

UK Collective Social Anthology Project



We have always gathered... let us embody one voice before we attempt to gather as one force to be reckoned with...

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Consider every letter, an invitation to write...

Contribute to change by claiming the power once proclaimed as mightier than the sword... that found in the pen.

Our stories may save us yet...

This world will not protect us, we must learn to protect ourselves instead. Many threats exist on our shores, domestic ones, threats unseen, unreported, hidden in plain sight. Let us name the threats, be they a lack of money, a poorly run facility, terrible management, too much paperwork, or cancer-causing products on the shelves.

It is time to stand as one, no matter your roots, no matter the pain of your ancestors, we are all in danger. From whom? We do not know, and we are not interested in falling into conspiracy rabbit holes with no end to them. We prefer logic, fact, hard evidence. Let the anthologies serve us, those in need, as well as those yet to be born.

**Follow your nose... sniff out the evidence, as well as the culprits,
and join us, in union, as one voice made up of, The People.**

Take your time, we are in no particular rush, facts are facts, stories are stories, and those responsible for our collective suffering and the disparity doing damage, well, they're not going anywhere either. Let us claim the power of patience, meticulousness, of determined direction, and clear, responsible action.

Writing for change WILL change the world, it already saved the life of someone I cherish. When the evidence is offered up to the world, when the pain is no longer smothered beneath hyperbole and rhetoric, when reality strikes through the veil of illusionary safety, we feel certain change will come, whether Parliament want it to, or not.

We have a secret weapon... *it's called the truth...* something that eludes the political demographic as an entirety, although we do appreciate that good human beings are everywhere, *even in The Houses of Parliament*. Perhaps we can win them over with our truths, and even soften the minds of some others while we're at it.

We are beginning where everything begins... with step one, which in our case, is with data collection. Consider your poetry, news articles, short stories and more, a quantitative data collection project, one that will shake at the illusions until the world lets go of them. Read your invitations to write, written for us by our co-founder, Ana Maria Santuario, and see where you end up... feel into where you might begin your journey with us... then submit your contribution at: FaithInChange.Com.

Indefinite royalty sharing is written into your contract, with the only end being one's exit from this world. So do know, if our books sell, we all stand to make a profit.

So, you've been to prison?

Dear, My Personal Curiosity,

Stories have a power we seem to have forgotten... we have handed over storytelling autonomy to the rich and famous. I do not see myself reflected back at me in the t.v., do you? Has *The News* ever exposed your story, or a famed newspaper? What do you say we free the voices of those left invisible in a society happily ticking by as though some of us do not exist at all? Intuitively, this project was chosen as the starting point, perhaps because I too have felt caged for much of my life, in many different ways over the years. At this moment in time, I implore you not to allow this world to become an extension of the literal cage society had you in for a time, one I cannot imagine the pain of.

Today, I share with you this warning:

In stepping into a new life after discharge from prison, you are stepping into a form of recovery, *this world will not often help you*. Please do not expect help, even when you ask for it. This is a time to expose that reality, not deny it. When you own this as your truth, you will be called upon to find a strength you did not intend to discover. Do not let this world trample on your spirit, *you were born*, you have as much right to a new life as any other. Should a criminal sentence served lead to no criminal record? Is that how you feel? *Tell me*. Tell me the stories that keep your life, health, financial security and physical or psychological safety hindered from a full recovery, something you are owed, *by law*.

Whatever your plight is, it needs to be spoken into existence, silence will be the death of us all, and it will begin with those at the bottom of the societal rung, meaning us, the poor, the destitute, the unsaved! I invite you read, *A Manifesto for Change: Dual-Diagnosis and Disparity*, to see whether a similar rehabilitation intervention would be preferred to prison time. The collective advocacy anthology project looks to redefine 'the criminal', and conceptualise a new system around the whole, complex, suffering human being you were, and still are. 'Mental Health', as a concept, can be used to empower and safeguard those 'committing crimes' and refocus any initial consequence towards effective treatment and rehabilitation pathways that help heal and rebuild a life from the inside out. Should this at least be an option? Let's talk about it honestly and with integrity, as well as utter respect for the spark of humanity that sits within us all.

With love and discretion, always,

Ana Maria Santuario.

