, to have a rest, many benches were occupied. But then I had to move on, to reach the top, the tower, the highest point. A wonderful small path, paved with natural stone, led to the tower from my point on, even in May you could guess how beautiful this part of the park would be in summer with all the bushes and then blooming flowers - but I hesitated. Also alongside the path there were benches and on one a young couple sat. They kissed each other, talked with each other, and I had the felling I would disturb them by walking by - I decided to continue my way to the hotel.

I reached Great George Street again, and then the street uphill. This time I would have to walk uphill the complete way, a way that became steeper and steeper - but I managed it, and again it paid out. The next impressing architecture, obviously very old, maybe a part of the university? Bristol hosted a university - or? At least many.....not school girls - students. Older than the two I saw in the park, but also with their uniforms. A female student dressed in a black skirt, black woolen tights and black patent-leather shoes passed me. She had straight long blond hairs, a white blouse - if I was not wrong - and with a coat of arms or so on her jacket. Maybe eighteen or twenty years old - like in a movie.

But I had to concentrate on my way. And my way would be now, that I knew, to follow the street to my left. I looked at the street sign - Park Row, that not sounded familiar? I tried to remember the real street name - not Park Row, or? "Upper" I had in mind, later I would need "Lower". Well, my system had it's weaknesses, but often it produced interesting results - I was sure that it was not Park Row. I decided to follow the street up the hill further on, now no longer so steep, to see the names of the following streets - when in doubt, I could walk back. The street made a bend after some yards and it became obvious that this was definitively the wrong way. I continued till the next branching street, a smaller street - Tyndalls Park Road. Again a park? There was no street with a park - or? So, what to do, walking back, maybe asking a student, I knew the name of the hotel! Or, using Tyndalls Park Road and seeing what would happen? I decided for Tyndalls Park Road.

A very good sign was, that I walked downhill now. Apart from that, that it was nice for me, the hotel had to be much lower than the venue, not to talk about the point I had reached now. The plazas, the pedestrian area, the hotel had to be in a more or less similar height, at least much lower as I was now. I became optimistic that my decision was a good one, as long as I had to realize that the street started to ascend again, very steep this time. But to return now would have been silly, therefore I continued, now I started to sweat really, but I saw that I would hit another street soon, that I would reach the highest point soon - I thought so!

In fact I hit a crossing street, in fact from now on Tyndalls Park Road would ascent again, but the direction looked not good! Okay, maybe this all seemed to be very confusing, but I had a good visual thinking. I stood at the corner Tyndalls Park Road and Woodland Road. Woodland Road plunged literally, and it was obvious that it would lead me more or less back to the beautiful building, the one with the female student, to Park Row. The train station had to be located quite accurately in linear direction, following Woodland Road. The hotel should be somewhat more to the left, longer following Tyndalls Park Road would be the totally wrong direction, I had to choose Woodland Road - downhill!

A new problem! I had to confess that my legs started to get somewhat tired. Steep downhill, often worse than uphill! On the other side of the street a school girl, or a student, walked uphill. I thought that she could be fourteen or nineteen. Sure, she wore her school uniform, short skirt, long legs, long straight hair, simply cute in any aspects. She appeared like the prototype of an English schoolgirl - fantastic for every TV series if fourteen, fantastic for every porn if nineteen - and her feelings? I asked myself whether she liked it, that she had to wear a school uniform, her skirt and her blouse, her tights and her jacket. Hey, I would be not the only one, who would see her as a cute ideal of an English school girl. And she, when she would have liked it more to wear jeans and a

sweater at school? I reached Park Row again - and now?

The only decision could be to follow this street, Park Row, to see what would happen - or to walk back to the plazas, but this would be stupid. I followed Park Row and reached a Hospital for Children. I looked at a street sign - Upper Maudin Street! Fuck, that was the street I looked for, but I followed Park Row all the time - I was an idiot! At the beginning of my walk? Victoria Street, High Street, Broad Street? The same street, they changed the street names constantly. Park Row was Upper Maudin Street now, for no obvious reason! Now it should be easy, and it was easy. A few yards and right hand was the Lower Maudin Street. I entered the street and saw that Park Row / Upper Maudin Street would name Marlborough Street from now on! The last yards down Lower Maudin Street and there it was, my hotel! Don't tell me that my system not guided you to your hotel!

I entered the hotel, the Premier Inn Bristol City Center, soon I would have a long and hot shower, maybe a rest, maybe some more walking, soon I would hear some angels singing! A young man behind the counter, I showed him my booking information, everything was okay, the shower waited - and then? He had problems with the PC, with his booking system, could not finish the process. I could hear him mumbling that not for the first time, he walked away, came back - still problems! Okay, it was obvious that he was stressed by this, and he felt unwell. He apologized not only one time, but he could not fix the problem, already I was not the only one who waited - let's make it short! I stood and sat in the lobby for nearly half an hour, then he could finish the process, and he handed me the key - now I could enter the elevator, third floor, and entered my room in the end.

I have to say that the room was very nice. Well, I needed the room only to sleep a single night in it, but it was a nice room. And the shower was nice, long and hot, very long! I looked at the clock, still enough time, I decided for a rest, till 5 pm, the concert would begin at 7 pm. I would have two hours then, could have an easy walk to the church, time for a coffee. I laid down and set the alarm clock I had with me.

February The Seventeenth

<< Morning in Bristol (schools), Concert "The Unthanks" in Bristol, May 1st, 2019, St George's Bristol

From Cozy Days In London:

My alarm clock rang, I stood up and felt not bad. For some while in the bathroom, deciding what clothes, clock and bracelet. 5:30 pm, time to have a slow walk to the venue. And due to my profound local knowledge which I had now, it was an easy walk. I used Upper Maudin Street, which later became Park Row, till I stood in front of the beautiful building again. Still some student on their way, looked somewhat like a church, maybe I should do some research later? I looked at the other people at the street and had to confess, well, yes, the elegant women in London, but the women in Bristol definitively no less elegant were. And I talked about the "ordinary" woman on the street, not about someone who was on the way to attended a concert in the evening.

Well, this time I could walk down the hill, and therefore it was very easy to reach the former church again. Everything was very easy and fast, time enough for a coffee before the concert. I had saw, as I was here before, that next to the church a modern annex was - obviously a place for a coffee or a glass of champagne before the concert, I entered the place. As expected some tables and a bar, I ordered a coffee and sat down. But then I had to use the restroom, looked for it, found it, and found out, that there was more than only the bar and the church hall, an exhibition in the crypt. Many interesting insights in the history of this place, I spent some time to read the interesting boards. Another coffee, then I decided to enter the hall.

The church hall, the concert hall, was beautiful - I was impressed. Instead of an altar a low stage,

at wall behind the stage an impressive altarpiece in form of a temple. I had a seat on the gallery and went upstairs, walked in the direction of the stage, the wonderful piece of art at the wall. My seat was on the left side, looking in direction of the stage, very exactly at the beginning of the stage. Therefore I would look down on the three wonderful women, who would be on the stage later, sitting in the first row. It was still some time till the beginning of the concert, not so many people in the hall till now. I lent back, closed my eyes, and thought about the upcoming.

It wasn't just only this wonderful voices, the two sisters' voices and the third voice fitting in perfect harmony, it was the words they sang, so hardly to bear this combination. So wonderful voices, sometimes the songs were funny, but so often sad, telling from hard work, awful tragedies, war and loss. I thought about whether they would sing one of the songs which affected me always the most, even yet, only thinking about them, I could not suppress my tears.

"Give Away Your Heart" - only the first tones of the piano and the slowed down drums, but then the words of not bearable beauty and endless cruelty - why something could be so devastatingly wonderful, it was a song to die - Disappointment is everywhere, in your eyes, I can see it there.....why your voices were so wonderful.....

"Ship building" - one tone of the piano, a pause, a few words, a male voice! Is it worth it - what a question! Should you answer it? And then the other voices set in, it's a perfect harmony - and again such an awful story-line! And then this very short moment, hearing the second male voice for a moment highlighted - it's breathtaking wonderful. Diving for pearls.....

"Sad February" - it's was wonderful to hear the three voices one after one, narrating this sad story, a story written by life, not sitting in a warm room in February, like I did, writing those words. How much more was such a song, then so much what was defined as popular and worth a "hall of fame"? Hearing the song, I shared the pain with all at the docks, with the ten from the Lairdsfield.....

"Flowers Of The Town" - oh, endless could be the list!

