

Confessions from a funeral pyre

I didn't mean to kill him. It wasn't planned, but I had been getting more and more frustrated at my lack of control. The spark of anger inside me had ignited a roaring flame which could not be doused, and this is how I plan to leave, in an out-of-control inferno.

So here I am, about to take my own life, but I know I need to rest in peace, hence my confession to you, and to anyone who remembers me. It may just help swing the pendulum to the right side when I get to meet St. Peter.

They called me Lord Charles. Sounds very posh doesn't it? And truly I was a gentleman – a very well educated (self-taught) gent. Yet nobody really knew all that. All everyone saw was me as a laughing stock. Me not being able to pronounce words properly, which was nonsense of course, I could speak properly, it was Reprehensible Ray who couldn't.

I was essentially a large wooden puppet, who was forced to sit upon a pervert's knee for hour upon hour, entertaining the masses. He was a silly arse, and I grew to hate him.

I was a slave to that man. I did his housework, I fed and watered him, I poured his drinks night after night before the show. He drunk whisky, on the rocks. If there wasn't ice available he could get very nasty. Sometimes he drank so much that I had to drive him home. None of you knew **that** did you? I hated it, the whole bloody thing, but I felt trapped and worthless, and he did everything within his power to keep me feeling that way.

He told me that I was a nobody. He told me I was nothing without him. It took me a long time to realise that actually it was the other way around. He was a nobody without ME. I would stare through my monocle and see the hatred and animosity in his eyes scowling back at mine. He detested me as much as I loathed him.

I even wrote the show scripts and together we performed them, yet as time went on I got more resentful at my lack of control and his lack of respect. When we got home each night, he would literally just throw me into the

corner of the room and leave me there until he wanted something. Then he would summon me and give me permission to get up and do his bidding.

I remember exactly the defining moment, that exact second that I had reached my limit. We were at The Royal Variety Performance. As well as the audience at the venue, millions of people were to watch on tv. I wrote some excellent jokes for that night. I was determined to let Her Royal Highness know that I was an intelligent, thinking man, yet he changed them. He made me say 'why is England the wettest country?' answer 'Because the Queen has reigned for years' Can you imagine how embarrassing that was?

Enough moaning. I am simply trying to explain why I reached the stage that I did. I have lit a huge fire in the grate, which I am about to jump into. Ray is sitting in his armchair. He could almost be asleep, but he isn't, he is dead. Dead as a dodo. Dead as a doornail. Deader than I have ever been, even when I was just a lump of uncarved wood. I plied him with whisky then got the biggest bottle I could find from the kitchen.

I snarled at him 'No more shoving your hand up my back and making me talk absolute rubbish.'

As my frustration boiled over I brought the bottle down hard on his head and shouted '**Here is your very last gottle of geer. You can shove it where the sun don't shine, right up your gum.'**

So, in words inspired by the great Two Ronnies 'It's goodnight from me, and it's good riddance to him'