

My Somerset Life

A diary by Brian Snellgrove

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A weekend when nothing is expected of us.

We noticed that there was a village day at High Lyttleton so after lunch we hopped off to see what was going on. this event is always the same formula, dog show, refreshment tent, various local charities, tombola, one or two bric a brac stands, entertainment for the children. We were blessed with a sunny if slightly breezy afternoon and enjoy the company of locals.



The local canal restoration society had a splendid set of photographs of the often backbreaking work undertaken by the volunteers.



vegetables made to look like animals competition



a modest display of prize winning vegetables.



Francoise talking to a local church-goer



I think this was set on a sports field. Lovely scenery and countryside views..

A short trip across country to Rockaway Park. We were told that someone had a wedding there with 150 guests yesterday and a huge vegan meal was produced. It is certainly the strangest place I have heard for having such a celebration but funnily enough if it's suits the bride and the Groom then the atmosphere would be perfect. We met the ever affable owner,

Mark, and I asked him about his recent trip to Glastonbury. He agreed with me that the music was rubbish but also that we were too old to be the target market. I said I thought about the young Festival goers were enjoying themselves and it was probably a good right of passage. I met a lady who had never come across this phenomenon before those she lived only 10 minutes away.



Somewhat of a parody of religion, which is not held in the highest esteem here for some reason.





at the entrance

OVER

Hide the smell of your
**FUCKING
INCOMPETENCE**



SAME - OLD - DIVERSION - TACTICS

REFUGEES WORKING CLASSES MINORITIES BULLSHIT

**SHHHHHH
OUR SECRET!**
SMELLING UP
ANYONE ELSE
YOU FORGETS

**TORY
SMOKE
SCREEN**



possibly an anti-tory poster









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