

MID ENGLAND

PLYMOUTH → ROYSTON



AS OUR TIME IN PLYMOUTH CAME TO AN END, WE EACH SAID GOOD-BYE TO EACH OTHER BITTERSWEETLY. WE HAD ALL PLANS AND NEW PLACES TO GO TO, BUT NONE OF US WERE READY TO LEAVE EACH OTHER-POSSIBLY WITHOUT EVER SEEING EACH OTHER AGAIN- AFTER FORMING SUCH TIGHT BONDS.

IT WAS DECIDED THEN THAT WE WERE TO MEET IN A MONTHS TIME TO THE ECO- MUSIC FESTIVAL IN ROYSTON. DURING THE MONTH APART, HOWEVER, IT SEEMED WE HAD ALL STILL REMAINED RELATIVELEY CLOSE ENOUGH TO EACH OTHER AND ON A SPUR OF THE MOMENT MET UP TO THE POINT HALFWAY FROM ALL OF US, ST. IVES, TO SPEND EASTER WEEKEND TOGETHER BEFORE HEADING OUT OUR SEPARATE WAYS UNTIL THE FESTIVAL WOULD REUNITE US.

THE MONTH WENT BY FAST, AND DURING WHICH I SPENT TRAVELLING THROUGHOUT ENGLAND AND PICKING UP NEW FRIENDS ALONG THE WAY, AND BEFORE I KNEW IT I WAS EN ROUTE TO ROYSTON. THE FESTIVAL CAMPGROUND WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE COUNTRY, IN A LARGE PATCH OF LAND SURROUNDED BY FORESTS. AND FOR THE NEXT 3 WEEKS, I LIVED OUTSIDE WITH THE BAND OF GYPSIES AND HIPPIES IN CHARGE OF SETTING UP THE FESTIVAL, AS WELL AS MY FRIENDS FROM PLYMOUTH.

DURING OUR DAYS WE LOUNGED IN THE SUNNY FIELDS, PAINTING SIGNS FOR THE FESTIVAL, AND COOKING AND EATING ON THE OPEN FIRE. OUR AFTERNOONS CONSISTED OF BIKE RIDES AND EVENING JOGS ALONG THE MEADOWS AND WILLOWS NEARBY, AND LONG NIGHTLY TALKS AROUND THE FIRE AFTER SUPER, OR HUDDLED IN THE ABANDONED CARS WHICH SAT IN THE JUNKYARD NEARBY. LIVING OUTSIDE, AMONGST THE BIRDS AND TREES, WE WERE AT COMPLET MERCY OF THE WEATHER. EATING, SLEEPING, AND EVEN SHOWERING AMONGST THE VAST FORESTS SURROUNDING US; OUR ONLY SHELTER BEING THE ABANDONED CARS AND THE HALF CLOSED HUT WHICH SERVED AS THE WOMENS SLEEPING QUARTERS.

DURING THIS TIME WHERE THERE WAS NO ELECTRICITY, OR SHELTER, TIME SEEMED TO BECOME IRRELEVANT. WE WOKE WHEN WE WANTED TO AND SLEPT WHEN WE BECAME TIERED, AND I HAD NEVER APPRECIATED BEING AMONGST THE TREES AND KNOWING THIS WAS ALL THE BEAUTY I NEEDED. IT WAS PERHAPS THE MOST EYE OPENING EXPERIENCE OF ALL OF MY TRAVELS, AND A PERFECT HOMAGE TO RESPECT THE WORLD AND LAND AND WHAT IT GAVE; HAVING NO PLACE TO HIDE AWAY, AND RETREAT INSIDE WHEN IT NO LONGER BECAME CONVINIENT OR COMFORTABLE.