

Scene 1

One of the main characters, Deborah reads a sheet given to her by the other main character, Douglas. When he used them he noticed that he felt better about a lot of things. Douglas was due to visit so Deborah read the sheet before he arrived. This is an amended version of the 20 (...or so) counter concepts referred to in The Timeline.

Deborah was in her room, still in her working clothes. She got a sheet of paper out of a folder from one of her drawers. It was a piece of paper that contained ideas or statements that one of her friends had compiled for her.

The sheet started off with summarised extracts from various books, quotes etc. but further down the sheet, he had included his own extrapolations, already having benefited from his own sheets of 'enlightening' concepts.

She sat down on the bed, placed the sheet right in front of herself and read the handwritten lines out aloud.

"Spend half an hour or at least fifteen minutes every day focusing on yourself. You can use this time to imagine what you want to do or what you want to be like, remembering to imagine as many specific details as possible.

Only see errors as correctors for future reference.

Always think try to think rationally.

If someone says something about reality, or anything important, bearing in mind it's from their point of view and may not be rational, don't swallow it as the holy truth.

Only respond to things in the environment now. Concentrate on making the best out of situations and good futures will follow.

Relax!

Happiness comes from within, don't let outside things dictate your happiness." **How many times have I let outside things dictate my happiness?** She thought to herself, sarcastically.

What day doesn't that happen?

She looked up, briefly staring at a hinge on one of her wardrobes before she continued.

"People are disturbed, not by the things that happen, but by their opinion of the things that happen and anything can happen.

Try to think how you would feel if you were successful and feel that way now. It's the same feeling, except right now you think you have no just reason to feel it.

Never worry about what you're about to do because if you're consciously trying to do the 'right thing' you could increase the chances of messing up: Don't worry about things - just think about them.

The past just explains how I got to this moment. From this moment, it's up to me.

'Things happen', interpretations and opinions saw to the invention: 'Shit happens.' When this happens [something bad], instinct supplies the bad feeling. Instincts may not be rational, but impulsive.

Try to make sure your opinions are unbiased and rational, and try to check your instincts.

Reason is behind everything.

Separate yourself from your opinions - you are not what you believe.

If you're feeling bad about something, imagine someone telling you about it, in the future after you've stopped caring about it and imagine you had the present moment with that same indifference.

When anything happens, after about two days or so, it's just the idea that can be recalled, not precise actualities of the event: Memory is a *distorted, mental recreation*. We are able to feel bad from the most unvividly imagined, unreal incident in the exact same way we feel bad about a 'memory.' It's usually just the idea of something that makes us feel bad anyway, not the event itself."

She had imagined several fictional events, when she had read this sheet in the past, and compared them with real memories. This confirmed it to her, that there was not a discernible difference between the resultant sensations.

"Everything is just a memory except the things you wanted to happen and the things you didn't.

Life's a memory!!! Enjoy this moment as much as you can you're more than lucky to be here!! Despite what others say, do or think."

She tilted her head and brought her shoulders up, rolling them twice before relaxing them.

"My neck is *killing* me." She rolled her head again and massaged her neck with her left hand.

Scene 2

This is a segment towards the end of Deborah's part of the book. Deborah and a friend are having a theological conversation.

"Why do you have to keep talking about it?" Jennifer asked; she and Deborah were sitting in her studio flat and had been talking about the same subject for the majority of time since Deborah had arrived.

"Don't you think it's really important? What we do while we're here? Seeing though we're only here for an uncertain amount of time, and who knows what's next?"

"I'm going to go to a better place, it can't be just this."

That's why I'm asking. Deborah thought. "...So what's your view of after-life?"

"I don't know. No one doing bad things to each other, no sin, constant happiness."

"So it's possible to have your after-life on Earth? Because all those things could be happening now."

"But they won't be. Never."

"Yeah, but they *could*: meaning it's something that could happen - it won't, but it could happen."

"There's no way everyone's going to stop doing bad things." Jennifer said then blew into her mug of coffee again and despite feeling the heat as she drew the mug to her lips, she tasted it and confirmed it was still too hot.

"But bad things come from bad feelings, if everybody stopped feeling bad, they'd make a point of not trying to make other people feel bad."

"That's not very-"

"And even if they did, that other person wouldn't feel bad anyway because...*no one* feels bad."

"That's not very realistic, you can't escape from bad feelings, there are too many bad things going on."

