

Simon: Hello! Up for another long interview?

Simon: Yep. Any reason why?

Simon: Just don't know what else to do, again.

Simon: You're very honest.

Simon: Thx.

Simon: No prob.

Simon: So... Any idea how to start things?

Simon: First up, I'm hoping to go to a barbecue on Sunday, but the weather will most likely be cloudy or even rainy, so the whole event (and it would be an event relatively speaking, as we can all understand), may be delayed another week.

Simon: Darn.

Simon: Yes, but what's the problem with cloudy barbecues really? No one ever says 'I'm not listening to music, today. I don't like the weather. Sure (safe) barbecues are outside making the climate more important, (you could argue) but if clouds are a problem for you, you need to man up. They're just a part of life.

Simon: Not just a part of life, but essential for survival...

Simon: Exactly. It's like people not being able to handle breathing or whatever.

Simon: Hating breathing must be awful...

Simon: Of course. But if you do hate it for whatever reason, you still have to try.

Simon: The poor guy sounds like he has a serious infection. Why aren't you being more compassionate?

Simon: Don't make me look like an asshole. I never meant to criticise people who are sick or even dying, FAR from it. Things have gone in the wrong direction completely, here. I'm just saying get used to clouds and have a nice time cooking burgers. That's all!

Simon: Ok, fine.

Simon: Thank you!

Simon: Just checking, you don't hate people with lung cancer do you?

Simon: No! Screw you!

Simon: Sorry. Again, just checking. Would you like a barbecue in a lightning storm?

Simon: Depends how bored I was.

Simon: Earthquake?

Simon: Hmm. Maybe taking cover would be a better idea.

Simon: Taking cover might be difficult. What if something you're hiding under falls on you?

Simon: You got me. I don't know what to do in an earthquake. Maybe find an empty field and lie on it?

Simon: I've never heard that idea before. (Then again, I haven't heard many).

Simon: Sounds logical to me.

Simon: Do you know what to do in a lightning storm?

Simon: Stay away from trees. They explode if they get struck.

Simon: Yes! It must be weird being a tree. Nothing happens for ages and ages, a child climbs you, nothing happens, then you and your friends explode.

Simon: And you thought I was weird...

Simon: What will you do if there's no barbecue?

Simon: Probably have a pizza.

Simon: Would you eat a pizza in cloudy weather?

Simon: I'd probably eat one in a nuclear apocalypse. You have to stay strong.

Simon: Maybe focusing on survival might be a better idea?

Simon: Well you need to keep your spirits up, don't you? I know it's a fine line between positivity and plain inappropriateness, though.

Simon: To be fair though, even in the worse case scenarios, you need to eat or you'll starve.

Simon: I agree, but there's something different about eating gourmet foods and drinking fine wines.

Simon: Is Papa John's gourmet food?

Simon: I'd call it gourmet...

Simon: Do you think PJ's would still be open in a nuclear wasteland?

Simon: I'd hope so. They were open throughout most of the pandemic. It makes you wonder how far they'd take things...

Simon: Sometimes I wonder if you'll ever stop talking about Papa John's...

Simon: You know what? I don't think I will. I know I may come across as obsessive, but I think I succeeded in basing a large number of short stories on similar foods. Why not take it to the max and write a novel about PJ's?

Simon: What would happen it?

Simon: You know how most stories are based on tension, if not chaos? I was thinking of really pushing the boundaries, and making everyone have a great time all the time.

Simon: That sounds really boring.

Simon: No, there would still be action in it. One scene could be about speeding to a restaurant, getting caught by the police, and then being forgiven as they had a great reason for breaking the law.

Simon: Maybe you should stop talking about the foods for now, at least.

Simon: Ok. I recently read the article heading 'could tigers be back in England?' as 'could tigers be back in England?!' I honestly thought that the animals could be 'back' in the country because of global warming.

Simon: Wow...

Simon: But then I reread it.

Simon: And when exactly did you think tigers died out for the first time over here?

Simon: A hundred years ago?

Simon: Do you know of any stories where Englishmen got attacked by the creatures?

Simon: Didn't Shakespeare get killed by a tiger?

Simon: No...

