

Simon 1: How's your mood now?

Simon 2: Pretty good, pretty good. Can't complain!

Simon 1: Oh good.

Simon 2: A bit of a blunt and rude way to start this interview, though...

Simon 1: Sorry, it's autism. Which is a benefit, as it does mean I don't have to think of more creative intros. No actually, it's the latter reason alone.

Simon 2: Fair enough.

Simon 1: The amount of time saved, these last few years? It justifies the rudeness, quite frankly. Me saying 'hello, how are you? Are you well?' in hundreds of ways? I'm not sure if it's possible, unless I did so in different languages, maybe?

Simon 2: I understand but no one is forcing you to speak German, you could just say 'hello, how are you' hundreds of times. In fact, that's completely normal...

Simon 1: But it's uncreative... Not only that, if we to have a genuinely polite and friendly conversation, people could perceive that as a bit narcissistic, with us being the same person and all...

Simon 2: Ok, just forget it. Anyway, in cooler weather I notice my mood picking up, maybe a little too much. It SOUNDS good, but you have to think of the comedown. It's a very weird feeling, you know? Willing your mood to be worse, without the explanation it would seem like I had mental problems.

Simon 1: It's really that simple?

Simon 2: Again, against all reason it does seem to be. I just think to myself 'I want to be happier next Spring and Summer' and all of a sudden I'm not quite so hyper anymore. What's particularly impressive is the fact I once read bipolar is one of the most misunderstood mental illnesses. Well? Not anymore...

Simon 1: Would you like to try and cure schizophrenia?

Simon 2: Eat more beans?

Simon 1: It's funny you say that, as some people do find diet can help with symptoms...

Simon 2: Well there you go then. Next up I'll be curing depression and anxiety.

Simon 1: Any ideas?

Simon 2: Well, I know how to CAUSE the two conditions. First up you could say to someone 'you're a prick' and secondly you could say 'Oh no, that bruise on your arm? It's cancer.' So logically, if you act in the opposite way, you'll get opposite

reactions.

Simon 1: I'd be more angry than depressed if someone called me a prick.

Simon 2: No, not if you're really convincing. You could say to someone, 'objectively you're a prick' and you could give evidence. In that case they'd have to accept that and then they'd be sad, if they're angry it only be at themselves and the fact that they are indeed a prick. Anyway, the point is calling someone NOT a prick should cure them and telling someone they don't have cancer with calm people down.

Simon 1: What if they do have cancer and you tell them they haven't?

Simon 2: Well, that's very clearly abuse. I'd go further and say that was evil.

Simon 1: In your defence though, it would make them less anxious, albeit briefly.

Simon 2: Yes, 'brief hope' is perhaps a better phrase than 'false hope'. Not for the person experiencing it, though.

Simon 1: Now that YOU'RE cured of depression, by perhaps telling yourself you're not a prick (debatable) do you have symptoms of anything else?

Simon 2: Yes, sometimes if I see clean-shaven men with long hair, I think they're girls. I don't know what's going on, that never used to happen to me.

Simon 1: Have you hit your head on something, recently?

Simon 2: Not hard, no... Furthermore, recently, I saw my eldest niece on the train. I was thinking 'ha, you look just like her.' Then after a dream with her in it, I woke up realising it was actually her. I must have seemed very rude not starting a conversation with her. But she didn't talk to me either, so things balanced out.

Simon 1: You've gone face blind?

Simon 2: Apparently. I once took a face blindness test over 15 years ago, and if anything my score was actually better than average. A decade and a half later and I can't recognise close family members.

Simon 1: That would really concern most people...

Simon 2: Not me.

Simon 1: Speaking of mental health, have you seen anything strange in the building you get Clozapine blood tests?

Simon 2: Yep, there's a 'mind your head' sign on one of the doors, but you'd need to be about 6 foot 8 to bang your head, and possibly blind, too. That in itself was a little bit weird, but a smaller door had no sign! Then a few minutes after noticing the warning, someone who was about 6 foot 8 went through the door with the sign above it, and he didn't use the door without one, after all.

Simon 1: The sign wasn't strange, then...

Simon 2: Right. Well, kind of. He was just small enough to not need to worry about banging his head. Only just, though.

Simon 1: And dare I ask have you appeared crazy, recently?

Simon 2: Yes, you know my blogs about Matt Jones's podcasts?

Simon 1: I do indeed...

Simon 2: I sent him a link of my most recent podcast-themed blog for him to read and he said 'thank you'. However, unless he visits this site often, which he probably doesn't, he won't have any idea what the Dominant Egg and the pig cadaver are, and I mentioned both of those things in the most recent Matt blog.

Simon 1: Oh no. The 'thank you' could have been a false thank you!

Simon 2: Yes, he was most likely thinking I was one of the biggest freaks of all time. As in 'Thank you, Simon. And I mean that, I really do. You talk to dead pigs, eh? That's fine! And you believe you communicate with eggs that you refer to as 'dominant'? Great. Now let's not speak again.'

Simon 1: Yes, even with the explanation that the pig cadaver was based on a numberplate you've seen, it's still a little odd you're considering talking to a dead animal...

Simon 2: You never know, he could be quite the character!

Simon 1: How?

Simon 2: I don't know. I'd imagine he'd be a very DARK character, but I can seem him cracking a joke or two...

Simon 1: Such as?

Simon 2: Why did the pig cross the road?

Simon 1: Why?

Simon 2: I don't know, but it really shouldn't have done.

Simon 1: Perfect. And is all that you have to say for now?

Simon 2: Yes, bye!