

Materialism – a humorous look!

SCENE: A CONFESSIONAL BOX:-

(His Royal Reverence is engaged in cleaning his nails and is slightly bored!)

CONFESSOR: Your Reverence. I have some confessions to make.

HIS REVERENCE: Yes my child. Speak to me...

CONFESSOR: I don't know if I can bring myself to say anything....

HIS REVERENCE: Speak child – for this is the confessional box, and you are here to confess. If there is nothing to confess, then you must confess for not confessing

CONFESSOR: Right. I'll try...

HIS REVERENCE: And am I not "His Royal Reverence, the right reverend Royce of Romford"?

CONFESSOR: You are indeed "His Royal Reverence, the right reverend Royce of Romford"

HIS REVERENCE: Then speak on with good cheer...

CONFESSOR: In that case, I admit that I have wrongly wanted some of my neighbour's possessions

HIS REVERENCE: *(Ears pricking up, keen for abit of gossip)* Oh yes...?

CONFESSOR: Yes, I'm afraid I have

HIS REVERENCE: Well, spit it out then – does he have a BMW, a Rolls Royce, what is it?

CONFESSOR: No your reverence – it's NOT his car

HIS REVERENCE: His beautiful house then – or his new TV??

CONFESSOR: NO – I cannot bring myself to say

HIS REVERENCE:: Right!....his new mobile, his laptop, his sailing dinghy?

CONFESSOR: No – it's my neighbour's ox

HIS REVERENCE:: His OX??

CONFESSOR: Yes. For doesn't the bible say "we should not want our neighbour's ox" – and I do not HAVE an ox...

HIS REVERENCE:: Yes, well – but you live on the 3rd storey of a block of flats...

CONFESSOR: That's true

HIS REVERENCE: I mean, this is a slight surprise. I haven't recently had anyone confess they wanted to own an ox – well – not here in the inner city anyway!

CONFESSOR: There is more, your reverence

HIS REVERENCE: Your neighbour's Playstation, his Jacuzzi – or is it his sound system you want?

CONFESSOR: No.

HIS REVERENCE: Well, does your neighbour own a cat? A dog? A flock of geese?!

CONFESSOR: No your reverence. It's my neighbour's donkey. I do not have a donkey.

HIS REVERENCE: So let's get this straight Mr Fruitloop. Your neighbour has an ox and a donkey.

CONFESSOR: Yes.

HIS REVERENCE: And **YOU** want an ox and a donkey??

CONFESSOR: Yes.

HIS REVERENCE: Right...

CONFESSOR: So your reverence – have I sinned? Am I forgiven...?

HIS REVERENCE: Well, not exactly...but tell me have you ever considered farming?!

Sometimes we want things – but for no good reason!