

Watching Dr John Campbell, a perfectly co-operative member of British society and its professionals and institutions, clearly a sociable bloke and not without a strong tie presumably to many communities – watching him as he starts to actually say anarchist-friendly things, when he points with clear evidence at what he rightly sees as a completely absurd situation at the heart of the running of our society, I am reminded of the neverending story, the film version mainly because even having begun reading the book the visual form impresses the forms of the creatures at the beginning on me far more than my first reading.

I have met so many different sorts of people fleeing 'The Nothing' all with the same story: 'it ate our homes'. 'There was something. Then there was nothing. Not even a hole. A hole would be something.'

And Dr Campbell is quite unique among the different segments of societies I've met out here, travelling to find the source of the nothing and its impacts.

Attenborough is another like him. An affable elderly English 'gent' – the real sort, whereas Jess Phillips, one of those many creatures belonging to the Nothing, doing its bidding, called Mogg, her fellow Nothing-servant, a 'gent' – I think Norman Clegg and Dave Attenborough and Dr John there are what I personally would see as an 'English gent'. And Russ the boy (you know, Russell Brand obviously). He's a bit werr, you know. And the lad Whitehouse. And Reeves and Mortimer.

All over the world the nothing is devouring away and the stories of those escaping it are thickening into a single stream, hopefully the story of some Atreyu and the salvation of our world.