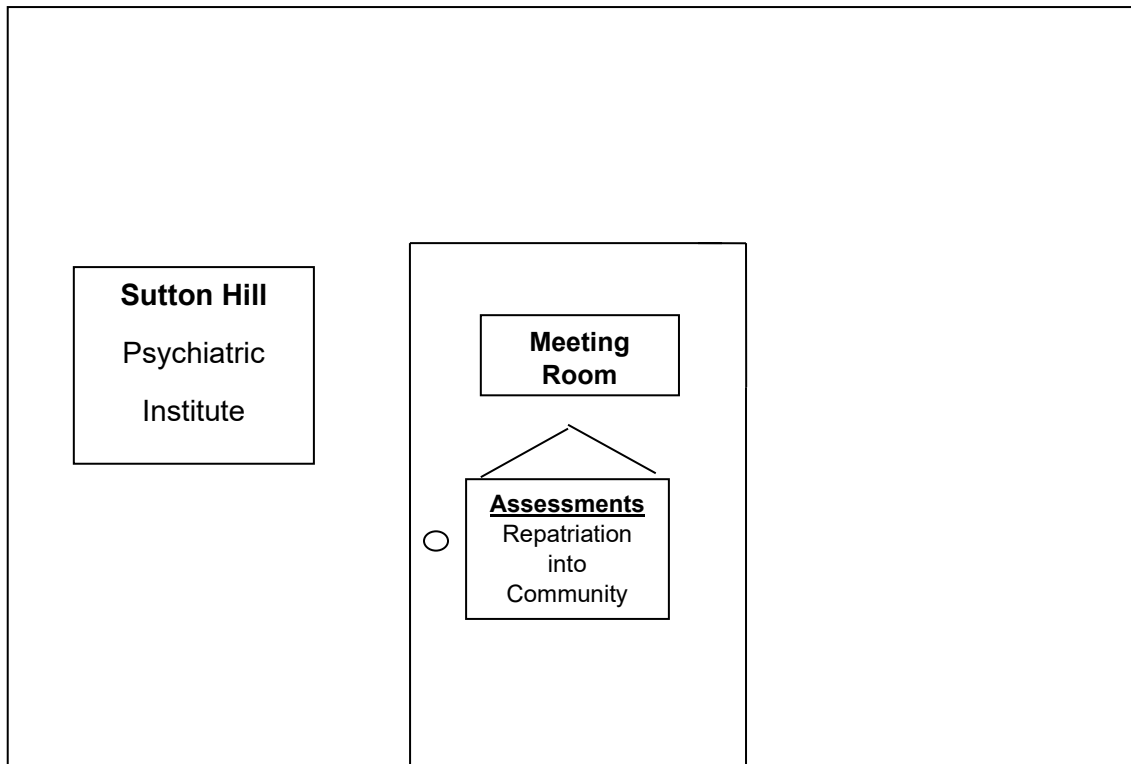


December 2019



'Aaah, good morning. I hope you are well?'

'I am, and I know you are as I heard you whistling happily way up the other end of the corridor'

'You have good ears'

'I do'

'Anyhow, have you thought any more about what you want to do? Whether it is at odds practically, perhaps even artistically, with what is possible?'

'I have pondered long and hard. I have gone back in my memory, I have a good memory you know.....'

'I know'

'.....but I don't see any problems presenting themselves'

'So...?'

'I still think I can do it'

'You feel that you can stand up and conduct the London Philharmonic Orchestra, at the Royal Albert Hall?'

'I do'

'And take them through what you believe will be the apotheosis of Ravel's Bolero?'

'I do'

'Standing there, waving away?'

'I do'

'You may have to lose a little weight'

'That won't be easy, so I'll ask them to make sure the dais is strong'

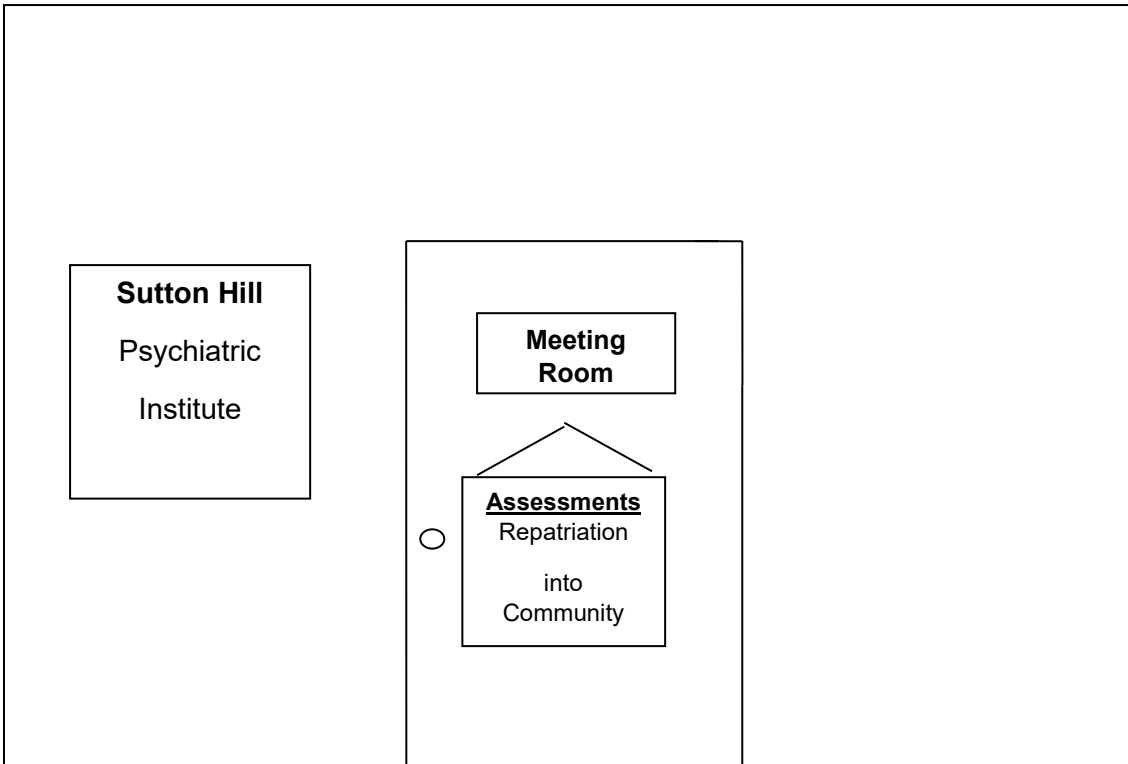
'And you don't see any flaw in what you propose?'

'No'

'Dumbo, I'm not sure you've thought this through'

'It will be fine'

'Perhaps a little longer'



'Bill, you're back again. I'm so sorry. You really have struggled haven't you. You've held on to this for so long, it's eaten into you, ruined your life. Has your time here helped to heal a little?

'Has it fuck! How would you feel if you were a budding child actor, perhaps another George Clooney or Tom Cruise, with the world at your feet and you are given a role that defines you? From which there is no escape?'

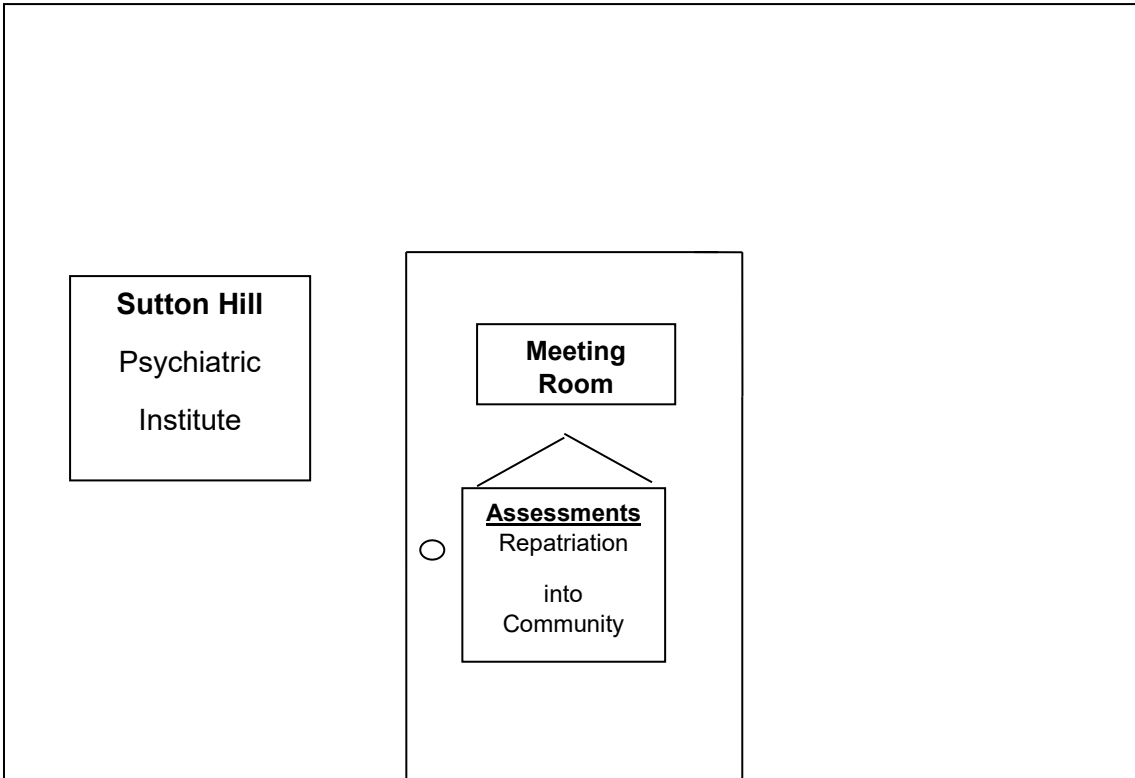
'Well....'

'I had been to RADA, came top of my class, honed my craft, had voice coaching, department lessons. I am snapped up by a Talent Agency and they get me a starring role in a new series. Magic, I'm on my way. But what happens? They make me talk to this fucking stupid weed in a made-up language. 'Bobalobalop' I have to say, fucking 'bobalobalop'. To a fucking weed! And then the Weed says 'Weeeeeed'. Never says fuck all else, just says 'Weeeeeed'. So me and Ben say 'bobalobalop' and the Weed says 'weeeed'. That's it. Fucking bobalobalop' and 'weeeed'. Well, once the series ended, I was fucked. Never worked since. My mate Ben topped himself. Couldn't cope with the kids shouting 'Weeeeeed' and throwing plant pots at him so he drank a can of weed killer. I like to think he was being ironic.'

'That's tough....'

'And in my dreams, I hear that fucking word 'weeeed' and wake up in a cold sweat. Bastards.....'

'Perhaps a little longer....'



'Good morning, how are you doing?'

'Good, thank you. Well rested, yes'

'Shall we try this again?'

'Ok'

'Your name is...?'

'MacNamara'

'And you are....?'

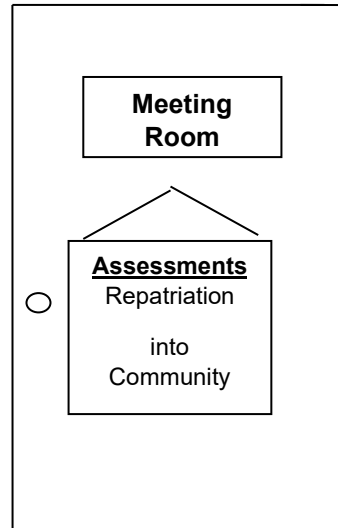
'The Leader of the Band'

'And the Band is...?'

'The Rolling Stones'

'Perhaps a little longer....'

Sutton Hill
Psychiatric
Institute



'Ah good morning, Boris, your team sent you here as you are getting a little caught up in the campaign and your own omnipotence?'

'Boris?'

'Yes'

'Me?'

'Are you sure?'