You're not listening are you? "But, all right then, how comes we can feel shitty over things we know are untrue, like TV? Everytime I saw *Watership Down* I cried my eyes out, and you can't get more unreal than that."

"I've cried...I cried when I saw *Terms of Endearment* and *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*."

"But why? They weren't real, they were just films: actors reciting scripts, even the ones based on true stories shouldn't make you feel bad 'cos it's not as if what you're seeing is bloody real...Okay, I can give you an example right now. Imagine something bad that hasn't happened."

"Okay." Jennifer thought for a short while then played a brief movie of an imaginary event in her mind.

"What did you think of?"

"Getting burgled."

"Did you feel bad?"

"Yeah."

"Even though it's completely make believe?" Deborah said, picking up her mug of coffee.

"But it could happen, I'm feeling bad incase it did happen."

"And after it happened, you'd feel bad because it *did* happen?"

"Maybe we feel bad to let us know whether something is bad or not."

"Oh no, I hate that argument, along with the switching off one. If that was true when we were kids, surely by now we wouldn't need to feel bad to know when we don't like something. Um, we'd just, say, *remember*. We choose to have bad feelings, we give ourselves a bad neurotransmitter: a bad drug when we see or when we interpret certain stimulus. We choose to do it, people don't seem to understand that we choose to feel bad 'cos everyone else is choosing to feel bad."

"That sounds...how could you tell Dani was choosing to feel bad when she was attacked?"

"I was trying to make her, make herself, feel better."

"You were being insensitive, you sounded cold. Because you switched off, you wanted her to switch off as well."

Ignore it. "You can put it whatever way you want, it would be being more aware of her biological functions."

"You're sounding more and more like a robot." Jennifer said, leaning back in her armchair.

"I'm sounding like a robot? People usually do things without thinking. That has to be more robotic."

"She needed counselling, someone trained to deal with that type of thing, that type of trauma. Those counsellors go through lots of training to deal with that."

"A counsellor doesn't know her, she'd just be victim number 376, if she had listened to me, she would have got over it a whole lot quicker. She was making herself feel bad."

"So if you were attacked or raped even, you wouldn't feel bad?"

"I wouldn't want to say. I could say one thing now, and it happen and I might be wrong, but if I was aware of giving myself a bad drug, I'd like to think I'd stop it, and that's despite what any counsellor *or* anyone said."

"I don't believe you, I think bad feelings are a part of being human. There's no escape. I wouldn't want to."

Being human? How could I not be... "You believe in Heaven yeah?...If someone you liked, died, would you feel bad?"

“Of course I would.”

“But why, if they’re in a better place?”

“Because I’d be heartless if I didn’t?”

“Why? If they’re in a *better* place, isn’t that being selfish? Feeling bad because they’re not down here going through the bad things you have to go through?”

“I don’t see your point. You’re not telling me that we should feel good when someone dies.”

“Why not? If you cared for that person and you believe they’re in a better place, why not? That’d be much more rational. You feel bad because other people feel bad.” **He’s right: we mimic without questioning what we’re mimicking. Irrational?** “I was trying to tell Dani that her feeling bad is her torturing herself for what some bastard did to her in the past. If something bad was happening to you and you couldn’t stop it, you feeling bad is just making it worse, but like I said, you’re choosing to do it. I don’t regret what I said to her, I do recognise I could’ve said it in a slightly more sensitive way.”

“I still can’t agree with that: it doesn’t sound right.” Jennifer said as Deborah continued to drink her coffee.

I suppose the truth would sound weird if you’ve been believing a lie for your whole life. “And I bet most people wouldn’t stop feeling bad because that would mess up their view of Heaven, like you said, you’d like to think there was something else after this. But-”

“I *know* there’s something else after this.”

“Okay, you *know* there’s something else after this, but isn’t it possible that down here right now isn’t as good as it could be because people think- *know* that there’s something better? People get promised this better place with no substantial proof so they disbelieve and do whatever they want even though there have been cases where priests rape choir boys and the church covers it up. Despite that people” **like you** “know about them but continue believing stories these people are peddling. That’s a really bad example of hypocritical preaching but people are preaching all the time, trying to bring other people around to see the light, when they’ve made the light, or the light was made by someone else ages ago and passed down to them.”

“It would have had to be made by someone intelligent then, to make so many other people believe it.”

“Yeah, but that doesn’t mean it came from the Creator, and if you think about it, people need *something* to believe in, if at one time there was nothing there, anything could have filled the gap, and be hailed as the Great Word of our Lord, but there’s too many holes in the story.”

