



PHOTOGRAPHING **BORING** PLACES

HOLIDAY - THE EXCITEMENT
JASON RUFFELL



Water, Sheffield, 2021.

Tranquillity. It soothes the soul. I'm not sure if it's the calming effect I am after or the option to throw myself in.

This will be last online edition... hopefully. As we return to normal the opportunity to get out more... to boring places, rather than bored indoors, will allow me to expand its scope and for it to go back to its inception as a 'print only' publication. I could have gone back to the print medium for this one, but as the Government deems it fit for the virus to rip through the younger generation, I won't be surprised if we go back into national lock-down in the near future.

Perhaps it's just me being pessimistic, or it may just be the new reality. People need a break, but with the current situation, going abroad to infect people hasn't been an option. Instead, like happy bumble bees, we've been spreading it around the country. Take infection from home A, to destination B, and why not stop off and infect friends at C on the way back. I for one have been partaking in the fun, choosing Typhus as my infection of choice rather than Covid.

There's always hope there is hope... And if not, you can always go on holiday to forget your woes.

But enough of the rant... you want boring pictures. You're welcome. Please dispose of this item carefully. It's where it belongs.





Night Bus, Sheffield, 2021.

The journey is just as important as the destination, someone once said. Get away from the everyday. Go on holiday. See somewhere different. Complain about the difference. Go home.







Entertainment, Holmfirth, 2021.

*I've been to better hotels. Then again, I've been to worse.
At least this one had a tele.*



Facilities, Limehouse, 2016.

*On your travels not all the facilities
will match up to your expectations.
Sometimes they exceed them.*





Donkey Ride, Cleethorpes, 2017.

*A packed beach. Just step between the
broken glass and needles.*





Bricked up, Sheffield, 2021.

Experiences are the new thing, Sharing the exotic, the fantastical, the made up, with your friends on social media to emphasise why your life is so much better than theirs.

This Thomas the Tank Engine experience enabled me to relieve the time Henry was bricked up alive for being vain. Are children's stories still as bleak?





| *Damflask, under cloud. Sheffield (above), 2021.*



| *Hillsborough, before a storm, Sheffield (below), 2020.*

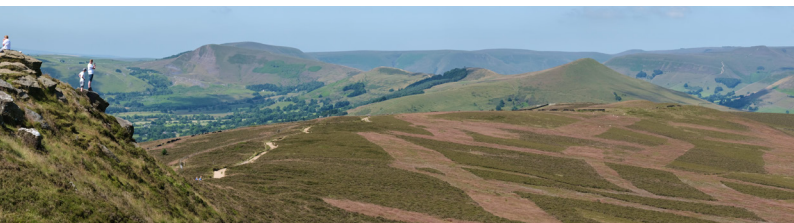


| *I discovered the panorama feature.*





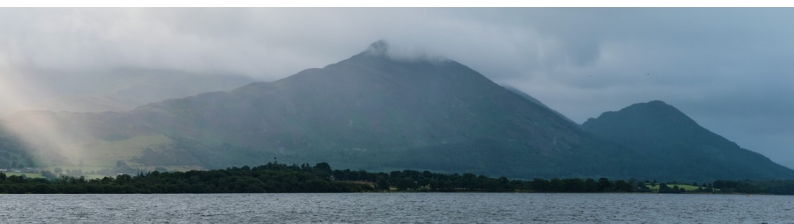
| *We go to places to see things. Hills are a good place.*

