

Simon: Hello! How are you feeling?

Simon: Wow, you've started this interview with a normal question?

Simon: Yes, it didn't feel 100% right, but I did it!

Simon: Well, in that case you'll get a normal answer!

Simon: :)

Simon: I was feeling like going on Youtube and commenting on a clozapine video...

Simon: Ah, the brain medication you're on?

Simon: Yes. Then I was going to say 'I'm on clozapine and I've never felt better! Wooo! Heeee! Haahahahaha! Whiopjopkdefefendcd. Blebleblebleb.' But I left it.

Simon: A good move. And that was a normal answer?

Simon: From me, it was. I can't think of a weirder answer RIGHT NOW, but if I could? Best leave it, right?

Simon: How about a normal answer from a member of the sane population?

Simon: I was thinking of going on a clozapine video and leaving a thumbs up.

Simon: You know what? That'll do.

Simon: People say Omicron is an anagram of moronic. Well shampoo is an anagram of poo mash, it doesn't really mean anything. At least I hope not.

Simon: I don't think it does. You can't sell a product like that.

Simon: You could technically speaking. If the poo was mashed up it could fit in a bottle, but it would be totally demented.

Simon: And completely pointless...

Simon: Right. Unless shampoo manufacturers are just cruel for sake of being cruel...

Simon: More sick than cruel...

Simon: Yes. On another note, I always thought 'Magnum Opus' by Yngwie Malmsteen was a compilation album. By that I mean magnum opus means 'a work of music that is the best work of an artist.' But Yngwie's album isn't his best work, it's one his worst!

Simon: lol.

Simon: Well it's definitely below average, anyway. It's like me saying one of my

poorer jokes is my magnum opus. e.g. 'What do you call a liquid settee? A paradox.'

Simon: You've written some weird jokes.

Simon: Yes, that one didn't make sense. I'll tell you what do make sense, though.

Simon: Go on.

Simon: The music reviews I do for Metal Rules.com. However, the guy who edits my reviews insists that I should spell my name as 'Wiedeman.' He's 'corrected' it around 10 times, now. Nope, it really is Wiedemann.

Simon: The arrogance that he thinks he knows how to spell your name better than you...

Simon: Ex-actly. Half the time he gets it right, I really don't know what's going on in his head. To be fair though, I keep insisting the phrase 'is a band' should be 'are a band'. I swear I've heard the latter phrase before. And you know what? I'm going to keep saying 'are a band'.

Simon: Can you remember the point your eyesight started to deteriorate?

Simon: Yes. When I was 7, I remember my dad showing me a trick to make my two index fingers look like floating sausages by holding them really close to my eyes and unfocusing them. When I said I couldn't do it, he was like 'ha! you sausageless fool!' or whatever nonsense he said. Then after much practice, I finally worked out how to do it. From that moment on I noticed my eyesight got worse. Coincidence? I don't know. If not, that's the price of floating sausages.

Simon: A neat trick. You've recently talked about how random many slang words are. Maybe you'd like to take things further?

Simon: Yes, I've used an online random word generator to pair two completely unrelated words together, and I've made it so the words mean the same thing. Also, I won't skip any words I find boring, so it will be ultra random. First up we have 'put' and 'deliver'. So yeah, put means deliver! Also, glare means extend, kidney means sign, mourning means aloof, and inflation means casualty.

Simon: Interesting...

Simon: Now let's put the slang into sentences! When working for Amazon, I putted the item then drove away. I glared the table. I read the kidney and left. He was cold and mourning. When working as a nurse, I saw just another inflation.

Simon: What do you think about rainwater?

Simon; Did you know drinking it can cause cancer?

Simon: Oh no...

Simon: Right. Why don't scientists just admit that EVERYTHING causes the disease? They might as well say that the Earth is just one massive cancer. And why does the universe expand? Because that's a cancer, too.

Simon: Keep it light.

Simon: Want to know how I'd make the world a better place?

Simon: How?

Simon: By forcing people to go to gym! It's good for you and it makes you feel great!

Simon: Like a do-gooding dictator.

Simon: Noo. I don't think so.

Simon: Like dictator lite?

Simon: Like a plain do-gooder?

Simon: If you say so. You recently mentioned that Christmas day is the rarest day to be born on. Why do you think that is?

Simon: I guess you could compare it to the lottery. In THEORY all numbers should be equal, but let's face it, the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 will NEVER come up.

Simon: That must make working with statistics really confusing.

Simon: Yep, which is precisely the reason I hate the subject. I mean different days being more common than others? By how much? That alone is confusing, but working with LOADS of numbers some of which are rarer than others? Screw that.

Simon: Fair point.

Simon: On the subject of luck, you could compare the train strikes in England to bingo in that they've been on random days. Luckily I haven't been effected.

Simon: Seeing the fun in other people's unsatisfactory wages.

Simon: Yep, Maybe that will lighten the train driver's moods a little?

Simon: No.

Simon: Are you sure?

Simon: Fairly sure, yes.

Simon: To lighten to mood, I've spotted another palindrome: Face your fear/fear your face.

Simon: Why fear a face?

Simon: It just looks scary.

Simon: I see.

Simon: When I was a child, I went to the doctor because I had a lump in my lip. The guy said it would get smaller over time, then he drew me a picture of a lump progressively getting smaller, which I didn't think was necessary.

Simon: And to wrap things up, have you seen any funny prices?

Simon: I saw an advert saying the company's prices were £3.14. That's pi...

Simon: Were the foods pies?

Simon: That would have been good, but no!

Simon: Great stuff. Bye.