

Silja Line Ferry
Stockholm 7.30pm

3rd MARCH 1987

Tales from an Itinerant Jobber.

I have a couple of hours to kill so what could be more pleasant than writing a letter to you. Here I sit in this little café which is part of a vast complex of a waiting area very ultra modern with four large TV's each with its own vestibule so intending travellers can watch their own favourite programme instead of being bored out of their tiny minds. The décor is all a soft pink and blue with a spotlessly clean marble floor. How they keep it so clean with masses of people tramping all over it in snow covered muddy boots, I don't know. The only trouble is it's a bit cold underfoot. Overhead, a mirrored ceiling - trust the Swedes to think of a mirrored ceiling! At the end of the hall there is a little gaming room full of pinball machines, computer games and slot machines. Guess what it is called - right first time - "Las Vegas".

Well really, I ought to begin my journey at the beginning rather than in the middle as I have done; so operate the rewind button and start again.

My last weekend in Yorkshire was rather pleasantly spent with Adrian who arrived late Friday afternoon and, having settled him in with a nice chicken dinner, we drove leisurely down to Malham and spent the rest of the evening at the "Lister Arms"

Saturday was rather busy as the double glazing men came to do my windows at Riverside Walk Ayrton, and we busied ourselves removing ornaments from the windowsills, making cups of coffee and generally keeping an eye on things. They came early at 9am and left about 2pm having done a most acceptable job. I'm very pleased with it and now I'm totally cosy with all my storage heaters installed too using electricity only between midnight and 7am when it costs only a third of the normal price and then throughout the day it gives off heat at no further charge.

The flat is now more or less complete with two large Toulouse Lautrec posters, mounted on half inch thick plywood, opposite my bed and a series of Toulouse Lautrec postcards, suitably framed, mounted on the wall as you enter the room. In the small bedroom I've hung a large painting of a lighthouse and the three postcards that Karen gave me from the Lake District. These have been nicely framed and hung by the bed on the wall adjoining the window

The lounge too has been slightly re-arranged with some large Porsche 911 car posters mounted on the wall opposite the deerskin. The etching of the Renaissance Centre that Karen gave me mounted near the little green wall lamp which, itself has been moved along the wall to allow space for a slim bookcase to go into the corner of the room and my mini hi-fi system with CD player set on the table next to the sofa.

All systems are 'A' OK and it only remains for me to work on the loft now. I only wish you could come back and see it all when it's complete!

Well the time is now 8-30pm and I should be going down to the car to embark on the final stage of my journey so I'll continue this letter at a later date.