I opened my eyes, much more audience in the hall now, wiped away my tears. I was not bashful because of them, this wouldn't be by sure not my the last tears of this evening. I looked at the picture at the wall. No, this was not mine, how beautiful it even was, but I could understand.....I closed my eyes again.....

The concert began, three wonderful women entered the stage below me, all dressed in black. Becky stood with her back to me, better to say in a one-quarter view. In the middle Rachel. Opposite to me Niopha, wearing t-strapped shoes. It was nice to see them, to hear them talking about the first song, but then they started to sing. And what should I say, a (former) church was a real fitting place. Well, in the end they sang not one of the songs, I had thought about. Nevertheless, it had been a wonderful time, not only one time with tears in my eyes, as it's now. And my favorite moment?

*She's more cunning than the raven
More wise than any owl
And she knows when we'll go to our graves*

Hard to bear, wonderful to listen, as always when they sang. The wish, it would never end, the knowing, that all would end one day. Would the magpie reveal her secret to me, and if she would do so? I sat there with tears in my eyes and the lights had gone on again, not knowing what to do now. I needed time to stand up, to leave the hall, to discover something very beautiful!

Of course, I had seen the merchandising stall before I had entered the hall, but no one was behind it. I had looked at the CD's, the book, and the other things, before I had entered the hall - but now? Rachel and Becky stood behind it, they talked with the people who were interested in the offered things, or to talk about the wonderful concert.

I was not prepared to this, to stand face to face in front of them, maybe to talk with them! I tried to

stay in the background, looked at what happened. Obviously a list was there, you could sign it, you could pay ten pounds for an upcoming CD of the tour - I had no glasses with me! I needed them only to read, to write as well, I waited.

Nearly all the others of the audience had left now, I stood at the table and looked at the list, not really able to read it. Ten pounds, also for shipping abroad? I raised my head:

*"Is it possible to get a CD for **Germany**?" - something like that!*

"Yes, of course." - a soft voice answered, not realizing if it was Becky or Rachel.

*"You're from **Germany** You're here, especially because of the concert?" - someone near to me asked me.*

"Yes....." - should I start a conversation now?

I lowered my head again, tried to write my address legibly, difficult without the glasses. I handed the ten pounds to Becky, she smiled and I sweated. I turned around to leave hastily, I looked in the hall again. Niopha was there, in her nice dress and shoes and talked with some from the audience. The cold nightly air hit me as I stepped outside, no clear thoughts anymore, tears in my eyes.

I was back in my hotel, this time I found it very easily, what was somewhat surprising, I had some problems to get a clear thought. Now it had happened, it was over, past, it was like the memory of a movie, I sat on the bed. I would find no sleep, why I should try, switched on the TV, looked at the ceiling, was not interested in this Brexit nonsense - I undressed, laid myself on the bed and waited till the night would be over.

February The Eighteenth

From Cozy Days In London:

I had booked my room with the full breakfast, the continental buffet with all the typical English breakfast stuff on top - maybe I should say that I was no breakfast type at all? Normally I had no breakfast, a cup of tea maybe, but not more. But in vacation this behavior changed all the time radically, and this was England, therefore everything what was possible!

I walked around and realized that this was too much for me. Well, some cereals, marmalade or honey, rolls or toast? Maybe I should start with the hot stuff, eggs always good - scrambled or sunny side up? Ham or bacon, the fried tomatoes looked very good, well the sausages - this was fried blood sausage, or? Black pudding, as the English said - pudding? I decided for some scrambled eggs, an egg sunny side up, some ham and two fried half tomatoes - I thought this would be a good start, together with some fresh toast.

I thought about my plans, to walk back to the station, a stopover at a nice place I had discovered yesterday, for a cup of tea. I was in no hurry, I would reach the station whenever it would be, would take the next possible train back to London. And then there was something else I had to do, but it was more or less on my way to the train station.

I had reached the sweet section, marmalade and honey, rolls and some more toast, of course some healthy fruit - I had to realize that I had eaten much too much, but it was vacation time! And, I would walk back to the station, would carry my stuff around again, would make some detour - I had eaten definitively too much. On the other hand, my first stop for today would be a very nice place, would be a very nice cup of tea. I stood up, packed my clothes and checked out.

It was no long way, back to the interesting building - "Park Row" - that looked like a church or so, with the students, that was obviously a part of the university. But my aim was on the other side, more precisely a short way down the hill, down Park Street and had the nice name: "Boston Tea Party"! I entered the shop, very nice, and decided for an oolong tea and to sit outside on the terrace. It was in the morning, not really warm, but nice, I enjoyed my hot tea.

Still I sat on the terrace, still I had some tea. What should I do now? I decided to drink the rest of

my tea and to walk the way back, the way that I had taken yesterday, down the hill this time, towards the train station.

I walked down the hill, more or less the way back that I came, till I reached the point where I had to decide. Doing something very beautiful under the shadow of death? I decided to walk to the station. I was not in the mood to do something else as to return to London - I reached the station. A look at the timetable showed, that I just had missed a train to London, I would have some time till the next would depart. I walked around the hall, I became aware of a poster - SS Great Britain, yes, would be wonderful to visit the ship, but it would not happen.

I stood outside the train station again, the so wonderful train station, and thought about what to do till the train would depart - I started to walk along the one-storied wing to my left, a flower shop? Black roses would be the flowers I would prefer the most at the moment. I headed on and reached a, well, café? I entered a small room, everything appeared very strange. Some wooden tables and chairs, possibilities to sit and eat at the walls. A menu at the wall, not small, various sandwiches and much more. But what was puzzling was the, well, cage?, in that a woman stood, obviously the person who would prepare the meals and beverages - a small opening would be the place where you would get your ordered food and beverages. I was alone for a moment, looked at the menu as the door opened, two workers, presumably from railway, entered the place. This gave me finally the impression that this place was not mainly for tourists or travelers, they had their places in the hall of the station, this was a place for railway workers, for bus or taxi drivers, for the people who worked here. The two men ordered something, together with a tea - I started to like this place.

I decided for a sandwich and a black tea - a tea. The woman asked me whether I would like to have the tea strong or not and I realized the way she prepared the tea. She had a larger tea pot, made of metal, at least half a gallon, but most probably more. She gave black tea into the tea pot, a lot of, and poured it with hot water, not that much, I had answered "strong". Later I saw that she used the tea in the pot for a certain time, till she renewed it with new one - the tea was very strong. All appeared very "rustic", but I liked it to sit there and the sandwich tasted very good. I looked at my watch, it was time for the train. Very much later I found a name of this place: Taxi Drivers Rest.

The landscape moved by, as I sat in the train again, the train back to London. I was sad in a way, not to have seen the wonderful ship, this incredible huge ship, this outstanding sailing ship. It would have been the by far largest sailing ship, I would ever have seen, would I had visit it - and I loved sailing ships! In its time it was the largest sailing ship, still today it was one of the largest sailing ships, that have every been built. It would be not easy, to see a larger sailing ship in your life, than this. But it was not the moment to do so, it would have not been appropriate to do so, it would have been no fun to do so, it would have been disgraceful to do so, in this situation. So I sat in my seat, back to London much earlier than thought, looked at the same landscape as on the way to Bristol, now just on my way back to London. Again it was not a long trip back to London.

February The Nineteenth

I stood up, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. The first as always, eggs as always, TV. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< The Regent's Park (no zoo!), Zoo as young boy

From Cozy Days In London:

I decided for Regent's Park and hit the park at York Gate and Ulster Terrace. I not crossed the bridge, turned left, to walk along the lake. On the other side of the park was London Zoo, and even if I was always attracted by zoos, I was not in the mood for it at the moment. Maybe later.

I walked along the lake, Boating Lake, and watched the birds. Some had a quarrel, some bred, all were beautiful to watch. As in many of these parks in large cities, this was a place of calm. You could easily forget what was around you, a large city with millions of inhabitants - the lake widened and I reached the part of the lake where you could rent a boat, where you were allowed to use it. Afore I passed a barrier in the lake, obviously some parts of the lake were for the birds only.

The Boathouse Cafe? A short rest or a coffee to go? I saw a sign that showed the way to the next restroom - a very good idea, because I saw none at the cafe. Back to the cafe? A large breakfast and java u? I decided to continue walking and chose the way uphill. Now the park changed. So far the water dominated the impression, the birds. Now ways with trees and large areas of grass appeared - and a very interesting phenomenon. At the lake you had no idea about this part of the park, here you had no idea that nearby was a large lake. The park was very diverse, from no place you could see all of the park. Very different to the parks that I knew from home, not to mention the rich greenness all around me. From here on it was easy to reach the zoo, but I decided to walk back, on the other side of the lake, the lake which I could not see any longer.