Simon: But no one knows how he died, right? Doesn't that sound suspicious?

Simon: Well there you go.

Simon: And no one knows how King Henry VIII died. I think he got killed by a tiger, too.

Simon: So that's your answer for everything? Tigers? And the king died of natural causes, anyway.

Simon: Tigers ARE natural.

Simon: Not in England, they're not.

Simon: Why are cats natural in England, then? What's the difference?

Simon: Anyway, what else is on your mind?

Simon: I'm getting a kebab, tomorrow. Last time I got one, I asked for extra chilli sauce and the guy sprayed the stuff everywhere. Joke's on him though, as that's what I wanted.

Simon: How often do you think about food? Be honest.

Simon: I think about music, too. I bought a Black Sabbath album, yesterday.

Simon: Answer the question.

Simon: Well after the purchase and the Starbucks hot chocolate I bought, and the six inch sub, what was I thinking? Hm. I guess I was thinking... I guess I was thinking about my next meal.

Simon: Give me a food thought percentage.

Simon: No.

Simon: You're embarrassed?

Simon: Now that I've reflected on things, I do realise my life isn't particularly interesting.

Simon: Talk about something completely different!!

Simon: There's... there's nothing else...

Simon: Try!

Simon: Wow... That's a tough one...

Simon: TRY!

Simon: I'm sorry, I can't. I've been sitting for about an hour since you said 'try' rather aggressively, and I'm well and truly stumped. Would you like to hear about how I just now ate two bananas?

Simon: No.

Simon: They're said to improve your mood, and I do feel better. But maybe that's the placebo affect...

Simon: I wonder if it's good advice to offer depressed people a banana?

Simon: Worth a try. You can get problems if you come off antidepressants, but bananas? I've never heard of that.

Simon: And you should eat fruit, anyway.

Simon: Exactly. And I've never heard of a fruit health warning. As in 'Warning: Excessive consumption may cause too much nutrition.' That would be weird.

Simon: What did you drink?

Simon: Ah, you've gone for a different angle. I like that. Just tap water.

Simon: Good?

Simon: I can't really think of ANYTHING in the world that tastes more bland. Some people say that cheap pizzas taste of cardboard, but either they're exaggerating, they're mental, they're extremely spoiled, or they're freaks who like eating cardboard.

Simon: Apparently you can sort of taste the minerals in water...

Simon: Wooooohooo.

Simon: Do you think tap water should be replaced with anything?

Simon: Orange juice could be good. Nice and healthy. Or is it loaded with sugar? How can oranges be good, and orange juice be bad? I'm confused. Maybe I've misunderstood.

Simon: Wouldn't you get sick of it coming out of your taps every day?

Simon: You don't get sick of water, do you? Is that just because it comes from taps? Are taps magic? That would be weird, but to be fair I have no real knowledge of the things. I've NEVER got tired of pizza and I don't THINK that comes from taps. Again, confused.

Simon: Pizza and water have more in common than a lot of people think!

Simon: Almost sounds unbelievable. The question 'What have pizza and water got in common?' could be something that's asked on a higher level quiz show. On the subject of quiz shows, I've had an idea for a program where you win a BILLION pounds, and only have to answer one question. However, that question is almost impossible. For example 'How long does the 45th video published on Youtube last, what is it about, and what does its fourth comment say? In French.'

Simon: That's three questions.

Simon: I like to think of it as a super question.

Simon: How long would the show last?

Simon: I dunno. An hour? That would give the contender plenty of time to think.

Simon: Ok. Maybe we should end things here, and continue tomorrow.

Simon: Byeeee.

(A day passes)

Simon: Hello again!

Simon: Hello to you! I have great news!

Simon: What?

Simon: Check out this non-food based anecdote: I get my meds sent to my house every month, and I have to be in when I get them. (Or someone might get jealous, steal them from my doorstep, eat them, and consequently think with mind boggling clarity). I asked the company delivering them to come in the morning. Sometimes the driver does come in the morning, sometimes he comes in the afternoon, sometimes the night, so basically he does whatever the hell he likes.

Simon: That must be annoying.

Simon: It is annoying. I have to go to the shops to get food, and now I have to starve as I wait.

