

Preface

Thank you for picking up this book. I hope you have enjoyed it so far, but I suppose it's only fair to warn you what you're getting into should you choose to read further. The following stories do not arise out of a living experience at the pinnacle of politics that shape a Jeffrey Archer novel, nor from the cutting-edge knowledge of legal intrigues of a John Grisham. In fact the author has never actually worked at the cutting edge of anything sharper than the plastic knives in the school canteen. These writings are rather the products of a tiny mind saturated during its impressionable years with Agatha Christie, P.G.Wodehouse and G.K.Chesterton and turned during its formative ones by Plato, Analytical Philosophy, Borges and twentieth century bureaucracy.

But this shouldn't be all me, me, me. Let's talk about you for a moment. Do you have an irresponsible, twisted mind that furtively plays with philosophical questions when you should be filling out your income tax returns? Have you ever looked at evaluation forms from the management and asked yourself how much longer Western Civilisation can possibly last? Finally, and most importantly for your decision about how you're going to spend the rest of your train journey, have you ever sat down to watch an episode of 'Morse' and realised after an hour that you no longer care what any of it means?

Well, don't say I didn't warn you.

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