

In this monologue, I will be discussing words digitally picked by chance on an online word generator. If I can do random numbers, I can do random words. Get out your pen and paper and start learning. Let's go!

First up, we have the word 'Criminal'. I'm not sure why this word came up almost immediately. I'm sure it was just a coincidence, but it is easy to get paranoid and think it's related to me, somehow. But I'm fine. (Nowadays). Anyway, about the word: Well criminals are bad, but it's not a particularly harsh sounding word. You know what I'd call felons? Skugs. That sounds harsh.

Next up is 'Barrels': Barrels have NOTHING to do with me and that IS random. Peace of mind fully restored. I like the sound of this one.

Crusade: I've never really wanted to go on a crusade, just like I'm not a skug. And when I think of crusade, I think of an obscure fizzy drink. Certainly not anything to do with religion. Personally I'd call crusades holy wars to avoid any confusion.

Amputate? That better not have anything to do with me. What does the internet know? I'm sure I don't have leg cancer or whatever, as I'm sure the disease would show up in my monthly blood tests. What kind of dick wouldn't tell me about cancer??

Kidney: I'm sure my kidneys are fine, too. Can you amputate kidneys? I don't think that makes sense. Fortunately those two words weren't right next to each other. (I skipped a few words).

Flesh? As in amputate kidney flesh? Nooo. Coincidence. I'll move on.

Crusade again? The internet sure is warlike. That's just creepy.

Hospital? For my rotting kidney flesh?

Garage: You've changed your mind and you want to amputate my kidneys in a garage? Who's going to do the operation?

Fairy: A fairy's going to do the operation?

Convict: You've changed your mind again, and want a convict to do it? Look, I'm getting really scared...

Solution: No it's not the solution.

Contempt: You feel contempt for ME? How do you think I feel about you?

Trip? Now you want me to trip over? Screw you!

Threaten: Yes, I know you're threatening me.

Bat: With a bat, as well?

Scandal: Again, I agree.

Hell: It will be hell?

Staircase: Because of the staircase? What does that mean???

Pride: Pride? You're not making any sense!

Seal: Seal? Are you taking the mick??

Protect: Protect the what?

Chicken: Protect the chicken??

Hunter: Protect the chicken hunter?

Deep: No that wasn't deep, that was weird as all hell.

Embarrassment: You're embarrassed?

Tent: Oh tent... Ok...

Fight: No, I'm not going to fight you, you sound absolutely mental.

Offensive: Oh good, you found that offensive.

Car: Oh god, not this nonsense, again...

Mug: You're the mug!

Upset: Do you really think I care if you're upset?

Paradox: No, I don't think so.

Brush: No, it's not a brush, either.

Oak: Nope. Not oak...

Disk: This is getting ridiculous.

Continuation: Ok, you ARE continuing. But I wish you wouldn't.

Play: Oh, you're playing with me?

Tent: Tent, again?

Awful: Ah. It seems we finally agree on something.

Epicalyx: What's that?

Vein: It's a vein?

Assessment: That's your assessment?

Withdrawal: Oh you're withdrawing that. Good.

Prison: Well I don't think you're going to PRISON for making a mistake... Maybe you will for the illegal surgery...

Harmful: Right, harmful.

Total: Total harmful.

Hostile: Hostile, too.

No: No?

Critic: Yes... I am... Do you know what I think of you?

Fashionable: No, I don't think you're fashionable.

Rainbow: No, I don't think you're a rainbow, either. I think you're sick in the head. I don't know who or what programmed you, but your behaviour simply isn't on. I was just going about my day like a normal, good-hearted citizen, and then YOU come along.

Pity: You pity me? Do you really mean that?

Mug: Ok, you've called me a mug again. But you're the mug. Do you really think I believed you when you said you felt sorry for me?

Fool: I'm really getting mad at you, you know?

Sympathetic: Oh, you're sympathetic to me, now? I'm sick of all these games. I was hoping this monologue would end up being deep and insightful, but you've turned it into a complete farce.

Onion: That's EXACTLY what I mean.

Cake: Ok, well you're clearly never going to listen to me, so I'm going to end things, here. I hope one day you mature. Good day.

Window: Get lost.