As a child, I loved going to laser quest but one day I grew too old for it. To this day I still don't really enjoy going there which is both sad and reassuring, much like a doctor telling you that you don't have cancer but you need to start listening to cheesy 80s pop songs. Because the doctor gave reassuring news and cheesy music is sad, I mean. Or rather 'saaaaad'. I haven't heard anyone say the slang word 'sad' for a while now, which is a shame as I rather liked it. Why would a health professional ever say something so weird? Well, that's what you get when someone goes online and prints out a doctorate certificate for himself, isn't it? Not to worry, I can just go paint balling. Nope, now I'm too old for that. Unless I started wearing makeup, maybe… A paintballer to be feared and with youthful skin. However, I'm not going to start wearing makeup, not for anyone, so I suppose I can never shoot people with paint again. Pouring paint on people isn't an option either, as that's a hobby of 2 - 3 year olds. I poured sand on someone as an infant, never again though because I got an immediate retaliation and had sand stuck in my eye for what seemed like a lifetime. If I truly want to be mature and keep with the theme of shooting others, now my only option is to go to real war and I don't want to. One day I'll be too old for that, though. I'm not in any way calling soldiers immature though, or indeed elderly people who want to be soldiers, thank you for your service/thank you for imagining your service…

Now I will move onto what I call 'The Simon Timeline', which describes every stage of human development, but with a wacky twist: 0 -1 years old: No access to weapons, toy or otherwise. 2 - 3 years: Still no toys or guns, but you can still pour paint on people and likely get away with it. It's just you being adorable! 4 - 6: You can dream of going to laser quest, but you're too small. 7 - 11 years: You're now big enough for laser quest! Enjoy it while it lasts. 12 - mid 30s: You can go paint balling! 18 - 65: You can fight in real wars! 66 +: For God's sake get a job that doesn't involve attacking others and calm down! Other people are probably scared of you. 18 - 75: Don't even THINK of pouring paint on people. 76 +: I guess you can pour paint on people, again. You're quite the character! Now I'll move on to what could happen to someone psychologically if they don't adequately progress through each stage in life: 0 -1: You'll grow up being obsessed with weapons. Healthy people may grow up selling cutlery/DIY tools, less adaptive people will end up in jail. 2 - 3: You never grow out of pouring paint on people and you're labelled a 'moron.' 4 - 6: You'll grow up obsessed with laser weapons. Healthy people may end up working for MI5, unhealthy people with a have a long wait on their hands. For now, buy a laser pen! 7 - 11: You'll endlessly point laser pens at people. 12 - mid 30s: You'll want to become a painter and decorator. 18 - 65: Nothing bad will happen at all. Missing wars is actually a good thing! 66 +: Again, nothing will happen if you miss a war, although you might have issues with manliness.

I'm wondering if 80s pop could actually help heal someone from cancer. I mean the music is certainly uplifting, it's important to keep your spirits up, no? I'm not suggesting that's a COMPLETE cure for the disease though, that would get me lot of hate. (Or a lot of love if I did actually find a total cure). You can call me sad, but at least I'd have a tiny medical advantage when listening to Abba or whatever, if ever diagnosed, right? If Yngwie Malmsteen likes Abba, so should you. Oh wow, Google says vitamin supplements don't prevent cancer, that wasn't what I was expecting. It's just Yngwie has his own vitamin business, I was going to say the chances of him getting the disease would be close to zero… Oh if only being able to shred on guitar

and inventing neoclassical metal prevented you from the condition. Cancer has a bad reputation and rightly so, but I'd much rather have that than die in a really stupid way, which is one of my fears. It's just my life has been consistently silly/ridiculous, if I died after an elephant tripped over and fell on me, it would be too much to handle. I'd imagine the elephant would die as well, if so, don't even think of burying by the elephant, even it was an accident. This is what I want to see on my gravestone: 'Simon Wiedemann, 1988 to 2088. Much loved and died normally.' When Googling cancer, I came across an article about how likely you are to get dementia and it started very well but got worse towards the end. You should have good mental health and lots of friends? Dammit. And on that annoyed note… bye!