

Simon: Hello! What's on your mind today?

Simon: I have a checkup at the doctor's, tomorrow...

Simon: And?

Simon: That's all the information I was given. I got a text message.

Simon: Excited?

Simon: Errr... Why would I be excited? You really are a nutter aren't you? Or maybe you just didn't even understand your own question? You really don't care about these interviews any more, do you?

Simon: ... Nervous?

Simon: Maybe a little. My concern is it's not just a physical checkup but a mental one, too. I always hate those.

Simon: Why?

Simon: The question 'Have you been hearing any voices?' alone bothers me. How's it supposed to make me feel? Normal? I could make a joke and say that everyone hears voices when spoken to, but then I'd get labelled as having stupid personality disorder or whatever. I think I'll just give a simple 'no' to such a question.

Simon: There you go. That wasn't so bad. What's stupid personality disorder?

Simon: It's a condition I have proposed. Part of the dramatic/erratic cluster. (Cluster B).

Simon: Ah. You know your stuff then?

Simon: I know cluster B, it's my favourite cluster. Anyway, what do I say to 'How are you feeling in yourself?' I'm not feeling in myself. You think I've been performing surgery on me?? THAT'S mad. Surely that's a good reason to section someone?

Simon: Yep. A medical emergency. But I think the question means 'how are your moods?'

Simon: Well they're all over the place.

Simon: Are they anything you can't handle?

Simon: Nope.

Simon: Awesome. Another positive.

Simon: On another plus side, I'm not constipated. If I'm not asked about such a subject, I could still point it out.

Simon: But then the doctor could be like 'Why did you say that to me? Did the voices ask you about that matter?'

Simon: Then I diagnose HIM/HER with paranoid schizophrenia.

Simon: You'll tell him/her he's/she's having a mental breakdown?

Simon: Exactly. Not nice, is it?

Simon: And if he or she asks you why you brought up the topic of digestion, you could actually call him/her at least incompetent. I mean... it's a health checkup...

Simon: Oh yeah. Did you know after I got my text message, I booked the appointment online all by myself without any help?

Simon: No way.

Simon: It's true. It was easy.

Simon: Did it give you a boost?

Simon: I don't know about THAT, but it was a relief I guess. One of the questions was a bit hard to answer, as it didn't really make sense in my case. It was 'How long has your problem been bothering you?' I mean, I never even knew I had any problems. So to that, I just put 'No idea'.

Simon: I bet the person reading that thought you were being clever.

Simon: Yeah, well.

Simon: Are you going to the gym later?

Simon: Yip. I'm all recovered after my burnout. I actually had a very good workout on Monday, which I wasn't expecting.

Simon: How about that?

Simon: Yeah, that wasn't so interesting. In a way I'm grateful for my doctor's appointment, in that's it generated material. I'm not excited though.

Simon: A puzzling mood for any doctor to witness...

Simon: Yes. It could be assumed I'm on drugs...

Simon: THEN you get sectioned.

Simon: It really is a minefield, isn't it? No drugs, no voices, no auto-surgery.

Simon: You know what I think you should do?

Simon: What?

Simon: Just be calm. Being calm is never suspect.

Simon: What about when you've been told you have cancer?

Simon: Do you have cancer?

Simon: I hope not!

Simon: It's ok, if you have cancer you can tell me...

Simon: I'm fairly sure I don't have cancer.

Simon: :)

Simon: Er... Bye.

(A day passes)

Simon: Check up go well?

Simon: Yep, I got there a few minutes early and I got an early appointment!

Simon: A special case. You must have cancer...

Simon: Not this again.

Simon: Ok. Then what happened?

Simon: I got told that the nurse Jane would be seeing me. I thought to myself 'Good, I know this person, she won't get me sectioned...'

Simon: Great!

Simon: Yes, turns out it was physical not mental checkup anyway. I had to give three blood samples.

Simon: Hurt?

Simon: It did actually, she really isn't that good at inserting needles. On the plus side, my blood pressure and blood sugar levels were complimented, which was nice.

Simon: When will you get the test results back?

Simon: Next week at the latest.

Simon: A long time to wait for your cancer all clear.

