

Simon: Hello, Simon! I understood you really faced your fears on Friday?

Simon: I sure did. As you know, the week before I took a wrong turn in my car after going for a long walk, and ended up getting lost, travelling up and down the country. Well up and down the motorways, at least. I actually ended up in Slough, home of The Office.

Simon: So you went for the same walk two days ago, drove back home armed with your Satnav and faced that confusing road with three different routes to go down?

Simon: Yep.

Simon: That's all?

Simon: I know it sounds silly when I say that caused me anxiety, but when you're severely lost and running out of petrol, it has an effect on you. It changes your outlook on life.

Simon: So long story short, you went for another drive, followed the directions and made it back home?

Simon: Yeah.

Simon: It's not really a long story though.

Simon: Short story, short, then.

Simon: That doesn't make sense.

Simon: Don't care. I faced my fears and conquered them.

Simon: Good man. And yesterday, you wrote the latest contest blog, that you will be posting on December 1st?

Simon: Yes. The thing is, it's far easier for me to be funny by being an asshole to people. You may have noticed that. Maybe that's not true for everyone else, but I know I have to put that extra bit of effort into my material when I'm promoting others. Yesterday was no different.

Simon: So you were nice, then?

Simon: Nice-ish, I suppose. At the other end of the spectrum, I don't want to come across as a creep. As in, 'That was awesome! You really ARE a king amongst men. ;)'

Simon: So you thought carefully?

Simon: Yip. It's a fine line between being funny and obnoxious or funny and abusive. Needless to say coming across as obnoxious and abusive would be a complete disaster. Luckily, I have a lot of time to reflect on my writings. If I didn't, it would be

like a rally driver driving blindfolded. It IS possible but of course, not recommended. Very frightening, even.

Simon: Anything else on your mind?

Simon: Errr... I recently told my Mac to give me a phone call, to give me an access code or whatever.

Simon: So you could keep using your computer?

Simon: Yep. Another techno problem. Anyway, the phone was like 'here's the code: Onesevенеightninediftyseventytwoeightyonepointfive. If you didn't get that the first time, it was Onesevенеightninediftyseventytwoeightyonepointfive.' Not so helpful. I asked for another call and unsurprisingly I couldn't write the number in time in that case, either. I tried AGAIN, but wasn't allowed any more attempts. So it was my fault? Is that what my computer was saying?? Anyway, turns out I didn't even need the code. I don't really understand what happened.

Simon: Next subject?

Simon: Yes. Why do I have to show my ID when buying beers with 0.05% alcohol in them? Do you realise how many of such beverages I'd need to get drunk? At least 500. Do the sellers worry I'm going stock up on the drinks one by one until I get enough? Imagine drinking that much in one go. I'm not joking when I say your body would MASSIVELY expand. The liquids have to go somewhere. It would be horrifying.

Simon: And you're getting some of the same drinks later?

Simon: Nope. I already have a few. Not hundreds, though.

Simon: You're getting food later, then?

Simon: Yes! Hopefully a tasty curry will be on sale. Again, I'm not interested in hundreds. I wonder if 500 non alcoholic beers is safer than 500 curries. Neither sound great, but I believe binge drinking is more dangerous. It's definitely not something I'd like to test. I mean if 500 curries take up, say 50 cubic meters, what the HELL is that gong to do to me?

Simon: Maybe it would make you taller?

Simon: I guess that would be something. Either that, or it would turn me into some kind of freakish disc-like being.

Simon: You'd look like a pancake.

Simon: Right.

Simon: ...

Simon: ...

Simon: You're back from the shops and have eaten! Good?

Simon: Yep. One curry was enough along with some crisps. I'm sure I have the capacity to eat two, maybe even three. But 500?

Simon: Apparently you need to be trained to be a competitive eater. I wonder what the training is like...

Simon: I can't imagine it being too deep. I mean as far as I'm aware, eating-teaching qualifications don't exist, so anyone can call themselves a food trainer, right? It would probably just be like 'Is that all you can eat?? Eat more!'

Simon: That's not too different to army training, right? You just see Sergeants going 'Is that all the exercise you can do?? Work harder!' I understand that's supposed to be motivational, but it sounds like the easiest job in the world. Or maybe I need to watch more war films. Or pay attention to them more??

Simon: In Full Metal Jacket, it seemed the Sergeant was more preoccupied with coming up with creative insults than being helpful. He probably had a huge notebook of ideas, which he worked on when everyone else was sleeping. Sad really.

Simon: Presumably sergeants have been trained to fight, though?

Simon: I sure hope so. Imagine if they only had qualifications in creative English! :S

Simon: Only being trained in arts and crafts would also be weird.

Simon: Or drama.

Simon: Well, the army wouldn't be taken seriously, would it? Is that everything you have to say, then?

Simon: Yip, Bye!