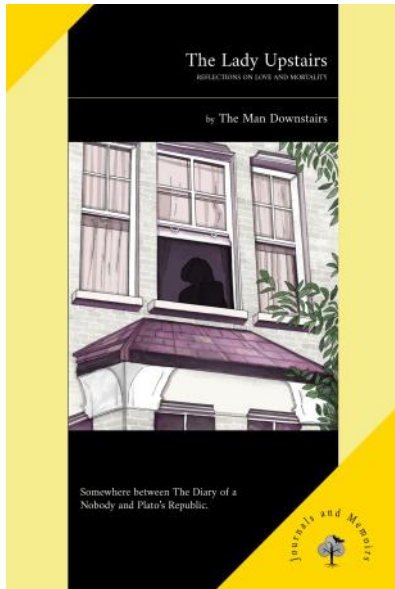


# The Lady Upstairs

by The Man Downstairs

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Reflections on life and mortality.

A book somewhere between The Diary of a Nobody and Plato's Republic.

There is so much inconsistency in human affairs, so much self-interest, treachery, mischief and lies that some ideal Being is apparently needed to direct us when life does not. Love is not necessarily blind, but it must overlook certain failings, otherwise it is transient and will disappoint. Our lives are so uncertain and the world around us so dismissive of our existence, or as Lear said, like gods killing us for their sport, how powerful an idea is it to have a divine representation, with poets, writers and prophets to convey this everlasting, all forgiving Presence.

## Justification

*A couple of years after Margaret Thatcher moved into Downing Street for the first time, I followed suit and moved into my first home. It wasn't as grand as Downing Street, but it was a fabulous flat, most unusual for London, a split-level ground floor one bedroom home with a terrific garden, again most unusual for the big city. There were two flats above and a communal main entrance door, but I had sole use of the garden. The second day, I was arriving home when a trim, petite, attractive lady was heading out from one of the upper apartments. She was wearing a chic, white trouser suit and a red beret. I've no idea why I remember that, but I do.*

**And so life changes, not through any contrived arrangements, but purely by chance or the fateful star-crossing paths of otherwise totally disconnected lives.**



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