As I hit the lake again I entered a beautiful bridge, reached a very quaint part of the park. The birds were back again, also swans, but the normal white ones, nevertheless very beautiful animals - I stayed for a while. As I continued I reached a - for London circumstances - large road. The park's end, so fast? A map, I looked at it and discovered that I had reached the Inner Circle. Beyond the street was another part of the park, a very interesting part as it seemed. But I had to look for an entrance, but I saw that I would have not to walk that long. As said previously, I never planned my walks through foreign cities, only roughly, the rest developed as it developed. I reached the entrance, another place to rest, to drink or eat something, but I was not interested in to have a rest, nor I was interested in to drink or to eat something. I continued with my walking and this was a very good idea.

I decided to use the way with the rectangular rose beds at both sides. Not that much roses at the moment, too early in the year for them, but I hit the main axis of this circular part of the park therewith. It was an interesting view, obviously at the end of the way there would be a kind of central place of this part of the park. But I decided spontaneously to follow the narrower way to my left, the continuation of the way I had used before. As said, I never planned anything, I decided always spontaneously, what doing next. Yes, I missed some very nice parts of the park therewith, not saw the boy with the frog or Mary's roses, but I discovered the wonderful area around the Japanese Garden Island. I spent some time there, listened to the water's mumble, of the larger streams and the very small ones. It was very calming to be here, but yet it would be only for some time, therefore I decided to leave the park.

I rounded the nice lake and hit the inner circle again through one of these nice wrought-iron - black and golden - gates, which you could find often in this city. A short way and I was again at the corner York Gate and Ulster Terrace - the place where I had started with my way through Regent's Park.

I followed York Gate till I reached Marylebone Road, which I crossed. I followed the road a short way, reached the corner Marylebone Road and Marylebone High Street and I entered Marylebone High Street - I was hungry and thirsty. Another short way and I reached the first side-street, Nottingham Street, and at the corner I saw "Le Pain Quotidien". I took the menu. All very much organic, not cheap, but looked very interesting. Why not, I decided for the "Smoked Chicken Cobb" and a jasmine tea. The salad was simply fantastic and the tea refreshing. I finished with a lemon tart and another jasmine tea, now I had time to concentrate more on what happened on the street outside.

I looked at my clock, it was later as I thought, shortly after 4pm - many school kids in their school uniforms on the street. Obviously school was out for today, the kids on their way home - what would be the first what I would do at home? Away with this fucking school uniform, normal clothes - especially if I would be a girl! But maybe it was different if you would be used to it, for me it looked strange.

A group of five girls passed the window - a description? Cute, more cute, extremely cute! English schoolgirls - catholic! - in their school uniforms, one of this men's topics. America's porn industry? Schoolgirls, coeds.....everything one could wish in short skirts - especially fucked by black men with large cocks - interracial porn, one of America's favorites!

Strange, inappropriate, thoughts while looking at underage schoolgirls on London's streets? Don't be that naive, don't pretend as this world would be a nice one. Yes, this was Great Britain, still thinking that it would be an empire, still thinking that to be English would be a synonym for being something special, still not admitted to themselves what they had did in the former colonies, only to name India. Of course, do not talk about it, then it not happens - weren't there some "scandals" in the past? BBC? Pakistani inhabitants? I looked at the young girl walking by with her nice queue, her blazer, her white blouse, her short skirt, black stockings - warm day today? - and her black leather shoes. I wish you the best for your life, hope that you will find a good partner, man or woman, that at least some of your dreams will come true, that we older will not destroy this world completely and therewith your future, that your life will spare you of the worst things. I payed and left "Le Pain Quotidien".

It had gotten dark and I was back gain in "my" quarter, thought about what I should do with the rest of the day - pub again, "hello darling, what can I do for?" again? Why not?

I entered the pub, many customers, even if it was not that long till closing time. But I found a seat at the bar, but "she" was not to see. Instead a man, smaller, lean, thirty / thirty-two?, with a movie actor's voice, rough - he could be really an actor! I ordered an ESB again.

I started therewith to concentrate on my beer, thought about the day, not realized that the pub emptied more and more, that the man behind the bar finished his work, that a younger woman replaced him, that he took a seat not far away from me. But suddenly I became aware of him, of both, because they started a discussion.

He obviously tried to order a drink or a cocktail and she refused it, to give him one. She talked about last week, what had happened last week, that he had at least five or even more of them, that he was totally drunken at the end. He said that he only wanted one, one after-work drink, but she stayed rigid.

I started to concentrate on my beer again, but became some problems to do so. Was not sure about, whether they were new customers, had not noticed them before - were I blind now! Forget the other two at the table, concentrate on the young man and "her"! "She" wore a woolen sweater with an extraordinary generous neckline. But much more "interesting"? The sweater was "a bit" oversized and she always bent towards the young man - and me - while talking with him. Okay, she wore a bra, a very sexy one, but it was obviously what she did. And the young man was obviously very bashful and shy, not knowing whereto he should look - enjoy it, I fear, that more of her you will never see! I looked at the clock.

Still a bit of time, but far too less for a second beer, at least for me. I decided to visit the restroom, again some problems therewith, payed and walked back to the hotel, but not directly.

<< not sure how long following "Cozy Days In London"

<< at a certain moment, I start to remember, the young men at London Zoo

<< pondering about zoos as such, like in Los Angeles, Stuttgart, Black Female Panther

<< not many memories at all

<< insects, a sloth, but not really much in the end

<< but I always like being at zoos, but not this time

February The Twentieth

I stood up, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. The first as always, eggs as always, TV. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< I stand at the River Thames, not so much water in it today

<< I remember, the young man, seeing the river for the first time
<< knowing it from pictures, always a proud river
<< but now not much more than a stream, most of the river lays dry
<< but he's a clever young man, this has to be the tide!
<< he remembers, on the other side – was it on the other side?
<< a street, one Rolls-Royce, Bentley, after the other, maybe a Range Rover and a Jaguar as well, this was London, money was the thing
<< then he continued his way, not for very long, crossed a larger street, and everything was different
<< shabby housing blocks suddenly, an old woman with a trolley walks by, no longer can he see a Rolls-Royce

<< what irritated him the most was how the housing blocks were constructed, not like in Germany
<< no staircases inside the house, covered from seeing
<< all was open, one could follow the residents up to their front door
<< standing in front of it, one could observe and control the whole block
<< this seemed to be frightening, like in a dystopia, this place could be used easily for a dystopia
<< and yet, five or ten minutes away, all these luxury cars, expensive small townhouses, Great Britain, a real existing nightmare, Orwell, and so much more

February The Twenty-First

I stood up, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. The first as always, eggs as always, TV. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

From Cozy Days In London:

Nevertheless, looking at Big Ben I felt hungry, realized that I had drunken very less, that it was late. The ship, a short way? But I tended thereto to head towards the hotel - Le Pain Quotidien would be on my way, I could eat and drink something, the remaining way would be a very short way then. I moved on, more or less the way from the morning back again, the swans, the parks, till I reached the place, where Kendal Street, Connaught Street and Hyde Park Cres met, till I reached Le Pain Quotidien, not in Paddington, but St. George's Fields.

I had an hour till it would close, they closed relatively early, no place for the evening. I decided for a smaller table at the wall, the place offered me a socket which I needed. Next to me, on the right, at the windows, sat a young Asian woman, very elegantly dressed with a short dress and high boots, a laptop on the table, talking with someone at her smartphone. I tried not to listen, she had a soft but very energetic voice, obviously a business call, from time to time she checked something at her laptop.

The menu, I had started to concentrate on the menu and decided for the organic soup of the day - a tomato soup - and a salad with lentils and avocado. I though, that a Belgian hot chocolate would be a good choice to round up my order - not necessary to say, that everything was wonderful. Because I had to use eyeglasses for reading, I had laid the eyesclasses case on the table, a simple one, ten dollars or so - she had finished her phone call, was occupied with her laptop now, from time to time our eyes crossed. Yes, I looked from time to time to my right, but she looked from time to time to her left, and I had not the impression that she was annoyed about, that I looked from time to time to my right. Okay, yes, no need to discuss this!

