

Week 3: Self Worth

Whilst the shops ran out of toilet roll and pasta I panic bought seeds. Not too many, just enough, to live the good life.

In the apocalypse, I am the one who supplies the bitter, spicy micro greens and a meet up with the youths on the kerbside and sell them an ounce or 2, at a special deal for the locals, full price for the fancy restaurants. I make people feel nostalgic for flavours from their childhood.

In the apocalypse, I get a lot of vitamin D from working in the sun.

In the apocalypse, I lack in self-care but seek out community care and it heals me.

In the apocalypse, I became a philatelist aka stamp collector.

In the apocalypse, I accidentally cut my hand- the bit in between index finger and thumb on a baked bean can lid.

In the apocalypse, I accidentally dropped a 6 pack of eggs on the floor in the supermarket.

Tom Hardy believes in me. I believe in you.

When I was younger I did a course with the Princes Trust for NEETs (Not in Employment, Education and Training) called 'Get Into Theatre', it was pretty neat. I feel that it did help me to get into university, but in hindsight I do feel that these kinds of schemes weirdly show you the good life for a limited time then drop you or you get too old (25). They gave free lunch and travel, loading money on our oyster cards and I ended up tiring myself out zooming all over London on the tube because it was free, seeing the sights pretending I'm a tourist even though I was born here. I felt a bit guilty to enjoy myself and wanted to share it with my family. My mum borrowed the card to go to the shop on the bus. In the course they told us a famous actor was coming and I thought it would be Emma Thompson or Kenneth Branagh or maybe Alan Rickman, and we were all excited trying to guess who. Then they told us it was Tom Hardy, who I didn't know of (When I was a teenager I was 13 going on 45, my interests in old British comedies and posh theatre at the time seemed contradictory to my family background although I was partial to an Eastenders omnibus). So I google Tom Hardy in the lunch break and then actual Tom Hardy comes in and plays drama games with us, we were stood in a circle shouting out Eastenders' catchphrases 'Let's all go down to the launderette!', 'You 'ain't my mother!', 'Yes I am!', 'Get outta my pub!' and so forth. At the end he gave us all signed photos of him posing, and on it in silver sharpie it read: 'I believe in you'.

It was so cringe I was simultaneously crying from the weirdness and the sentiment. Tom Hardy believes in me, and I often think to myself if all else fails I could probs sell the photo.