

But really I felt more like this.



Me again, late 40s.

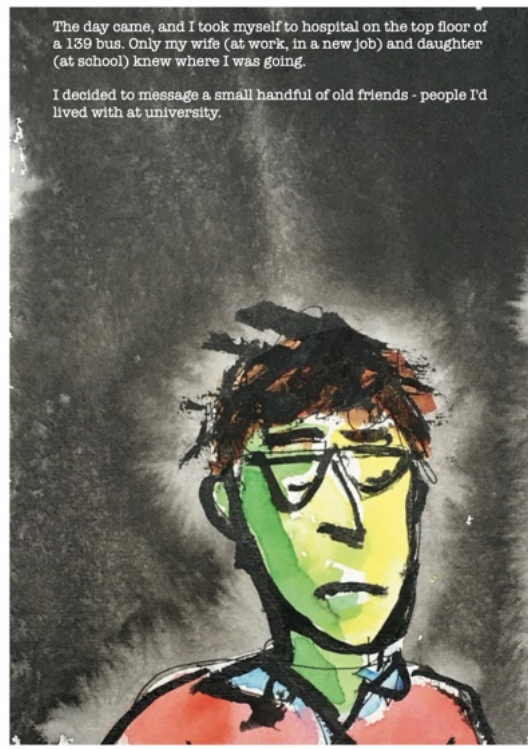
Getting measured up for a pair of varifocals, my first proper, full-time spectacles.
I'm smiling, because that's what you do, in photos.
But inside I'm miserable.



This is me, Barty 20s, in a student flat with three friends and my girlfriend.
Had no idea what was coming.
But who does?



When I saw the psychiatrist I told her what troubled me.
After about an hour she surprised me by asking if I would like to be admitted to psychiatric hospital. And I surprised myself by saying, Oh God yes please.

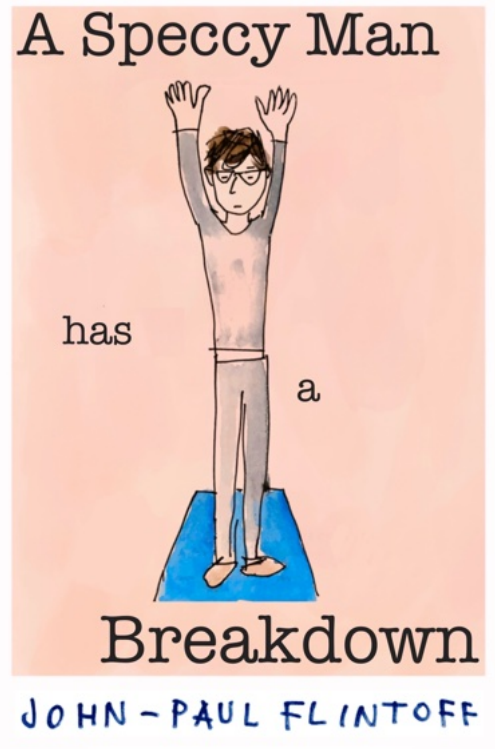


The day came, and I took myself to hospital on the top floor of a 139 bus. Only my wife (at work, in a new job) and daughter (at school) knew where I was going.

I decided to message a small handful of old friends - people I'd lived with at university.



"A tough, shining, fiercely charming thing"
- Rhik Samadder



A Specky Man

has a

Breakdown

JOHN-PAUL FLINTOFF