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### 1 Fido (Anon)

"They said I was Mad I said they were mad  
Dam them they outnumbered me" (Nathaniel  
Lee Restoration Poet)

This first story is very short and I heard it a long time ago whilst sitting in the smoking room in some psychiatric unit in London, the story is set in another psychiatric unit near Dundee called Liff Hospital and it goes something like this.

In the early 1950's one of the long stay patients at the hospital would often wander the grounds of Liff hospital with a tin can tied to a piece of string. He would walk this tin can as if it was a dog, indeed he even called the tin can Fido in fact truth be told he was convinced the tin can was a dog called Fido.

One day as he was walking Fido around the grounds he saw two psychiatrists walking towards him. As he was passing them one of the psychiatrists asked how he was. "Fine" was his reply. The psychiatrist who had asked the question winked at his colleague, looked at the patient, and then to the tin can and said "well jack I'm glad to hear that and how is your dog Fido doing this fine summers day" Jack looked at Fido then at the Doctor and replied "oh come on Doctor don't be so daft anyone can see that, that is

not a dog it's a tin can on a piece of string"  
Jack then walked off.

The two Doctors remained where they were watching Jack stroll on pulling the tin can behind him. "Well Paul" said the first "Jack seems to be making real progress". "Aye David" replied the second doctor it seems like the medication is finally beginning to work". Nodding happily to each other they continued on their way back to the hospital building.

Meanwhile Jack was still wandering around with his tin can on its piece of string after another few minutes he stopped looked down at the tin can with affection in his eyes and said "Well Fido we fooled them that time eh"

Enough said.