

Live from ... Judith in London

Now, the last time I wrote for you lot in Leiden, I promised you I would write about the Art of Cleaning. However, life is too short for annoyances with such futile wastes of time as dirt, so I have two other things to fill you in on.

But first:

In moments of despair my crisp British accent sometimes leaves me for a more appropriate American one; especially when I need to utter a phrase like “Aw, HELL NO.” As it happens, this example typically applies to my – brief, mind you – encounters with filth. And I’m not talking about men. I’m talking about house dirt.

Yes, I might just have coined another Dutchism.

I say brief because usually after being confronted with filth, a cleaning frenzy momentarily seizes me, in which I tackle the icky stuff that’s blocking my retina. My version of heaven is a shiny kitchen, where I cook my food and then serve it on the gleaming floor. But let’s not get into that.

Luckily, after filth comes cleanliness. And with that, comes joy. Do you know what else brings me joy, dear readers? Lee Mead. Oh yes, he does bring me joy.

When in London, go to the West End to see a musical. And so I did. What could possibly be the harm, I thought? Boy, was I WRONG. I never thought that Lloyd Webber could write such exuberating stuff! I did go to a kids’ musical, mind, but what a night that was. The entire evening I was captivated by the music, as well as the presence of Lee Mead of course. I can’t stress that (body of his) enough. But the music! Thus, the verdict on Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat

is: sheer brilliance. I’d hate to give anything away, but that famous-guy-we-all-know-from-the-history-of-music-sketch is a must see. I never knew converting to what I thought I despised most could happen overnight, but it did.

I have also been pushed over the edge to a whole different kind of sport: shooting clay pigeons. Date: Wednesday October 15, 2008. Location: Luton Hoo, five star hotel and spa in Bedfordshire. Weapon of choice: a rifle.

Purpose: Embassy Day Out.



Did I mention I was particularly ace at shooting clay discs out of the sky? The instructor told me the gleam in my eyes could be compared to Buffy’s first kill. A certain sense of hunger still lingers from that day...perhaps I’ll make a swift career switch when I get bored with reading about literature one day.

Archery, however, was not entirely my cup of tea. I even managed to shoot the wrong target, the one that was next to the one I was supposed to aim for. But hey, that’s what the saying ‘thinking outside the box’ is all about, innit?

by Judith Laanen