

# A Course In Positive Thinking

*by Jane Flett*

You are a flower. The world is an infinitely forgiving place. Mistakes are forgotten when the votes are counted. Everyone is a winner. It wasn't even a competition. There will be a pageant parade. Today the Post Office sent seven million packages with multicoloured sashes proclaiming Congratulations!

Beneath the sackcloth is a tiny garden of moss pressed in a small shoebox. Caterpillars live forever, nothing ever flees, the bugs look upon you as their benevolent and beloved deity.

The moon is on your side. It will never turn away. You'll always be able to ask its face whether the decisions you made were the right ones. They were.

Your favourite animal will never face extinction.

You are not destined for cancer.

In the end, it turns out alcohol was good for your liver. We made a mistake. Don't hold this against us. We'll tell you and we'll all chuckle and talk over each other, hold hands, convulse with giggles as the tears bead: I knew it, I just couldn't believe it wasn't like this, of course!

The debits and credits of life have been recalculated. You are not due tax; you are owed a trapeze. It transpires you have a natural gift for hanging upside down, knees to the clouds.

From now on, Monday will be fireworks day. The local authorities

will fill the skies with technicolour. Hot roast chestnuts will be distributed to the melancholic.

Your town has received a shipment of peacocks; the streets are full of their strut. People laugh and point at the bottom of their gardens, strike up conversations with strangers about the wiggle of their tails.

Rejection was just a test. You passed! In fact, everything bad was just a test. We're sorry it had to be that way, but you did so well. And you're stronger now, aren't you?

Yes, even his tumour. It won't happen again.

You can't be hurt any more by speeding vehicles or judgemental horoscopes or cakes that sink in the oven. We have made your skin thicker. It won't bleed, even if the razor blade slips.

Everything is rosy. We have banished clouds from the sky. This is the new world; you are happy now.

Welcome to it. Enjoy.

