

# Never ending story....

## - extract



Upon hearing these words, the Easter bunny slowly reached into his basket where he found a snake. The snake hissed at the bunny and said 'I was in the bible. You're just a silly device for selling chocolate - piss off!' The bunny reared up on its legs and whacked the snake dead for his impudence. The dead snake slowly disappeared leaving only his skin behind. The bunny put the skin on and immediately felt the urge to do the Macarena where upon he was mysteriously joined by the king of Spain, Worzel Gummidge, and Simon le Bon all dancing like their

life depended on it. And their lives did depend on it, as The Terminator appeared looking for John Connor. But he seemed sad, as if tortured by some mechanical sadness. His eyes seemed tearful at the fact no tears would come. So he squeezed some lemon juice into each eye and salt and pepper. 'Arg!' He wasn't just crying, he was melting". But fairytales are old school, let's reinvent the narrative, ditch the bears, change the symbols. Symbols become cymbals, the story a tune; write the lyrics, dance to the melody. In Shepherd's Bush, a young woman was writing on a piece of tracing paper. Taking some deep breathes. In 2, 3, out 2,3, in 2,3, out 2, 3. What you need is some space in your head and a bucket of peace pounded over you.....