

WHY BE HAPPY WHEN YOU COULD BE NORMAL?

the flight from womb to tomb. But life is more than an arrow.

The womb to tomb of an interesting life – but I can't write my own; never could. Not *Oranges*. Not now. I would rather go on reading myself as a fiction than as a fact.

The fact is that I am going to miss out twenty-five years. Maybe later . . .