The NHS: Behind The Red Tape

Dear staff members of the NHS, past and present,

I know you live, or lived, in a version of hell too, the same one patients dwell and sometimes die in, it is the hell created by budget cuts, hospital closures, staff shortages and more, *I imagine there's more*. I know you are bound by confidentiality, but do rest assured that you are simply invited to tell your stories here. None of you will ever be named, no hospitals either, nor patients. In fact, we do not want to know a single patient's name. You are allowed to tell these stories of suffering, of the patient your lead consultant discharged from the acute ward, but who committed suicide two weeks later, and who you dream of at night. You are allowed to expose this kind of trauma, *one you are forced to live too*.

Paramedics, if anybody's voice matters most, it is yours. You are the first responders, you have your feet on the ground and your finger on the pulse, excuse the pun. I have met far too many of you, forgive me for saying it, but it is because I have lived as the witness to so many emergencies. Without you, well, I shudder to think. What I know is this, much of your time is spent attending the same patients regularly in crisis, those mental health inpatient care is failing to treat into a form of recovery. Please tell us of the endless cycles of pain, torture and grief our communities are being abandoned to endure.

We know the medical staff are not doing the abandoning, it comes from the top. But soon enough you will be breaking laws you did not know you were professionally contracted to uphold. Safeguard yourselves in this way, by making it very clear how impossible your duty of care is to uphold, by counting the dead and the dying, by identifying how many are not being brought back to health, safety and independence. Tell us the stories of our people, those who need you to speak up and speak loudly, truthfully, and with the compassion they are owed, *by law*.

With faith and love,

Ana Maria Santuario.

Very brave, compassionate, good-natured people exist in the NHS, professionals who sacrifice their vital life energy to serve others, with integrity and ethics at the heart of their practice. This anthology is for those individuals, not to whistle blow, not to name and shame, but to tell the stories of the suffering that both patients and staff are living. If you don't speak up, perhaps nobody ever will. Now is your chance...

Physical Health: A Social Exposé

Dear Healers,

We have some questions we'd like to see answered, with the help of the public as a whole. Any common answers discovered will be published in a collectively driven anthology, one that represents *the whole, the ultimate 'we'*, and aims to expose the reality of 'inflicted suffering', the cause of which we will have to discover along the way.

Let these pointers set you towards telling your stories. You do not need to answer the questions, simply think out loud, conduct a little research, *and write...*

- Patients of the NHS, are you content with the prescriptions given for physical and emotional ailments, or would you prefer to discuss the possibility of introducing mainstream alternative, complimentary, *equally effective*, and far safer treatments and therapies? Better yet, would you rather doctors spent time diagnosing the cause of your illness instead of managing your symptoms?

- Were you in receipt of effective treatment only because a failed treatment pathway in the NHS *forced* you to seek out better, safer, faster and more effective healthcare in the private sector?

- Are you an ex-NHS professional? Why did you leave the system? What did you choose to do afterwards? I have met over ten women who have chosen to leave the NHS and treat patients in a different way, be that as a chiropractor, acupuncturist, nutrition therapist, or even as a reiki healer. Let us document the beginnings of the exodus, let us prevent the loss of too many good people from our national health service industries.

Let us dig deep into the trenches and see how many bodies we find.... further points of reflection are:

- Did you witness a patient die unnecessarily or avoidably on yours or someone else's watch, simply because the resources to treat them ethically were out of reach? Was the invisible space between you and lifesaving treatment provision devoid of, as always, *money*? Are people being discharged unsafely because there is a lack of money? Perhaps the reason for the avoidable death of a loved one was one of those super-bugs caught as an inpatient, like it was for my grandfather. I wonder whether the cleaning staff have been cut too...? Will we see a rise in death rates related to poor hospital hygiene? Who knows. Far better we find out now.

With love and thanks for your courage,

Ana Maria Santuario.

Police Officers and Paramedics: What's Happening in the Trenches?

Dear First Responders,

All those reports you fill in, is anybody really reading them, or do they simply go to someone who creates statistics with the data collected? I'd be really interested to know. I have been helped by both emergency services, both present as an assortment of *Liquorice All Sorts* would... as a mixed bag of personalities. People are people, I can accept that. What I cannot accept is the limitation of power that first responders have to support patients towards justice within NHS Accident & Emergency, and inpatient systems.