“Like what?”

“Where do I begin? Like...you say we’re being tested?”

“Yeah?”

“Is the Creator omniscient?”

“What?”

“Does he know everything?”

“Of course.”

“So what’s the point of an *all knowing* being, giving a test?”

“Well it’s up to you to choose.”

“But if he knows our choice already why don’t we go straight to where we’re going?”

“We have to learn lessons for ourselves. Maybe if we make a mistake, we could repent-”

“You’re not seeing my point. I’m saying, in the Creator’s eyes, you might as well have already done all the sinning and repenting and learning you’re gonna do, and you’re going somewhere, why aren’t you there already, because to him we’ve already sinned or we’ve already repented and we’ve got our place waiting for us.”

“I don’t know, we can’t understand everything.”

“But don’t you think it’s mad that everyone’s believing in something different when we’re all in the same thing, and everyone....knows that their truth is the real truth.”

“So what’s the real truth for you?” Jennifer asked, as she got up to put her and Deborah’s mugs into the kitchen section of flat.

“No ta.” Deborah continued to talk, following Jennifer with her eyes as she walked past her. “I reckon we were given existence to make out of it everything we could, and we could have made almost anything from it, but instead we’re passing down, and sticking to, rules that don’t make universal sense, so that makes me think that these rules didn’t come down from the Creator because then they would make universal sense, it would be impossible not to believe because of the inherent...truthfulness of it all, rather than hearing things that don’t make immediate sense and interpreting bad events as tests of faith or whatever.”

“So are you seeing universal sense?”

“I don’t know about the real universal sense, but it makes the most sense out of everything I’ve heard so far. If I hear something else that makes more sense, I’ll believe that. What more can I do? Accept someone’s blind faith?”

“You know you could start a cult?”

“What’s that? The cult of universal reason? Nice one. Imagine that, everyone searching for and believing the thing that makes the most sense at the time, instead of...everyone might as well have their own religion. The more I think about the idea of a devil doesn’t make sense, except it was the devil who found religion in the first place, knowing humans wouldn’t follow just one, so that’d split us apart. I mean, I used to believe in the [book], until I questioned it, couldn’t find the answers, so I thought, ‘I’m not going to believe in that anymore, I can go as far as to say I think it’s a pack of lies, it might have some true things in it, but as a whole work, no. Since then I’ve learnt I could make, people make- I’ve learnt that we could make any story real, like if it wasn’t the [book] or whatever, it’d be something else and *that* thing would be believed, and defended, as much as the [book] is now.”

“So you wouldn’t believe in any religion for the fact that it’s a religion?”

“No, I’m not saying that? Because one of them might be real?”

“Why only one? Isn’t it possible more than one of them is true because they are referring to the same thing?”

“Yeah, but each have their own specific rules, and details, it’s one or the other. I’m saying for me to believe in a religion now, it would have to be one that clearly says that belief is reality: you can make *anything* real, but this is the one you should be making real because-”

“That’s another thing you keep saying belief is reality? No it’s not: me believing something wouldn’t make it real.” Jennifer asserted.

“You not agreeing with me, proves my point, in anything, I know you agree with this, it’s just a matter of finding the right words to say it. Like we shouldn’t have just one word for reality because there are two, there’s what really is real: universal reality and what’s real to a person or to people because someone believes something: individual reality. So, how can I say this? Universal reality is real irrespective of what we believe of feel or whatever - so that’s objective. But individual reality is made up out of our beliefs so that’s subjective but

that subjective thing may as well be objective to the person concerned because it would be as real to them as if it really was objective. So people go around forcing their individual realities on people so they make it real, and so on, the next thing you know, the thought of it not being real would seem weird, insane. Wait, now I think about it, I think [one of the books] does mention somewhere that belief is reality because doesn't it say something like - 'think it and it shall be so' and 'seek and ye shall find'. But those are vague references because they're very open to interpretation."

Jennifer was confused but allowed Deborah to continue.

"So bearing that in mind, a religion would have to begin and end by saying you can make anything real but you should be making this real because *it is* objective. Wait, it wouldn't even have to *begin* with that but it'd tell us how important that one fact is, instead of saying: 'don't do this, don't do that, you shall be rewarded for heeding these words, oh yeah, and look out for the devil who will tempt you to indulge in the pleasures of the flesh?' No, I ain't buying it."

