



Was here when I received a letter from HMRC saying I hadn't paid enough tax, and I had to pay it in the next fourteen days and I don't have enough money AND I AINT FUCKING PAYING!



Man at the station told me I couldn't take my can of Skol Super lager onto TFL premises, and when I tried to make a very reasonable case for the lager, he escorted me out of the station.



Got too pissed after a first date and woke up on the train here, surrounded by vomit. It was unclear if the vomit was mine or was deposited by someone else during the journey.



Razorlight started playing as I was boarding the train here. I fucking hate Razorlight. Fuck you, Johnny Borrell. I threw my headphones down the gap between the train and the platform.



It was here I found out that my favourite webcam model, to whom I have donated in excess of three thousand pounds, has a long-term boyfriend.



Not a tube station, but it was here that some loutish prick knocked over my can of Skol Super with his hiking rucksack, despite looking as if he had never been anywhere near a mountain. Cunt.