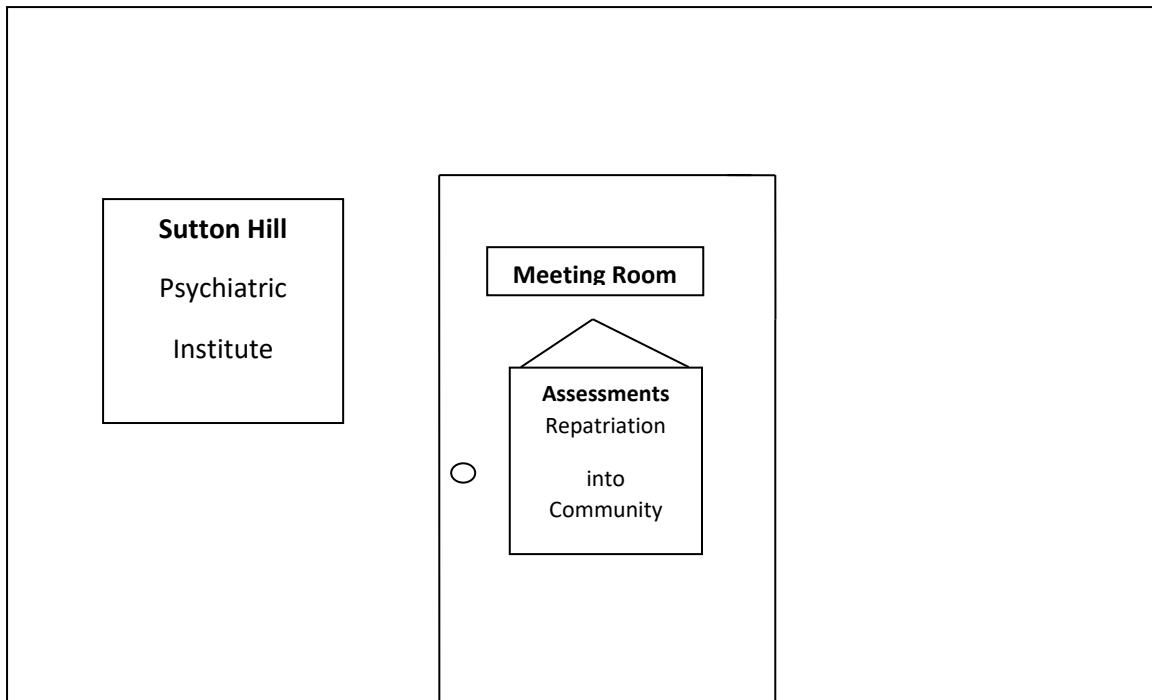
'Yes'

'Just one moment I must make a call..... Dominic, there's a bloke her.... I did as you told me; if they are not from Oxford say 'bloke' so you know you can tell em anything. Anyhow, he says my name is Boris?.....really? I thought I was only Boris for the press. Really? But I've combed my hair and stood up straight and stopped smiling like that smiling monkey you made me copyShit.....I've been rumbled. If he tells people, they may think I am a lying, devious, two faced bastard.....oh yes, right. Anyway, what should I do?.....ok, I'll ask him 'Would you like a Knighthood?'

'Not really'

'He says no.....you mean the one that did the Skripals? just ring MI5, but he was next to useless, the Russians would have made a better job. Or we could use our own bloke.....you know, I saw him the other night.....err nice car, you know.....Bond, that was it.....we should get him round to number ten for supper, knows some great women.....'

'Perhaps a little longer....'



'Good morning Mr Tumkins, prospective parliamentary candidate, are you well rested?'

'I am, slept like a baby, not with one of course, you wouldn't sleep, boom boom.'

'Well that segues us nicely into why your Party sent you here. You could be deselected, but you don't understand why?'

'Too right I don't. I go down a storm, lots of tv and press...'

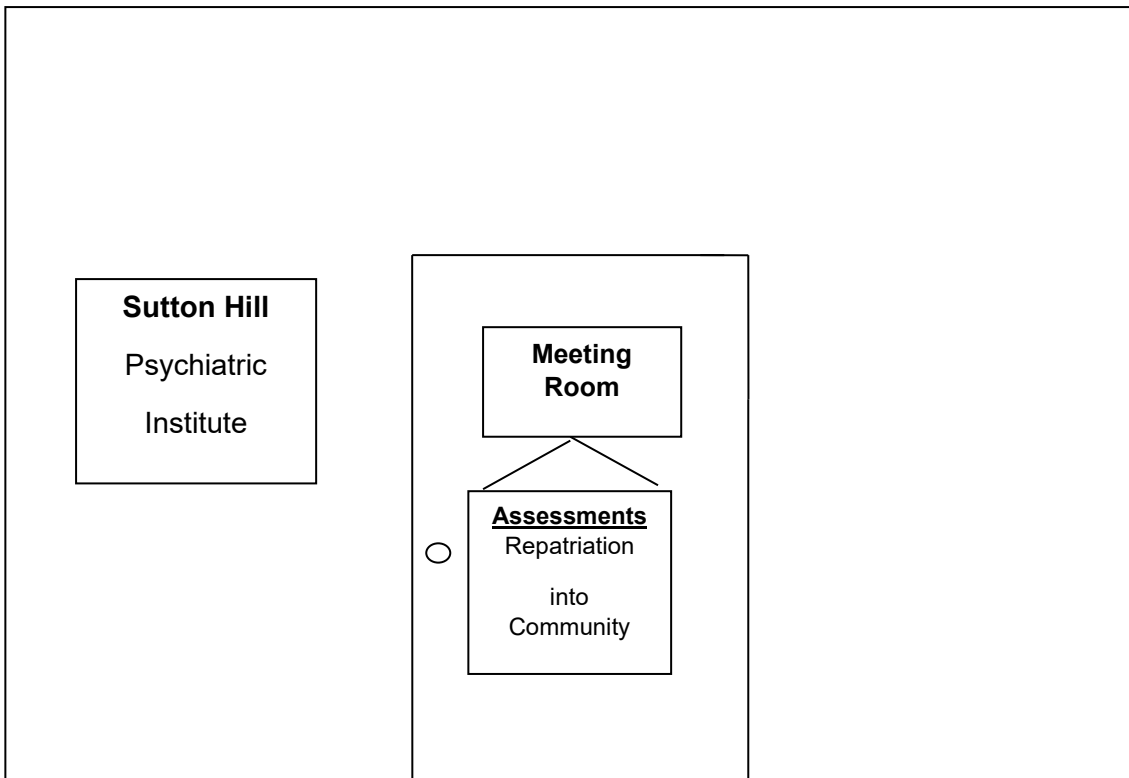
'Perhaps I could quote a few of your campaign slogans. 'There's nothing like a good bitch slapping unless it's twins, LBGT are only good if you like your sandwiches that way, blind people should be directed towards a cliff, Londoners should be given old diesel cars, little children should be seen....'

'That one's a classic'

'...a stitch in time saves a lot of problems, a gentleman is a man who doesn't leave a bruise, dishonesty is the best policy, climate change is hot air, MeToo is just asking for it, why pay for dinner when you can walk out, politicians are just used car salesmen, and many, oh so many more....'

'Good eh? I'm like a one-man advertising machine for the Party. Unstoppable. Anyhow, enjoyable though that was, I think you should tell me why I am here...?'

'Perhaps a little longer....'



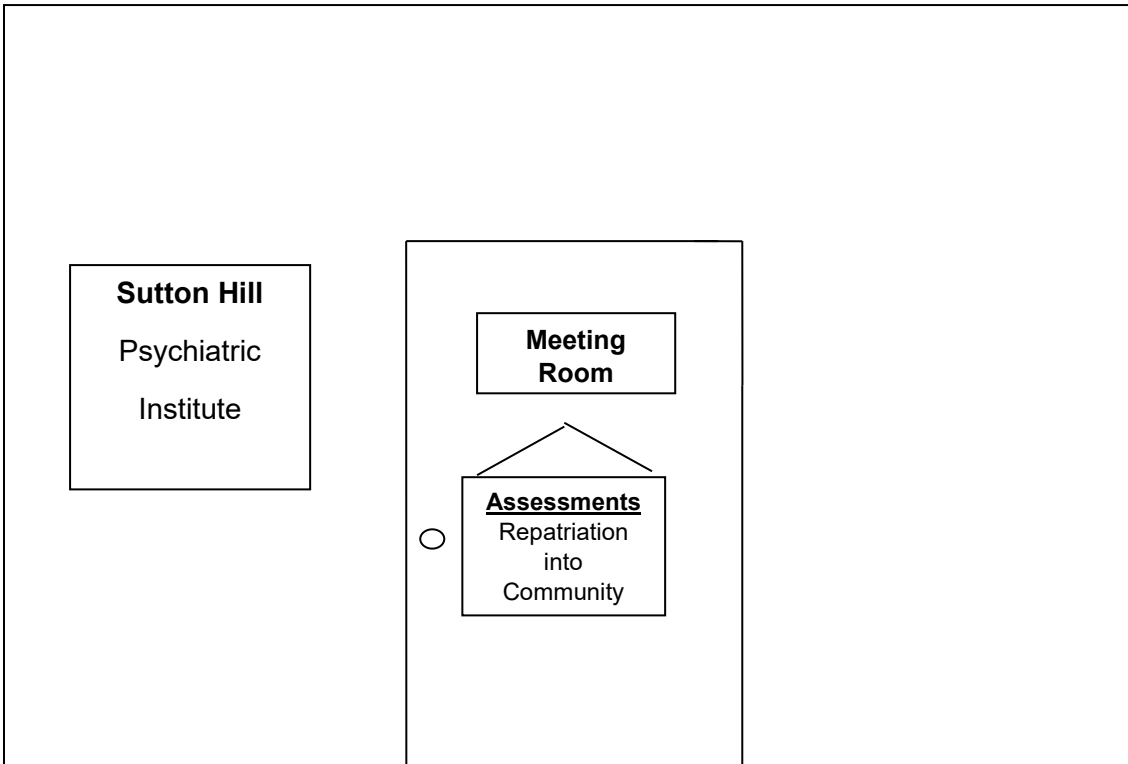
'Good morning Anthony. The Charities Commission asked you to pop in to allow you a little time to consider, as CEO of a large Charity, how you see yourself? Perhaps even your raison d'être for being in that sector? Firstly, there is some concern as to your salary. £650,000 a year I think; plus bonuses, free travel for you and your family, accommodation, expenses etc etc. What are your thoughts?'

'They have misunderstood what I am doing. In essence I extend the Charity into my life, giving to the poor in society. I take my money and distribute it to other, less fortunate people, which is what giving is all about surely?'

'Well that makes a difference. Who do you distribute it to?'

'Well there's the nanny, the housekeeper, the gardener, the handy man, the stable girl, the chef, but he's not full time..... The private skiing, cricket, fencing, rugby and tennis lessons that Guy and Tristran need. And of course we try and help the poor and use them as staff in our villas in Gstaad and Barbadosoh, oh, I nearly forgot, we also send £5 a month to some village in India....or somewhere'

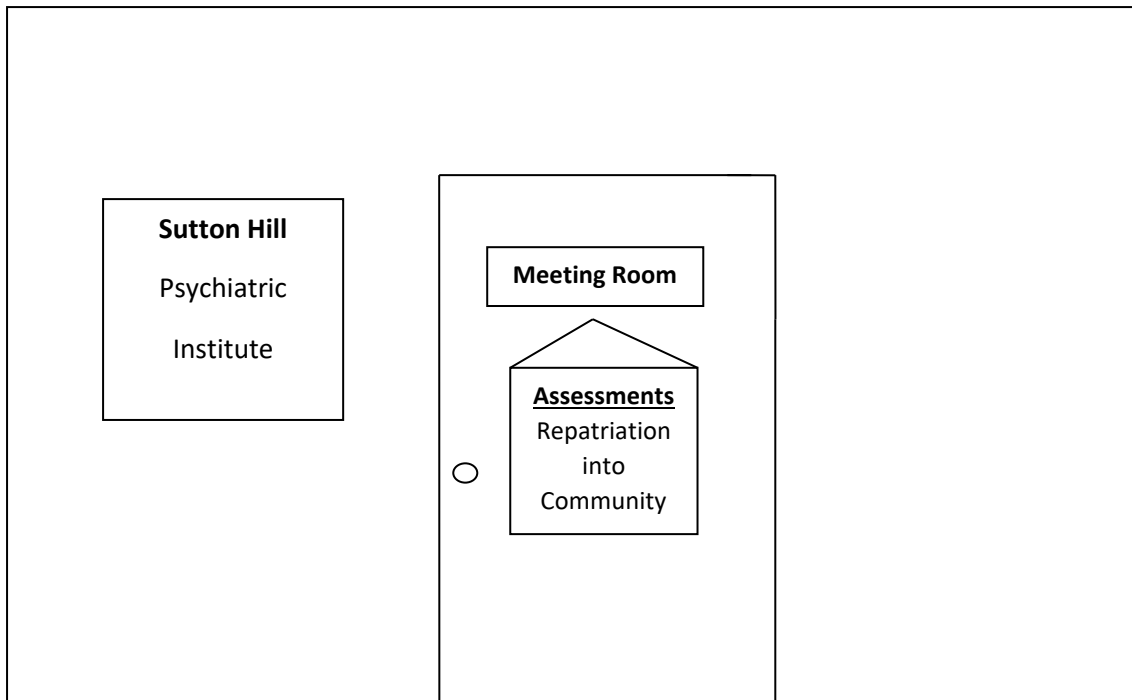
'Perhaps a little longer....'



