

## **A Day in the Life of Morrissey: Carry On Edition**

*Dawn: The Curtains Twitch in Manchester.*

At 06:42 Morrissey awakens, as if summoned by the wailing of a distant milk float. The bedroom is pure vintage: heavy velvet curtains, daffodils in a Victorian vase and a poster of Oscar Wilde that seems to be constantly judging him, as Wilde's expression says, 'Really? Again?'. He rises dramatically. The floorboards creak like they're narrating his suffering, narrating his life!

He dresses in ritual silence: dark blue Levi jeans (cuffed), vegan Doc Martens and a plaid shirt buttoned, though not quite fully. Hair: an architectural feat requiring scaffolding and three combs. The final quiff could deflect satellite signals. He checks himself in the mirror, and he sighs. The mirror, exhausted, sighs back.

*Morning: Vegan Breakfast & Earl Grey Tea.*

To the Kitchen. Everything is 1950s-looking, except Morrissey's soul, which is more like the 1850s or maybe 1888? He prepares steel-cut oats with oat milk, muttering "Meat is murder" to a wilting houseplant named Shelley. He then sings, "Good morning, Shelley. Society is still really terrible." Shelley does not respond. Shelley is dead. He waters it anyway, out of principle. The toaster launches a crumpet across the room. It lands on a vinyl copy of The Queen Is Dead. Is this an omen? A magpie taps at the window. Once for sorrow. He glares until it leaves to bother someone less interesting. A few minutes later, the magpie returns! Morrissey exclaims, "I see the universe has chosen farce today." This time, the magpie hammers on the window. Once. Sorrow. Morrissey hammers back. Twice, joy, now be gone.

*Midday: The Pilgrimage to Manchester.*

Morrissey boards the 11:04 to Manchester Piccadilly. The train is full. A hen party in plastic tiaras, sashes reading "LAST DAY OF FREEDOM". They spot him, and one shouts, "Oh my god, you're him," and asks for a selfie. He obliges, then spends six minutes explaining why he disapproves of selfies. They call him "Mr Miserable" and offer him a Jägerbomb. He recoils as if they were showing garlic to a vampire. They put the photo on Instagram anyway. Caption: Met a legend! #miserableandmagical.

On Oldham Street, he purchases a vegan sausage roll as a political act. A seagull executes a tactical strike and steals it directly from his hand during mid-bite. He takes this personally. He delivers a 3-minute soliloquy to the gull about late capitalism. A busker starts playing "Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now" on a kazoo. He ponders, is the universe mocking him?

*Afternoon: The Incident.*

Morrissey ducks into the John Rylands Library "for the atmosphere", to seek sanctuary and solitude amongst the books. The shadows are suitably Dickensian. On the shelves he finds a first edition of Wuthering Heights with a playful note inside, which reads, 'Meet me by the Alan Turing statue. PS. Bring gladioli.'

It's obviously a trap he thinks to himself. So, obviously he goes. At the Alan Turing statue, a man in a capped t-shirt and a tattoo of a swallow, deep and blue, on his neck. The man claims to be his number-one fan & challenges him to a melancholy-off. Morrissey wins by reciting the ingredients of every dairy-free cheese in Waitrose until the man weeps and leaves. A tourist films the whole thing. It will be on TikTok by teatime. Victory is bleak.

*Evening: Leaving Manchester via Piccadilly.*

The train journey home. Morrissey sits beside a chatty ghost on the 18:17, or maybe it's just a man from Oldham. Hard to tell as the distinction blurs after Salford or maybe Hulme! The ghost asks if he's "Off that X Factor". He stares out the window for 22 minutes, and then at his stop, he exits the bus in a hurry.

*Night Time: The Banality Continues.*

Morrissey arrives home. Slippers on. He writes a letter to the council about the seagull incident, and while seagulls have every right to exist and to fly wherever they want, he'd like a replacement vegan sausage roll, thank you very much! The magpie is now in his living room watching Coronation Street. Morrissey turns the TV over to watch Carry On Screaming with the sound down and provides his own dialogue: "Oddbodd, what happened to your ear? Oh, never mind. Ear today, gone tomorrow..." Oh, the innuendos!

At midnight he waters his only plant again, Shelley, and then plays a Smiths B-side at low volume whilst standing at the window, glaring across an eerie skyline. Manchester is quiet. Too quiet. A fox knocks over his recycling. He takes it as a review. The fox stares at him and takes one tofu container as a trophy.

Morrissey then retires to bed, knowing that tomorrow the curtains will twitch again, the crumpet will fly again, and the magpie will return. He lies awake, listening to the house settle. The quiff deflates one inch. The magpie has finally left, but it's taken the TV remote. Such is life. Such is Morrissey. Such is Manchester.

The End.