Simon: For the last time, I don't have cancer. Do you have cancer or something?

Simon: No...

Simon: Are you sure?

Simon: Yes.

Simon: Are you really sure?

Simon: Yes.

Simon: Am I annoying you?

Simon: Actually I appreciate your concern.

Simon: Oh. Fair enough.

Simon: Hang on... You don't need to be sectioned, do you?

Simon: Na. But some of the stuff on this site is a bit weird.

Simon: You mean the stuff James says/does?

Simon: Precisely.

Simon: Do you think he needs to be sectioned?

Simon: I think someone needs to talk to him, but he's probably fine.

Simon: I see.

Simon: On another note, I looked very shifty when checking if my car was parked in someone's driveway over and over again to be 'safe'. It must have looked like I was planning a robbery. Making things worse, someone crashed into my car ages ago, so it looks really tacky. It could seem like that alone could be an incentive to rob.

Simon: Anything else happen today?

Simon: Nope. SO, I was thinking, there's an auctioning program on TV where the money that gets made goes to charity. But what if the stars lose money from auctions? Do they then have to steal from charities?

Simon: Hm. I guess money doesn't grow on trees. Maybe the stars of the show could wear balaclavas and do a nighttime raid of a charity shop?

Simon: Entertaining viewing, I suppose, but morally wrong.

Simon: Of course.

Simon: Here's another tidbit: Charles Manson said it was fine him killing people because 'everyone had done everything in the world to him', but surely no one KILLED him? He wasn't immortal...

Simon: Charles Manson: The final boss in a Mortal Kombat style fighting game...

Simon: Yeah! I mean apparently EVERYONE killed him and he didn't die from it, which is particularly impressive. That's not just boss level, that's like M. Bison times a million.

Simon: Too hard, if anything.

Simon: Exactly, frustrating. I wonder what his special move could be. Maybe speaking gibberish.

Simon: He did have a tendency to be very vague and confusing.

Simon: Tidbit no.3 (all I've got for now): I saw a Napalm Death puzzle advertised.

Simon: And?

Simon: Do grindcore fans like doing puzzles?

Simon: Hm. I would have thought they would prefer bringing down the government...

Simon: Oh, here's a tidbit discovered just now! On a well known news website, I saw an appeal to track down a man who stole a steak from a supermarket. I mean... is that REALLY news worthy?

Simon: Was it a good steak?

Simon: Actually, it was from Aldi, so I doubt it.

Simon: Was it a huge steak?

Simon: Nope.

Simon: Maybe the offender was being really aggressive as well?

Simon: Nope.

Simon: He just stole a steak?

Simon: Right!

Simon: Did you know Russia might invade Ukraine?

Simon: Yep.

Simon: And the steak story was on the same page as the war headline?

Simon: Yes! It wasn't above it though, which is something. I'll tell you what should have been the main headline: I saw on the news an article saying an art gallery security guard drew eyes on a minimalist painting worth £750,000.

Simon: He drew eyes on a face, you mean?

Simon: Yep!

Simon: But faces have eyes.

Simon: Not this one. It was minimalist.

Simon: Ah. So he made an improvement?

Simon: You know what? I'm really not qualified to say. Maybe he did, who knows?

Simon: A fusing of styles, maybe?

Simon: Maybe. A post-minimalism-pen-paint portrait. What's really impressive is the fact it took many, many decades for it to be completely finished.

Simon: :O

Simon: Changing the subject a little, I read 'Myles Kennedy and The Conspirators' as 'Myles Kennedy and The Constipators'.

Simon: What's a constipator?

Simon: Someone who steals fibre?

Simon: Who does that?

Simon: A hungry person.

Simon: And how would he take the fibre out of foods?

Simon: He takes the whole food.

Simon: Ok.

Simon: There you go. The other day, I found out I can play pinch harmonics with my toes. The thing is, I can't play them with my hands, I never worked it out. Well I can in a way, just not the typical way. My method is a little more 'trial and error'.

Simon: That's a shame.

Simon: It is a bit of a shame, they sound really cool.

Simon: :(

Simon: Ok, that's all I have to say. I'm all tidbitted out.

(A day passes)

Simon: Let's get this proofed!

Simon: Byeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.