

Day trips on Primrose Hill

Where do you start? You start with the man with the remote control car. Trying to drive it up Primrose Hill but it kicks and starts, leaves the path, does a hand brake turn in the grass and heads back down at an angle. He's got a fag on, smoke puthering over one closed eye like some steaming engineer and he's getting frustrated. *It's doin' my effin' head in, this is!* He's my age or older and he's taking it seriously like it's his job to drive that remote control car to the top of Primrose Hill. It must be. He's got to do it. If he doesn't his passengers will have to get out and walk and by the time they reach the top it'll be dark and they won't be able to see the lovely views and they might get eaten by a passing cat or little dog, let alone a big, hungry dog. And furthermore people won't get paid. And that's why it's his job. It must be. It's 2 o'clock on a Thursday afternoon.