'Good morning, how are you doing?'

'Really good, but I wanted your thoughts on something. As you know it's the big do soon and I've got this red number, or this gold one and I wondered which one? The red one is a touch provocative, but it contrasts with the green in my eyes, whereas the gold is more demure but tends to pick up the blusher on my cheeks. Also, I am not sure about the top? Is it ok? A bit low perhaps? Gives off the wrong signals if I lean over? Yes, I tend to think it does. Perhaps raise it a little. Just a touch. I know I'm going on a bit but how do you see the sleeves? Raglan? Capped? Capped but extended? Lantern? Oh, I do so want to get it right. And the hem? Just a touch high? Too much ankle? Perhaps a little lower would make it a hint more subtle and yet..... well you know. So, what do you think, red or gold?'

'I think, Archbishop, you need a little longer'



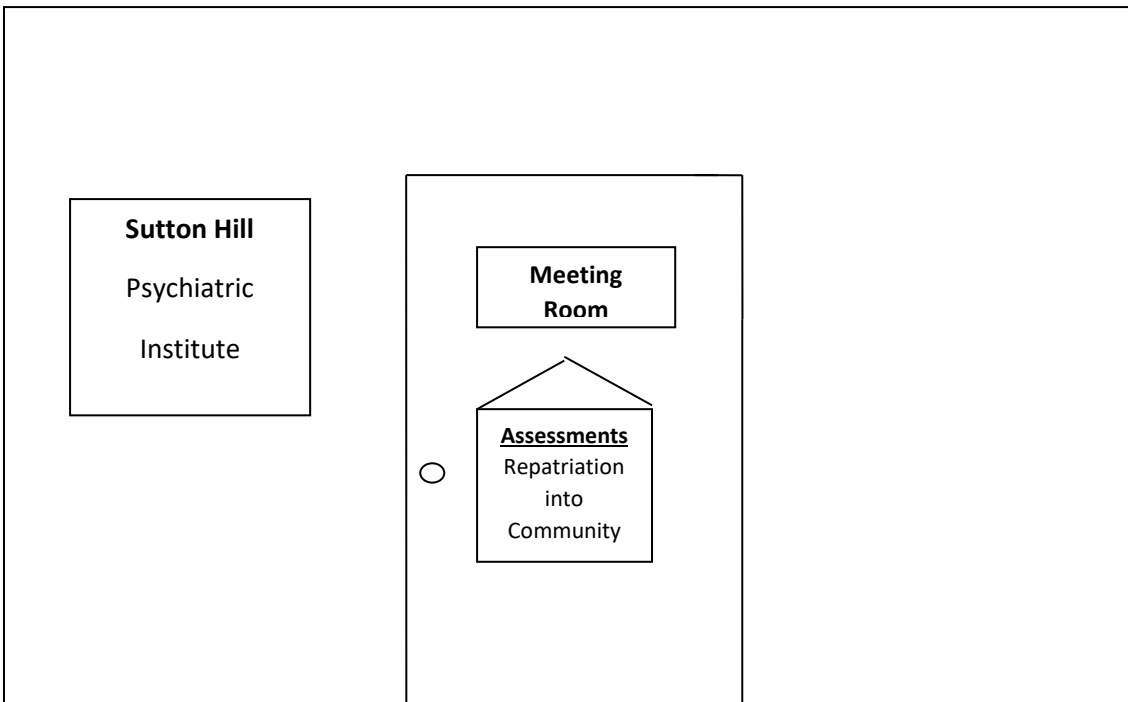
‘Good morning Priscilla’

Your relatives sent you here as they were concerned about your choice of men. In their letter they called them ‘deadbeats, losers, scroungers, intellectually challenged’ and everything else your family would like you to avoid. They asked us to help change the way you looked at things and then perhaps you would approach it differently. So, we created a Dating Site that gave you a list of eligible men. You could choose from Henry, Timothy, Thomas, James, Benjamin, Piers, Gabriel, Hugo, Toby or Tristan. They were charming, handsome, Oxbridge educated, multi-lingual, sophisticated, well off and unencumbered; what your family would consider as eminently eligible and from good stock. However, as a test, we also added one that was totally unacceptable. Uncouth, unsophisticated, uneducated, common, emotionally damaged, badly dressed and an infrequent user of soap and water’

‘Which one did you choose?’

‘Dave.....’

‘Perhaps a little longer...’



'Ah Mr Whiteman, Minister of State for Racial Diversity and Harmony...'

'And proud, honoured and a little humble to be so chosen'

'Now it seems the PM is concerned as to your strategy to achieve the goals of the Department as laid down in the manifesto'

'It's ok, he was never very bright'

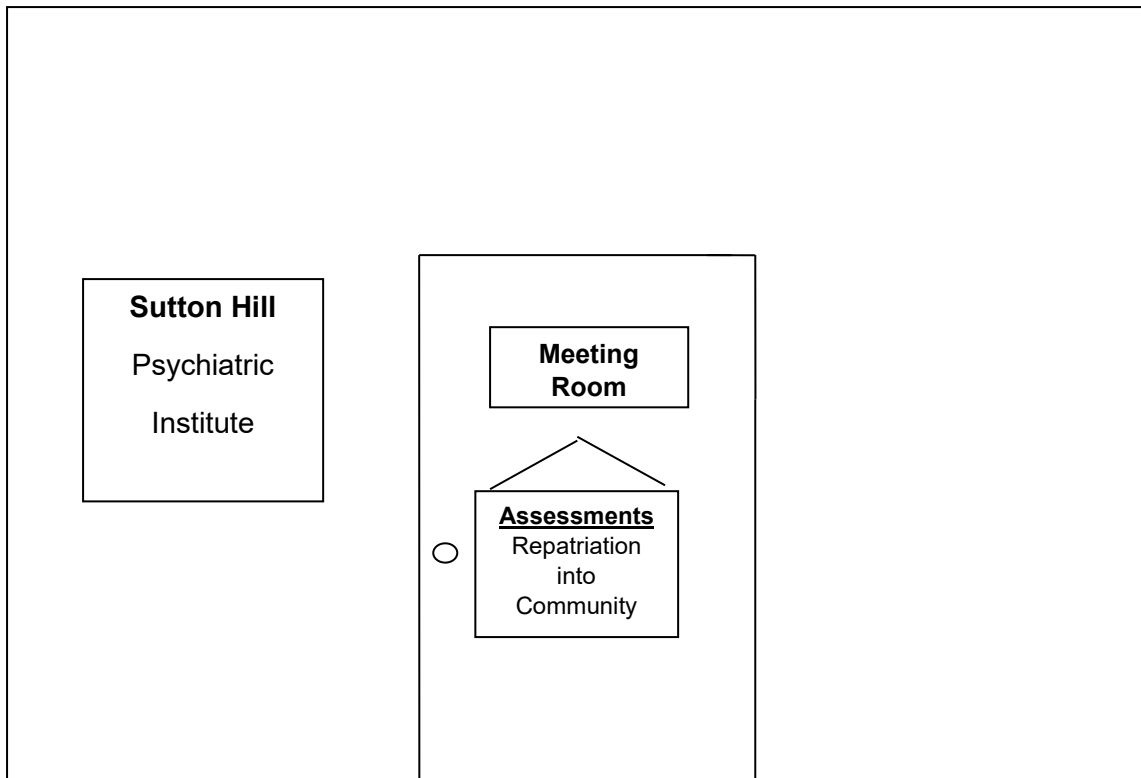
'Err...anyhow, after a little time to look at this again, what do you think now?'

'My logic is infallible. My strategy fool proof'

'And that strategy is.....'

'We make it a law that only whites and whites can procreate, and only whites and any other race. That way, quite soon, everyone will be white, and the racial problem is solved, diversity is a thing of the past and harmony reigns. Everybody wins....'

'Perhaps a little longer...'



'Ah Dominic..... you're the Chairman and Founder of 'Save the Booby' which, it would appear, is not a Night Club but an organisation to save the planet'

'Absolutely'

'You are here as your Management Committee feel you haven't quite got it right...?'

'I have got it perfectly right and now I am a member of the Green Party I expect to be their Leader quite soon and they will be welcome and respected everywhere...'

'Ok, tell me about your all-electric car again'

'Well, as you say, it's all electric. I am making a statement and I expect others to follow. Not only that I don't use the mains to charge it, I have a solar panel that does it'

'And how does that work?'

'Well, the panel charges a battery, that kicks in the starter motor, that starts the engine, that turns the generator, that goes to the panel in the garage, that charges the all-electric, save the planet, car'

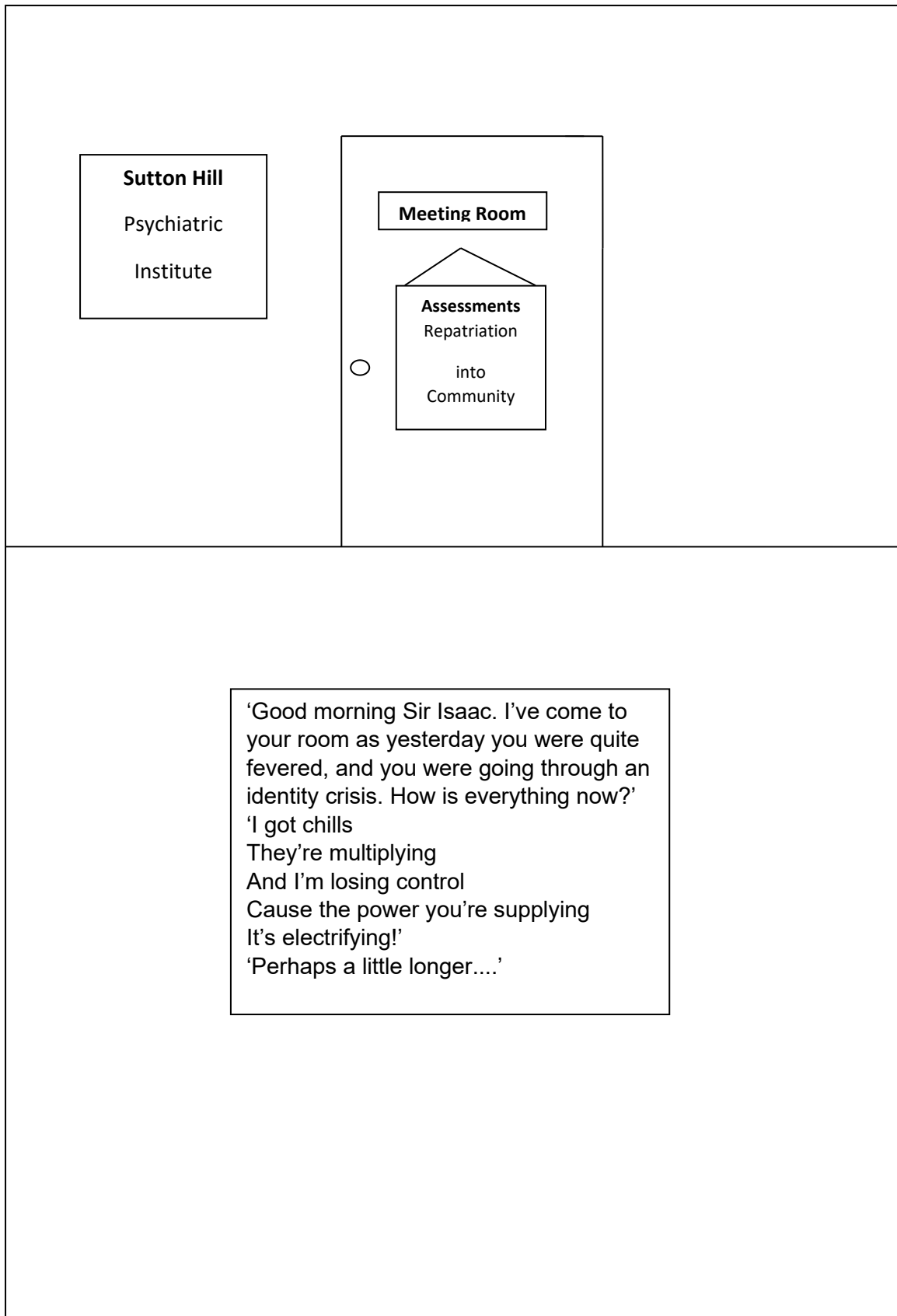
'That's good. And the motor that turns the generator, that that goes to the panel, that charges the car, what does that run on?'