"It's a matter of choice isn't it? You choose to live your way and I'll live mine."

That's what it comes down to in the end: choice.

Scene 3

This scene is close to the end of the story. Deborah and Douglas, are in Deborah's bedroom. Douglas has unconventional theories that Deborah largely agrees with so wants to investigate. A week prior to the scene, Douglas spoke to Deborah about his theories in a manner similar to hypnosis, which caused Deborah to think about some of them in a more objective way. She asked him to do the same thing again. This is a reconstruction of **[the event]** referred to in The Timeline. It shows the use some of the above counter concepts and some others in a contemporary context.

"No, it made me feel really good last time." She threw one of her two pillows onto the floor and moved the other into the centre of her bed. Before readjusting her position to give him more space to sit on the bed. He uncrossed his legs and returned to his original position but on the other side of her.

"I doubt if I can't remember what I said."

"I'm sure you can't make it up as you go along. You're a very creative, innovative script writer."

"Yeah?...And you're way too sarcastic...Anyway, I'll give it a go." He turned the light off and lightly jumped back onto the bed.

When he spoke, he lowered his tone, speaking slower, and emphasised some words more than others.

"Relax. Are your eyes closed?" Douglas asked, as he spoke in a more enunciated way.

"Yeah."

"Try to get as comfortable as you can. When you hear these words, know they've been carefully chosen to illustrate specific things that I want you to *imagine* as vividly as possible, like, if I said *bee*, actually try to see a bee, and if I say *strength*, know I'm talking about real power, instead of just hearing semantic symbols."

She prepared to turn even the more abstract words into images.

“Are you relaxed?”

“Yeah.”

“Breathe in....hold it for a few seconds.....then out. Breathe in, hold it....hold it, then out. One more time....breathe in as much air as you can.....hold it....”

She started to feel a little light-headed.

Since she had closed her eyes, most of the chaotic patterns of faint and indistinct colours faded, so she felt as if her eyes were open in a pitch-black room. Focusing only Douglas’s words and the strong, pleasant effects of hashish, she stared into what seemed like an infinity of darkness.

“...then out. Now, you relaxed?” She mumbled an affirmative noise. “To get a better sense of perspective, let’s take a short tour of the inner solar system before we do anything else, remembering to not just hear words, to *imagine, as vividly, as clearly as you can*, picturing the colourful planets, imagining you’re floating in space, which shouldn’t be too hard, being in a dark room, but anyway,” he cleared his throat, “start by imagining looking down at us two now, then zoom out fast so you can see an overhead view of your house, then go out further so you can see the whole of Dulwich, then a birds-eye view of London, noticing the snaked Thames; go through some clouds and see the home counties, then the shape of the U.K. and Ireland, eastern side of Europe on the right, sea on the left. Now you’re going through more cloud, that are obscuring your vision of countries. You’re going faster, noticing the roundness of the Earth, with your peripheral vision, then a gigantic blue and white ball in with *nothing* around it. Zoom out further, noticing lots of white dots in the background: these are stars, *millions* of miles wide, *billions* of miles away. Now you see a silvery moon, a quarter the size of Earth, slowly revolving around it. This moon works as a counter balance and without it, the Earth’s orbit around the sun might have been altered to the point where life was unsustainable, but it is in the precise location it needs to be, the Earth and moon revolving around each other, the right side of the moon is dark because both of them are revolving around the Sun that is just out of sight to the left to the picture. Zoom back into the picture and focus on the Earth again so that it’s taking up most of the screen. You are looking down on it, clouds prevent you from seeing North America, Europe and Scandinavia properly at the top of the ball but you can see the Atlantic Ocean in the middle, most of South America on the bottom left and the North Eastern tip of Africa on the right. It looks wicked, this is one of the best sights you could see. The blue of the ocean through the atmosphere couldn’t be any more calming. You cannot help but be at peace looking at this.

Now you must *be aware* that *time is absolutely meaningless*: this blue and white ball has been revolving ‘round the Sun for millions of years and it will for millions more.”

The vividness of this experience made her feel uneasy. Along with the large, clear images, she imagined what it would feel and sound like to actually be in outer-space. He noticed her quickening breath.

“Hold my hand, relax, you have got nothing to worry about.”

The warm sensation of his hand provided a sense of comfort and her breathing began to slow down until its previous relaxed and steady pace resumed.

