

Above a Pub in Brighton with the Rent

I went with the intention to do it but obviously I didn't because I'm still here. I was thirty quid short of eight hundred and fifty and rent day was already gone. The week before, I had to buy a bandage for my exhaust because it had a hole in it and when I put my foot down it was like I was shouting */ have no money!* The man who rented me the room in his house was the decent sort and telling him I didn't have enough money to pay this month, would have been like telling him my life was falling apart and his shortfall is in the till in Tesco. If I was him, I'd tell me to get the fuck out and stop pissing away my money. So, I kept quiet. Plan B. I figured a pub would be much cheaper than a hotel and it was. Not that it really mattered. All I had with me was a wallet full of tenners and twenties, a bottle of vodka and a load of pills I bought from a few different shops up and down the road. I don't know why I chose Brighton, but I liked it and I wasn't that far away. I could hear the music downstairs and it was exactly like you might expect if you thought about how it would sound in a room above a pub. After about an hour it started. It kept barking and it didn't stop. On. And on. And on. And on. I'd never liked dogs. There was no dispute about a refund because even the owners couldn't shut it up. To call it divine intervention would imply some higher power at work. Some mystical force sticking its nose in to stop me doing the thing that I think I might have done, by way of a Spaniel. So, I won't call it that. The chain reaction of events from that day to this, taking me from there and bringing me here gives me hope. It makes me think that my dad ringing up and offering me some money out of the blue was somehow linked to something else. I'll probably never know.

- Dale Hardy