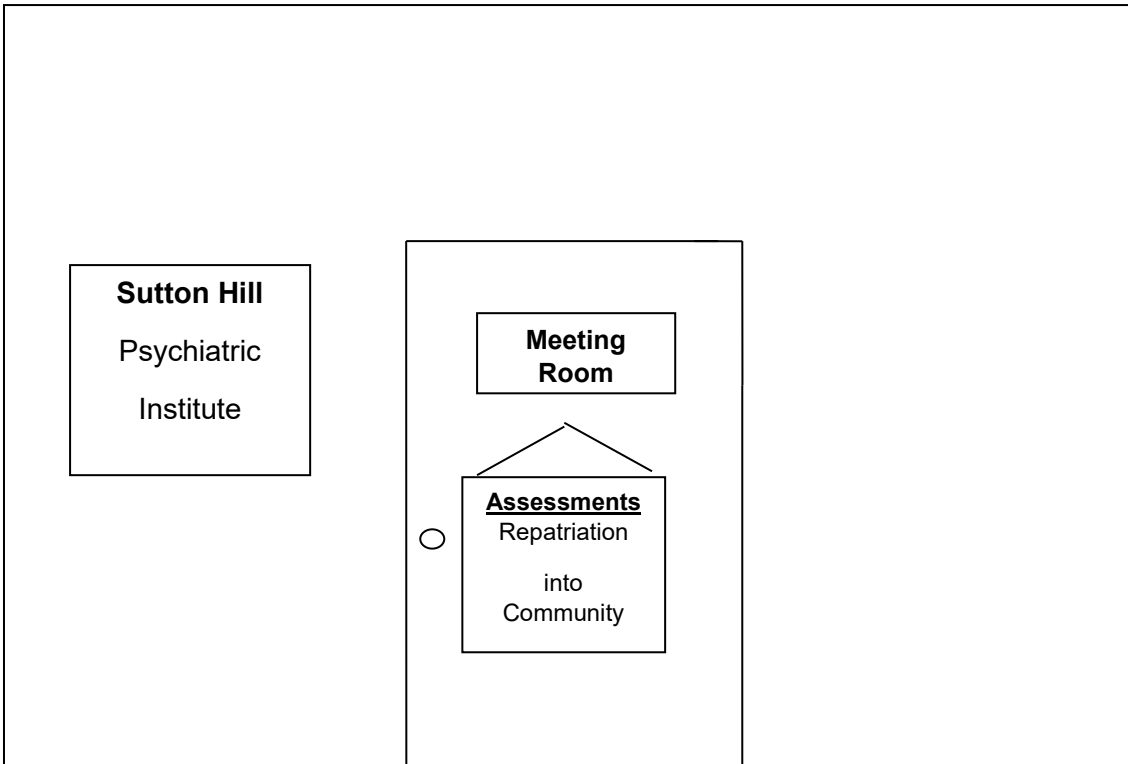
'Diesel.....'

'I'm not sure you can use diesel'

'You can. You have to keep away from fossil fuels and so I have a sieve to take away any that could be in it. But I've never found any so Trump may be right.....'

'Perhaps a little longer....'





'Good morning John-Paul Sartre, did you sleep well?

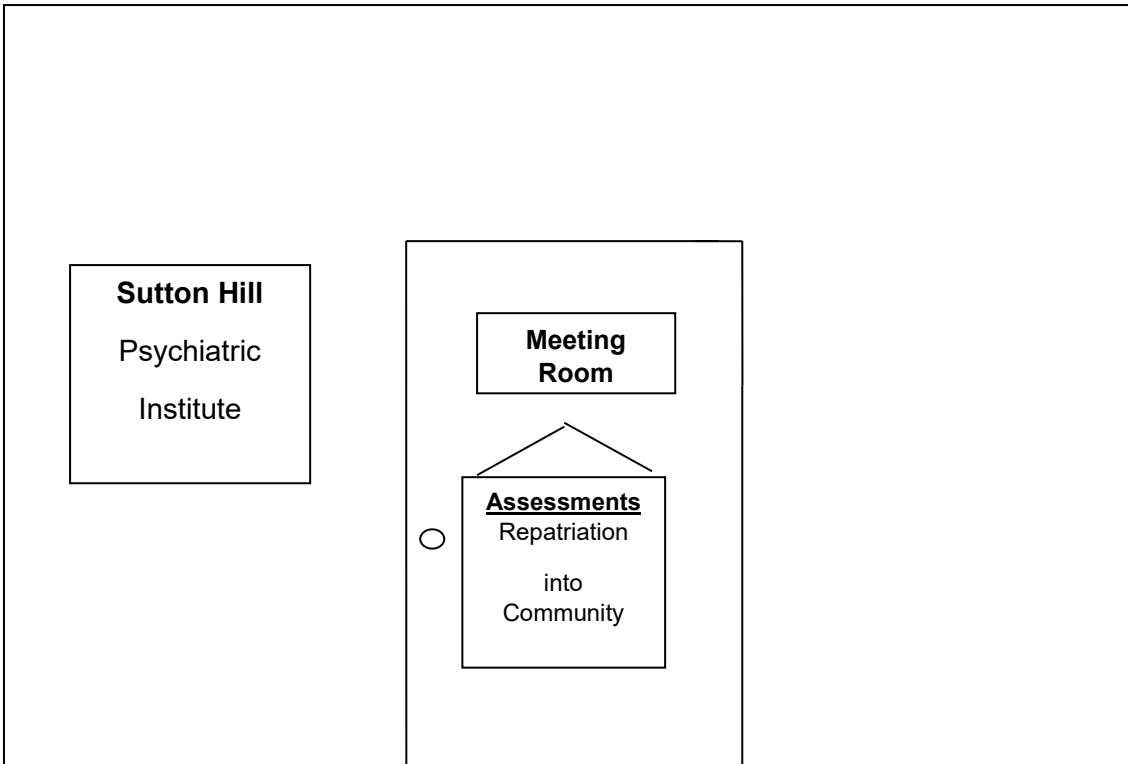
 Yes?.....No?..... We'll carry on. You are well known for the phrase 'Hell is other people' from your play Huis Clois, or No Exit.....'

 'That minimalistic quote tends to lead people away from the fact you were a leading light in Twentieth Century French Philosophy'

 'You said that when we think about ourselves, when we try to know ourselves, we use the knowledge of us which other people already have. We judge ourselves with the means other people have and have given us for judging ourselves. Is that right?'

 'Still playing with me John-Paul.....?'

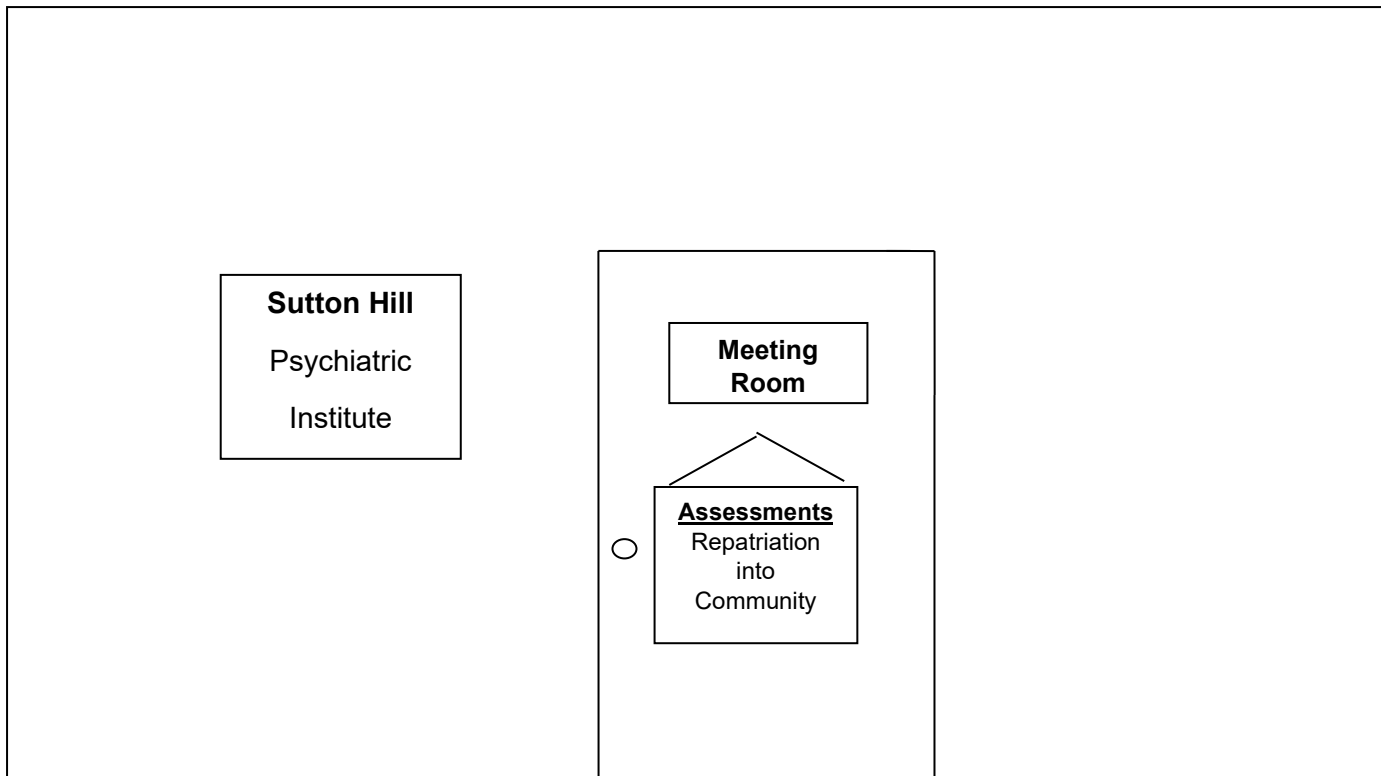
 'Perhaps a little longer...'



'Good morning, Jeremy. You are here for a short break to help you unwind a little as you seem to be, according to your staff, pining for the past and going off message a little....'

'I am tired comrade, and the past does offer solace. Do you remember it comrade, mid-July nineteen eighteen? I do. We stormed the Palace and then a few days later we executed the Tsar and his family. When I say 'we' I don't mean me, I am a man of peace, as you know. No, all I did was gag and bound them, so I was not actually involved and my conscience is clear. And then later, in the mid-sixties, me and Che, what a team we were. We went all over the place fomenting revolution, until they caught up with us in Bolivia. I had nothing to do with the CIA finding him, so my conscience is clear. And then I helped that nice man Robert in Zimbabwe. He did wonderful things for his people and is revered even after his death. And of course, my dear friend Vladimir. An inspiration to us all. When we first met at the KGB Training School just outside Moscow, sorry I'm getting confused, when we met at pottery class just outside Milton Keynes, I found him to be sweet and charming. We talked about world communism, the expansion of the Motherland and its ultimate hegemony of the world. Sorry, I meant to say we talked of knitting and embroidering which we both adore. Ahhh, those were the days. We still keep in touch. Our mutual friends leave messages from him under rocks near my home and.....'

'Perhaps a little longer....'



'Good morning Jeremy, I am so sorry...'

'I shouldn't be here. After mounting one of the most successful campaigns in Labours history, it's most unfair'.

'You did lose a lot of seats...'

'You are as bad as McDonnell and McCluskey. All they want to do is win. That's not the grand plan. I think you misunderstand, as they do, the word 'lost'. Did the Germans lose WW1 and WW2? Did the Japanese lose WW2?'

'Yes'

'No, they didn't and that's the point. Look at them now. You have to lose to win. It would have been better if we had lost all the seats and then our victory would have been cemented in legend. I am setting the stage for a Labour uprising towards the end of this century that will spread not just through this island but around the world. Capitalism will be expunged from this planet, there will be no poverty, no meat eaters, no celebrities, no poll tax, no fossil fuels, no means of production, no Agri farming, no big pharma, no thieving water or energy companies, no cars, no planes, no ships, no EU although I'm not sure about that.....'

'Do you see a flaw anywhere in this...?'

'I haven't finished. No currency, no man-made textiles, no leather, no gambling, no cosmetic surgery, no USA, no monarchies, no.....'

