

Simon: Hello, you recently complained that the local fish and chip place had no more fried chicken, most likely because they gave it all away for free. Do they have any of the chicken, now?

Simon: I went there on Wednesday and nope. I then asked if they would have any more and they said 'yes, tomorrow'. I should have asked if they would be SELLING any more, though. As opposed to of course, giving it all away again.

Simon: It makes you wonder why they seem to be so keen to get rid of it...

Simon: I've heard of stories where people plan on committing crimes thinking it will be good, and after the crime they say how devastated they feel...

Simon: What are you suggesting?

Simon: Maybe the runner of the shop orders dodgy chicken made from rats/bees/rabbits, etc. and when he finally gets it, he feels terrible and gives it all away. And that happens over and over again.

Simon: Why give it away, if he feels so bad? Why not just bin it?

Simon: He's just a bit slow, that's all. He doesn't know how to run a company.

Simon: You'd have thought his shop would have closed already...

Simon: You'd think so, but the special rats/bee/rabbit takeaway is just too good. People keep on coming back for more, but crucially they pay for other things there as well.

Simon: What's the special food taste like?

Simon: I don't know. Maybe a bit tangy?

Simon: Yeah, I'd imagine bees would be tangy...

Simon: And the rabbits provide the flavour. Anyway, I had to resort to getting chicken nuggets, instead. They did have some, presumably because they gave me the amount of nuggets I asked for, instead of giving me the rest of their stock.

Simon: Obviously you don't need to reap revenge on the fish and chip shop as they're kind if anything, annoying as they may be, have you paid another shop back?

Simon: Errr... I played a very small scale prank out of boredom, I guess.

Simon: And that was?

Simon: I picked up a bar of chocolate, changed my mind because I wanted special offer cookies instead, then put the chocolate back in the wrong place. The thing was, I went to the shop the following day and it was still in the wrong place! I was thinking to myself 'That was me!', but no one would ever know. It made me feel mysterious.

Simon: Exciting?

Simon: Oh very much so.

Simon: Ever been more excited?

Simon: Yep, as a child I had the great idea of taking plastic coins from a toy cash machine then hiding them under a small construction with targets on, used for kicking footballs at. I was thinking to myself 'In a few years time, someone is going to move that thing and wonder why anyone would hide plastic coins there...' I did it with my friend and it is one of my most cherished childhood memories. However, I talked to the same friend about that many, many years later and he said he couldn't remember. Basically he denied it ever happened. Clearly he didn't get as much out of the activity as me.

Simon: The origins of Simon's criminality.

Simon: Yes, it started then, later I'd try and put vinegar in the water of mentally ill children, then I put chocolates in the wrong place.

Simon: What's criminal mischief mean? Is that what you're guilty of?

Simon: That does sound harmless, let's Google it now.

Simon: Well?

Simon: It means the intentional or reckless damage of property belonging to someone else.

Simon: Can you damage water, technically speaking?

Simon: Let's ask Google again. It says 'no'.

Simon: That's lucky. You were almost a mischievous criminal!

Simon: Yes almost, because I didn't damage the plastic coins, I just hid them. Hopefully hid them for a good few years or so. And of course, I misplaced the chocolates.

Simon: Any humorous misunderstandings?

Simon: The Youtube subtitles should have said 'Butlins' but said 'butlands'.

Simon: What's that?

Simon: Dunno. Some X rated site or resort. Or it could be a place where people make lots of excuses.

Simon: But, you see... but, but...

Simon: Exactly my thinking.

Simon: A resort where people make excuses?

Simon: That would be weird...

Simon: Are you thinking of prisons? Criminals always make excuses...

Simon: I guess you could call a prison a resort, technically speaking...

Simon: Google says resorts are places that are frequented for holidays or recreation or for a particular purpose.

Simon: Some people consider prisons to be holidays. There was at least one person who was able to be released from jail, but chose to stay there. Sounds like a resort to me.

Simon: A resort, but a rubbish one.

Simon: Yes, someone needs to explain to the convict there are far better places to go on holiday out there. But he wouldn't know as his life has been crap.

Simon: Don't tell him about Butlands.

Simon: That would be a creepy conversation...

Simon: But Disneyland would be too far in the other direction...

Simon: Yes, going there would be the day when he loses all respect from his fellow inmates. I was also confused when I read 'I don't know why you're giving me the Elvis'. What's that supposed to mean? Of course it actually said 'I don't know why you're giving me the evils'.

Simon: I wouldn't know why someone would give me the Elvis...

Simon: It sounds like a very rare and expensive gift, though.

Simon: Yes, I'd appreciate the thought, but why not give me something else?

Simon: I'm wondering if the person offering the Elvis would realise he died a while ago. If not, maybe the Elvis could end up working as a slave?

Simon: That situation would make me feel very uncomfortable. I mean part of me would like Elvis as a slave, but it is shady.

Simon: Wow, a 90 year old legendary singer/guitarist doing my cleaning...

Simon: Rather than a dead singer/guitarist doing the cleaning...

Simon: THAT'S creepy.

Simon: I'm wondering how he'd do the cleaning...

Simon: Like regular cleaning, but haunted.

Simon: What's THAT mean?

Simon: He could do this dishes whilst going 'ooooooooooooo'.

Simon: Yeah, and what kind of gift is that?

Simon: There are pros and cons. The chores would be done well, just in a way that's spooky.

Simon: How are you hives caused by stress?

Simon: Pretty good! They're definitely going now. Technically speaking they're chronic as I've had them for around 6 weeks, but they're only borderline.

Simon: You're hives have borderline personality disorder?

Simon: No, they're borderline chronic. That's all.

Simon: Yeah? Well say goodbye to your progress after a haunted Elvis helps around the house.

Simon: Ok. I'm wondering how hives with BDP would behave... Maybe like other hives, but more emotionally unstable.

Simon: And what does that mean?

Simon: You can get aggressive hives, I think. Such hives have BDP.

Simon: No, that's a misunderstanding.

Simon: Well, I don't really understand hives. Rashes that don't itch? Mind blown.

Simon: Nothing else to say then?

Simon: Nope, byeeee...