

More GBK Stuff!

Simon: Hello, Simon. I hear you're planning to get a chocolate milkshake today. Can you explain how the following GBK anecdotes will be different to your old, now classic ones?

Simon: Yes, I'll be using a different car park to get my dessert, as the free one I'm used to is closed. For now at least.

Simon: You're too modest; you also have another idea...

Simon: Oh you got it out of me. I also have some great ideas about the onion rings I will be buying.

Simon: Can I get a teaser?

Simon: Well, I was thinking of saying how come I don't like onions and I don't like rings, yet I do like onion rings?

Simon: What have you got against rings?

Simon: I keep getting my fingers stuck in them. Doesn't have to be rings, could be the tops of bottles, etc.

Simon: If you do get your finger stuck in an onion ring, you could just eat yourself free.

Simon: Well onion rings are too big to get your fingers stuck in them. Arms, maybe.

Simon: Getting your arms stuck is even worse. It means there's more of your body to amputate if things go wrong and the snacks are too tight, cutting off your blood supply.

Simon: In an emergency you'd have to call the fire brigade to help you.

Simon: Yes, imagine a whole team of people eating you to safety.

Simon: Well again, why not do it yourself?

Simon: I might not like the taste. Some onion rings are better than others. Same with everything.

Simon: I don't mean to scare you, but I think you'd get arrested if you phoned 999 for such a silly reason. Then your call would appear on Youtube.

Simon: Onion rings are pretty hot, you know? What If I get an arm burn?

Simon: Of course. It would be a medical emergency. I do apologise. I understand you'll be getting chips, too?

Simon: Yeah, nobody cares about chips. As stated earlier, I have to try harder to be different now, as I've written so much stuff.

Simon: Great stuff, by the way. Considering you spend most of your life in your bedroom, you've done pretty well writing about your life.

Simon: Thanks. Anyway, I can't even remember if I've talked about getting my fingers stuck in things. I've done it so many times, I'm bound to have mentioned it before... I also got my legs trapped in a staircase when on holiday.

Simon: Would you like to talk about that?

Simon: No.

Simon: Ok. I'm sure your onion ring stories will be great.

Simon: Thanks.

Simon: Do you think you'll talk about your shake?

Simon: Ummm... I don't know. I think I'll just point out it was nice and move on.

Simon: You know it will be nice?

Simon: Sure do.

Simon: Are you psychic?

Simon: When it comes to shakes... I'm not sure what that ability is called. Maybe shakic or whatever.

Simon: Do you mind if I change the subject? It's just I have something nagging away at me...

Simon: Sure.

Simon: To be clear, do you think you will wear a snack, or were you just trying to be quirky before?

Simon: You know what, I think I will actually wear an onion ring. Mostly for something to talk about, rather than intellectual curiosity.

Simon: That's understandable. I'm sure you wouldn't really gain any knowledge from your idea.

Simon: Exactly. Even people like Stephen Hawking wouldn't be able to get any insight from it.

Simon: Well, he would have had to get someone else to put the onion ring on him, but I know what you mean.

Simon: That would be an interesting thing to watch.

Simon: Sorry about bringing that subject up. We've overdone it haven't we?

Simon: Probably. I'm still going to write about the food, though.

Simon: Your choice.

Simon: Anyway, I'm going now.

Simon: Bye!

Simon: I'm back!

Simon: Have a nice trip?

Simon: No I didn't have a nice trip.

Simon: Why not?

Simon: The different car park was designed by Satan himself. Right from the start there were problems.

Simon: Such as?

Simon: In the car park entrance I had to press a button to lift the barrier and allow me in. Then I was given a small yellow disc. Was there any explanation about what the disc did? If there was I couldn't find it and I was made to hurry up by the cars behind me.

Simon: Eek.

Simon: Yes, eek. How would you feel if I offered you a small object with no writing on it and then I nodded to you as to say 'you know what to do..' and then I walked away.

Simon: I'd be concerned.

Simon: Right, you'd be concerned. And imagine if I rushed you to respond as well.

Simon: Wow. Just wow.

Simon: Then I had to work out where to park. There were places for disabled people, people with families, but were there any places for confused people? None. Luckily the floor above was more forgiving.

Simon: Ah. Success!

Simon: Well not really. I still had to work out what the flip my little item was for.

After a few minutes of wandering around looking for clues, and noticing machines that were out of order, I found an employee who explained that I keep the disc for when I leave for home. I put the thing into another thing and then I pay.

Simon: Simple!

Simon: Incredibly simple. A huge relief. I could order my food nearby with peace of mind.

Simon: How nice.

Simon: But when I did and I tried to drive out of the car park I encountered MORE problems. Sure putting the thing in the thing opened the thing for me drive through, but at no point was I made to pay. Was I about to become a thief?

Simon: Oh God...

Simon: Luckily the paying thing had a button to call the staff. I explained my situation and he just said I was lucky and could go home for free.

Simon: How strange...

Simon: Yes, that is a very strange thing for any business to say. Which is why I phoned again for clarification. Amazingly, I got told the same thing.

Simon: Nice.

Simon: I was thinking 'I just don't understand the whole setup, here. Hardly any of the machines are in operation and the ones that are don't even charge you!'

Simon: So, what were your onion rings like?

Simon: No, I couldn't fit them over my hand. I did eat them though. They were nice. As was the milkshake. That's all I can think to say.

Simon: Interview over, then?

Simon: Interview over.

Simon: Byeeeeeeeeeee!