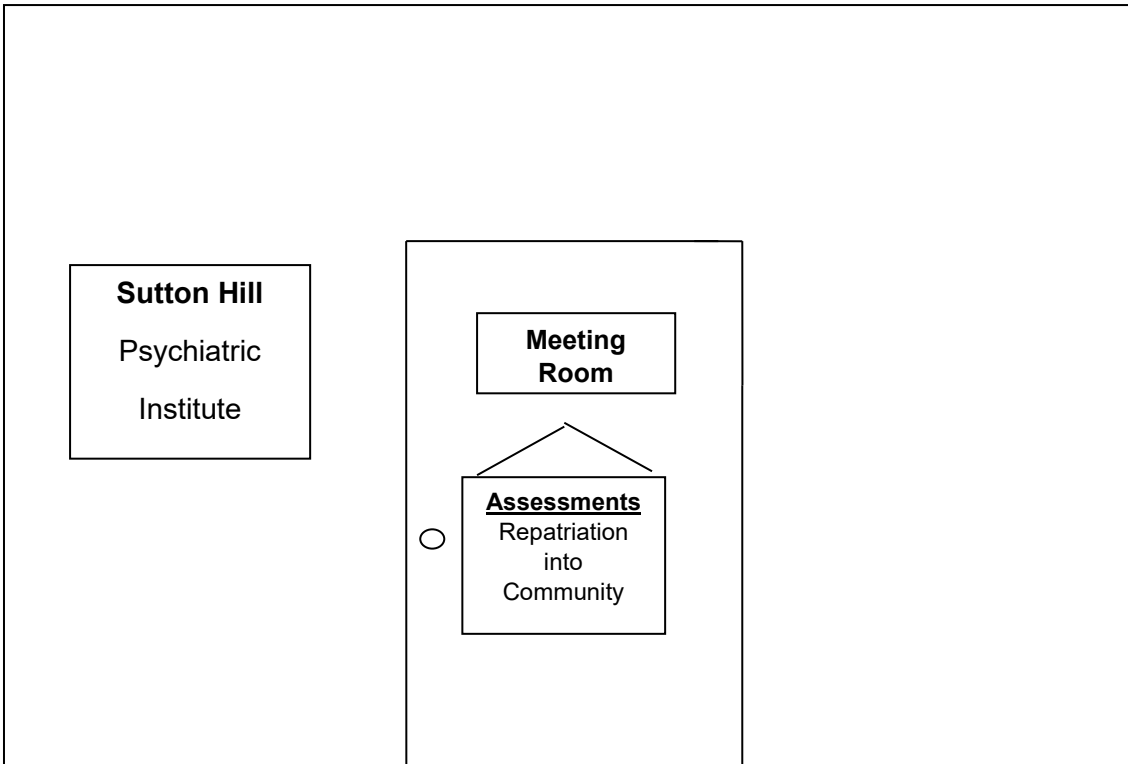
'If you are going to stop everything, how will everyone live?'

'Eh?'

'How will everyone live? Exist? How will the human race exist?'

'Err.....errr.....and no telegraph poles, no wind turbines, no cuckoos, no ice cream vans, no clowns, no thongs, no bobble hats.....'

'Perhaps a little longer....'



'Ahhh, good morning Jo, you're back again'

'I know why I'm here, you're going to say it was wrong of me to announce I would be Prime Minister'

'And was it?'

'Of course not. It's a given. I mean, anybody can chuck a few quid at the NHS but have Bozo or Cordite got a pair like this? Have they?'

'Put them away Jo, we saw them last time'

'Yes, but seriously, have they? Before we embarked on our campaign, our Election Strategy Unit realised quite quickly that we needed to be led by a good pair. Hello.... And all the Focus Groups that have seen them said they were exactly what was needed. But we didn't stop there. We went to Working Men's Clubs, football grounds, anywhere that potential voters would be unbiased in their opinion. And the reception was wonderful. Based on the number of potential voters that shouted, 'I'd give her one', that's going to be a lot of votes. I'm thinking perhaps a fifty-seat majority....'

'Perhaps a little longer'

Sutton Hill
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Institute

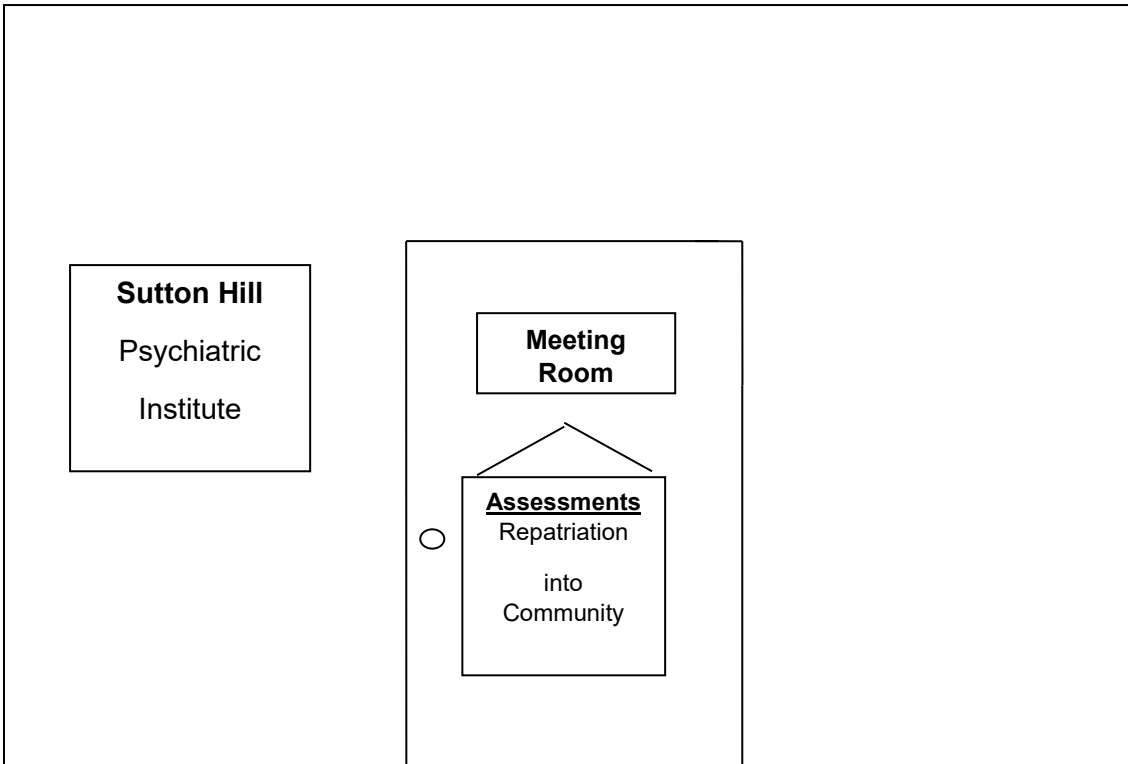
**Meeting
Room**

Assessments
Repatriation
into
Community



'And introducing the next Prime Minister....dah
dah....'

'Sorry Jo, Perhaps a little longer....'



'Good morning John, I....'

'Order! Order! Order I say!'

'Could...'

'Order! Order! Will the gentleman in the chair opposite please be quiet!'

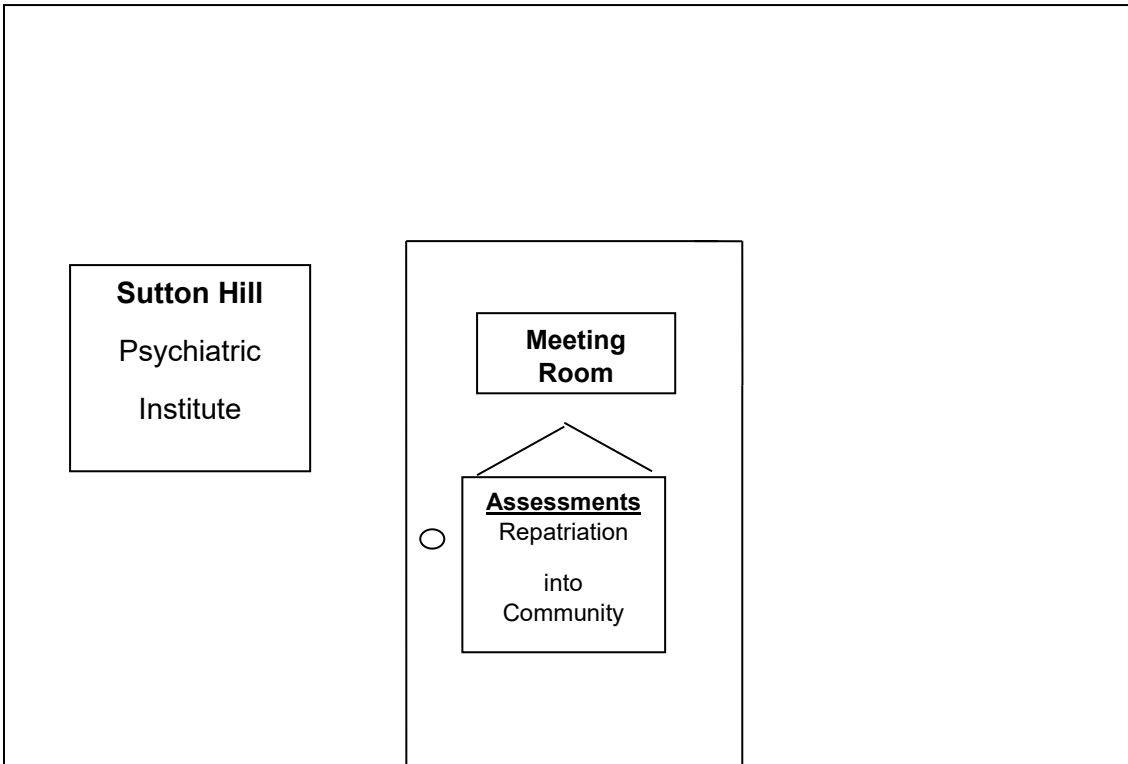
'I....'

'Order! Order! I have warned the gentleman in the chair opposite as to his behaviour and if he persists, he will be ejected from the room!'

'John.....'

'Order! Order! The gentleman in the chair opposite has failed to heed my words of caution. I will tolerate his interruptions no longer! I call on the Serjeant at Arms to remove this gentleman! Order! Order!....'

'Perhaps a little longer....'



'Good morning Marquis de Sade, how are you?'

'Really good'

'Really?'

'Yes, my time here has been quite profound, and I have you and your team to thank for it'

'So, what about your thoughts on sadism?'

'I no longer have them, now I think of lambs and puppies'

'Wonderful. And your need to inflict pain?'

'The thought of doing that now horrifies me. Those poor people'

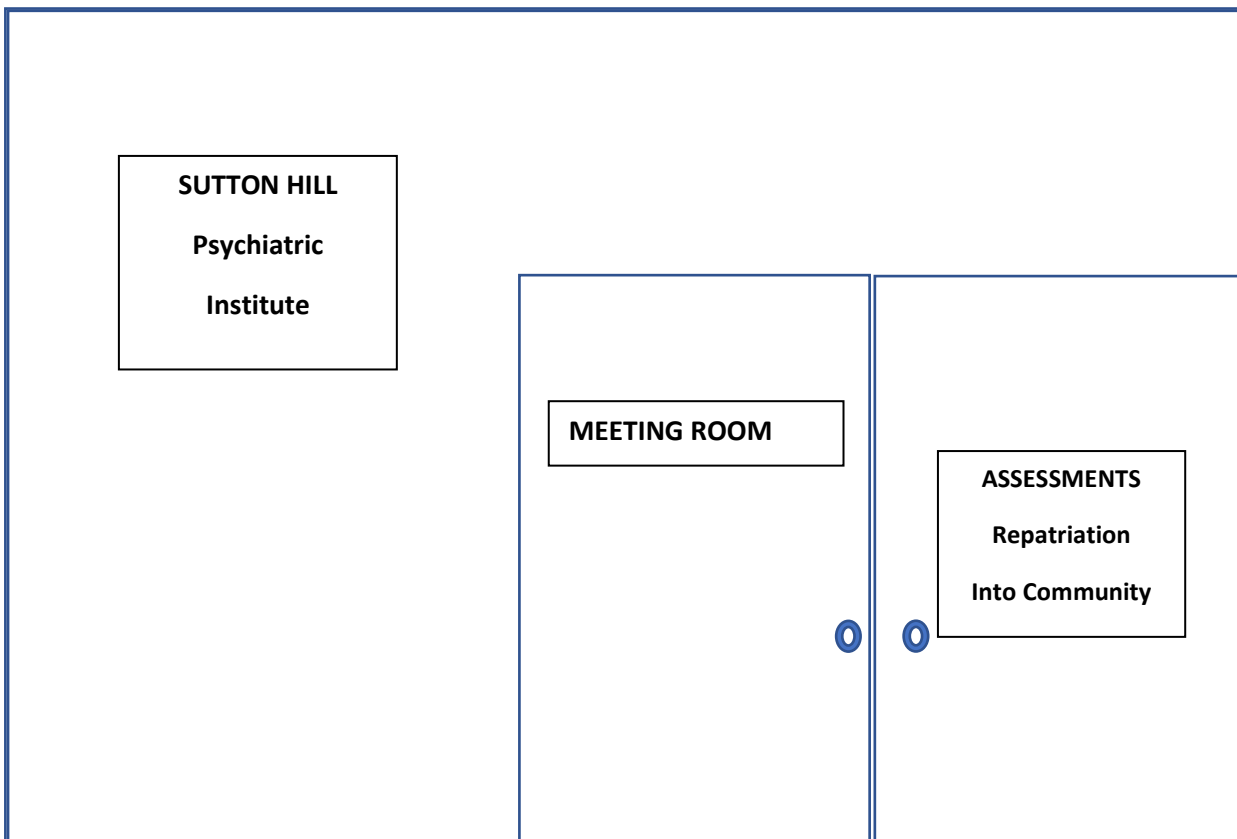
'You really have done well. And the torture, the things you did to your victims?'

