

## An Average Life: January

I've often wondered what it would be like to spend a day inside the head of another person, to see what makes them tick, what makes them the person they are. There are days, times when I don't even wish to be inside mine but sharing is caring as they say. With any luck you'll get a feel of my daydreams, dreams and relive vignettes of events that have happened to me in the past and how I remember these events with my own particular twist. You'll find snippets of real life; those dreams I can remember (well those I am comfortable sharing anyway) and experience some of the mundane and also weird events that make up my life. I don't know why I have suddenly decided to open myself up and put pen to paper and record these and I make no excuse for the randomness or weirdness. You've been warned

January 1<sup>st</sup>

Somebody ... anybody ... please help me! I am spinning. No, correction – the room is spinning, I am asleep, I know I am asleep. So, if I am asleep why is the room spinning. I am not drunk – well, at least I don't think I am, if I were drunk, I would not have been able to walk up the steps. Ah, maybe I was a bit drunk, that was a bit of a problem, I don't remember. This is not the complete story. To read further, please either register as a new reader or login now if already registered. I don't remember. And all I remember from the sausage roll incident is hugging the bowl downstairs and missing my Hogmanay Steak Pie. No room spinning, just me hugging the bowl

January 2<sup>nd</sup>

I look in the mirror and see an old man. The old man is me. I turn around and realise I am in a bedsit. Alone. I open the cupboard and there's the remains, about a quarter, of a ginger cake and a tin of sardines. It's a light bulb moment. This is the bedsit I had when I left home at 15, and it was the day before I got paid and all I had was that ginger cake and tin of sardines. It was delicious – although not so delicious that I've ever eaten it again

January 3<sup>rd</sup>

We're playing Rugby and the ball is passed to me. I set off. The try line seems to be getting further and further away. The opposition attempt to tackle me. I'm almost there. Half of their team are hanging off me. There's the try line, I dive and reach out, the ball comfortable cradled