I have no idea about the working body that is The Justice System, therefore, I have very few opinions about it. Opinions, to me, must be informed. However, being a part of a family attended by first responders frequently, I was dismayed to realise that the crises we were enduring were not being acknowledged by NHS inpatient staff. *Not at all*. Worse than that, no treatment, no way out of hell, was being offered openly and transparently. We were discharged unsafely from A&E too many times to count, and from acute inpatient mental health treatment and care *three times*. It was a literal lived nightmare, one that saw all four members of my small, unsupported unit, fighting for their right to a safe and healthy life.

I wish for you to expose the cycles of suffering for mental health patients in uninterrupted crisis first, please include those with addiction (and likely dual-diagnosis) in this way too. Please speak for the patients left untreated, and thus, without their legislated right to recovery, health, safety, independence, dignity and more, being met. **You are the main witness to the consequences of unsafe discharges from NHS mental health treatment and care services.** Be the voice the vulnerable need, please, I am actually willing to beg this of you. Alas, I pray that your moral code, inwards conscience and personal ethics come into play, now that you have a safe, anonymous space to speak up about the hidden war you are fighting, that of mass mental health decline.

Should you have another story of horror, like the one I heard from a local Metropolitan Police Inspector, that of an elderly woman with a broken hip being forced to wait in acute pain for 2 hours for an ambulance to show up, please tell these stories too. I am aware that there is much I that am unaware of at this time. Let us serve those who you signed up to serve, by writing it all down on their behalf.

We will keep you safe, just as you keep us all safe. Your stories can save those in need of urgent help, speak freely, forcefully and honestly, we will take care of your stories, as well as you.

With love and grave concern,

Ana Maria Santuario.

I Spy, Cancer-Causing Products

Dear UK Public,

There is a change upon us, it happened behind closed doors. Someone, out there in this country, decided to permit a cancer-causing bathmat to be stocked in the local TK Max store. I bought it for my elderly mother, without considering the consequences. Rather pointedly, I ask the question, *must a person read the labels to see whether they will be poisoned or harmed with government permitted cancer-causing agents?* Every sandwich, every pie, *every bathmat?* Whoever signed on the dotted line of whatever dismantling negotiation over my health and safety took place during Brexit, they deserve prison. Bottom line!

Let us sniff out, like the very instinctive animals we are, the dangers presenting in our society. Slowly, we will digest what parliament are neglecting to do, *serve us and keep us safe.* It should be a governing body's number one priority, our health and safety. What is rather frightening, is that somebody did this knowingly and in full awareness, *to an entire country.* Did my local MP know at the time, that every health and safety regulation we had by way of our membership of the European Union (one of the most safely regulated collections of countries there is) was in jeopardy? If they did, they need sacking too, with immediate effect.

Did you know that 36 pesticides banned from the EU are permitted for use in the UK (including 13 that are considered to be 'Highly Hazardous')? Is it not scaring the absolute air out of you? Are you not petrified for the kids, those who will grow up buried beneath poor health and the toxic wastelands of political agenda and scheming? Are we ready to claim ownership of the right to ABSOLUTE SAFETY? I am shocked, infuriated, and ready to tear it all down with the very legislation written into existence to prevent parliamentary crimes such as these. That is where our collective story begins, by picking up the outcomes of the welfare wars fought by our ancestors, by picking up the power gifted to us by the *Acts of Parliament* already written. Let us never forget what our elders did for us, now that we reclaim the power of it, once and for all.

Let us find the crimes committed in full awareness, in the permitted poisons, the toxins, *the early causes of death,* then we can cut through the red tape in a court of law, as The People of The UK finally get to take their government to court with the evidence they found in the local supermarket. This is only one of many steps towards collective justice, bear with us, we are making waves of change out of ripples... throw every story into the ponds of reality, let nothing stay hidden in the depths of deception, in the darkness of premeditated, collective murder and manslaughter. Do make sure to take photos of every label with life-damaging consequences written into the small print of purchase.

With love and respect for your right to life,

Ana Maria Santuario.

Young Adults, We're Listening. Tell Us What You Need.

