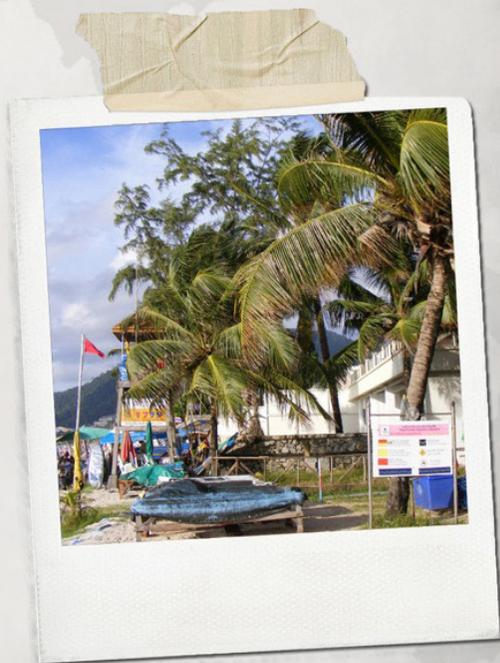


TIME GROOVES AND TRAVEL RECORDS

MAIN COUNTRIES:

BRITAIN - SINGAPORE - MALAYSIA -
FRANCE - MALDIVE ISLANDS - AUSTRALIA -
U.S.A. - TAHITI - HONG KONG -
THAILAND - SOUTH KOREA



ADRIAN BREEDEN

Copyright

Time Grooves & Travel Records

2nd edition 2015

Text by Adrian Breeden

eISBN 978-1-63323-263-1

ISBN 978-1-63323-141-2

Published by BooksMango

E-mail: info@booksmango.com

Text & cover page Copyright© Adrian Breeden

Cover photograph: Patong Beach, Phuket, Oct. 2010

No part of this book may be reproduced, copied, stored or transmitted in any form without prior written permission from the publisher.

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. It may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you are reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Introduction

This book relates to certain past events in my life, written in short-story, poetry and travelling diary formats. It tells the story of an ordinary, common citizen, but the unique aspect of all this, it would seem, is that most of the material written, starting as far back as 1967, was actually kept; somehow I managed not to lose the writings despite becoming a serviceman and travelling extensively at home and abroad. They were written in various blank page books in my own handwriting, and this practice continued on through R.A.F. life in my home country of England and in South-East Asia before I joined up with my family and settled in Australia from October, 1973.

In Australia, I treated the writing of poetry and literature as a hobby (as with art sketches and drawings), and continued to do so when I resumed my travels from Australia to such countries as Britain, the U.S.A. and Hong Kong. The sheer volume of the works meant that by 2005, I would need to submit them onto computer memory. During this time the only occasions on which I had the satisfaction of seeing any of my writings in print were in Royal Air Force and other various local civilian publications.

The writings carried on from 2005, culminating with my travel experiences and expatriation to life in Thailand, and later trips back to Singapore (twice) and South Korea up to March, 2014, at age 63. This book, including the poetry, is written in a way which covers the light-hearted and humorous side of life as well as the serious side.

My best wishes to any readers I may pick up on this book of my life to date.

I was back in London, England, after a 16-year absence. It was such a feeling of elation...

‘I found myself outside a pub called ‘The Intrepid Fox’, right in the heart of Soho. I went in and ordered a pint of Guinness and drank to a memory from twenty years ago. The

place was full of skinheads and girls with spiky hairdoes. I wondered how I'd look in here what with my bushy, brown hair and dark beard, but no-one seemed to notice me. I was just another face at the bar. I got talking over more pints of Guinness to several punk couples about the city of London and its underground rail system, and also with other skinheads about England and certain past events. I was in there for many hours and many pints, talking about any old thing before the subject got on to football, arousing many passions. I managed to lurch out of the place without getting my head kicked in. Having a somewhat unkempt appearance and a quick wit probably saved me from a swinging hobnail boot...

From the 1991 Travelling Diary.

In Memory



In memory of my dear late aunt and godmother, Dorothy (Oldfield) Hall, who passed away in Lancashire, England, on 29th October, 2013, aged 91 years.

Your wonderful spirit lives on.

1950 – 67

CHELSEA GREEN

(1950 – 1958)

I JUST had to be different; I've always been like that. It started at a very young age for me – when I was born. Most babies seemed to be born in hospital, but I was born in an upstairs bedroom to my mother, Mavis, in a council house at a place called Chelsea Green in Linslade, Bedfordshire, England, on the 24th of September, 1950. I was accompanied into the world by a rare, small tornado which hit southern England (so I was told many years later), including our area, with minimal damage. I was named Adrian Sidney, the latter name after my dad. I was the second of (eventually) five children and no-one else had the same insipid name as I had in any school I went to, hence such nick-names in secondary school as *Adda* or *Ada*. It was a semi-detached house we lived in, one of many similar ones that were grouped around a huge square patch of grass. Surrounding the houses were fields where cows and bulls would roam. I used to have nightmares about those bulls charging at me when I dared to jump the wooden fence. In reality, I never had the courage for such heroics.

It was good that the green was large because there were a lot of us toddlers in those early/late fifties living there and we had plenty of room to play. I joined Angela at an infants' school not too far from there, next to St. Barnabas Church. It was just one of several small rooms in a building separated from the church by a playground, all surrounded by a concrete wall. On my first day there, it was pouring with rain. I remember crying as my mother left me there and headed, armed with her umbrella, for the exit. The church tower next to the school building displayed four large clock dials which faced in all four directions: black dials with gold-coloured Roman numerals and hands. I was quite fascinated by the sight of them, not knowing then that time was the enemy. It also had a Westminster chime, a real bonus in my

ADRIAN BREEDEN



These are some of the stories of my life – just your average Englishman (pommie) – beginning from birth, childhood, schooldays, adolescence and then service life with its world travels, through to leaving the Royal Air Force and England to re-unite with my family in Australia after almost five years. It continues on with my life and travels again during and after my (officially) 21 years of marriage to an Australian lady and my 34 years of residency, citizenship and family life there...

This book is a presentation of some my true-life experiences and was mainly written in stages and in many countries over the years (1967 – 2014). It is compiled in short-story, poetry and travelling diary formats, with images supplied, and includes light-hearted and humorous events in my life as well as the serious side. Riding life's roller-coaster comes much easier with a good sense of humour.

Cheers.