My guess was, that she was in the middle of her twenties, and to say that she was hot was not offensive. My guess was, that she would have been offended by, would someone thought, that she was not hot - and, please, one moment! I was totally aware of, that I was in the middle of my fifties, and I was definitively not hot! Not my body, not my ordinary clothes, not my cheap red-golden

watch. Maybe my Sami bracelet and my tattoos somewhat, but the rest was very disappointing. And because of this knowledge she surprised me totally, our eyes crossed again, by addressing me!

"Your eyeglasses case, is this Prada?"

I had to confess, that I was more than puzzled! First, I had no idea about, that Prada made eyeglasses cases. Then, hey, this piece had cost me ten bucks - Prada? But I had the impression that her question was seriously meant, in the way to start a conversation - really? She even had turned somewhat to the left, her complete body, everything expressed, that this was a serious attempt to start a conversation!

"No, no Prada, it's a very simple one."

Well, obviously this would have been the moment, that I should ask her something, to turn my body slightly to the right, but she had really surprised me - and honestly, I had no idea what I should ask her! Maybe: In which club you're going tonight? I have to parade my Sami bracelet with the red Swarovski stones - or do you think, that I should wear the one with pearls? Were this ugly thoughts? Maybe it would have been a very nice conversation - okay, to think that my ten bucks eyeglasses case could be Prada, seemed very strange. I would never get an answer, maybe this illustrated the stupidity of my behavior very perfectly!

February The Twenty-Second

<< Birth Royal Baby, May 6th, 2019

<< on TV they mention the date with year (?????), this will be the only time that a date will be mentioned in London (????)

<< it's finally obvious now that the chapter headlines are misleading for London

From Cozy Days In London:

Paddington Station, only a few corners away from my hotel, the station, where I had arrived from Heathrow. I loved train stations, airports as well, harbors of course. All this places, where many people arrived, many departed. Where did they came from? What would be their aims? Some had a lot of luggage, others not. Some were in groups, others alone. Some wore ordinary clothes, others were dressed up in a very sophisticated way - it was always interesting, to be at such a place.

*I looked for a schedule, found an information point with flyers for single connections - London / **Dover**, there it was! My plan was to depart early, to arrive early in **Dover**. So far so good, but then I found a mistake in my plan - well, the British rail? I could buy I cheaper ticket, but it would be not valid the whole day. It would not allow me, to drive during the rush hours? I needed more information - easily I found a ticket counter, one with real people behind the counter.*

Okay, this was Great Britain. Politeness and cooperativeness was no question in this country. Therefore it was an easy thing to find the best solution for me, the man behind the desk had a very good solution. I could not use the ticket in a very limited time span during some rush hours, but apart from this the whole day. And to be honest, I was not interested in, to drive during the rush hours!

Now I had my tickets, one for each direction, and a print out of my traffic connections - and now. I looked at my clock, it was still early in the morning. The station? Well, I would be here tomorrow again? And it was always my habit, to be around very early. I would have at least two hours or so for the train station tomorrow - and today? I decided to buy me a coffee to go, and to leave the station.

I just entered Praed Street, thought about to buy me a coffee at the java u in the street, why not sitting down, crossed the street, to walk the few yards to the java u.

The smaller java u, it was early in the morning. Many seats were occupied, especially those at the nice wooden table. But two or three others were unoccupied. The young woman behind the counter made me aware that downstairs would be additional seats, but I took my flat white and asked a young man if I could have the seat next to him.

*This place was a very good one, I could see the street outside, I could see the door. But as said, it could be everyone. My idea was to look at the people around me, on the street, to keep faces in my mind. It would be interesting to see, if I would recognize a face tomorrow at the station, on the train or in **Dover**. And now?*

February The Twenty-Third

From Cozy Days In London:

The day began like every day, an expanded breakfast. As mostly, I was the first in the breakfast-room. And if you maybe could say, at the normal days, that this was not necessarily necessary during a vacation, today my aim was Dover, Dover for only one day, Dover with a special program. I would have to walk some miles, several places waited, a very special place waited - Dover Castle! Scrambled eggs as always, plain, toast, double portion this morning, marmalade, yogurt, fresh fruit, nearly I forgot to mention the cereal..... - of course tea! I felt good as I took my backpack to step out on the street, prepared for every weather.

It was a short walk to Paddington Station, as I reached the train station the sky was full of clouds. But at least it not rained as I entered the station again. And also as always, I was way too early at the station, I had nearly three quarters of an hour to buy me a coffee, to sit on one of the benches in the enormous hall, to look at the people. Always the same, I liked the bustle at such places, the people who arrived, the people who departed, the people who waited, waited till their train would leave the train station, the people who waited till a train would arrive, a train with a mother or father, a child or a friend, a lover or husband or wife maybe, I loved the mood of such places. I started to walk around, to look at the shop windows, to look at the people, people from many countries. But maybe all of them lived in London, London, a very international city, the aspect of London that was very interesting, like in Paddington. I had still my problem with other aspects of this city, but the cities at home? I looked at the display board, ten minutes till my train would leave. I took my ticket and entered the platform.

The train started to move, soon I would see the power station again. Of course, I had done some research on the Internet, had read about the colorful past and all the plans that never became realized. But also about the present use and why there were this huge cranes - should I try to spend some time there tomorrow, when back in London? I was not sure, for me this was the building on an album cover, an album made by a very special band, one of two special bands in my youth. I had all their records, later all their CDs, the first time I saw "Live At Pompeii" was a shock for me. It was fascinating to see them playing, decades away from my first time on a concert - Waters / Gilmour? No, Nick Mason and Richard Wright fascinated me the most - they appeared like the heart of Pink Floyd.

The train left the huge hall of the train station, the rail bent, thereafter would be the river, the bridge, the power station, in seconds I would see the fascinating building, would pass it. And there the power station was, the train entered the bridge and I saw the huge housing blocks to the left side and to the right side of the rails on the other side of the river. The train would have its way throughout them, I would see the power station only for some seconds, not I would pass the power station, I would pass this fucking huge housing block between me and the power station - no, I had

not used Google Earth! I leant back, enjoyed the briefly glimpse of the power station and closed my eyes, hearing this single, crystal clear and transcendent tone.

*And no one sings me lullabies
And no one makes me close my eyes
So I throw the windows wide
And call to you across the sky*

As I opened my eyes again, we were still in London, at least I thought so, the typical rows of houses from the suburban areas? Not quite two hours the train would need to Dover, we had not stopped so far, but now the train get slower, Bromley South was our first stop, obviously no longer in London, a quarter of an hour was gone. From now on we had stops quite often, all few minutes, mostly small train stations, at least one time I saw no town at all, only the possibilities to leave the train on both sides of the rails. The landscape was flat, different in a way to that on my last trip to Bristol - Kent, I knew that I would be in Kent today. Famous for its landscape - or? A typical English landscape I thought, nice, in a way boring, but beautiful and calming. Everything was small, nearly to say "cute", compared to the US, where everything had to be big, hectic and loud. The Great Plains maybe, maybe The Great Plains, but to compare the size of the Great Plains with England, the UK even? No, I liked it, that everything was so small here - two hours from London to Dover, not two hours from the suburb to your workplace, one-way of course!

I looked out of the window and the landscape and the towns or smaller cities passed by, I paid no heed to where I was exactly, but the time passed by and I got the feeling that Dover should be near. Wow, ten minutes, and we should be there, we stopped in Shepherds Well. Also obviously a small town, we departed again and entered a tunnel, would this tunnel led to Dover? No, the tunnel was not that long, and only a few minutes later we stopped in Kearsney. Five minutes, and we should be in Dover; and I had to say, that the British Rail was always good in time. So I waited till the train started to get in motion again, would I see the famous cliffs now? No, the railroad line, houses, and another tunnel, a very short one, but then, immediately as we left the tunnel, we were there - Dover Priory, my aim. I was somewhat surprised, it happened at the end very fast, I left the train, the train station, looked around. No cliffs, no castle, the train station? Okay, this was not Bristol, but.....it looked not so beautiful. I tried to orientate - of course I had no map! But it was not that difficult, it was obvious in which direction I would find the Channel, more was not necessary. I started to follow the street uphill, it should be a short way to the water. Dover was no big city at all, more a small village, a nice neighborhood, used to American cities.

I walked around a bend, hit a larger road, walked a few yards and saw Dover Castle. The castle would be my main aim in Dover, but not my first. So I followed the street till a traffic circle, turned right and followed this street, till I hit the next street. My street ended here, the new street expanded to the left and right, and it needed not much idea, that this was the street along the Channel. Why I described it that way? Well, even it was obvious for many reasons that the water was very near now, I could not see it, I saw only blocks of houses. But I followed the new street some yards to my left and the houses opened up and I could see the water. I crossed the street, a few yards more and I had reached the Channel, the promenade. Very easy this time - or?