Dear Young Adults,

This world is madness. It waits for you from the day you are born, shapes your sense of self and inwards voice. Technology is a huge feature of your world. I want to know, are you wary of it? Do you even think of the world before its takeover? 'Mental Health', a new label for the common person's suffering. Suffering is normal, every human being suffers. Should you suffer excessively, do get help, of course get help. But what I mean to say is, 'witches' were once burned at the stake, Scotland and Ireland have fought brutal wars with the English, the common folk have fought for votes, for education, for healthcare and a fair wage (many are still fighting for the latter). What I mean to say is... don't get too complacent, do not become too trusting of a world that is doing anything but taking good care of your psyche and financial/social welfare.

Do you feel ready for life? Are you dreaming big dreams? Are you preparing to live them well or dwelling in fantasy? Are you an artist with no talent or skill? Think again about chasing those dreams unless you're ready to fight for the outcome, and study hard for it. I attended university and did not go many parties. Instead, I studied ferociously. Different, I know. But I've never loved boozing it up, I hate that drunk men think they can touch my body on a dance floor (I've never allowed it), and I dislike drunk conversation. It is not meaningful or authentic. Anyway, I didn't party, but what I did do is graduate first in my class, with the icing on the cake being a medallion gifted as the award for outstanding academic achievement.

I love to learn, it might just be my superpower, my capacity to read and digest information before using and applying it within my experiential field of reflective, philosophical, self-inquiry. I did not see my life coming; I followed up the degree and a few years of teaching with worldwide travel. I am pretty blessed, not with money, I never had much of that, but with a brain and with courage. I taught overseas in the remote jungles of Indonesia for 4.5 years, then, every holiday, I'd adventure off to some place new. I've seen beauty beyond compare, gifting yourself with such experiences is vital if you have the dream inside of you. If you want to travel, study a CELTA, get a job in any number of places, get paid well to teach funny little people, then go on epic holidays. Subsequently, all the days in between those holidays get to be spent living an anthropologist's dream.

You can make some choices in life, others will be made for you. Perhaps you cannot study effectively because you just hate to read. I mean, you just hate it. That does not make you less intelligent than me, *it simply means you are gifted with another intelligence*. Musical intelligence, artistic intelligence, mathematical, or perhaps your gifts are in hospitality, and you are just the future favourite of holidaymakers. Life can be many things. I've worked in a bank, a cafe and beauty salon, in the local council, in primary schools, in a hostel, and in my own home (the last is my favourite), take your time figuring it all out. I also left school at 18 without a clue as to the path ahead...

but after two years floating from job to job, I chose to attend university (after popping over to Australia for 2 months to work in a hostel in exchange for food and accommodation).

If you can just choose one thing you'd love to do and do it, I'd say crack on... because the adult world will come for you, and it will swallow many dreams with its arrival. One day, you'll have a job (not necessarily *the* job), a home (probably not *the* home), perhaps children too, and it will leave no space for your big dreams. You can still live little ones, but you'll simply have no time left for the others, besides, you might die unexpectedly, so don't save your dreams for retirement either. You likely have plenty of time though, so remember to chill out often too. Breathe. Enjoy your life... as well as your youth and good health. In the meantime, ask us anything. You are able to anonymously present your concerns with the world as one of many voices in this anthology, or you can ask a question and we will endeavour to answer it for you, or find someone who can.

With love and respect for the unknown waters of change your generation dwell in,
Ana Maria Santuario.

THE SELF-HELP LIBRARY

There is so much you can do to become healthier, stronger, more resilient. At AnaMaria.Org, you will find a growing digital library of self-help resources to get you started towards a safer, perhaps longer, more stable and peaceful life.

We can always accept ourselves, that is of course an option. But where suffering sits, it is best to look. Nothing accumulated, no trauma, no abandonment, disappears. Scars will bend you to their will, given time. Best to get to know them and navigate safely through your lifetime. Besides, I only mean to say that adulthood awaits; should you want to truly enter that chapter as an empowered, 'ready', young adult, perhaps train yourself to live well, to support yourself, and to thrive on basic life foundations, those that will hold you up when life gets rough.

THE SELF-INQUIRY SERIES, IN PARTICULAR, MAY INTEREST YOU, IF YOU ARE A REFLECTIVE, INTROSPECTIVE, PHILISOPHICAL SORT OF PERSON.

Carers: Counting the Unseen Damage.

