

Thoughts on happiness...

Saturday, 23 February 2008

As I shopped today, on Marylebone High Street and in Harrods, I noticed that most people tend to walk around with a frown on their face. Since I nearly always have a smile on mine, apart from making me look like a lunatic I find it does make others smile when they see me, whether they recognise me or not.

In prison one grumpy officer once snapped "Why are you always smiling King? You're in prison - you're not meant to be enjoying yourself". "Why?", I replied. Indeed, that's how Sun readers seem to have reacted to the startling news that I enjoyed myself inside.

I enjoy myself as much as possible. When my Mum died I was terribly distressed but after a period of mourning I got on with enjoying life and cherishing all the happy memories.

Is there any point in being down-in-the-mouth? And even more, how on earth can people, like those Sun correspondents, actually wish misery on others? For whatever reason, I'd never want another human being to be unhappy. It seems a terribly negative emotion and desire.

Yet so many walk around happy to have bilious feelings of hate towards others. Is it just me or is that asking for trouble? Surely their insides are churning with acid. Why?

I know the Belmarsh officer was a very unhappy person. Shortly afterwards I heard he tried to kill himself.

You allow bitterness a foothold inside you and you're asking for trouble.

So, lunatic or not, I'll keep smiling, thank you!