

Well, I was talking to a mirror image of what supposedly was to be me; and the eyes and the nose and the insignificant clothes supported the testimony. He said, "You're doing fine, you know. You've got an okay mind, you know. And I would hate to see you throw it away. You'd better hold on. Hold on. Hold on." I was telling him I was a bit fatigued about my life, both present and past; and when I recalled my thoughts of ending it all with an overdose of gas, He said, "You're doing fine, you know. You've got an okay mind, you know. And I would hate to see you throw it away. You'd better hold on. Hold on. Hold on."

Hold on
Hold on
Hold on