'I am appalled at what I have done and to atone I am starting the Marquis de Sade Foundation that will track down those whose lives have been affected by my actions and make sure they get appropriate help'

'And what about lies and deceit?'

'I enjoy that.....'

'Perhaps a little longer....'



'Ahh Derek, come in. You are here at your wife's request as, she says, you say things just to get a result'

'Not true'

'She says, and I quote, 'He will lie through his teeth just to get my pants off'. End of quote'

'Not true'

She cites a recent example when she wrote a 'to do' list, for herself, on the board on the kitchen wall and when she got home you said you had done it all and so you might as well have a glass of wine to 'loosen up' and go to bed'

'That is true. Slaved all day just to snuggle up to my little snuggle bunny'

'Perhaps you can remember what you did that day?'

'I can'

'Everything on the list?'

'Of course. I just want her to be happy so we can spend more time together'

'In bed?'

'Occasionally'

'Occasionally?'

'Daily'

'Ok, on the day in question, what did you do?'

'Let me think.....There was ironing and hoovering...'

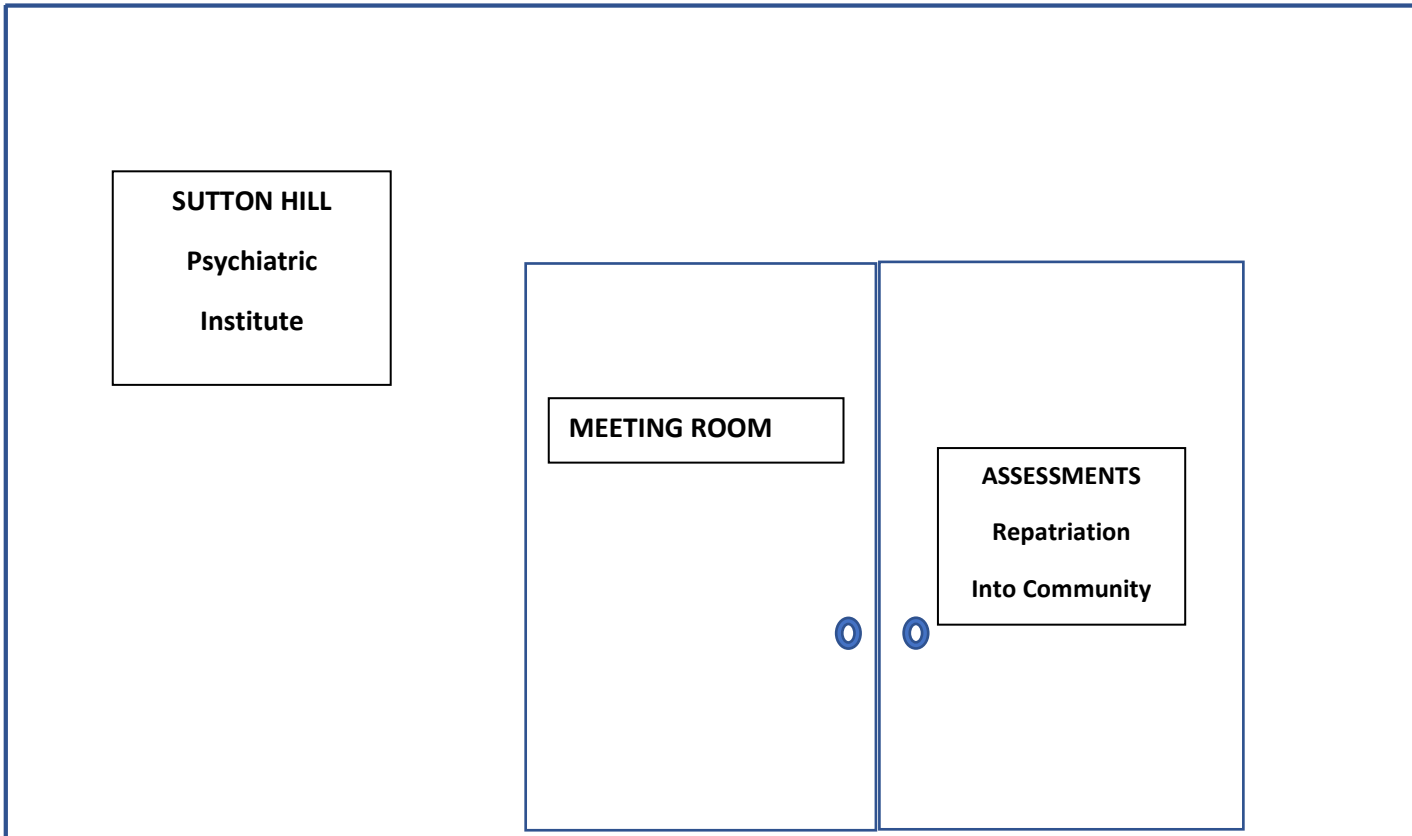
'Anything else?'

'Change bed, empty dish washer.....'

'Good. Anything else?'

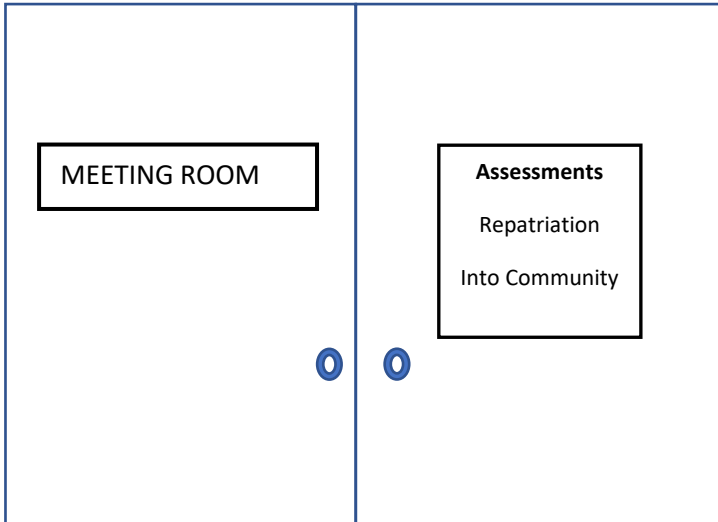
'Write Christmas cards.....'

'Perhaps a little longer.....'



'Good morning Your Holiness'
 'Good morning my son, may God be with you. Are we alone?'
 'Yes, Your Holiness'
 'Thank god, I can relax a bit. All the Pope crap. And call me Frank...'
 'Ok...err ...Your....err. The Cardinals rang yesterday and asked me to give an update on your progress?'
 'Stuff em. These garments are so heavy, and these stupid shoes and hat are killing me. I'll put them over there, ok?..... That's better. Christ, how I ever thought this would be a good job I'll never know'.
 'Maybe it was Christ that guided you?'
 'Good one mate. Nah, it was more than likely the power, sex and Castel Gandolfo, the summer residence.'
 'Po....err.....se.....don't you enjoy wearing your garments?'
 'Like walking around in a coat of armour mate'
 'Why do you do it?'
 'If I didn't, they wouldn't know me from the cleaner. I am blessed by God; the clothes say so. If we swapped clothes people would think you were blessed by God. If you asked someone for money, they'd tell you to fuck off. If I do, they give willingly and think they will end up in heaven. Talking of money, I could move a bit of business your way. Say five grand an intro? Or a sainthood? Fancy that? It's a bit extra and takes a while longer but do-able. You'd need to do a miracle, but our PR guys can sort that. Haven't got some Charlie, have you? No? For christ's sake! Anyhow, later tonight I'm popping out to do a laying on of hands if you know what I mean. The old 'thy rod and thy staff comfort me' gambit. Put in a bit of the holy spirit.....'
 'Perhaps a little longer....'

**SUTTON HILL
Psychiatric
Institute**



'Good morningoh dear, not again. Watch the table lamp gently careful.....oh well, it wasn't expensive...'

'Sorry, a new design, a bit wider for more lift, not quite got used to them yet'

'We've had this conversation before; it won't work. It never works...'

'It will this time. I've used a 3D programme to design them and a 3D printer to make them. This time it will work...'

'Why don't we just talk it through...?'

'It's really not necessary. A lot of thought has gone into this, a lot of planning, a lot of late nights'

'You said that last time, and the time before, and the time before, and.....'

'This time it's different'

'Noooo..... Keep away from the window.....oh dear.....don't.....ah well. Where's my phone? Could you get an ambulance up to the north field.....yes, he made some more wings.....yes, just a little longer....'

SUTTON HILL
Psychiatric
Institute

MEETING ROOM

Assessments
Repatriation
Into Community



'Good morning George, how's it going?'

'Doesn't really sound right does it? George? An incubus called George?'

'You're not an incubus'

'Don't you think Damien or Luther would be more fitting?'

'You're not an incubus'

'I think I am'

'I know you do, but you're not'

'I must be'

'Ok, let's do this again. Why do you think you are an incubus?'

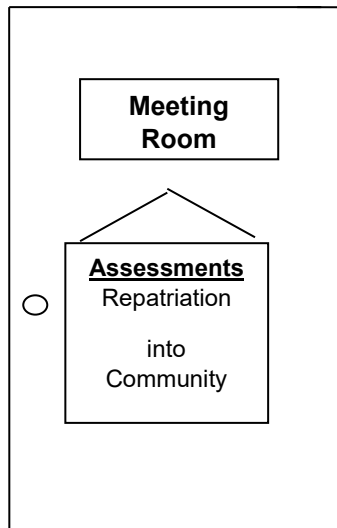
'I have sex with my wife while she's asleep'

'According to her letter George, she refuses to have sex with you while she's awake.'

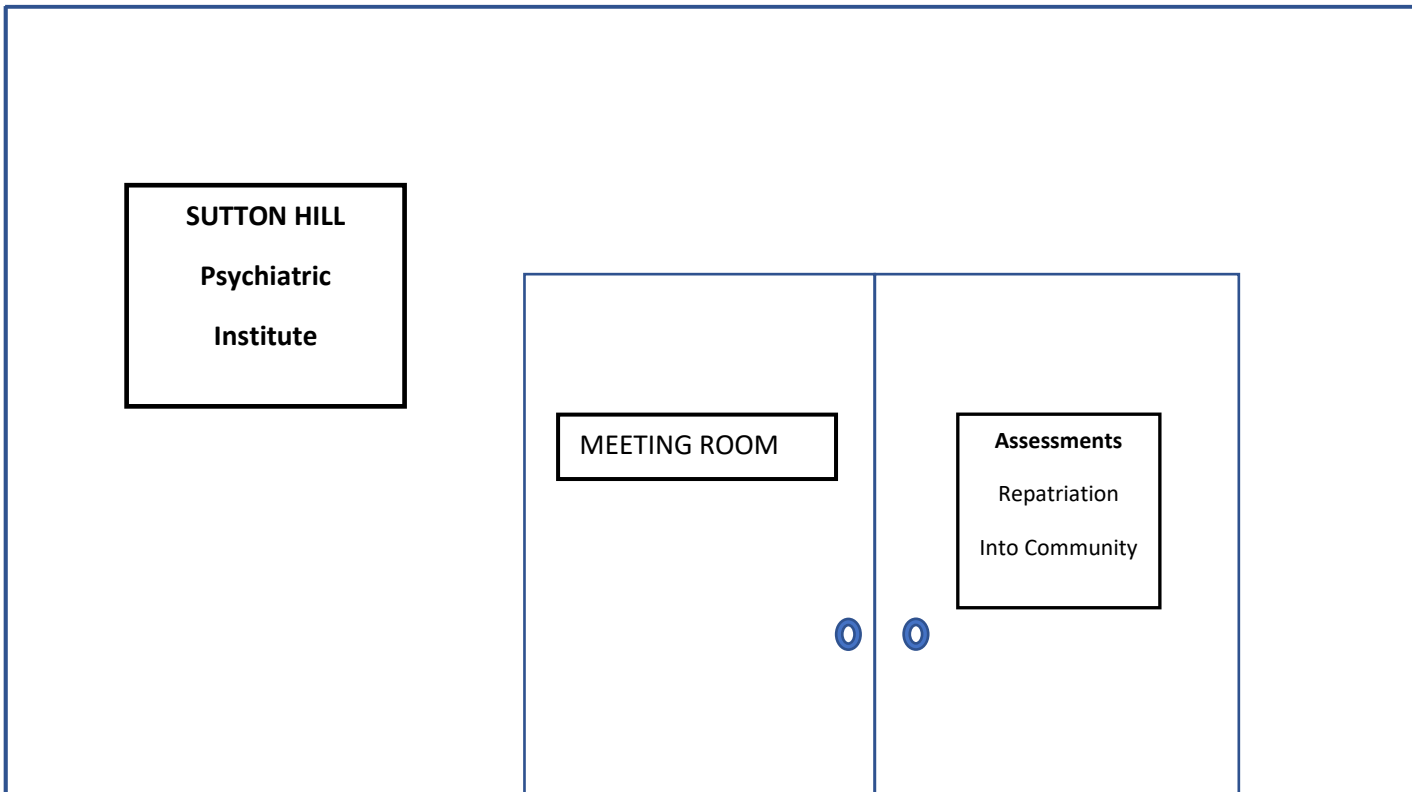
'Exactly. So, I must be an incubus'

'Just a little longer....'

