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Glastonbury Festival History: Losing the Main Stage

By Holmes Charnley

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Now then, the wonders of quagmires are a treat I have never encountered. I had the uncanny ability, as a youth, to attend Europe's premier music festival twice, and both times I stumbled upon a West Country heat wave.

Yes, it's true; yours truly enjoyed the warmth of the sun and the cider tent on both occasions whilst at Glastonbury.

For the purpose of what I have to say here, I am going to concentrate on just the one specific event that happened whilst I was there. I was in my early 20s, it was the Saturday of the festival and everything was just hunky dory ... no, totally, it was so hunky dory as to warrant my starting a new religion, so I went back to the cider tent to calm down.

I imbibed several more pints of diesel, earthed myself, and as the sun began its descent, I smacked my chops, thanked the staff and wandered over to the main stage for what promised to be an enjoyable evening.

Yes, The Orb were playing, and their oft heard song Little Fluffy Clouds was sure to be a lovely ending to a quite lovely day.

So I trundled over to the said main stage, the colours of the sunset now taking shape and positioned myself so as to get a good view of the stage.

Sure, two blokes and a load of synthesisers isn't the most spectacular stage show, but, well, I felt sure they'd put on a good light show to make up for the lack of stage presence.

I was pretty early, I don't think they were due on 'til about half nine or something, and in the meantime, a bloke beside me nudged me, and when I looked round, he pointed behind me. He was grinning. I turned round to see what he was on about, and there, in the adjacent field, a firework display was just starting off. I smiled, thanked him, and got into the display.

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It was a good one; it warranted me getting my pipe out of my back pocket, stoking it with draw and cranking my brain. Whoosh! That did the trick. The display was quite beautiful and I gave it my undivided attention, the rockets and their explosions every bit as important as my close shave with the new religion I mentioned earlier.

The display continued for quite sometime, the colours of the sunset now in full flow, it was nearly enough to make the poor boy cry with joy, but, I held on. Eventually, the display ended, and, it was time to settle down to enjoy the main event. Yes, The Orb.

There was just one wee problem. Whilst I had been enjoying the fireworks, the crowd had swollen. From craning my neck upwards to enjoy the fireworks for the last half hour, upon looking straight

ahead again, I couldn't see the stage at all. Now, I'm not the tallest boy, so, it was a case of standing on tip toes, but to no avail. Nothing. Not a jot. The ruddy stage had disappeared!

The Orb had taken to the stage, this much was patently obvious, as the crowd were roaring their approval, and if I looked up into the sky, the laser show was happening, but, Jesus, I couldn't see a thing. Not to worry, Little Fluffy Clouds was being played and it sounded fantastic, so I didn't care too much. What was important was the music, I kept telling myself.

Seemed odd though, 'cos the bloke right in front of me was loving it. I could tell. He was facing me and he had a huge grin plastered all over his face. So was his girlfriend. She was by his side, also facing me, and, like him, was grinning broadly ...

Well, eventually, all good things must come to an end. The set had been well over an hour long, my calves were aching from all the tip toeing, so I was kind of relieved, to be honest.

The Orb finished their set, and the crowd gradually began to disperse. I hung around for a bit, just relaxing, enjoying the night air, a bit knackered, but happy.

Finally, I decided it was about time I got back to my tent, whilst I could still remember what it looked like, and that was when it happened. I turned round, to head back, and there, only 20 yards or so away, was the fucking main stage.

I'd got so out of it, so into the firework display that I'd forgotten to turn back round after. No wonder that bloke and his girlfriend had been facing me, enjoying The Orb.

They'd been facing the stage.

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Gilroy Ca. Garlic Festival

By Santo Del Monico

A few weeks ago I had the opportunity to attend the Gilroy Garlic festival. This was the 28th annual festival and ran the weekend of July 28. The location of the festival is Christmas Hill Park in Gilroy. I have heard about this festival for many years and decided to accept the invitation from a friend to attend. I was one of approximately 123,000 people who attended the festival, sampling creations such as Garlic Ice Cream (which I will admit I did not have the courage to even sample. I did try the garlic french fries and became an instant convert to this delicacy) There is literally hundreds of Garlic dishes and relishes to sample or purchase at this festival.

This festival has its own Queen of Garlic who is chosen by a panel of six judges based on her personal interview, talent, speech about garlic and evening gown. Her court is also chosen, for the purpose of representing Gilroy at various festivities. Other activities include the Great Garlic Cook-off, cooking demonstrations by noted celebrities from the culinary world, art and crafts displays with opportunities to purchase numerous hand crafted items by local crafter and artists. A special children's areas is set up for the enjoyment of all little attendees.

This festival was founded in 1979 by Dr. Rudy Melone as a fundraiser and has been a very successful fundraiser for local charities, raising a total of nearly seven million dollars for assorted causes. Individual groups and charities also run booths at the festival, raising additional funds for their causes. The Gilroy Garlic Festival Association is a non-profit organization intended to support non-profit groups and projects in Gilroy.

Gilroy is located on the central coast of California in Santa Clara County, just few miles from San Francisco. Clara County is known for its high tech employment opportunities and is often call Silicon Valley.

For futher informaion on Gilroy CA.

and other Silicon

Valley real estate areas, contact Realty Direct in San Jose.



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