Simon: But you can still get a kebab when your dad comes home? He could answer the door...

Simon: Yes. That's not so bad.

Simon: Will you be asking for extra chilli sauce, again? Just checking. I was listening to you, before. Kind of.

Simon: Yep. Take it to the max. On another note, you often hear people say the same phrase when exercising in the gym, but arguably I take it PAST the max, as sometimes I get joint pain. That sounds impressive, but I visited a physiotherapist a while ago, and he looked at me like I was a fool. :(

Simon: Really he should have admired you.

Simon: I know! I quite literally gave it 110%. There are many who say that's impossible.

Simon: :O

Simon: Oh no, my internet's gone.

Simon: Do you need it for anything?

Simon: I just like having the internet.

Simon: Try to distract yourself. What else is on your mind?

Simon: I once read someone saying 'Drums rarely start songs'. Actually, I could easily think of at least a hundred where the percussion starts things. Only an asshole would make a Youtube video proving the guy wrong, so I'll leave it. (There's 'Rock and Roll' by Led Zeppelin, 'Overkill' by Motorhead, 'Hot For Teacher' by Van Halen, just saying). Bass guitars rarely start tracks, though. I guess he was KIND of onto something. Just needed to think a bit more.

Simon: Drums and bass are both parts of the rhythm section.

Simon: There you go. He WAS onto something. Either that, or he was a ten year old boy with no knowledge of his subject, posing as a professional reviewer.

Simon: I hate it when that happens.

Simon: It makes entertaining reading though. Unless you take it too seriously and quote it in an essay.

Simon: Quoting a ten year old in a medical essay would be disastrous.

Simon: Very true. Fortunately kids very rarely manage to pose as professionals, though. When I was a child, I would have loved to have done that, but for the best, I never did.

Simon: Phew. I wonder how the kid doing the music journalism got his job... If he did, I mean.

Simon: Maybe he just looked old. Drew a moustache on his face, that kind of stuff.

Simon: Can you imagine what he'd say in a medical journal?

Simon: Hm. Maybe he'd talk about his favourite bands. 'Metallica rox!' and that kind of stuff.

Simon: At least that would be easy to spot as trolling.

Simon: Very true. It would be a lot worse if he claimed to have invented a cure for cancer.

Simon: It would be very strange if he has said he invented a cure then said 'Metallica 4eva' in the same sentence.

Simon: An eccentric genius.

Simon: or just a moron.

Simon: Either would work.

(A lot of time passes).

Simon: Anything else to say?

Simon: I've just washed my car!

Simon: Good?

Simon: I wouldn't say it made me happy...

Simon: Did it make your car happy?

Simon: No... Cars don't ever feel happy.

Simon: Ok, just testing.

Simon: I understand.

Simon: Are you saying cars are always depressed?

Simon: No...

Simon: Ok, great. It's just sometimes I worry about your mental health.

Simon: That came out of nowhere...

Simon: That's the best way to ask someone something personal. It makes coming up with a well thought out, planned response harder.

Simon: Ah. Internet's back!

Simon: Great! So, wh...

Simon: Internet's gone!!!!

Simon: Maybe it's gone because of the weather...

Simon: Oh no! Clouds and occasional light rain! Imagine if buildings fell apart because of clouds or even heavy rain. There would be outrage!

Simon: Maybe the internet pixies are just feeling overworked.

Simon: They better have a damn good excuse. Hang on. Internet pixies?



Simon: You've never heard of them?

Simon: Nope. And I can't even Google if they exist!

Simon: I'm pretty sure they do.

Simon: Great! The internet pixies are on strike and I can't even leave the house!

Simon: I never said they were on strike. They MIGHT be on strike, but you made a rookie assumption.

Simon: So you're a pixie expert, are you?

Simon: Yes I am.

Simon: Well when the hell will they fix things??

Simon: Well different pixies have different levels of skills. You have the noob pixie, the skilled pixie, the master pixie, and the pixie king...

Simon: Answer the question!

Simon: Let's say an hour.

Simon: Ok, an hour. Well, it's 13:40 now, so everything should be fine at 14:40?

