

Sometimes you should just stay in bed.Â That was how I felt when I finally got out of bed around 11:00 Sunday morning.Â I had been laying there listening to BBC4 for a few hours, and had heard enough Episcopalian prattle to finally get my arse up and on my way. First off, I wanted to go to Sadler's Wells to find out about getting cheap seats for the night's performance by an Argentinian Tango group.



I had seen some adverts in the tube for Flamenco Festival London and thought this was it.Â Sadler's Wells is in Angel, in the borough of Islington, which is north and east of here.Â Since there really isn't a convenient tube route there, I thought to take a bus.Â One that goes right by my door, the 274, goes loop-de-loop around north-central London and ends at Angel/Islington.Â What a deal.Â I went out the door and was hit full in the face with some wicked cold wind, and decided that a scarf would be a good idea.

Back in the flat, I could not find my scarf!Â I looked high and low, but it was nowhere to be found.Â Must have left it in some caf  or pub somewhere. Oh well, thank God it's Sunday — Petticoat Lane will be open.Â Petticoat lane is a portion of Middlesex Street in the garment district, the eastern part of The City of London (the old town boundaries) where the road is blocked off every Sunday for an open market.Â I would be able to get a scarf there for cheap.

I went back out into the bitter cold and caught a bus.Â The ride was nice, the bus is a much better way to see the city than the tube (you can quote me on that) but it does take a lot longer.Â I finally got to Angel, and really liked the cosy atmosphere of the area, especially south along St. John's Road, below Liverpool Street but still above Finsbury.Â I could see living here.Â It has that slightly edgy feel of an area that is not so much desirable as affordable.Â Still quaint streets but also all of the conveniences and rather liveable looking. I finally made the theatre only to find that they do not open their box office early for same day sales, so I was out of luck.Â But by the same token, turns out that the show this evening is not the one I had seen advertised in the tube, that one starts in a week.



So, no loss.Â Just some time is all.Â Now to stroll down to the London Wall and over east to the far side of The City to Petticoat Lane.



Of course, by the time I got there, many vendors were taking up their stalls.Â Wouldn't you know it.Â The early bird gets the worm, the late one gets the shyte!Â I did find a decent scarf for a few pound and worked my way back towards home.Â Stopped in a pub, The Well, for Sunday Roast, then the tube, and another pub, The Volunteer, for a Martini (which I had to teach the young bar keep how to make!).

Lastly to home and a good read of the day's news with evening dramas on the Beeb. No photos, it was cold and I was not really inspired to take any.

Ta!