

The houselights are on full and will remain so throughout. There is no set. The AUDIENCE are seated in the most democratic way possible, ideally in the round. It is vital that everyone can see and hear each other. Music is playing, some upbeat jazz – Cab Calloway, Cannonball Adderley, Hank Mobley or Duke Ellington perhaps. The NARRATOR is in the auditorium as the AUDIENCE enters, talking to people and giving them scraps of paper. As he does so, he explains that when he says a number he wants the person with the corresponding entry to shout it out.¹

Eventually, when everyone is seated, the music fades and the NARRATOR begins.

NARRATOR The list began after her first attempt. A list of everything brilliant about the world. Everything worth living for.

1. Ice cream.
2. Water fights.
3. Staying up past your bedtime and being allowed to watch TV.
4. The colour yellow.
5. Things with stripes.
6. Rollercoasters.
7. People falling over.

All things that, at seven, I thought were really good but not necessarily things Mum would agree with.

I started the list on the 9th of November, 1987.² I'd been picked up late from school and taken to hospital, which is where my Mum was.

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Up until that day, my only experience of death was that of my dog, Sherlock Bones.³

Sherlock Bones was older than me, and he was a central part of my existence. He was really sick and so the Vet came around to put him down.