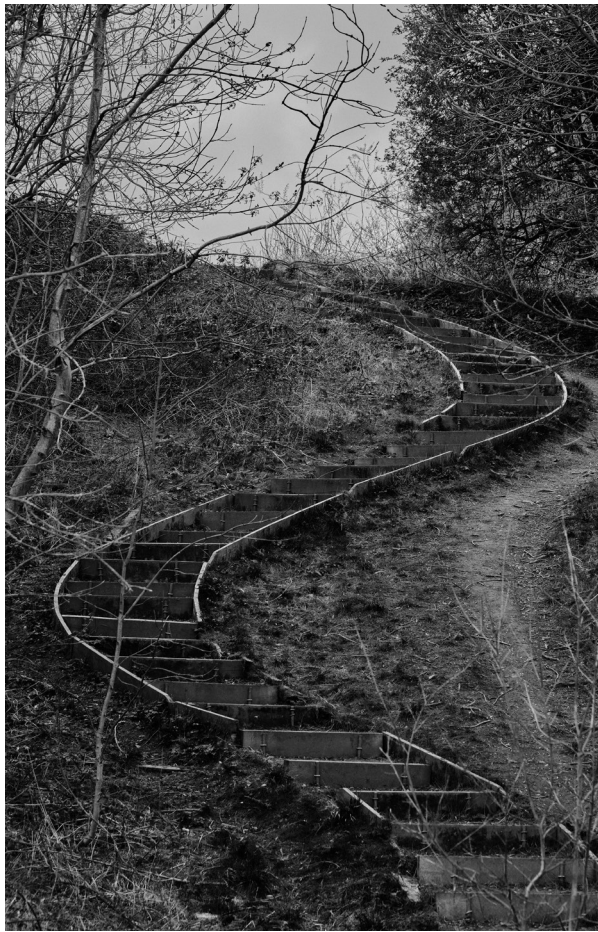


| *Win Hill trig point, in sunlight. Hope (above), 2021.*



| *Bassenthwaite, with sunny patch, Cumbria (below), 2021.*





Path to somewhere. Cat Lane Woods, 2021.



Canal to somewhere, Sheffield, 2021.





Berwick Cockles, 2018.

I wanted to get a souvenir, something to take back home. But the shop was shut. I will never know the taste of Berwick Cockles. A regret I will take to my grave.

Windermere, 2021.

Through the mist, I couldn't see them, just hear the wailing. Four lost souls contemplating their existence. Why have they come here? Why is it so wet? Why has the holiday let cost four times as much? Is this it? The family holiday. Wailing, followed by four splashes, then silence.

I think they wandered off to a tea room.



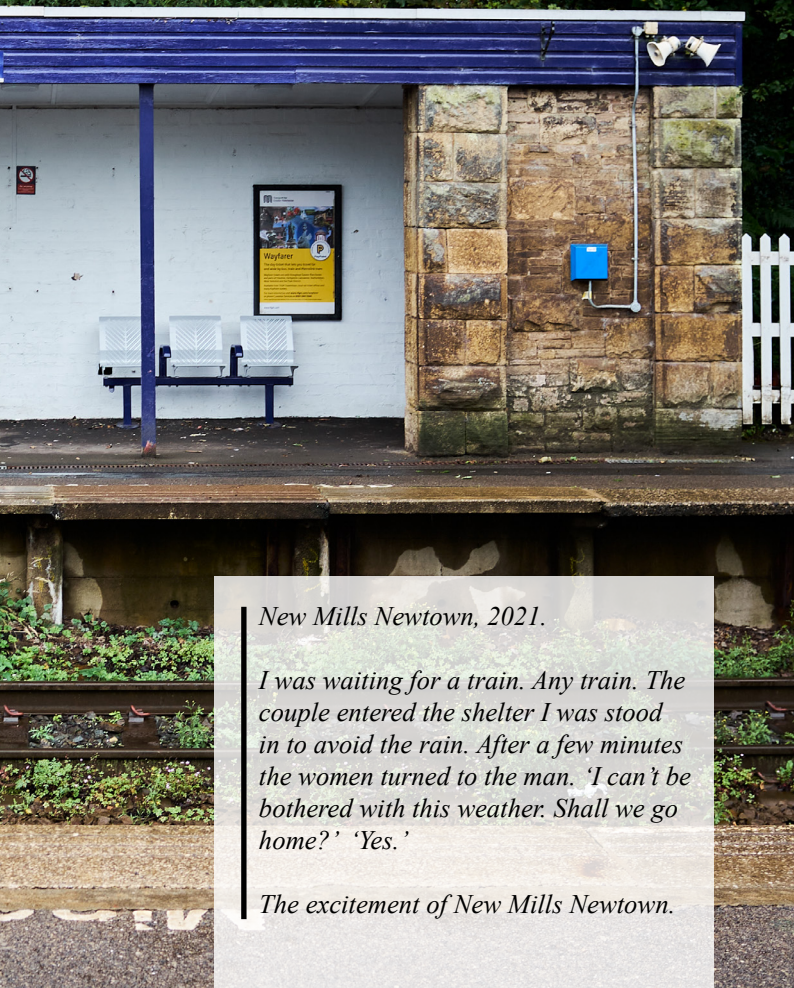


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New Mills Newtown, 2021.

I was waiting for a train. Any train. The couple entered the shelter I was stood in to avoid the rain. After a few minutes the women turned to the man. 'I can't be bothered with this weather. Shall we go home?' 'Yes.'

The excitement of New Mills Newtown.



Get yourself a decent cuppa and a biscuit as this edition is a bit of a 'downer', and you may as well have something to enjoy whilst looking at the unenjoyable, Yin and Yang. Perhaps I'm just not feeling it, or as we get back to some sort of normality, the realisation that 'normality' was tedious, but one never realised it at the time. I promise the next will be cheerily boring, in print, so I, and you, can get away from these machines that have come to dominate our lives over the past couple of years.

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