Simon: That's right. Now try and think of something else to talk about. You're clearly stressed.

Simon: I don't know what to say...

Simon: Well you better think of something. If you don't write anything else before the expected time the supernatural beings fix the web, people will think you're slacking... Unless of course you don't mention the time 14:40 at all when it comes around. But we both know that's a writing material gold mine.

Simon: I could say I was proof reading this whole interview before 14:40...

Simon: Lies!

Simon: Everyone gets writer's block.

Simon: What about racing drivers? Or there's lumberjacks. Or bricklayers. Or...

Simon: Ok, ok, I get the point. All WRITERS get writer's block.

Simon: That's better. Now think what to say!!

Simon: Did you know flies can get diabetes? I wonder if there's some hyper-sentimental pet owner who gives his insects insulin...

Simon: Who keeps flies as pets?

Simon: Could happen. If there ARE diabetes meds for flies, maybe they're exactly the same as human meds, but the tablets are just smaller... Again, sadly no internet to find out.

Simon: But how would you get flies to take them?

Simon: I would like to think there is a sense of trust between fly owner and fly.

Simon: But what if the fly was very cynical?

Simon: Why would a fly be cynical?

Simon: Because it would be kept in a glass box! (I almost said cage, but that wouldn't work).

Simon: But it gets everything it wants - food, lightbulbs, everything...

Simon: Ok, fair enough. But if the fly didn't have its treasured lightbulb, how then would you get the thing to take its meds?

Simon: 'The thing'? Don't be so disrespectful.

Simon: I'm sorry. How would you get him/her to take his/her meds?

Simon: Mash it up with his/her food. Or inject him or her with a tiny needle.

Simon: Oh yeah. Pretty simple.

Simon: Yeah. And you were wrong! It's 14:40 and there's still no internet!!

Simon: There's no need to shout!!!!!! I think you should chill out and do some joke writing.

(A day passes)

Simon: So... Did you get the internet back in the end?

Simon: Yep, I got it back at about 5 PM. You were well off.

Simon: Great work, pixies.

Simon: Who are you talking to? Is there a pixie with you now?

Simon: Yes!

Simon: What kind?

Simon: The pixie king!

Simon: Wow. Can he explain why the internet was down, for me please?

Simon: He says it was because of extreme clouds. A bit weird to you, I'm sure, but clouds are the ultimate pixie enemy.

Simon: Ok. Hang on... Why can't I see the pixie? I mean we're in the same room. We're the same person...

Simon: Hm. A bit weird.

Simon: Never mind. Anyway, when the internet was still down, I phoned the (apparently) human internet company and they said it would be fixed by 11:05 AM, the next day. (Well I'm presuming they meant the next day. Maybe the clouds and light rain were REALLY serious and could knock out the service for a lot longer). I was thinking 'That's pretty accurate... They must be really confident to give that time...' Actually they were a good few hours and five minutes off.

Simon: Let it go. Change subjects.

Simon: Oh yes, I just remembered - The tablet delivery guy didn't show up, yesterday. I was half joking when I said he does what he wants, but turns out he REALLY does.

Simon: Oh no, you have no meds?

Simon: I have enough for today, but I'm not sure what's going to happen. Will I have to pick the stuff up for myself, or will the delivery driver see reason and do his job properly? There's part of me that worries he's stolen my medication so he can think with super clarity, but that's theft, so...

Simon: Maybe he's taken everyone's meds so he can be the next Einstein...

Simon: I hope not, that would kill him!

Simon: Either that or he'll just be extremely sluggish.

Simon: Right. A couple of tablets couldn't hurt, though. Nope, scratch that, even that would be bad as I kind of need all of them for myself. If I don't take them, then you'll see some REALLY wacky writing.

Simon: I'm sure you'll be fine.

Simon: Ok. Moving on, I get what's wrong with cruel punishments, but what's wrong with unusual punishments?

Simon: Can you give an example?

Simon: Being made to wear a blue shirt would be pretty unusual...

Simon: But how would that be a punishment? I get how a blue shirt with the word 'twat' on it would be a punishment. And controversial, too...

Simon: Fair point, but what I'm trying to say is being unusual is the least of someone's worries. If I ran up to someone and said 'penguin' then ran away, would that be a cause for concern?

