

Return of the English Bulldog

Sir Winston Churchill is back after 50 years dead to save a fragile world one more time. Return of the English Bulldog, mystery and paranormal.

CHARLOTTE, NC, USA, May 28, 2017
/EINPresswire.com/ -- I

am not a terribly imaginative person. We should settle that question right now. So, when I look into the corner of my office, in the Victorian chair, and see Sir Winston Churchill relaxing there, with legs crossed and a cigar in one hand and what appears to be a brandy sniffer in the other, I am stunned. As a practicing psychotherapist, I am seldom surprised by any-thing I see or hear, as I tell my clients quite often. However, I must admit, I may have been overly confident of my tolerance for the astonishing. I glance around the room to satisfy my desperate need for a reality anchor. A cluttered oak desk, a bulging barrister book-case, a scuffed steamer trunk, two white Victorian wicker chairs (one occupied by the deceased Prime Minister), and a stylishly faded velvet chaise are quirky, yet solid. Excellent! The walls continue to be coffee brown and white trim still surrounds the Palladium window. Window is still

peeking into my tiny courtyard. Courtyard and vegetation are present and accounted for! Outstanding! Now we are getting somewhere! The sign on the door says Dr. Raven "Bones" Wyndot, Psycho-

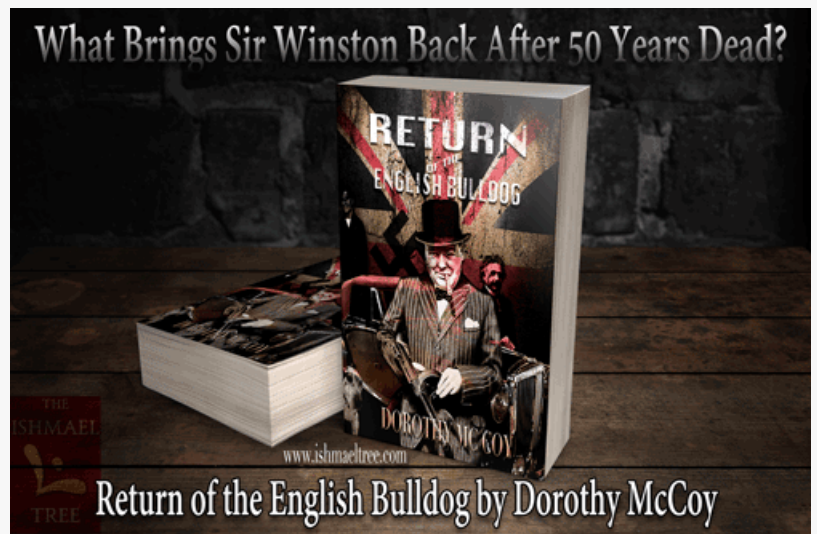
therapist. This is unquestionably my office. Perfect! I touch my face; yes, face is mine. Whew! My confidence is restored. Warning to self, insane and confident we are not mutually exclusive states.

Somewhat reassured, I return my attention to the illustrious Sir Winston. I recognize the great English statesman at once, because he is my hero. There are dozens of books written by him or about him sitting on my nightstand at home and in the barrister bookcase behind me. My amazement turns to curiosity, I am unusually curious by nature and it takes over. I

wonder if he can speak, and then he speaks. "Dr. Wyndot, it is quite pleasant to see you today. Do you have more brandy?" Ah, that answers one question, he can speak. Now, I wonder if I can do the same... I manage to croak...uh, no, uh, Prime Minister, uh, Sir Winston...I have Diet Coke (add circle



His is the only hope of a fragile world



He is back and fighting mad

“

A delightful and captivating read, from a truly imaginative new talent!”

Jeffery Deaver

R after Coke for registered trade mark – it's a legal thing) in the frig. I grin my apology. Sir Winston is not impressed. We are not off to an encouraging start. In my defense, when one has been dead since 1965 and then abruptly appears in my counseling office without an appointment, one must take what refreshments one can get.

I must admit he looks remarkably fit. In fact, he looks very much as he did in photos when he became Prime Minister in 1940. Naturally, the question on my mind is, "Why is he here?" followed closely by, "How the hell is he here?"

Truth-fully, as a psychotherapist, I am rightfully concerned about my mental state, Delusional Disorder and other highly undesirable disorders flood my mind with frightening possibilities. That is one of the problems with being a therapist, one knows entirely too much about the likelihood of a mental breakdown occurring at any moment.

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If you are lucky, your Guardian Angel chews a cigar and sips brandy

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