

More MOT Madness

Simon: Hello! Following Blog 218, I understand you're getting your car fixed tomorrow, so it can pass its MOT?

Simon: I am indeed...

Simon: How interesting.

Simon: I hope so. But before that, I have one thing on my mind.

Simon: Go on...

Simon: Do you know what's REALLY bugging me?

Simon: Everything?

Simon: No, I mean the most, right now?

Simon: What?

Simon: I can't get my head around the fact if you add another hour to the day, night comes earlier. Surely night comes quicker, so you lose an hour. It's simple logic.

Simon: Oh yeah.

Simon: It's driving me mad. It wouldn't be so bad, but my mind won't rest until I find out what the HELL is going on. I remember when I was younger and Otto from The Simpsons said 'don't do anything I wouldn't do'. Intuitively I knew what that meant, but I had to be sure. I had to break the sentence down into parts, as in 'Don't do, that's fairly straightforward, but don't do anything I WOULDN'T do? Let's think about this'. It's not exactly hardcore algebra but to this day, I'm sure if anyone said that phrase to me, I'd probably punch them, simply out of frustration.

Simon: That must be not not hard for you.

Simon: Don't you dare speak to me like that.

Simon: It's really not that complicated...

Simon: Yes it is!! And I think about it over and over, and I never feel any better!

Simon: You do understand modal theory, though.

Simon: YES. That's what I tell myself. It's not so bad, if C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C is C Ionian, the second mode starts and ends on D, making D Dorian. I'm oversimplifying, but that's basically it. Many people HATE that stuff.

Simon: You're on fire! If you're so clever, how come if you shoot a gun on a train moving 700 mph...

Simon: Wow, 700 mph?

Simon: Let me finish! How come if you shoot a gun on a train, yes, going 700 mph and the bullet would also go 700 mph if fired on the non-moving ground, the train bullet effectively goes 1,400 mph? Where's the extra speed coming from?

Simon: Oh screw you! You like making me feel small, don't you?

Simon: Yeah.

Simon: And why if you're on a train going 1,400 mph and you shoot a 700 mph bullet, do you not end up shooting yourself?

Simon: I don't know either.

Simon: Ha.

Simon: Anyway, you cycled to the gym today, because it would be illegal to use your car?

Simon: Oh you! You're making me look good on purpose aren't you?

Simon: Yep. My way of apologising for just now.

Simon: Thanks! Yes, I was SO legal.

Simon: You sure were. You're always legal too!

Simon: You're making me blush!

Simon: And you cycled in the cold!

Simon: Yip. I'm going to cycle in the even colder weather later, to get myself a kebab!

Simon: But the noise of the traffic, won't that damage your ears?

Simon: That's a risk I'll have to take.

Simon: So brave!

Simon: Ok, you're starting to get creepy, now.

Simon: Oh. Talk later then?

Simon: Yip.

Simon: ...

Simon: I'm back from the opticians, gym, the tasty Subway and then from the MOT place!

Simon: Woah, there. Would you like to break that down?

Simon: Sure. First of all I went to the speccy centre as my glasses frame is about to snap. Annoyingly my size frames aren't made anymore, so I need new lenses too or whatever, and to get those I need a new sight test.

Simon: That is annoying.

Simon: I'm a bit nervous as I haven't had my eyes tested in five years. What if they've got worse?

Simon: Well what's the worst that can happen? The optician isn't exactly going to say 'sorry to tell you this, but now you're blind'.

Simon: I guess. Hopefully I'll get good blog material out of it, too. Anyway, after that I dropped my car off at the MOT centre, then walked to the gym. As you may know, my time keeping abilities aren't exactly great, so I got there about about 30 minutes earlier than I booked. Luckily I was allowed to alter my appointment time. Will I ever hit that exactly on time sweet spot? Who knows?

Simon: Fingers crossed. Have a good workout?

Simon: Yep, but I got all sweaty. That's not usually an issue as I usually go straight home after exercising, but doing a lot of waiting around in your own sweat isn't so good. Luckily it was raining so my apparent poor hygiene was disguised. Plus I had a jumper over my sweaty shirt providing a valuable extra layer of defence.

Simon: Phew! What was the Subway like?

Simon: Very nice. I got some hash browns there, too. I don't know why, but for some reason, potato based foods often make my chest feel uncomfortable. I don't really have that problem with anything else.

Simon: Maybe potatoes don't like being eaten and they're mad at you.

Simon: Don't start. I don't want to obsess over that, too. Doing so is far worse than thinking about confusing phrases.

Simon: Sorry. Lastly, how did your MOT go?

Simon: Unfortunately, as I was waiting/eating in the waiting around area, I didn't have a pen and paper to make notes. Not just for this interview, but to make it look like I was grading the staff. If I did, maybe they'd be that extra bit quicker. That wasn't to worry though, as they were pretty quick.

Simon: Super!

Simon: Yes. However, the receptionist told me my bill was £291, which as you know...

Simon: It should have been £291.05.

Simon: Right. Would it be theft if I didn't point that out to her?

Simon: Quite possibly. You may have to go to jail.

Simon: Eek. Luckily though, the credit card machine gave the right price in the end, so my conscious is clean.

Simon: Excellent stuff. I guess now it's the time to proof read this interview and make improvements?

Simon: It is indeed.

Simon: But how does that work? How can you improve what we've been talking about? You're not going to change this conversation to make it more interesting, are you?

Simon: Yes.

Simon: Oh.

Simon: Bye, then.

Simon: Byeee.