If you enjoyed this short story, which I created for fun, you'll probably enjoy my books, the first being 'Life Is A Pigsty – Eccentric Interviews', which is an ode to the singer Morrissey. In the book Morrissey interviews his heroes, heroines & influences from Shelagh Delaney, Truman Capote, The Brontës to Edith Sitwell, Oscar Wilde and Lester Bangs, so it's also deemed an interesting read for anyone intrigued by literature or social/cultural critique. You can read more here -> <https://www.workingclassproduction.co.uk/books>

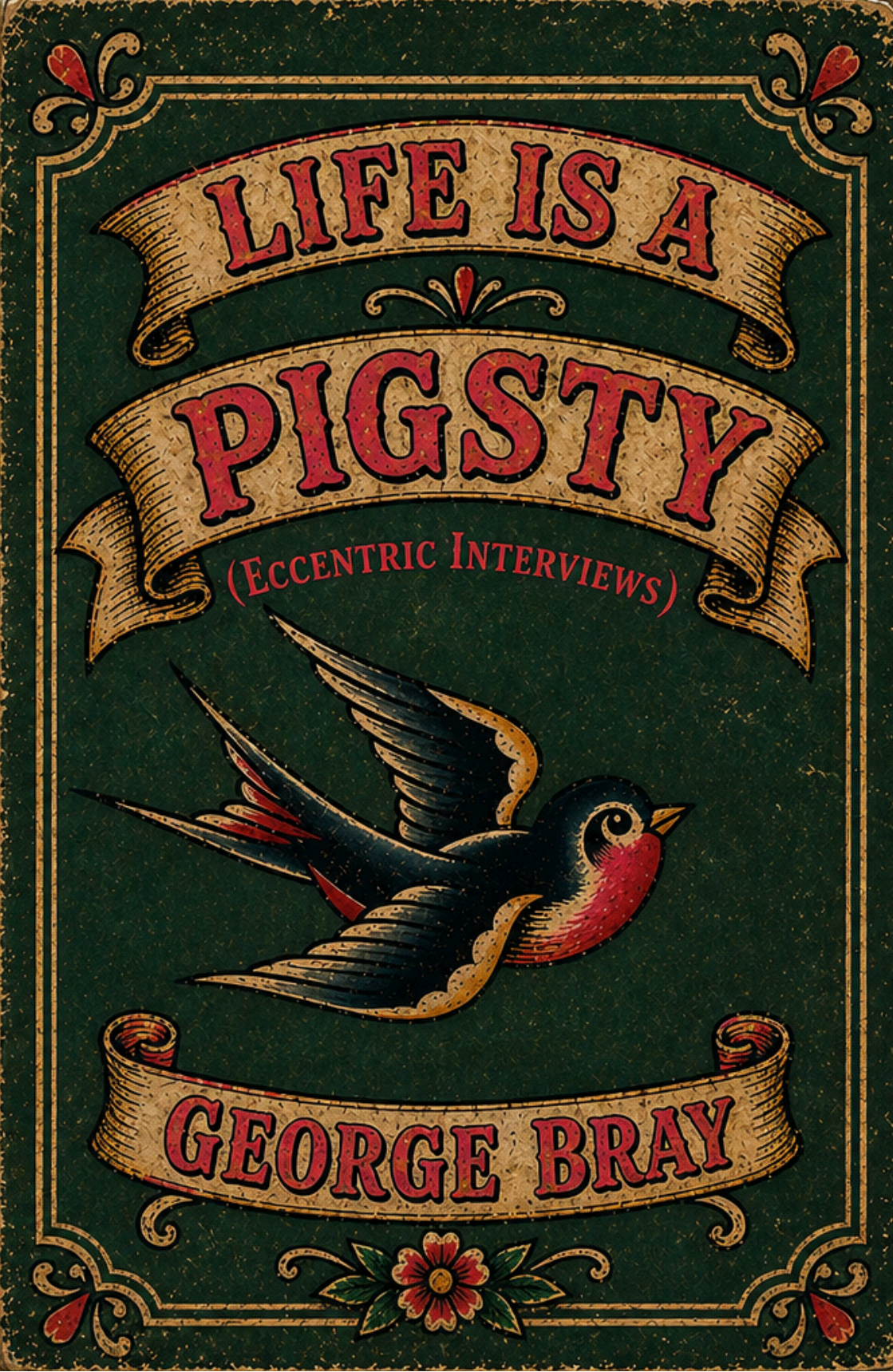
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All help is appreciated as I'm an independent writer.

Yours in poverty and cultural joy!

**George Bray - [www.workingclassproduction.co.uk](http://www.workingclassproduction.co.uk)**



LIFE IS A

PIGSTY

(ECCENTRIC INTERVIEWS)



GEORGE BRAY