“Breathe in.....as deep as you can, hold it, hold it, then out.....Time doesn’t exist: it’s the year 1,994 as it is 13,354 or nine billion, six million and eight. The ‘year’ is another fact *we’ve made real*. It’s not called Earth either, a human called it Earth, it could’ve been called *anything*. It could’ve easily been called...I dunno, *Aestetia*: everything on this planet has

been designed to make life supposedly easier and more beautiful, for some people, I'm not talking about torturing items like cattle prods and shit, but you know what I mean, but anyway, some human came up with the label 'Earth'.

Now zoom out even more and you'll notice a red planet, two thirds the size of Aestetia, to its right, and as you zoom out further, there's a beige planet to Aestetia's left, almost the same size of it. And on the left of that, you see a much smaller planet, like the moon, but orange 'cos it's closer to the Sun. You can see the side of the Sun now and on the other side, to the right of the red ball, you see an asteroid belt, to the right of Mars, it makes a ring 'round the four planets, but you can only see a section of it's perimeter. Go back to the Sun, which is....massive! It's gonna be hard keeping it in scale 'cos of its size, but imagine if Aestetia was a marble, the Sun could be the size of a beach ball."

She breathed heavily as she tried to picture the actual enormity of the Sun; she had just got used to her, imagined, actual enormity of the Earth.

"Relax.....Relax, now pan rite, towards the first planet, that looks like the moon but it's constantly being bombarded by the Sun. Zoom in, see the craters, the orange side, feel the heat as we land and shelter in one of those craters....Relax, you have nothing to worry about....Do you trust me?"

She murmured affirmatively again.

"Doesn't trust feel good when it's real trust? Totally unsuspecting, otherwise you feel unsure, uncomfortable, even scared sometimes, but you have got nothing to worry about. The only thing stopping absolute trust is doubt. You have no reason to doubt me, any doubts you have are memories of other people abusing your trust. That abuse happened, but now it's in the past. You're choosing to make it real to protect yourself against a future real event because you don't want it to happen again, but it will not happen, not from me. And if other people abuse your trust or hurt your feelings in any other way, you know that you are stronger now, much stronger: *you will not feel bad*.....Relax....I guess one of the reasons why people don't enjoy themselves as much as they could is because they're living on a pretext that bad things will or even *should* happen. Life's littered with hassles, inescapable demands and shit, but I've bin trying to find rational reasons to feel bad and the only one I can find, is that *other people* feel bad. Subconsciously, that might be because *I* don't want to feel bad, I might not be looking in the right places, but if that was true, I would've thought of a potentially viable alternative, then dismissed it but that hasn't happened. The only reason I can think of is because other people feel bad. But if I'm right, then the only reason why we want to give ourselves this bad drug is because we want to manipulate another person into fixing the thing we're feeling bad over. Can you fink of one example when you've felt bad not over something that you didn't like?"

"Nothing springs to mind, no."

"So that's like saying the brain is trying to find a way to make us feel good, and feeling bad used to work when we're babies, 'cos what else can a baby do? It can't speak and say 'I am feeling too cold, can you please initiate steps to increase my declining body temperature please?' It has to communicate in the way it's able to, which is...you might as well call it a giant panic button, it subconsciously presses, because something in it's reality *has to be changed*, by mummy or whoever...and this is the panic button that we're still pressing every time our desires are interrupted, everytime we want something in our reality to be changed. The only reason why an adult still feels bad is 'cos they haven't told themselves that pressing this button doesn't work anymore, I mean it might, I mean, people still might be

able to get what they want after sulking, but you could get someone to do something without giving yourself a bad drug to do it, if anything, anyway, you could pretend to feel bad, that's what kids do sometimes: pretend to feel bad to get what they want. So in that way, kids are more intelligent than adults because an adult will, more often than not, actually feel bad to try to get what they want. But it's not as if they know that, 'cos if they did know, they would stop. So it's like a baby learns that feeling bad leads to action or external intervention, so that's what it does everytime something's not to its liking, maybe not everytime, but what I'm trying to say is a baby subconsciously knows about this function, kids consciously know but by the time we get to adulthood, or so called adulthood, we've fitted bad feelings with religious beliefs or with our theories of life whatever and think bad feelings are just inherent to life.