There I was now, the water opened up, but it was the Channel, not a sea or even an ocean. I could not see France, but from the castle it should be no problem to see the other side of the Channel, not that much impressive. And yet, I liked it immediately to be here, the harbor to my left, the cliff also. The cliff looked not exactly like on the well-known pictures, obviously I could see the real white cliffs of Dover not from this point.

The harbor basin, it was cloudy and cold, a cold wind, but in fact I saw a few people swimming in the harbor basin - well, Brits? A feeling of comfort captured me, not that impressive, this water; but water, enough water. Sometimes people swam from one side of the Channel to the other side, would I start to swim, I would have no interested in, ever to reach the other side - why? Sooner or later

water would be the place of my last rest, why not this water, but not today. I had to pull myself together, I had some things to do. I looked up, Dover Castle, my first aim. But it would be a longer way, but this was good so. It gave me time for the upcoming, I started to walk towards the harbor, towards the cliff, towards Dover Castle.

I walked between the harbor basin and a long block of houses towards the harbor, one of this housing project obviously, on one side with a fantastic Channel view.

The harbor, obviously I would not reach it, my way would be a different one, but not so much a problem. On one hand, I would have a fantastic view on the harbor from above later, if I wished it, on the other hand, I would have no longer the chance to see them. In my youth I would have had the possibility, to see this enormous hovercrafts that crossed the Channel at this time. I knew them only from pictures or from TV - very loud, but fascinating, simply breathtaking. But this time was long gone, very long - or? I reached the end of the housing block.

The housing block ended in an "elegant" curve, I had the opportunity now, to walk again towards Dover city, a street between the housing block and a hotel. Very near to the beginning of the cliffs now, not able to see the castle above, and again the four way street in front of me, that I had crossed before. I had to find a crosswalk to reach Dover city again.

But I had only to walk a few yards and I could cross the street, the next hotel on the left side - well, Dover was a tourist's hot spot. I would have to follow this road obviously, my aim at my right side now, a small side road headed more or less in the right direction, "The White House" became visible. Too early for a pub, but maybe later, now I had to follow the small way, that brought me, via some steps, fast to a somewhat larger road, the road I had looked for, the road to the castle - presumably, because the road headed uphill and my aim was uphill.

It was hot now, hot for England, the sun shined, my jacket in the backpack, but somewhat out of shape. I feared that it would become a somewhat longer way, I followed the pedestrian way now, but very fast I found a sign that told me, to be on the right way! Maybe one could say, a taxi would have been no bad idea? But this was not my style, walking without a distinct knowledge about the way was mine, sometimes somewhat exhausting, but always also interesting.

The scenery was a nice one, a lot of deep green bushes and trees, very different to the vegetation at home. And in a way the green created a nice atmosphere, no longer that much I had to sweat, looking at the information board. It told you everything you needed to know from the castle, for instance the opening times. So, I simply had to follow my way, that I had found, and I would be there - so far the theory! Well, it became a nice narrow way, surrounded by shade-giving green, but the way transformed into a long row of steep steps! Obviously this would quicken the things up very much, but I had to confess, that I was not only somewhat out of shape. As I reached the end of the stairs I had reached my aim, the castle in front of me, the way to the entrance to my right - but a small box office to my left, somewhat down the street? I sweated now and was somewhat puzzled. Should I walk down the street now, to buy me a ticket, or could I simply walk the rest to the castle? I took a deep breath, tried to stop the sweating somewhat, and decided that it would be better to clarify, whether I had to buy a ticket there - and I had, of course!

So, now that I had everything, I started to manage the last yards, entered the gate, found no place or someone who was interested in, whether I had a ticket or not! Okay, meant this that you.....no, it was absolutely okay to pay for visiting a place like this. The next what I had to realize was, that the "castle" was in fact a very extensive place. Without any doubt, one could spend a pretty long time, days, here and would have not seen all - but I had a very distinct aim, the castle as such, the central building, on top, there was my aim.

Well, maybe I should say something about the area, I was now. Of course, here, high above the city, there was Dover Castle, one of the oldest castles in England, and for an American that meant unbelievably old. But there was also a much older Roman lighthouse, a very old church, The Church of St Mary in Castro, and more. But especially this area was a military installation build, better expanded, during WWII. The English feared, that the Nazis and Hitler would try to invade

England, and Dover would have been the best point for them to do so. But all this military installations one could not see, some cannons or so, but the military complex was belowground. I passed a belowground hospital for instance, one could visit it, but not now, maybe later. I thought that they did this, because thus the Nazi air recon could see not much of the facility. But all this, the military complex, the old church, the much older Roman Lighthouse, even not the Secret Wartime Tunnels - I had seen a sign - could find my interest at the moment, at the moment I had only one interest, the castle as such, the central building, its top.

I had to walk some distance to reach the entrance to the castle. The sun shined, I sweated, it was no flat way. The whole area was not flat, but finally I had reached the entrance to the castle. As said, the castle was very old, a high wall, very massive, and a central building, this was more or less the castle. The entrance was very small, compared with the height and thickness of the wall, but after you had passed it, you saw, that at the inner side of the wall there were some more buildings - today a museum, a café, restrooms and more. In earlier times presumably used for storage, as houses for the ordinary people maybe? I spent some time in the museum, but then I entered the central building.

I was interesting to start with a visit in the bottom floor, the storage cellar and the kitchen were there. One floor above, the floor you entered from outside, were a hall, most interesting the upper floors, the private rooms of the king and his wife, their sleeping room and banqueting hall. All the time I thought, well in a way nice, maybe even luxurious in a way, but even as a king in this time, it was no easy life. I would have liked it to try the bed, maybe it was not that bad at all, but it appeared not that cozy in the end. It was interesting for me, undecided about, if it had been nice to live in these rooms, or very hard in the end. Of course, no air condition, but.....I stayed undecided. After I had walked around the rooms, had found interesting sights and views, I entered the roof.

It was a good time, some school classes here above the city, but they sat outside the wall in the grass and had lunch. Not much people at this time here with me on the top - I enjoyed it, I enjoyed the view on Dover. In fact, Dover was small, two main streets, the harbor of course, but it was a small town. I would have a walk through Dover later, I would have an aim, but now I had to do something. I waited till I was alone, leant out of between the crenelations, looked straight down to the ground, way under me, leant out somewhat more, looked straight down to the ground, way under me, somewhat more till a frisson of excitement and pleasure ran through me. At a certain point I would fall, I would fall deep, most probably I would be dead, it was arousing to do so. Not to commit suicide, to find the point of no return, but without to exceed it. My brain started to whirl and my heart beat in a very special way, I felt happy! I had to stop it, as long as I could stop it - I stepped back. "

I was back in the city, had used the stairs back downhill, but had followed the street then, which led to the castle, not passed "The White House" again, I had a special aim. A friend, who was in this city decades ago, as a young man, had eaten a very delicious meal in a very interesting "restaurant". Should it still exist, I should eat there something. He still knew, that I had to walk down one of the two main roads of Dover, the one not near the castle, I had to walk away from the beach, the restaurant would be on the left side. What he not could remind of, was the name of the restaurant, but that they had a fantastic dish - Dover Pot: Rabbit in a delicious sauce, with croutons on it. He also had eaten a fantastic steak with vegetables, but if possible I should choose the Dover Pot. The interesting point was, that the restaurant was one of this typical English flats, downstairs. It was a former living room, now redesigned to a small restaurant with a few tables, very cozy! A young couple had started their own business - well, not that young any more obviously today, as my friend.

I had reached a traffic-calmed area, obviously the heart of Dover and very nice. But I had to go on, but decided spontaneously to sit down for a moment to have a coffee, to rest for a moment. "The Eight Bells" was the place I sat down, on the other side of the road an old church. And with this I meant, old for England, incredibly old for an American. At least it seemed so, while I drank my

coffee, faster as thought, a new impulse to enter the church. It was impressive in it, and I was by no way religious, but I had to confess, that such places had a very special mood. Some parts of the church were not that old in the end, for European standards, some very old - I had read a folder. But then I decided to move on.