Dear Carers (paid and unpaid),

I know your suffering is immense, unending and life destroying. I have lived the pain of being shunned by the NHS, the key stakeholder responsible for the safeguarding of ALL PATIENTS under their treatment and care, *and that includes you.*

By anonymously sharing your stories, you become able to expose the injustices lived and endured with utter frankness and transparency. Every story will become permissible in a court room one day, one that pays the carers their worth and value as unpaid stakeholders in the government's agenda to take care of the vulnerable. I lost my job, not because I became ill, but because suddenly a family member needed too much help and so I was forced to stop working. If someone needs that much care, should a then 32-year-old have to quit the profession of primary school teaching to become an unpaid advocate and carer for someone that was frighteningly unwell? The answer is no. *Just no.*

Becoming a carer led to the loss of my life as I knew it. We both have no chance at present, of regaining our right to independence, nor health and the ultimate safety that it provides, *including financial security.* I have counted the damages owed to me, they are many and varied. Count yours too. We shall present our pain to the world in the form of a collective advocacy anthology, one with all names and locations changed. With such a transparent display of the suffering born from loving someone living in perpetual need of NHS treatment and/or care, we may just see direct impact when we repurpose your stories for a collective action law suit, one provoked upon the exposure of criminal levels of negligence.

We can, together, bring an end to the cycles of uninterrupted suffering endured, and seek remedy for the damages already incurred, including those inflicted upon your own health and financial safety. I suspect the pain touches lives by the thousands, maybe even the millions; let us find out, and find safety as a demographic of unpaid, overworked, key government stakeholders.

With love and utter compassion,

Ana Maria Santuario.

If you are a carer, we recommend you visit [AnaMaria.Org](https://www.anamaria.org) and explore the Advocacy and Social Wellbeing Projects.

The Education System: Behind The Red Tape

Dear Teachers, Teaching Assistants, Parents and Carers,

I have worked in UK schools since 2009, during that time I have seen much change. One thing was a constant though, some teachers are bullies. I was bullied by the deputy head teacher in one school, by colleagues in another, and I observed children being treated like rotten eggs too many times to say. I always confronted the person on the other side of the pain, for watching children suffer has always broken my heart in some way, even as a growing girl.

In the last school that I worked in, before choosing to retire from the profession for good, I was met with the common crisis of having too many kids and too little money to keep them safe. A young boy, just 6 years old, was abandoned and left to endure endless cycles of utter rage. One morning, he started to headbutt the concrete classroom wall. I could not stop him, I am not trained to restrain children, I'd be liable for any harm caused. I mean, I'm not even allowed to hug children if they hug me (what, am I meant to reject their love, and thus, them?). All I could do for this poor boy, who was actively self-harming, was place my hand between his forehead and the wall so as to prevent severe injury. I sent the teaching assistant for aid. *None came*. Senior staff were attending another few crises.

Can you believe it? For two months I watched that boy suffer, until his teacher, who was off on long term sick leave, returned, and I was shuffled into another class of mixed needs children without any specialist, emergency, or effective interventions. I was also full of newly lived classroom-trauma, which I do not think anyone had an eye on resolving with complementary and free treatment and care.

Parliament, somewhere along the way, decided that *all school resources and services* should come out of the same limited pot of money. Was there ever any way this new financial plan would result in anything but an ethical nightmare? Into a situational report of unsafe, unlawful, harmful and unproductive education paradigms that cause psychological damage to both teaching staff and children? Not to mention to primary caretakers, the responsible adults fighting for the safest educational outcomes for the young they are in place to safeguard against inequality and overt public displays of disparity. There will be physical damages too when you count teacher burn out, PTSD, depression, anxiety, panic attacks and more, *caused directly by the ill-run profession*. Plus, the physical damages incurred by unsafe children in the classroom, those being left to self-harm in the absence of effective safeguarding, treatment, and in-class 1:1 support.

Today, there will be a weigh up between seeking the funding for 1:1 support for children in need and paying for the rubbish to be collected... The rubbish always wins. *Always will*. The system makes sure of it.

