**The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time**

**Ed:**

How are you feeling? Can I get you anything?

Look maybe I shouldn’t say this, but….I want you to know that you can trust me …You have to know that I am going to tell you the truth from now on. About everything. Because …if you don’t tell the truth now, then later on it hurts even more. So….I killed Wellington, Christopher. Just…let me explain. When your mum left…Eileen…Mrs Shears…she was very good to me. She helped me through a very difficult time. Well, you know how she was round here most days. I thought….well….shit Christopher, I’m trying to keep this simple…I thought she might carry on coming over…I thought….and maybe I was being stupid….I thought she might….eventually…want to move in here. Or that we might move into her house. I thought we were friends. And I guess I thought wrong. We argued Christopher, and ….she said some things I’m not going to say to you because they’re not nice…I think she cared more about that bloody dog than for us. And maybe that’s not so stupid looking back. Maybe it’s easier living on your own looking after some stupid mutt, than sharing your life with other actual human beings. I mean, shit, buddy we’re not exactly low maintenance, are we? Anyway, we had this row. And after this particularly nasty little blow out, she chucked me out of the house. And you know what that bloody dog was like. Nice as pie one moment, roll over, tickle its stomach. Sink its teeth into your leg the next. Anyway, we’re yelling at each other and it’s in the garden. So when she slams the door behind me the bugger’s waiting for me. And….I know, I know. Maybe if I’d just given it a kick it would probably backed off. But, shit Christopher, when the red mist comes down…Christ, you know what I’m talking about. I mean we’re not that different me and you. And it was like everything I’d been bottling up for two years just…

I never meant for it to turn out like this.