


Listened this morning to interview with a man who lost his girlfriend to the 7/7/2005 terror bombing of a bus in Tavistock Square in Bloomsbury, London. She would normally have been on the tube, but was diverted to the bus.

Unfortunately for her the terrorist was, too. 

She called her partner, and as they spoke he suddenly heard screams, then the line went dead. "I knew then that I'd lost her," he recalls. News of the three earlier tube bombings was already on telly.

I have fond memories of Tavistock Square from my recent visit to London. It was just a block or so from my flat, and I visited there frequently. The square is a memorial to peace, ironically enough.

One charming aspect to the square, which I got to witness after theatre one night, was the formally robed bell ringer whose job it is to sweep through the park at closing time, barring and locking each gate, calling out "One and all, the park is closing" as he rang his bell and moved from gate to gate.