Teachers and TAs, tell us the stories of the children in need, that is our first mission, to identify how many unmet needs are presenting in our classrooms. Your world is a complicated, beautiful mess, I know, I've lived in it. You also live in a potential cloud of heaven, one raining with government inflicted elements of Hell. We all know that teaching is the magic; if only the system enabled such an outcome as magical days at school for children. Let us claim ownership of the learning journeys, of how we mark, of whether children are taught art the right way, by first showing the harmful effects and psychological damages incurred by poor budgeting decisions on government's part. Don't hold back, this is your chance to speak up. Parents too, those wishing for better for their children. Should your child have a special educational need that will not be met due to a lack of funding, do let us know your story too, perhaps a separate anthology can be created with such pain-filled storytelling.

Your anonymity will *always* be preserved. Do rest assured that you and the children are safe. Our staff members have all undergone the relevant DBS check, in line with the legislated safeguarding rights of the tiny humans.

With love and safe encouragement,

Ana Maria Santuario.

LET US CALL FOR, 'A SAFE SOCIETY!'

We intend to find one danger, threat, toxin, poison, in our society at a time, then prove the damages incurred or predicted, in order to force government to bend our social paradigm into something mindful of the child development years.

Our buses that children take to school have advertisements for the next *Saw* film monstrosity, the next thriller or vengeance killing spree. The *Saw* advert mentioned had a shaved head and a pained face tilted upwards, there were two long tubes injected into the eye sockets. It was abhorrent, it was psychological assault for everyone who saw it that day.

Find the petition to BAN HORROR from our shared environment at AnaMaria.Org.

The Wisdom of The Elders: Lest We Forget.

My Dear Elders,

Your perspective is invaluable. You have lived the utterly unique experience of watching technology reshape not only the environment, but new mindsets and behaviours. I'd not only be grateful for your observational reports, but also for your stories...

My father grew up on a farm in the North of Scotland. Up until the age of 6 his family home was lit by lanterns. There was no television until he turned 9. My dad would run through bee hives, play make-believe sword fights with sticks, and he adored Sam, the ram who was sadly sold at market. I love these stories of times begone. They are a treasure, and I fear the richness found only in togetherness, simplicity and gratitude, will be lost to our children and grandchildren.

I attended someone else's family gathering last Guy Fawkes Night, only to sit observing two teenage boys consumed by their devices. Do we consume content or have the devices consumed us? Interesting food for thought. My grandparents have passed on now, and I miss them still, after 20 years, but visiting them used to be like visiting sunshine. Now is the time to recognise the harm to family caused by the introduction of the touch screen phone. Have grandparents lost an aspect of their rite of passage because the grandkids are always distracted and not present in a shared version of reality?

Maybe make a new house rule: *leave phones at the door kids, it's time for tea and cake.*

If we do not speak up, 'before' will be forgotten. Please, help us remember our values, our histories, the various immigrations, how we became who we collectively are. With the Irish exodus last century sitting as a rich narrative on the maternal side of my family, I am always interested in our mixed heritage, not just the history of our kings and queens, the main stories taught to our children in school over the years. We have a chance to write history for ourselves, as a mix of classes, races and religions, as the mishmash of humanity that is, The People of The UK. When I look to my country people, I see only one thing, *my neighbours*. Let us remind the children that they need one another, for I fear their own technology-shaped identities will be the destruction of community as it once was, as both the divine and nature intended.

With love and gratitude,

Ana Maria Santuario.

Let's get eyes on The Water!

Just in case.

Dear Humans, Who DRINK WATER,

Let us look to recent histories, as well as ancient eras, to formally acknowledge the madness of humankind. To ignore that the nazi's and khmer gouge happened (they do not deserve capital letters), that Gaza still does, as does genocide in Papua New Guinea (no news reports about that, *strange, no?*), to ignore these realities is to ignore possibility. To deny the human being's capacity for evil is to deny your right to safety assurances. Who is ruling us? Are they trustworthy? Can we demand full psychological assessments that determine whether they are driven by service and compassion or psychopathic tendencies erring towards harmful cutthroat agendas?

It is a madness to trust that the past cannot repeat itself on our own doorstep. It is known that in the USA water systems have been poisoned, tainted with toxins, and made unsafe. Should you feel inclined to research and update us re. *The UK Water Systems and Their Source*, we'd be grateful. In a world so clearly unsafe, we must check in on this vital source of life that everyone born has a right to drink in its original form. I'd also like to hear from the experts on the matter of demineralised water, is it going to result in chronic, unresolvable sickness? Does our water lack that which it nourishes, *life*? We need to know.

