

Simon: Hello! Thought of any cool headings that rhyme recently? Maybe for a gun magazine?

Simon: I was just about to tell you one!

Simon: No way...

Simon: If you didn't ask me that question, my heading would have been SO random!

Simon: Great! Let's hear it!

Simon: Here it is: 'The Howitzer - How It Work-suh'.

Simon: That's what you were excited about?

Simon: Of course. It works, because sometimes people say 'suh' instead of 's'.

Simon: Drunk people you mean?

Simon: Yeah. Or maybe rock singers trying to sing with attitude. As in 'letsuh party!'

Simon: The music you listen to sounds really dumb.

Simon: I listen to badass music. The singers may be a bit self-absorbed maybe, but they do have something about them.

Simon: Ok.

Simon: Now I just need to make an article to go with the heading. I don't really know a lot about guns, but I could point out that howitzers work by shooting shells. I know that much.

Simon: That's an exceptionally basic description, you do know that don't you? You might as well say 'guns go bang'.

Simon: That was very concise writing... Can I quote you, please?

Simon: No. And certainly don't mention my name.

Simon: Do the guns trigger gunpowder in the shells, firing them?

Simon: I don't know and I don't care.

Simon: Oh. I thought you would as you're such an expert on them...

Simon: Knowing guns go bang doesn't make me an expert.

Simon: Ah, but it does if I compared your knowledge to that of a snail's.

Simon: Compare me to a snail in any of your writings, and I'll kill you... 'Simon the

super snail points out that guns go bang'? I bet you would write that. How do you think that makes me feel?

Simon: :S On the subject of guns and therefore war, I've heard Hitler being described in a number of different ways in Myers Briggs psychology forums, as he's very popular there. Not in a good way of course, but in an intellectually curious way, I want to make that particularly clear. What I'm trying to say is, even so, I've not once heard him being called an ISFp enneagram 9, the peacemaker. Often I don't think one type is better than another, but come on. If Hitler was a peacemaker, things would have been so much better.

Simon: Hitler ranting about peace to millions of people?

Simon: I would have thought so.

Simon: What was his personality type then? The warmonger?

Simon: Maybe I shouldn't say, in case I offend the warmonger personality type. I'm sure there are nice warmongers out there.

Simon: Very wise. But for the sake of argument... What type would you say is the warmonger?

Simon: Well... if ENTJs are the opposite of ISFps... Y'know. Just saying...

Simon: :O

Simon: Changing subjects, (thank God), let's talk about beer.

Simon: Hang on. If you're so relieved to change subjects, why did you mention Hitler in the first place?

Simon: I just thought it was a funny idea.

Simon: Carry on, then...

Simon: Changing subjects, beers can genuinely be improved by adding tiny amounts of fairly liquid to them. (I found that out after washing a glass, I'm not completely mental). The soap actually creates mild honey 'notes'. I think that's the word tasters use anyway. I wish I was sure of what it means. I think it just means flavours. I've visited an online Cambridge dictionary and there is no mention of note meaning flavour, though. Someone has evidently just made a word up. It's clearly caught on.

Simon: That was quite the ramble. Are you jealous of the apparent word inventor?

Simon: Ummm.

Simon: You are aren't you? You wish you could invent a new word?

Simon: Granted, since the age of about 7, me and my friends have always wanted to

invent a word that rhymes with orange, but I'm far from alone in that. I've heard other people proposing the word 'borange'.

Simon: And what would borange mean?

Simon: Ummmmmmmmmmmm. You know when you see a range of items, and you think all of them are boring?

Simon: Oh God no.

Simon: You're angry at me because I've had a good idea?

Simon: Use borange in a sentence...

Simon: Easy. 'Wow, this shop is so borange.'

Simon: Ok. How about a word to describe a boring orange?

Simon: I thought that, too. But that would have a very limited usage.

Simon: Oh. I see. Have you just powned me?

Simon: Yes I think so.

Simon: Well, I've had a look at your website and its many articles, and on the whole, I think its borange.

Simon: See THAT makes sense.

Simon: Thanks.

Simon: But screw you.

Simon: You don't really think fairy liquid tastes of honey, do you?

Simon: As I said, honey notes.

Simon: Are you ABSOLUTELY sure? Maybe you have Covid? I'm serious. No one on the whole of the internet thinks the soap tastes like that. Have you ever actually eaten honey?

Simon: I've eaten porridge bars with honey flavours...

Simon: Ah...

Simon: What?

Simon: It's a big difference, you know? Even then I don't think the bars taste like soap either.

Simon: Fairy liquid.

Simon: Whatever... What do you think of song titles like Master of Puppets?

Simon: They sound a bit pretentious. Personally I think Puppet Master is better. It's like someone telling you 'Your house of belongings has been robbed'. Just say house, that's all you need. Especially in such a situation.

Simon: Good song, though.

Simon: Of course. Metallica did seem to learn their lesson, though. They could have called their Black Album the Album of Black. Big mistake.

Simon: What do you think of the band's later album St. Anger?

Simon: Why would there be a saint of anger? Anger is a sin. Imagine 'St. Anger' having a conversation with the other saints. They'd be like 'What do you think we could all do that's good, this time? St. Anger, do you have any ideas?' Then St. Anger would be like 'Saint Anger 'round my neck, he never gets respect'. The other saints would say 'What do you mean, exactly?' Then St. Anger would say 'I'm not sure. I've never heard that phrase either, I made it up. Let's just punch someone'. It wouldn't really make sense, would it?

Simon: Everyone deserves a second chance...

Simon: Yeah. Then the other saints would be like 'Maybe we could hug someone?' Then St. Anger would be like 'Yeah, let's mug someone! I madly in anger with youuu!' Then he continues singing the title song that features swear words, remember, and he does loads of headbanging, picks up a electric guitar, and chugs root notes for ages and ages.

Simon: Not a saint for long...

Simon: I would hope! Either that or Christianity would have to take a completely new form! Metallica would be Gods!

Simon: I've heard Metallica being called Gods...

Simon: Then it's already started...

Simon: That's scary.

Simon: Let's end, then. Byeeee.

Simon: No, no, not yet! I fell off a treadmill! It wasn't my fault though.

Simon: How wasn't it your fault?

Simon: Some NUTTER left the thing running after she used it. I didn't realise that, so yeah, I fell off as I tried to get on! Then I got approached by a staff member telling

me to run slower which was very annoying.

Simon: Bye.