No long way and I hit the street that I should walk down, every moment you saw something interesting, sad that I had not time, only all the interesting buildings! But I moved on, and the character of the city changed. Now the street I walked along was a busy street, a lot of traffic - okay, I stood there and smiled. Two narrow lanes, that was all, it appeared to me like a small side road, but not as one of the two main axis of a city. But for the narrowness not few cars, and especially buses, tried to find their way. At the sides many small businesses and shops, but everything appeared somewhat cheap, very provincial, not only compared to London, maybe also especially compared to Bristol. This was Dover, this was "the" Dover? I continued my way, and started to doubt about the description of my friend. I should find residential houses, this typical English houses, where you could go down a stair, to enter the flats downstairs, but I saw none of them.

I had continued my way, again the city changed, on my side were flats now, but not with stairs, you could go down. On the other side of the street still small shops, cheap restaurants, everything appeared somewhat dismally now. This should not sound arrogant, but I had the feeling, that this area had seen better times without any doubts, the times my friend had visited the city? I doubted that I would find the restaurant, thought about to walk back, back to the nice downtown - I had seen some nice restaurants there. But then I saw it, that it had to be the place.

This was the block, I had looked for - or? You could go stairs down, you could enter flats downstairs, but no sign of a restaurant. Everything appeared very.....well, old? Yes, this had to be the place, I felt empty. What happened with the young couple, now an old couple? What happened with their restaurant, no Dover Pot today. I wiped away my tears and thought to walk back, but then I thought, maybe it would help to use the other main street of Dover, the one which was nearer to the castle, to walk back. I followed my road for a moment longer, then I reached a crossing street that would lead me to the other main street. I passed an "ALDI" supermarket, and suddenly, right before I reached the other street, I saw a narrow way, only for pedestrians and bicycles, in my direction, towards the beach again, I entered it and discovered, that every city had its special, magic places.

In the first moment the way was not so interesting, apart that it seemed to be a good alternative to walk back towards the beach, not using the main street. But then a small stream joined the way, a very nice one. Very shallow, a lot of green in it, I saw no fish, but enough possibilities to hide for them. Sometimes some waste in it, not that nice, but not much. Trees and shade, for a moment I lost the stream, but then I found it again and the stream led me back - a nice little park, the church from the other side, now I knew again, where I was. It was very nice and relaxing to walk along the stream, to hear the whispering of the water, interesting graffiti one could discover. Birds in the trees, dragonflies in the air, what a beautiful way traversed this city, but now I was back again.

As I had started to search for the restaurant, before I had the rest at "The Eight Bells", had visited the church, I had passed some restaurants, one seemed especially interesting, but of course, I had thought, that maybe my meal would be a Dover Pot. But now I needed an alternative, and this special restaurant had looked nice and had a nice name - "Chaplins". Only a few yards, and I was there and stood in front of closed doors - but it was not that late? Closed during the afternoon? I looked at the menu outside and saw, that the opening hours were from 8am till 2:30pm - now it was shortly before 3pm! I was disappointed, the menu was very interesting, and as I had passed the restaurant before, it had been full of customers. Well, this was Dover, enough other restaurants would be there, I could eat something at "The Eight Bells", but I was unsure what to do. I touched the front pocket of my backpack, felt my purse, my phone. I decided to drive back, back to London, I could buy me something to eat at the station here in Dover, or back in London.

I sat in the train again, in around one and a half hour I would be back in London, but I would have to walk back the way from Victoria Station. I had bought me a sandwich and a coffee, looked out of the window. I closed my eyes and walked along a small stream, looked down from above, saw the water of the Channel. From above, I had seen France, these were the coasts, where they had landed - or? The military complex down the ground, hospitals and tunnels, these times were over - or? The British would leave the EU, they thought it would be better without, alone. The Americans and their president, I opened my eyes and saw the nice British landscape. This was Kent, or? What should I do, back in London, I looked at my clock - oh, soon I would arrive. The power station again, for the short moment on the bridge? I felt somewhat confused and tired.

Later, after I had gone back from Victoria Station, had had a long shower, had sat in the "java u" near the hotel, I decided to go bed early, no pub today. I dreamt a lot in this night, I always dreamt a lot, I walked through empty streets and searched for something but not found it. It simply was not there, at least not longer, and I was sad about it. Things disappeared, I would disappear, - why I was here?

<< climax of flashbacks, day twenty-three, the second breaking point

<< riding to Dover, last time Dover-London-Dover with the luggage

<< remembering that travel, how long, how many detail?

<< the Bed & Brekfast, the landlady, sugar, the other side, Dover sole, the houses up the hill.....?

<< Walking through the city, looking for the restaurant (Dover Pot), melancholy

<< Day twenty-three, the second breaking point.

On top of the tower of Dover Castle, the memory, the eighteen-year-old boy, the discovery of the arousal when thinking of falling down and dying. The arousal to see the ocean and seeing the waves.

February The Twenty-Fourth

I stood up, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. The first as always, eggs as always, TV. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< Election in South Africa, May 8th, 2019 – a day completely today

<< I'm at Trafalgar Square for no reason, especially not to enter the National Gallery

<< I see a long queue of people, a system like on airports, they wait in a long warmed line

<< I try to find the beginning, it starts in a street, Duncannon Street, down along a building, Trafalgar Square, and around the corner, Strand

<< there the long queue enters the building, what happens here

<< I try to find out and understand, this is the South African Embassy, could it be, elections?

<< maybe I should try out to find out later, Internet?

<< I start to ponder, is it only white people standing here?, Nelson Mandela, the ANC, corruption, and more

<< was it better with apartheid, not really, or.....

<< the British colonies, Africans as niggers and slaves, in the US today?

<< Africa could do so much better with an African identity, not the European and especially British "education" and "knowledge"

<< I started to go my way, deep in pondering

<< later I found out that, in fact, elections in South Africa

February The Twenty-Fifth

<< Kew Gardens; fair – not with eighteen! – a day completely today

From Cozy Days In London:

As usual, I was the first in the small breakfast room, and as usual, eggs only, toast, marmalade, yogurt, tea.....for the second last time, tomorrow would be the last time. The TV on the wall, news about the Brexit and the royal baby, that was still not born - what was more important? It seemed as the royal baby would be more important, I finished my breakfast, returned to the room, had a shower and packed my backpack. And as usual, even if the sun shined at the moment, I also packed in my small umbrella as well as a jacket, entered the street.

I looked forward to the upcoming, but first I had to manage it, to figure out the right Green Line, to find the platform, at least I knew today, how to buy the ticket - again I would buy me a daily ticket. Kew Gardens, so far I had only saw pictures, but even they were wonderful, the reality should be even more beautiful. I crossed Sussex Gardens, London Street, around the corner Praed Street, I had reached the entrance to Paddington Station. First buying the ticket, or looking for the platform and the right green line? Logic would be, to buy the ticket and then maybe asking the public servant, who would be most probably there, to answer questions from tourists - I entered the station to buy me a ticket.

In the end it was not that complicated - more or less! To buy me a ticket was easy, the same as yesterday, only for more zones, and of course I had to pay for four! But the right line at the right platform? Some signs helped me, but especially a friendly public servant - and I discovered the complexity of Paddington Station. Of course different levels, narrow connecting tunnels, but especially two very different entrances that leaded to different parts of the station, connected by one of the narrow tunnels! And, the other entrance was a very modern one, leading to a large hall, that leaded, via one other narrow tunnel to another large hall, and from there to other platforms, not only to a small "room", like the entrance at Praed Street. And then the nice information: Do you think that this is a complex underground station? We have underground stations in London, which are by far more complex and confusing than Paddington Station! Well, if this was the case.....? So, I reached "my" platform and had simply to wait till the next tube would arrive. This time the opposite direction, this time a by far longer ride, parts of London I had not seen so far, a wonderful aim awaited me - my tube arrived.

For the first part of the journey we were underground, but as normally, the line ran overground after leaving the main part of the city, by reaching the suburban areas, so also here. High Street Kensington was the station where we saw the natural sunlight again, but only for a short moment after leaving the station again - the same at Earl's Court! But from West Kensington on we were overground for the rest of the trip.

It was more or less the same view as while riding to Bristol, the typical British suburban architecture. And to be honest, I was not much interested in, I was interested in to arrive at my aim, Kew Gardens Station. Around half an hour would be the travel time, I was on the rail for somewhat longer than twenty minutes, my aim came nearer, and as we crossed River Thames after leaving Gunnersbury Station I knew, my trip would come to an end, the next station would be Kew Gardens Station, we arrived!

I left the tube with the knowledge, that I had no distinct idea about, which way I had to take to Kew

Gardens, from the station somewhat to the left was Kew Gardens, I had saw on a map, no long way, should be not that difficult to find! And in fact, it was very easy to find the right way, one had only to follow the signs!