With love and thanks for your guts,

Ana Maria Santuario.

LET US NOT BE FOOLS

Have we seen enough now, to stop trusting in good faith, and to seek out accountability, transparency, and equality of voice and desire? Are we ready to admit that nobody is trustworthy until they prove themselves to be faithful to the people's safety, health and general wellbeing? Are we going to trust that our water is safe, or get a look in before something catastrophic this way comes...? Something born of greed and an obsession over money and power?

An Artistically Starved Society

Dear Artists of Every Kind,

I watched you with curiosity all of my life. Where did the courage come from, the raw talent, the drive? But then I recall how I sang a solo on stage at the age of 11, that I played a drum solo at 16, with a standing ovation becoming the response lived by the audience. If I'd have known that The Arts were drained from my culture, steadily, over time, perhaps systematically, I'd have clung to *The Artistic Self* and potentially chosen to invest time and money in private courses. I might've even chosen my creative self over travelling the world. *Truly*, I think that might be the most honest I've been with myself regarding the loss of something innate, or rather, *a disconnect from it*.

However, it must be said that travelling returned me to myself, perhaps it was the path I was destined for, the rediscovery of my artistic bits via culturally rich destinations. It hurt when I found myself curled up in a metaphorical ball, when I saw how broken the little artistic version of me was. Who did this harm? Who let me die? My education was certainly below average. Primary school was fantastic, but secondary school left me invisible. No one in that building saw me, let alone helped me shape an identity or version of myself that would fit safely into the adult world.

It was not until my early thirties that I finally broke free of the cage society had imprisoned me in, I sang on stage again, twice. I played a drum with my hands, once with 12 guitarists, my palms were raw for two days after trying to send percussion into a volume of melody. *It was epic*. I started to paint with juvenile innocence, having zero knowledge about my mediums, where they came from, how they were to be used. There is no formal, government driven pathway into the arts for those educated for free in the UK. This is gross inequality at best, damaging of psychology, identity, capacity for connection and self-expression at worst.

We can no longer accept that the world refuses to gift children with a connection to these innate, ancient and celebrated parts of ourselves. We cannot starve our society of true culture, connectedness and community spirit. *We cannot stay silent*. We accept, for this project, all manner of submissions, a piece of visual artwork, multimedia content, biographies, short stories, poetry, political rants, mini documentaries, anything goes. We cannot set limits upon the nature of the artist, which is to expand in harmony with the infinite.

Moving ahead, let us deliberate upon the following statement: *Working and lower-middle classes are blocked from accessing the arts, and thus, their own cultural identity*. Thoughts?

With love and appreciation,

Ana Maria Santuario.

We Found The Money!

Dear People of The UK,

We are told many things, one of them is that there is '...not enough money'. Yet, in 2024, the London Mayor finished with plans to rename 6 railway lines, this *vanity* cost over £6 million. That money could have saved lives, that is the ugly, cold, heartless truth.

THERE MUST BE AN END TO GOVERNMENT FRIVOLITY. IT IS NOT THEIR MONEY, *IT IS OURS!* NOTHING IS 'GOVERNMENT FUNDED', MOST THINGS ARE FUNDED BY THE PEOPLE OF THE UK'S TAXES AND SPENDING. THE UK GOVERNMENT, LITERALLY, MAKE US VERY LITTLE MONEY AT ALL.

I feel certain that, should we expose the volume of tax payer money that is misspent and 'misplaced', as well as BBC and ITV money that is being funnelled into 'investment opportunities', instead of the NHS and social services, that we can find the capital required to handle the crises of homelessness, untreated/unethically treated mental and physical health, and poorly funded/designed education systems. Coming together in this way results in one thing, **impact!** Yet it is not us that must brace for impact, but the UK parliamentary stakeholders, the collective body making consistently harmful decisions without any consequences for the damages inflicted upon the vulnerable demographics of the UK.

With love and utter compassion,

Ana Maria Santuario.

**CAN WE JUST SEE *THE BOOKS* ALREADY
AND CHECK IN ON WHAT PARLIAMENT'S
(AKA, *THE TAX PAYER'S*) ACCOUNTANTS
ARE UP TO, BECAUSE IT CANNOT BE
ANYTHING EXCEPTIONALLY GENIUS???**