

I ventured down into Marylebone Lane today for lunch at Caffè Caldesi, a Tuscan redoubt I have passed many times. I sat surrounded by wealthy folk discussing tracker loan rates and sub-prime fallout while the waitstaff chit-chatted in French and Italian and James Brown music played on the hi-fi. What an odd juxtaposition.

Had some wonderful salmon with parsnip purée and tapenade. Yum.

Then a long bus ride to Waterloo on the upper deck, enjoying the sights. The clouds gradually taking over the sky from the sun. I strolled the Queen's Walk to the base of the Eye and took some snaps.



Then back home to do some laundry and pack for Prague. I must stay in tonight and be a good boy, my flight is early tomorrow.

Ta!