Sutton Hill
Psychiatric
Institute



'Good morning...'
'Please don't kneel or bow, it's not necessary'
'I wasn't.....'
'Just one moment please.....yes.....yes.....of course..... as you wish. He feels we should have a cup of tea'
'He does?'
'He does'
'And do you ask him what you can drink?'
'I ask him a lot but mostly he just tells me. I am, as you know, one of his chosen ones. I travel the world, I have vast audiences, I move in and out of the shadows and my followers clap and cheer, always wanting more, yes always wanting more'
'You were asked to come because...'
'God wanted it. Everything I do is for God'
'I am not sure we are getting too far...'
'We are going at God's pace'
'Let's try one more.....'
'You can get up now'
'I wasn't.....'
'I have to go soon; God needs me to attend to the tens of thousands that will congregate to listen to me.'
'Where?'
'The O2'
'I'm sorry Sir Cliff, perhaps a little longer....'



'Good morning Mister.....oh, you're down there.....Montague. You are a renowned dog breeder and a 'Best in Class' Judge at Crufts and your wife.....don't sniff that.....don't sniff that! Get off!

'Woof'

'...anyhow your wife is concerned.... that's my leg. Leave my leg alone.....no, no....leave it alone! Get down!

'Woof'

'.....that your behaviour is getting somewhat canine'

'Woof'

'What?'

'Woof'

'What?'

'Woof'

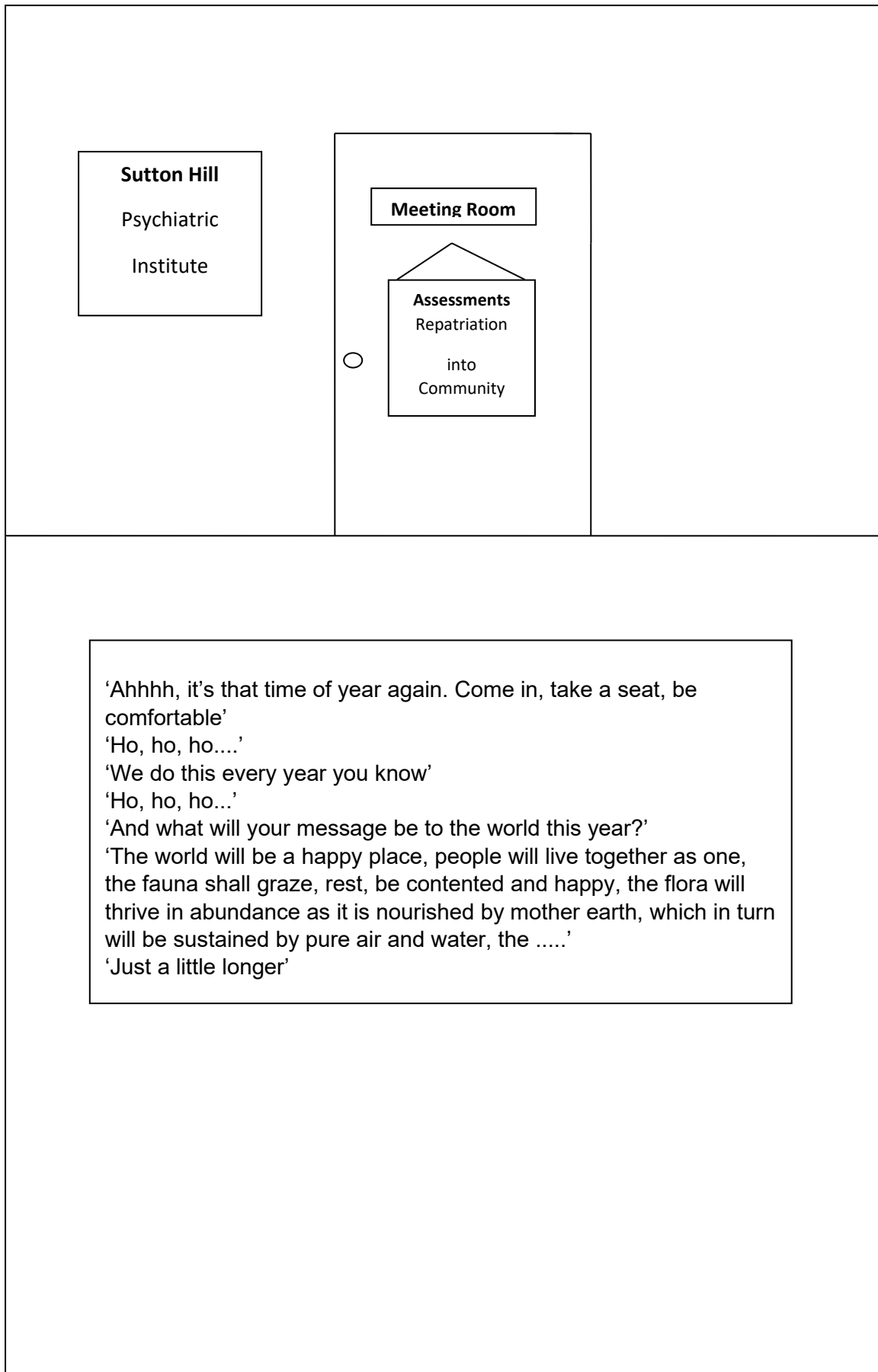
'No, I haven't got a biscuit'

'Grrrrr'

'If you continue like this, I will have to put your lead on.....no, come away from the door, we're not going for a walk'

'Grrrrrr'

'This isn't easy. What I suggest is.....no.....no! Not behind the settee. No! Awww crap..... Just a little longer...'



SUTTON HILL
Psychiatric
Institute

MEETING ROOM

Assessments
Repatriation
Into Community



'Come in, come in..... Oh dear, don't cry. You really are struggling, aren't you?'

'Why do spiders have eight legs?'

'I don't know'

'Why don't they have twelve? Or three? Or seven?'

'I don't know'

'Why is there a star nosed mole?'

'I don't know'

'Why is there a duck billed platypus?'

'I don't know'

'With a duck bill, a beaver tail, otter like fur, webbed feet and lays eggs?'

'I don't know'

'Why is the naked mole rat naked?'

'I don't know'

'Why does the Dugong swim, have flippers, but is related to elephants?'

'Now I happen to know....'

'Why don't lampreys have jaws?'

'I don't know'

'..... Do you.....'

'Yes?'

'..... Do you think.....'

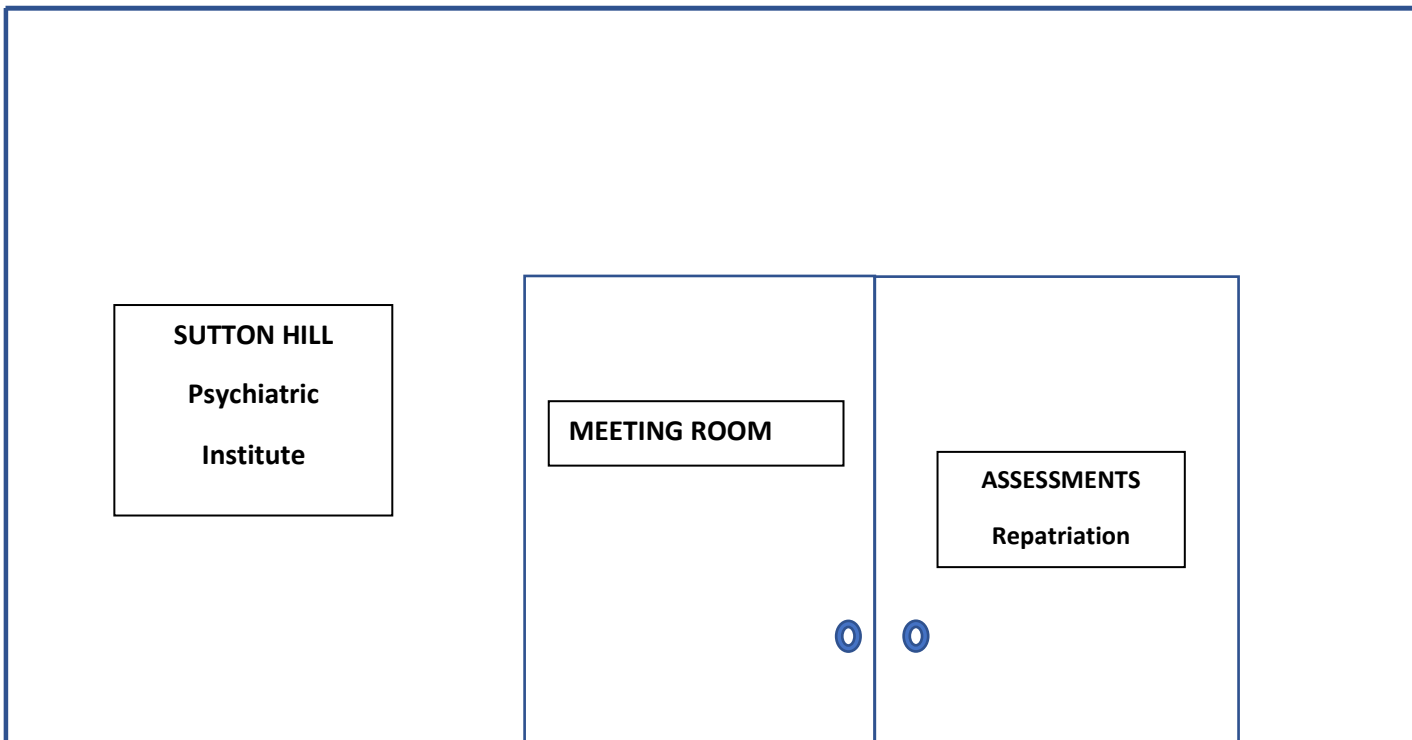
'Yes?'

'..... Do you think there is a god?'

'Charles, you need to rest.....'

'Is there...? What if there is.....?'

'Just a little longer.....'



'Oh dear...'

'I know, right'

'Still not come to terms with where we are now?'

'Afraid not. I mean, I'm omnipotent right? There is nothing more powerful than me. There I am one day, bored, messing about in the garden and I think, I know what would go there. So, I do the Big Bang thing. I create stars, planets, black holes, supernovas all that type of stuff. Sets the garden off lovely..... Good, don't you think?'

'I do...'

'And then I get bored. All those bloody round things wandering around space doing bugger all and so I create life. Something to watch as they shuffle about. Not bad eh?'

'Not bad at all'

'So, I used to sit in my little place the other side of the Universe, where it's quiet. I'd watch tv; I get about four billion channels, though most of them are full of repeats, maybe have a glass of wine, sit in the suns and get a tan. Whatever, just an easy life.....'

'Go on...'

