

There's a large mug of cold coffee sitting on my desk. It was sitting there, front and centre, as I walked into my study. Whatever was going on yesterday, I left it with hardly a sip taken from it and, clearly, I never returned.

Sometimes that's how it is - something demands your attention and other things, which you would rather be doing (like drinking coffee) are forgotten about. There are a few channels of YouTube that drive this point home. Hipsters with cameras film themselves meandering through abandoned properties. Some of these places still have the last occupant's belongings there. TVs and magazines, clothes and food, all still sitting where they were left decades ago. It saddens me to see this - someone's contentment ripped from them and all that's left are the traces of you for a snotty-nosed stranger to rummage through.

Of course the lesson is to maintain an awareness that, at any moment, you could get trampled by an elephant or develop a severely prolapsed anus. We're all walking on a beautiful tightrope. I suppose the sudden change could also be a good one. You could stumble across a small fortune and decide that your foul coffee can bloody well get cold. You're flying to the Mediterranean to buy a villa and a Ferrari.