But then there was a difficulty, in front of the station, the plaza in front of the station, was a.....market? Or was a festivity? Live music, many booths, with nice pastry and cakes and other things to eat.....but of course also a lot of other stuff. I thought about to spend some time here, but I had another aim? I bought me two pastries and hoped that it would be not over, when I would come back - but it was in the morning, live music, it seemed as this was not only meant as a simple market at market day.....

In fact, it was very easy to find the entrance to Kew Gardens, at the end of the festivity I had to follow a straight road, that it was - more or less! It was early morning? A long queue awaited me - really? Okay, this was the UK, queuing was a kind of popular sport here - and hey, it was early morning, I had two fine pastries, and the queue was still acceptable - how long was this queue at a summer day, vacation time? Better not to think about it!

Well, I looked at my watch, ten minutes I waited now, was I impatient? Yes, but this was not the problem, the problem was, that the queue had not really moved in this ten minutes - it had become only longer? Half an hour later I had come nearer to the entrance, well, the gap in the high wall beside me, the gap, that marked the entry area to Kew Gardens. Soon I would have reached this magic place, and it happened!

I entered the place and had to realize, that it was like at an airport, barrier tape, in the end the queue inside was at least as long as outside, only three of the box offices sold tickets? Well, I had two fine pastries.....and after a longer time even a ticket, I finally entered Kew Gardens!

Now I was there, did I know where I had to go? Of course not, I knew that here this wonderful Victorian glasshouse, that I knew from pictures and that looked outstanding beautiful, was to find. And to be honest, I had not to search, only a few steps, and between the trees I could see it, at least I saw a glasshouse, but a few more steps and it was obvious, yes, this was the glasshouse I looked for - it was so wonderful to see!

I walked down the way, a very nice lake to the right, nicely arranged flowerbeds to the left, but behind them the majestic dome of the glasshouse - I had tears in my eyes as I came nearer, happy to be here. I stopped to enjoy the moment, closed my eyes and waited.

The palm house, the largest Victorian conservatory in the world, what a wonderful and magic sight as I took the steps and the last yards to the door. The roundings, the height, the structure, I grabbed the door handle and opened the heavy door, made of steel and glass like the rest of the majestic construction, entered the inside, left the cold spring air behind me and entered the warm exotic air, the extreme humidity of the air, instantly I started to sweat! I unshouldered my backpack and stowed my jacket in it, I pulled up the sleeves of my sweater, it helped somewhat, but it was extreme anyway, but looking at the palm trees it all was forgotten immediately.

A few steps to stand in the center of the breathtaking glasshouse, better in front of the huge palm trees which marked the center of the impressive structure, the highest trees under the highest point of the structure, it was wonderful to look up to the glassy cupola, how high it was - but then I saw! One could go up steely flights of winding stairs, obviously halfway there was a gallery - I was thrilled and looked forward to climbing the steep staircase as my phone gave a signal: This is the wrong greenhouse, I wait for you in the larger one!

I was confused, another greenhouse? Okay, obviously this park was a larger park, it could be, that there would be another greenhouse - a larger one, maybe a more modern one? I thought to write back, something like: If you wanna meet me, then you have to come to me. Maybe your greenhouse is larger, but mine is the largest Victorian glasshouse in the world, and I think also the most beautiful in the world! In the end I wrote nothing, I decided to ignore the SMS, I started to climb the stairs.

It was outstanding to stand at the balustrade, face to face with the tops of the huge palm trees, under the impressive central cupola. It was hotter here, the humidity extreme, the smell in the air wonderful - I started to walk around the palm trees. Well, some rust, some flaking paint, the structure was not new, but in any way impressive. Impressive was the possibility to see the structure of the glass house better now, for example the mechanisms to ventilate the impressive structure - the palm trees? I could not decide, what I should expect as more impressive, the palm trees or this architectural masterpiece, both spellbound me.

I had finished my round, had enjoyed also the view towards the side wings, I decided to walk down again. Yes, this huge palm trees were fascinating, also looking upwards, the highest point of the dome still far away. But I should have also a look at the smaller palm trees and whatever would be to discover there down under.

I was on normal ground again, walked around, looked at the smaller palm trees, all the other trees, huge and beautiful ferns, but also at not so prominent but also beautiful mosses. It was also interesting to examine the structure of the structure more precisely - I spent quite a time in it. But then I decided, to see what all more would be to discover in the obviously huge park - maybe back to have a look at the plan at the entrance? This was the UK, and I was I, so I thought that this would be unsportsmanlike.

I had seen, while heading to the wonderful glasshouse, that behind it there was also a garden, obviously a rose garden, and obviously in this season without rose buds. Nevertheless, I decided to leave the glasshouse through the back door, and in fact a rose garden, of course only the green rose bushes in this season. Nevertheless, it was nice, like at Regent's Park, but of course in summer.....several pathways diverted from the rose garden, which one I should use? I decided to follow the most left one, the glasshouse in my back. It seemed as this pathway would run parallel to the wall, where I had stood to wait till I could enter the park. In fact, it was no pathway in that sense, it was more a swath, grass but no trees, far away one could see a kind of tower, in fact, a huge park! I decided to use this "way" because other people did so, obviously it was allowed to walk around there also, not only on the tarred ways - I started to head towards the tower. How far away the tower would be? I had no distinct idea, but some hundred yards in any case, five hundred maybe, maybe even more? Whatever, I had time, it did not even rain, therefore.....

As I had walked around a hundred yards, as my way over the grass hit a tarred way, I looked back - yes! The conservatory, with its roundings, looked like a surfaced submarine in a garden ocean, it was simply moving to see it, it looked somewhat mysterious. It looked, like one could only see a small part of it, like in the case of a submarine or an iceberg. Therefore, it would not surprise me, would someone tell me that one could find a secret stairway inside, but not up to the gallery, but down to the true structure because the true structure was hidden, hidden under the garden ocean. It would be maybe a nice idea for a story, the hidden secret under the palm house, the true palm house or whatever one would find thereunder. But at the moment my aim was the "tower", which made now the impression of a Japanese style tower, a pagoda. So much I knew, in Europe, a hundred years ago or so, they had a favor for all from Asia, especially China and Japan. As far as I knew one could find pagodas in many parks in Europe. So, would this one, it would be not very surprising.

I continued with my way, as I could see that there was another building to my right, ahead, behind the trees. As I continued my way, the building appeared larger with every step, more glass, till I was near and the row of trees opened up, only a small, a much younger tree now between me and the.....glasshouse? It was huge, different as the wonderful palm house I had left recently, but definitively a glasshouse? I headed on till I hit the next tarred way, till I stood in front of it. It was huge, colossal, much larger than the palm house. A huge central building, on both sides a kind of pavilion and again on both sides another building, all was one connected glasshouse, but not

really, something disturbed me. Not so much the large portico, but the basis was brick-built? Was this the place where the idiot waited? I looked at it, the largest Victorian conservatory.....what was this, this much larger structure? It was by far not so elegant, not rounded, edged, looked more like a palace. Obviously, it should look like one, one of the queen's successors, I was not good in it? Georgian, Edwardian, or.....? It was more "modern", larger, but for me by far not as elegant as the palm house, it appeared not palatial to me, but only "snobbish"? Well, one could say that therewith it fitted perfectly to London. For a moment I pondered about, if it was necessary to enter this "palace". But then I decided to do so, the tower, but it would have been a shame wouldn't I had done it!

I stepped through the door, traversed the entrance area, alone a stunning sight, to enter the hall and was shocked by its beauty - an enormous cathedral made from glass and steel. I shivered, the plants appeared nearly small under the huge dome, all looked brand new, like yesterday built, totally different as the wonderful palm house.

The palm house looked old, was old, was endearing as it was. It was filled with palms, literally, not one palm more was thinkable, not one could be pictured in one's mind larger - and it was wonderful in this way. But here, the plants looked like children, everything was so clean and bright, flooded by light, I was confused. This could be a brand-new building, but no one would build such a wonderful building today, but in its.....sober.....beauty it looked wrong. The palm house looked right, but this place with plants that looked like planted yesterday?

I looked around, what an impressive structure this was. I would have to climb the staircases, I had to see this magnificent hall from the balustrade, my heart beat faster as I only thought about it, the view from above - the other parts of the building, the other smaller structures to the left and right? I turned left, no short way, I had to cross another door, now I understood, different climates, this was a temperature house. I knew this from a wonderful zoo with a wonderful long greenhouse, divided in many climatic zones. On the other side the other parts of the structure? I would need a longer time to see all, but now I should get an overview first, I should climb the staircases to reach the balustrade. I walked back.

