

Simon: Hello, Simon! I have an idea!

Simon: What?

Simon: Let's do another interview!

Simon: Yes!

Simon: We could call it 'More Crazyiness!'

Simon: Not 'More Randomness'?

Simon: Nope, I've found another word that works equally well!

Simon: Are you sure? Random IS a pretty good word...

Simon: Yep. It's time to grow.

Simon: Ok.

Simon: So... You have any crazy stories for me?

Simon: Yip. By pure coincidence I've been collecting a few...

Simon: Go on...

Simon: Before my dad's 50th birthday party, he designed a load of invitations on computer. However, when I first saw them, I didn't realise he wasn't finished with them. I thought he saved them and that was that, so it didn't matter if I altered them...

Simon: How did you alter them?

Simon: Well my dad said 'Bring a bottle of champagne', and I thought I'd surprise him by altering the sentence, and writing 'Bring a bottle of cyanide'. I don't know why I wrote that, but I did. In the end, it turned out my dad didn't check the alteration, and he sent out a mass of invitations to people requesting the poison. That's not an easy thing for him to explain, at all.

Simon: Wow...

Simon: Yeah. The people receiving the invite would be like 'What kind of 50th birthday party is this? Is the guy getting depressed at getting old? But even then, why does he need so much? I'm actually quite frightened...'

Simon: The birthday party massacre. :S

Simon: Yeah. In the end, he just said he was joking. All sorted. I hope.

Simon: Any more crazy stories?

Simon: Yes, I was sitting in a train station and I saw an old lady staring at me from a train. I was thinking "I don't have to take this, I'm not getting out-stared by a granny", so I kept staring back. The OAP was surprisingly persistent, but I didn't give up. As the train left, I found it wasn't a granny, but a scary looking gangster-like person. Whoops. Didn't matter though, as the train soon left and there was nothing he could do.

Simon: Eek. How's your crazy hearing?

Simon: You mean the hearing loss I've experienced since riding my bike too much in heavy traffic, despite the fact I was wearing ear plugs?

Simon: That's the one...

Simon: It's continuing to get better. I really paid the price for that didn't I?

Simon: The price for what?

Simon: God knows.

Simon: Any light stories for the sake of variety?

Simon: You know the football that's been on recently?

Simon: Yes?

Simon: Whenever I got bored and start zoning out, someone scores and I miss it. It's really annoying.

Simon: Darn.

Simon: Yes. When I was a child though, I noticed that whenever I switched channels to the sport, someone would score seconds later. That happened time and time again.

Simon: Psychic!

Simon: No, sadly years later I realised I must have been watching the highlights.

Simon: Ah.

Simon: Would you like to hear some of my insults I've been working on?

Simon: Go on...

Simon: They each have different levels of offensiveness. The first isn't TOO bad, but the last one is brutal...

Simon: What's the first one?

Simon: I bet you eat your breakfast in the afternoon. >:(

Simon: I've had my breakfast in the afternoon, a few times...

Simon: Right, but not all the time. It's like calling someone a bit weird...

Simon: Why not just call someone a bit weird?

Simon: It's an old word. Language needs to evolve or...

Simon: Or what?

Simon: I don't know. But you can't deny language DOES evolve.

Simon: Touche. Dare I ask what level 2 is?

Simon: Your toenails probably aren't even cut properly.

Simon: Ouch.

Simon: I know, right?

Simon: What can be worst than that??

Simon: You probably overcook your toast.

Simon: Ohhh. Powned! Cooking toast is easy!

Simon: That's what I was implying.

Simon: What's level 4??

Simon: You never drink enough water.

Simon: YOU probably don't drink enough water...

Simon: Yes, but my insult said 'never'...

Simon: I see. THAT was cold. What's the worst insult?

Simon: 'Your goldfish thinks you smell.' By THAT, I mean if your goldfish can smell you in his cage surrounded by water, something is seriously wrong. The ungratefulness of the pet makes it a particularly harsh insult.

Simon: Where would you place the classic 'you smell' on your rating system?

Simon: Level 2.

Simon: Oh, ok. I won't be telling many people they have poor nails, then...

Simon: Good idea.

Simon: That's your five insults, then?

Simon: Yip.

Simon: Anything else on your mind?

Simon: Yes, I'm eating crisps that apparently have 'max (as in maximum to be clear, not Max Verstappen) ridges', and 'max flavour'.

Simon: Wow.

