

Hello readers, this is my first blog. I've just got out of bed which wasn't easy as I've very recently been accused of trying to burgle a couple of houses. Making things worse, they were my neighbour's houses. Tea and cakes with be very, very awkward with them from this point onwards. On the plus side, my nemesis Dan is also under investigation. Timmy's TNT is giving me financial support which is helping cover my legal fees, but at the same time is making me look even more sus. Maybe giving some of my TNT to my neighbours will ease the tension between us?... No, that makes no sense at all. That sounds more like a threat than anything. Unless maybe I cover the TNT with wrapping paper? No, the surprise would be too extreme. Negative, too. I guess I'm stuck. Maybe I could buy the locals some mince pies? It is that time of year, after all. What I really shouldn't do is give away mince pies AND TNT. I mean what would I be trying to say? I'll just be careful. Now what to do about Dan, I wonder? I could make him miss the start of the upcoming new year, but he said he wouldn't care. Yeah? How about I do that every year for TEN years? Play the long game.

I guess I should be working on my material for my next radio shows. Yes they're largely improvised, but I do have to be well prepared for any calls concerning numbers and my special number theory. Fancy someone saying their favourite number was 262626, what an asshole. Maybe I should try and work out how to be polite to people, as well. Let's try, now. Ok, here goes... 'Hello, nice meeting you. Are you having a nice day?' I guess that wasn't too bad, but I am starting to get a little agitated. I'll work through it. Let's try some more 'How's the wife and kids?' Oh no, I'm getting jittery and am starting to sweat. I just need to be polite one more time and I can finally prove to myself I can be normal. Right, here goes 'Oh, and how's your pet dog? I believe it's a spaniel? Oh no. Daniel... Daniel... DANIEL!!!! ARRRGHHHH!!' Oh God, I've blown it already. The TNT company may like such an attitude, but when they send me more explosives as a reward, which they probably would, I'd look even worse to everyone. And it's not even legal using such 'gifts', don't you think my situation deserves sympathy?? Imagine my pain when all I get is funny look after funny look!!!

9797, that's a number directed at Dan. It means 'no luck, no luck', obviously. Oh enough with Dan and numbers, the same thoughts, the same day for decades. It's a wasted life. I know how to be polite, I pretend the person I'm talking to is myself. As in 'Hello, I hope you're well, I really do mean that. And I mean REALLY.' You know what, I think that could work. I could continue 'I think you're the greatest person in the world'. That would sound creepy in most situations, but not in a situation where I genuinely mean it, surely. Would it be too far if I were to add 'you should be king of the world'? I get some people are friendly towards others, but what would make someone such a particularly huge friend? You know who I really like? The guy in HMV who looked at me like I wasn't TOO much of a freak. Sadly I know I'll never meet him again. Great guy. I could track him down, but again, problems with creepiness.

Well, better drive to the mysterious radio station appointment and brainstorm ideas along the way, I suppose. I can speak into a recorder on my travels. Ok, I'm in my car now and I have to be honest, I am on the lookout for the guy just mentioned. The very least I could do is give him a thumbs up. A special thumbs up, he may well be in the local area. Oh never mind... ... Right, I'm in the radio station studio with my

recorder still on...

Man: Hi, James.

Me: Hello, boss! You're being recorded for the purpose of a blog!

Man: Aren't blogs usually written?

Me: I don't know what to call it. Video logs are called vlogs, but what about audio vlogs? Au-logs? Or in my case a blog-au-log hybrid?

Man: I can't see that word ever catching on.

Me: Me neither. Anyway, do you have anything entertaining to say?

Man: Such as?

Me: A funny number?

Man: 1414?

Me: Ha! Why would anyone want to be the number one of pointlessness, twice??

Man: Exactly my thinking.

Me: Great! Anyway, I've just had a great idea for my next show!

Man: Go on...

Me: Mince pies for everyone! But in particular, mince pies for my neighbours, I have some stuff to clear up.

Man: The burglaries?

Me: Yep.

Man: You think a mince pie will make everything ok?

Me: No, lots of them.

Man: Not tens of thousands of pounds?

Me: Are you serious??

Man: Afraid so, yeah...

Me: Oh screw those people.

Man: You say you want to apologise to your neighbours by offering them cheap pastries and after that say 'screw them'?

Me: A bit controversial.

Man: Forget the pastries, just apologise.

Me: No, I tried a similar thing earlier, but it was impossible.

Man: What do you mean?

Me: I. Can't. Be. Nice.

Man: Yes, I've noticed that about you. Do you think you could be nice to the CEO of Timmy's TNT?

Me: I could try. Why?

Man: We have Timmy Tang in this building right now. I'd like you to meet him.

Me: Is Tang a Chinese surname?

Man: Yes, China is one of the biggest exporters of TNT. I think.

Me: Timmy Tang? It's catchy.

Man: Yes, Timmy Tang's TNT.

Me: Super jealous.

Man: Let's meet him now. You can leave your recorder on.

(Knocking on the door is heard)

Man: Hello? Timmy Tang's Tremendous TNT?

Me: You've made the alliteration even MORE extreme...

Man: Timmy Tang's Tremendous, Terrifying TNT.

Me: You're a hero!

Timmy: Come in!

(A door opens)

Me: Hello, Timmy!

Timmy: Hello.

Me: So... having... a nice day?

Timmy: You're sweating...

Me: I'm sorry. This situation is just hard for me.

Timmy: What do you mean?

Me: Asking if you've had a nice day. It's very difficult.

Timmy: Ok. How about you let off steam by blowing up some of my TNT?

Me: Here?

Timmy: No, not here.

Me: Where?

Timmy: Pretty much anywhere apart from here. You're a creative person, you decide.

Me: Oh. Ok. Cool.

Timmy: The pink dress you're wearing... it stays in people's minds. How about you keep wearing what you're wearing and you blow up some of my TNT nearby? THAT will stay in people's minds, my friend. It's the perfect advert and you will be VERY well rewarded.

Man: Well, James? How's the sound?

Me: That sounds... it sounds pretty good.

Timmy: Great! how about you blow up something, now?

Me: You know me. Always like blowing things up!

Timmy: Great, here you go. Some TNT.

Me: I guess, bye?

Timmy: Bye, James.

Man: Bye.

Me: You're staying here?

Timmy: Yep, just to talk business with your boss.

Me: Can I stay? It seems talking business here is really fun!

Man: Sorry, you have a job to do.

Me: Oh, okaaaay.

(A door closes)

Me: Well, time to get thinking... I know! Let's blow up my car! It's time for a new one, after all. Ah, it's good to be in open air. The nice, non-polluted air, that's about to get super smokey!

A man shouts: Police!

Me: Hello, officer?

Policeman: You, in the pink dress and carrying a bomb! Drop the weapon and put your hands in the air!

Me: Oh no.