I entered the great hall again, looked forward standing on the balustrade, to have a breathtaking view on this wonderful building, as my phone announced that it had received another SMS - I had no idea why I took the phone: What about a little chase? I see you, do you see me?

I reacted impulsive, I did not think about it, but suddenly I had the feeling that I should be not here, that I was tired of all this. I headed to the beautiful entrance, but this time I looked not at it as I left the impressive building. I started to walk in the direction of the entrance of Kew Gardens, cross-country, the overall direction was obvious. I did not look back, I was not interested in what would be behind me, not long, and I had reached the entrance, also this entrance I left behind. Back the street I reached the market again, now even better attended as I arrived. For a short second I felt the impulse to look at the stalls, maybe even to halt at one or the other, but I headed on and reached the small plaza at the station again. A band played, many listened to the music, no bad music, suddenly I felt hungry. Had music played as I had arrived? I thought that it had. Had I bought me some of the wonderful pasty, offered opposite to the band? I thought that I had. I hastened, but then I bought me three different ones. The first one I ate while walking to the platform from where I could drive back. Just as I reached the platform a tube arrived, it would bring me back to the city, I entered, no one who not had been on the platform already entered the tube, the doors closed, the tube started to move.

The Victoria - Hello, Darling - ESB - I was in the mood to get drunk. Well, wouldn't be that difficult, still had enough time, one more pint, maybe two, and it would have been done - this was my first pint! I had not eaten much over the day, even less I had drunk. I asked myself why I had reacted in this way, why I had not faced the confrontation, why I had run away, hightailed, behaved like a little insecure boy.

The next EBS, a smile while she tapped the beer and gave it to me, she knew how to sell. Your ESB, darling - your five pounds, was not in the mood for more. Not that I thought that she would be interested in more, at least not with an old guy like me, but some nice words would have been possible in any case. But I was not interested in.

Should I hope for a further message? Tomorrow I would leave London again, would leave Paddington again, would return to the States again. I had the feeling that I would get no further message, but maybe this wouldn't be important anyway. But why I had reacted in such an emotional way? I looked at my ESB, would I hurry I would be able to order a third one before the closing time - I hurried.

February The Twenty-Sixth

I stood up, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. The first as always, eggs as always, TV. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< I stood at the lake, looking at the little park on the other side, called Rembrandt Gardens
<< he had not seen this place as a young man, staying in the city only, like Kew Gardens
<< what a wonderful little place in this, as such, boring city
<< maybe the city was boring, especially The City, the arrogant and hypocrite City
<< how many gems could the suburbs offer as yet, like the way to Kew Gardens?
<< the rest of the country, Wales, and Scotland?
<< the capitals, the big cities, the urban life
<< why interested in visiting palaces and such, while sitting at the water, a cup of tea, looking at the little garden?
<< soon on the way back, tomorrow, the last whole day, not much would keep him in this city, this nation as such
<< the British way, not his, British humor, yeah, British music, of course, literature, Tristram Shandy, Adams or Carroll, and so much more, painting and architecture, maybe, maybe it was the wrong way to view, to see The City, and to judge?
<< tomorrow would be his last whole day

February The Twenty-Seventh

I stood up, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. The first as always, eggs as always, TV. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< I stood at the lake, looking at the gracile black swans, the young man, discovered them at this place, in this city, so long ago
<< on a few more occasions, he saw them again – driving to the barracks in Tauberbischoffsheim, the zoo in Augsburg, river Jagst at the barrage while riding a bike, (SF?)
<< two flew on his back, forever they would accompany him now
<< wonderful images, metaphors of desire, seeing them swinging together and in pairs
<< constant fidelity a life long
<< he would fly back home tomorrow, not much he would miss, but the black swan he would miss
<< standing at this lake and watching them, like as young man
<< and yet, in his memory, this place looked very different, a street nearby
<< a much smaller place, a much smaller lake, was there another lake with black swans in this city?
<< he was not aware of it, it was St James' Park, the lake there, famous for black swans
<< memories, sometimes so misleading
<< or was there some truth in it, he could not see?

<< tomorrow, he would leave

February The Twenty-Eighth

It was very early as I stood up - well, as always, as always I was the first in the small breakfast room. Early in the sense that it had been late yesterday, that it had been at least a pint too much, I had had three. It had been not that easy to walk the short way back to the hotel, not that easy to stand up this morning, but I had had no motivation to lay longer in the bed - strangely my eyes had been open very early.

A long and very hot shower had helped, not really a headache, but a very heavy head, had not the feeling to be astute this morning - now I sat in the breakfast room and had ordered the usual. Also in TV the usual, the Brexit madness, Theresa May talked like a boring politician, maybe because she was a boring politician? But then came the message a whole nation had waited for, the whole world had waited for this message, this exceptional moment, the royal baby had been born - hallelujah!

I tried to appear at least somewhat enthusiastic, I was no longer alone, and of course also the staff, but in fact I was not really interested in it - well, they had their royals, we Kim Kardashian. Now I had a problem.....

It was still early, I had plenty of time till I had to leave the hotel room, not to talk about by when I had to be at Paddington Station - my plane back to the States departed late afternoon. But this was good so, I had forgotten to buy something important.

Whenever I left a hotel after a stay, I left some cookies in my room with an envelope with some money in it, as a final goodbye. I had forgotten to buy the cookies! But it was a short walk down Sussex Gardens to Edgware Road, to the supermarket there. It was easy to find some nice cookies in a metal box, I decided to walk back via Praed Street for a last time, till I got round to the "java u" in Praed Street - well, I had had breakfast just half an hour ago? But why not for a last time, a flat white or a cup of tea would be always something nice. I entered the shop with my box of cookies.

The place was very crowded - well, breakfast time? I looked around, only a few seats not occupied? I was no fan of using a seat between unknown people. The other "java u" - Edgware Road - was much larger.....the stairs downwards? It was not the first time that I saw this staircase, but I had never used it, had always found a seat here. So, I decided to have a look downstairs first, walked down the staircase and called myself a dummy. Downstairs was a wonderful place, nicely separated parts, comfortable seats.....simply a nice place to sit down, a whole new world - I had missed this the entire time by always sitting above.....why I had never been curious? So, I walked upstairs again, ordered a flat white, and had my last coffee in London at this very nice and cozy place.....

I had been back in the hotel, now sitting Paddington Station, waiting till the train would depart, had left the cookies and the envelope with some pounds in it in the hotel room, was not in the best mood. As always, I was way too early at the station, but was not interested in to walk around, to look at the other people, coming and leaving, drinking a coffee or two, maybe a snack. I sat in the hall, looked at the large display board, looked at the clock, looked at the time moving forward. I felt empty.

London had been.....Bristol, I had missed a lot in Bristol, Dover had been strange, London? In a way London was a fucking snobby.....simply a fucking city. On the other hand I felt sad to leave, to fly back, would like to be at "The Regent's Park" again, so many places I had missed, the zoo. Maybe the airport would lift my spirits again, I liked it very much to be at airports. But now I had to enter the platform, to enter the train, the fast train, it would be no long travel to Heathrow. I looked around a last time, not the most beautiful train station I ever had saw, but nevertheless, I felt

sad, I felt alone, not even the phone was any longer interested in me.....

Heathrow, the story came to its end. I loved it to be at airports, but this was not the whole story. I loved it to fly, I loved aviation, I loved to be at an airport, waiting for boarding, to fly away. I loved it not that much to be at the airport again to fly back home, in fact, it always depressed me.

It was not different this time, had checked in, my luggage was on its way to the plane, I had still time till I had to board, I walked around and looked at the people. Happy those who headed towards a new destination, I would have been happy to stay.

Would I arrive at this place once again? I had missed so much, especially in Bristol, had to hear the three wonderful voices again. It was early 2019, should have a look at their tour plan, should stay in touch with future concerts, maybe at the end of the year or in the first half of 2020?

There would be so many aims worth to arrive, a whole world would wait to get discovered, so many wonderful voices that could be heard. Why flying back, why not further on, why not never back, but only ahead? It was not me, I had been always the guy who gazed after the ships, smaller and smaller they got at the horizon, but on the ships others fulfilled their duty.

A stewardess passed by, a beautiful stewardess in her nice uniform. Men liked stewardesses in their nice uniforms, sexually charged, but also a metaphor for having itchy feet. But hey, I was the young men, standing at the docks, watching the ships passing by.....