'Well, I took my eye off the ball. I let life do its thing. Worst decision I ever made, or maybe didn't make. Complete and utter cock up'

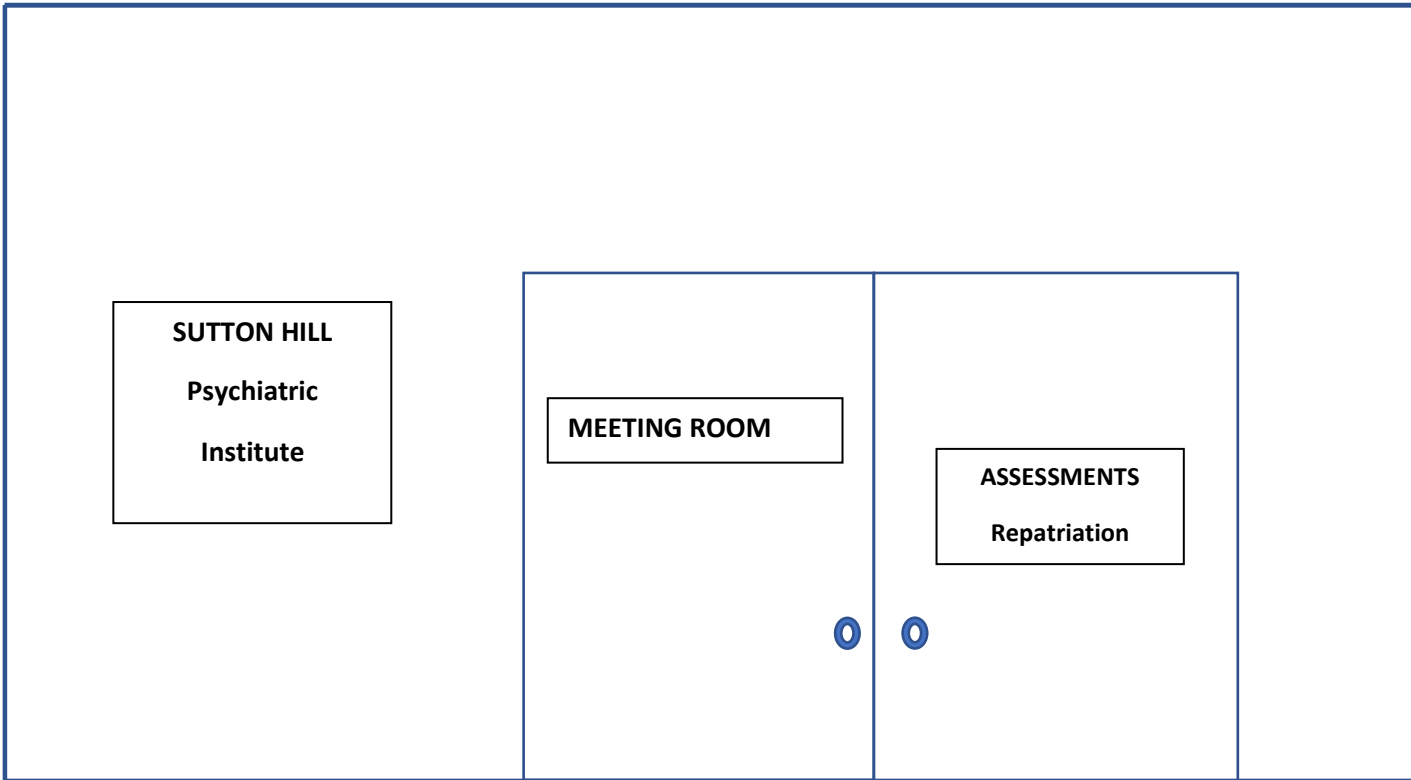
'Go on...'

'I mean they were just little buggers, microscopic, when I let them loose, but now....'

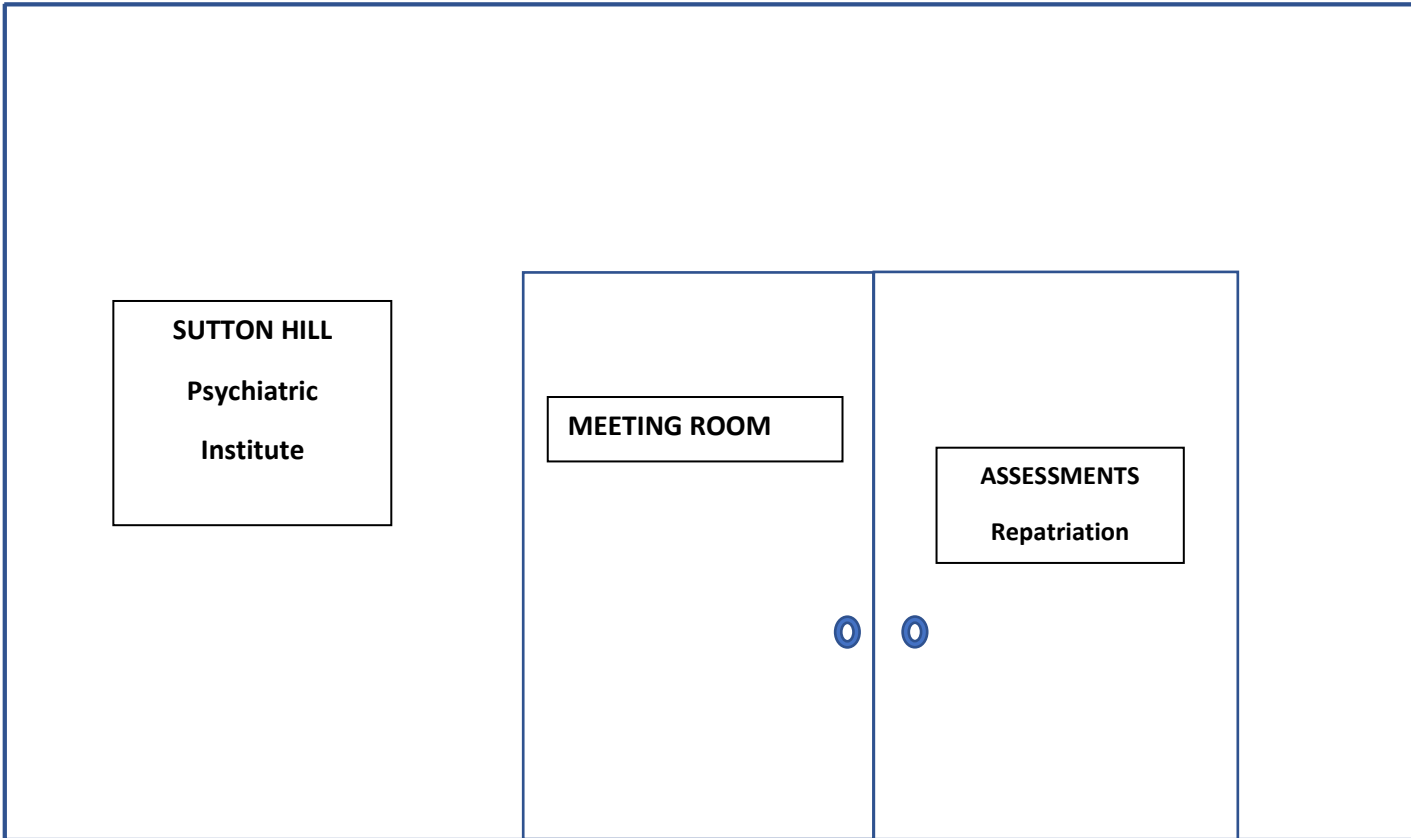
'But now?'

'Well now I'm a bloody wreck. Now I'm sitting there, in my little corner of the Universe and the phone goes. What the bloody hell am I going to do with double glazing? And cavity loft insulation? Or a Conservatory? And have I had an accident recently? And how about an alarm system? Sometimes it's just a weird, metallic voice telling me my computer has been hacked..... Phone never stops. Drives me friggin nuts. You haven't got a sleeping tablet, have you? Or two....?'

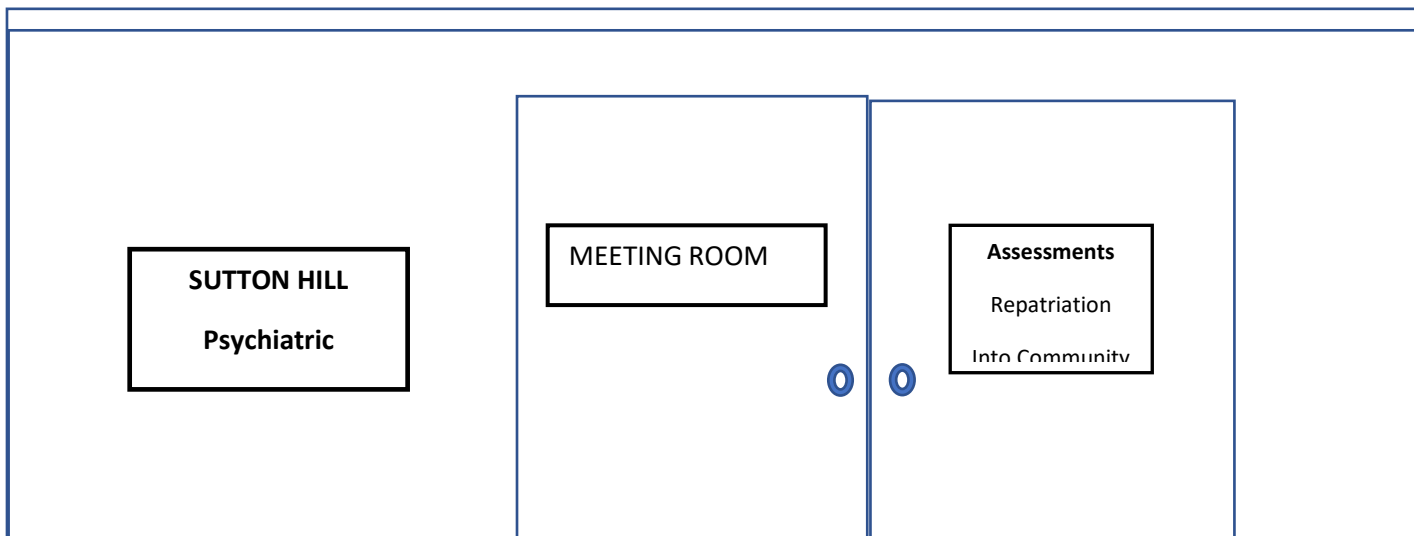
'Perhaps a little longer.....'



'Elizabeth, hel....'
'Yes'
'I...'
'Yes'
'There...'
'Yes'
'Perhaps...'
'Yes'
'Ok... Your...'
'Yes'
'Family..'
'Yes'
'Are...'
'Yes'
'Concerned..'
'Yes'
'About...'
'Yes'
'Why you..'
'Yes'
'Are so..'
'Yes'
'Popular...'
'Yes'
'With men....?'
'Yes'
'Perhaps a little longer.....'



'Good morning, back again...'
 '.....'
 'I don't know what that means?'
 '.....'
 'I'm still lost. Anyhow, your family are completely fed up with it, as you know.'
 '.....'
 'Do that again.'
 '.....'
 'No, I still have no idea'
 '.....'
 'Ahh....no. It's gone on for a long time now and they thought that you would have stopped years ago'
 '.....'
 'Just a sec, I may understand that one.....no, still don't get it'
 '.....'
 'It really doesn't help doing the same thing again'
 '.....'
 'I got that one, I think. You want to go to the loo?'
 '...'
 'Marcel, this really is a struggle'
 '.....'
 'Perhaps a little longer'



'Come in, come in.....gosh, you are in a bit of a state'

'A little'

'You've lost a lot of your leaves and you look quite unwell. I can see why your friends, the spruce, larch, silver birch, oak, beech, elm, and even the much disparaged leylandii were concerned about you and clubbed together to get you here'

'I'll be ok'

'Tell me what bothers you? What is it that is really troubling you?'

'They won't know when I fall....'

'Can you explain a little more...?'

'I have been told, 'if a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?''

'Go on'

'That tree will be me. I will fall and be ignored. I may not even be quite dead, but no one will know, no one will help'

'Why would it be you?'

'It just will. That's the way it is. I know it will just be me'

'It could be any tree'

'No, it will be me. I will die, the others will live'

'Did you know it's not a prophecy?'

'What's that mean?'

'It means they are not saying it is going to happen, but what would the effect be if it did? It was a philosophical thought experiment by George Berkeley, his theory being that our perception creates our reality'

'So, if I believe I will fall and not be heard, be ignored and die, then my whole being will react as though that is going to happen?'

'Yes, like shedding leaves and being unwell'

'Or, I can believe that if it does happen, it will just be a random event that can happen to any tree, and I will be fine. Indeed, in a forest, the odds of it not being me are very good'

'Yes'

'I feel better already. Let one of the other buggers fall over. Fuck em.... In fact, if a tree falls in the forest, let it be Arthur, smarmy leylandii bastard....'

'It's New Year's Eve, go home.....'