Bad feelings don't work anymore, it is not nearly the best plan, since we have got speech...Yeah, so at least we know that that is one of the brain's jobs, to try to make us feel good, but we don't really *know* anything...the only thing that is a *hundred* percent definite is death. Think about yourself, the way we perceive now, when you die, as far as you're concerned, the whole real Universe might as well've died too, 'cos we're not here to see whatever. That's not saying that there isn't an after-life. Saying that there definitely *isn't* is just as irrational as someone saying there definitely *is*, because I haven't had any proof. People say proof does exist, but something this big, this...meaningful should have evidence way better than I've seen. We don't listen to so-called 'people of God' because God didn't make 'em that, people did. So we should only rely on intelligence and open mindedness, so we can't possibly lose.....Now, most people live for memories, they look forward to things, enjoy 'em while they're going through 'em then afterwards, enjoy the memory. You can do that as well, as well as use your Imagination, being more aware of the 'now', and by doing that you'll have a better memory of it anyway. So you know you don't need to do specific things to enjoy yourself. If you do it, it'll be a plus, added to the wicked now that *you know* you're gonna be enjoying. If you don't do it, you could enjoy yourself doing other things. You are going to be more aware during the 'now', first you should realise that you existing is infinitely more important than the things you do while you're existing, but this one of the last things a normal person's gonna think: they'd be too wrapped up in their personal stuff for that to come to mind or even if it did come to mind, they probably wouldn't believe it. But a normal person is far from having their emotions under control, I guess it can be more dangerous when they think they have, then something bad happens that brings them back down to Earth with a bump. After this, you know you're gonna start taking control, like...let's see...yeah, think back to an exciting moment that took an exciting symbol or set of symbols to trig-"

She thought about driving her boyfriend's new car.

"-rationally, existence is infinitely more exciting than that one event in the past, so *all* we're talking about here is a perspective change, then you can have as much excitement as you want, whenever you wanted it, it'll be on tap, as long as the tap symbol's in mind. So you know you're gonna be enjoying the *now* with a unshakeable feeling of acceptance, you're gonna do what you can to change things you want to, but accept the things you can't change and this is only a good thing, an *excellent* thing in fact because you'll like doing the things at least just as much as you always have but now you'll probably enjoy them more knowing bad feelings aren't going to get in the way. Bad feelings arise or persist usually when bad things that you have no control over happen, but if you're in a good

mood and you've got acceptance, what could possibly change your mind? If you can change the thing you're feeling bad over, do so. If not, accept it and move on. And even if you found accepting it difficult, you could focus on other things. Other things that you know are true like your beauty, your personality, intelligence, generosity and your warmth. I'm saying this because it's true as far as I can see so you can tell yourself the exact same thing, though it's not considered right to pat yourself on the back even though someone could say the exact same thing in the same way...I think, after the Creator, the most powerful thing in the universe is the mind because this is a universe re-creator that even re-creates the Creator. That's why so many people believe in different versions of God and swear blind theirs is the right one to believe in. Other people making you feel bad is like you bowing down to their power. Continuing to let that happen is an absurd notion. If you used a fraction of your power, you wouldn't dream of letting it happen...Deb..."

He looked down at her face and eventually made out that her eyes were still closed.

"That's about all I got...if I get started on this other stuff, I'd be here all night." She remained motionless.

"Debbie....Don't tell me you missed some of that? That was good." He softly pulled on her sleeve.

As she lay there, feeling extremely relaxed, she opened her eyes and beamed at him. She had heard the overall content before, but it seemed to strike a different chord this time: together with her thoughts over the past few weeks, her genuine desire to be as open-minded as possible allowed her to be hypnotised into a highly idealised state - one grounded in apparently impeccable reason, in which it seemed that if she had the desire to condition so, every eventuality could be incorporated into.

She noticed that her eyes had been watering. She wiped the double streams from both sides of her face.

"That...was really...good. I was seeing everything you said. I felt...powerful, better than the last time." She sat herself up into a crossed-legged position. "Turn the light on, please...How can you remember all those things to say?"

"I couldn't, I was making it up as I went along, and that seemed easier to do because it was based on the last time when I suppose I memorised a simple plan, den made it up from there." Douglas said.

"It sounded like you knew what you were saying?"

"I suppose, no well, I knew I was gonna start with the a trust thing, then about bad emotions which led to the baby stuff, which led on to....what? Now I can't remember?...Oh the Pleasuredome thing and so on..."

"You were just showing off."

"Yeah, but what can you do?"

"You should put that on tape. I've listened to some relaxation tapes that aren't as good as that."

"Maybe I will, I could do with listening to those words myself. I'm going to try that again when I get home."