Simon: Yes, wow. So I'm eating the most extreme crisps possible, and only for 50p or whatever? They must be made at a special facility, somewhere. Maybe the crisp unit at the Large Hadron Collider...

Simon: I've never heard of the LHC's crisp unit...

Simon: Well where else are the most intense crisps possible supposed to be made? A factory? Sure factories could deal with pretty good ridges, but the craziest possible suggests precise cuts down to the last atom.

Simon: Makes you wonder what the point is...

Simon: That's what's annoying me!

Simon: Maybe max DOES mean Max Verstappen...

Simon: How would that work?

Simon: The crisps could just be the driver's favourite. No need for any wacky theories.

Simon: Hmmmm...

Simon: Time to Google some explanations.

Simon: I've found a page about the guy's favourite food...

Simon: Go on...

Simon: He's a fan of Italian and Dutch cuisine.

Simon: Where do crisps come from?

Simon: America...

Simon: Read more from the site.

Simon: He likes french fries and mashed potatoes...

Simon: Aha! Crisps' cousins!

Simon: Yes, but there's nothing about him being obsessed with ridges...

Simon: Huh. I think it's funny how there's a racing series called 'Ridge Racer'... I don't think the F1 driver features in it, though.

Simon: Do the games have ANYTHING to do with special crisps?

Simon: No. I think the ridges in those cases are mountain ranges, maybe?

Simon: Still though, I'd love to see a quirky racing game where people drive around on crisps...

Simon: Me too.

Simon: Next topic?

Simon: I touched an inner part of my oven the other day, and it took a bit of my skin from my finger in an instant. It was actually impressive, I've never seen that happen before...

Simon: :O

Simon: The thing was, first my injury was pink, then it went yellow, then green, and now it's multicolour. It looks pretty aesthetically pleasing! I'm reminded of gobstoppers that change colour when you suck them. You don't think... maybe I'm a gobstopper??

Simon: I don't think so. If you were, your blood sugar levels would be through the roof.

Simon: I think you can get sugar free ones... :(

Simon: Even so, I think you'd have to have very significant gene mutations to be similar to those or indeed any kinds of manmade foods. It's as weird as someone giving birth to a massive gummy bear. It doesn't EVER happen. Please believe me.

Simon: Thanks, man. But there's still a niggling doubt inside of me. What if the next time I cut myself, I start bleeding strawberry syrup? (Sugar free).

Simon: Again, I don't think you understand the point I was trying to make. Unless you're closely related to sugarcanes, I really don't think you have any need to worry.

Simon: Actually, I don't really know too much about my family history...

Simon: You honestly think your great grandfather/distant cousins could have been

plants??? Is that right?

Simon: Who knows, right? Who knows?

Simon: How well did you do in biology back in school?

Simon: Actually pretty good, I just lost interest.

Simon: Are you sure someone didn't suck your brain out with a straw or something? Maybe as a kind of prank that went too far?

Simon: No...

Simon: Ok.

Simon: Actually the teacher was like 'you should be in the year above', and before you know it, she thinks I should be in kindergarten.

Simon: Wow.

Simon: Yes, very upsetting.

Simon: Yes, the speed of it was what hurt the most. The change of attitude was in months. :(

Simon: But it's all over now?

Simon: Not really, I have dreams about it all the time. I can't escape it.

Simon: I think you need to confront your fears...

Simon: Take my GCSEs again, you mean?

Simon: Maybe, yeah.

Simon: Tbh, I'd probably have more satisfaction burning the papers. Of course I wouldn't do so in an examination room, :) but if I somehow got my old school text books, I'd take to them my garden or any open area and reap my vengeance.

Simon: Again, I think you should just work harder.

Simon: You're so wise. On a lighter note, Formula 1 is on, today.

Simon: I hear Lewis Hamilton is starting in 2nd...

Simon: Yeah, I'm not happy about that. Who does 'leader' Max Verstappen think he is? First he thinks he's the greatest crisp mascot ever or whatever the hell is going on, next thing he has the conceit to think he can win the championship!!

Simon: Is Max Verstappen the only conceited driver?

Simon: Yes.

Simon: How so?

Simon: Just a feeling.

Simon: You don't think that's slander?

Simon: Max Verstappen has the foolishness to think he can win???

Simon: Still slander.

Simon: Max Verstappen has the mistaken belief he can win...

Simon: Yeah, I'm happy with that.

Simon: Phew.

(Turns out he DID win the race at least). :S

Simon: Anything else to say?

Simon: Nope.

Simon: Bye then?

Simon: Byeeeee.