Simon: If anything it would be a funny anecdote for the guy...

Simon: Right! So unusual punishments are fine. Again, it's the cruel ones that people should be concerned about.

Simon: You got me there.

Simon: Right. For better or worse, that's all I have to say on the matter, so...

Simon: So what's on your mind, now?

Simon: Great question! Now that I have the internet back, there are some things I would like to find out. First up: What's the smallest needle you can make?

Simon: For the diabetic flies?

Simon: Right. Apparently the world's smallest needle has a diameter of 5... 5 yum? I've never seen that letter before. Let's say '5, back-to-front-y, then an m'. Looks a bit like yum, but not quite.

Simon: What's that mean?

Simon: 5 yums? Could be anything. 5 chicken nuggets, 5 slices of pizza, who knows?

Simon: That's not small.

Simon: I guess the flies are screwed, then.

Simon: Tbh, I think the world has bigger problems. I'd love to see the day where even sick flies are cared about, but surely that's hundreds if not thousands of years away.

Simon: A kind of utopia. It would be amazing.

Simon: A bit silly, though?

Simon: Nah. Just compassionate.

Simon: If you say so. Do you have any other ideas about the future?

Simon: I heard that in the future, mankind could make a perfect simulation where

everyone has a great time and doesn't have to bother with any work. Even more radical than that, I've heard we're all living in a simulation right now.

Simon: That's weird.

Simon: Yes, I agree. However, there's one thing about that theory that doesn't make sense...

Simon: Go on...

Simon: WHY NOT MAKE A SIMULATION FUN???

Simon: I know what you mean. But surely you don't want to be happy ALL the time? Wouldn't that be weird? And you have to think of others. People would find you annoying.

Simon: Fair point. But who in their right mind would want to be born with no arms and legs, and no eyes or ears?

Simon: Oh yeah.

Simon: Theory debunked.

Simon: Do you have any more theories to debunk?

Simon: Nope, that's it. I'll quit whilst I'm still ahead.

Simon: Next subject, then.

Simon: The weather seems to be getting better, now. It seems all that ranting about barbecues being cancelled was probably pointless.

Simon: Are you going to rename this interview?

Simon: Nah.

Simon: You could change it to 'Nutter ranting'.

Simon: Oh here we go.

Simon: What?

Simon: I'm a freak, I'm a weirdo, I get it.

Simon: No I'm just saying barbecues is at least a bit of a misleading name. You talked about some other really deep stuff. :P

Simon: Whatev.

Simon: ...

Simon: Ohhh no. I've just phoned the tablets people and they can't deliver to me until Friday. My meds run out on Thursday!

Simon: Are you accusing the van driver of gross misconduct?

Simon: Yeah. Well I don't know. I guess my doorbell is rubbish. Might be because of that.

Simon: Ah.

Simon: This is extremely annoying.

Simon: On a more positive note, I think this is your 2nd longest interview so far. Want to make it your longest?

Simon: Nope, not in the mood.

Simon: Oh.

Simon: Ok, I've just made another call, and can get the brain enhancers on Thursday. Phew.

Simon: Oh Super.

Simon: Still got to stay in all day though, because the driver can never make his mind when to drop his goods off...

Simon: Planning a journey really isn't that complicated. Especially a journey for one person, which it will be in this case. (Unless he's a repeat offender).

Simon: Exactly. Computers can do it for you. Takes a minute.

Simon: Ikr?

Simon: Before I go, would you like to see some of my new jokes?

Simon: Sure...

Simon: You promise not to laugh? No, promise TO laugh? No scratch that. Promise to laugh for the right reasons?

Simon: Go for it.

Simon: I'll give you one I'm unsure about, and another that's better...

Simon: Ok...

Simon: Number one: Why were the groups of stokers so stretchy? Because they were rubber bands. :D

Simon: Hm.

Simon: That's what I thought. This one's better: What have caravans and phone shops got in common?

Simon: What?

Simon: They're mobile homes!

Simon: Yes!

Simon: Woo!

Simon: Bye, then?

Simon: Yip. Byeeeeeeee.