

Simon: Hello! I believe you're planning to get an RPG maker for your birthday?

Simon: I hope so. I've wanted to create my own role playing game for many years now, but I've never really had the time, as I spend most of the day writing, eating and going to the gym. I usually spend my two hours or so of free time watching Youtube videos, but as not too much can be gained from watching people eat/drink things, I was thinking my time could be better spent creating.

Simon: Looking forward to it?

Simon: I am indeed. Obviously it's good to look forward to something, but I haven't really looked forward to a birthday so much since I was about 12. It's difficult for me to face the fact not only haven't I matured since the age of 13, I've become more childish.

Simon: Nooo. I'm sure that's not true. Word is you were a complete clown at that age.

Simon: Thanks. Do you know what the story of my RPG is going to be?

Simon: No...

Simon: Well... a dying man lost his favourite spoon many years ago, (:S) and he wants his grandson to find it for him. The game will be called 'The Dying Man's Wish.'

Simon: Ok, that IS immature...

Simon: Yes. Here's some of the dialogue: 'Hey sorry to interrupt your day, and this may sound a little odd, but have you seen a really expensive spoon round here? It was lost years ago...' Then the questioned guy goes 'What kind of tool are you?' I don't know if it's possible for a character to slap another character's head. Then the hero goes 'Of course. I'm sorry I wasted your time'. And then from an another character, there's 'An expensive spoon you say? Yes, it certainly rings a bell. I still often think about it, in fact. But to find it, you must be willing to slay some of the toughest monsters this world has to offer... It's not just men who want an item so enchanting. So magical. So perfectly designed for breakfast, lunch and dinner. So...' 'Ok, I get the point. It's good cutlery'. 'No, no, no. It's so much more... It's... It's hard to describe. So I won't. So... Go away.'

Simon: Have you used an RPG maker before?

Simon: Yes, when I was 16. It's certainly a lengthy process, but it's kind of addictive. I know RPG makers can play MIDI music you make for yourself, but I'm not sure about MP3s. If so, my characters can run around to the sound of me going 'Booo!' which is an interesting if irrelevant thought. But maybe I'll go more old school and traditional.

Simon: Don't you think you should focus on reality more?

Simon: That's a concern, but come on... what harm can a couple of hours do? In a way, watching people eat is a kind of fantasy, too. Watching such videos isn't quite as trippy as my idea, but they're still not completely normal and certainly not healthy. (Unless you have a stretchy stomach, I think).

Simon: Good point.

Simon: To be fair, if I spend more of my time on my RPG, that could mean less time to practice guitar. It's a depressing thought that if you stop practicing something, you soon get worse, but actually I'm not sure if that's true. If anything I'm a better guitarist than ever. On the downside, I have noticed a decline in other ways. I have wrinkly knuckles.

Simon: I'm sorry to hear that.

Simon: Thanks.

Simon: Can I have some more dialogue, please?

Simon: Sure. 'I know you're hiding my grandfather's spoon. What's in it for you?' 'Why exactly is everyone so excited about it? It's TOTALLY AWESOME. So you can't have it.' 'You've disappointed me. Now it's time for you to die.'

Simon: Very nice. Have you got your blood test results back?

Simon: Sure have. I gave three samples and everything is normal. I would have preferred it if my blood results were outstanding, but I'm still happy. If I'm a narcissist, fine, but admit it, you want outstanding blood, too.

Simon: :) Do you have any ideas for your 300th blog?

Simon: I do indeed. It will have to be a secret for now, but I'm going to try and make it fairly epic. I won't be giving part three of The Danger of Proverbs 2 because it hasn't been written, but expect something equally out there. I was thinking of ranking all the Deftones songs from worst to best, but not only would that take ages, I presume no one would care. Maybe if I get desperate one day and haven't got a clue what to do, I could spend a solid week creating super limited interest material, but I don't think that's going to happen in the near future. It would be like a printer reviewing his favourite types of paper. Do it if it makes you happy, just expect people to say you have no life.

Simon: What's your favourite paper?

Simon: I think A5 is cute. It's small in size, but you can still write a fair amount on it. I don't like the way postcards are so small, you can hardly write anything on them. Are you assuming I don't have much to say about my life? How dare you. I guess I'm so hurt because I don't.

Simon: Out of curiosity, what happens in the end of your RPG?

Simon: The old man receives the item and says 'It's the wrong spoon.' Then the grandson goes 'WHAT???' Then the old man goes 'Joking! It's awesome!' He then puts the spoon in his mouth and dies.

Simon: Very poignant.

Simon: That's what I was going for. Again, I don't want it to make it too silly. But I am. I know it. I look at my wise wrinkly knuckles, and I think to myself 'I don't feel the way I look.' It's upsetting.

Simon: Do you have anything else on your mind?

Simon: I was listening to 'Rational Gaze' by Meshuggah, and I was thinking to myself 'I'm going to get to the bottom of this. I'm going online to find a way to count the time signatures.' Big mistake. I could KIND of count the rhythms at times, but it was very frustrating for me, and basically it ruined the song. Suddenly music turned into a maths lesson, and I don't like maths.

Simon: What was your least favourite subject at school?

Simon: I have to be honest, I didn't like English. But I can never understand a thing the Mesh singer says, so it's no biggie combining them with English, so to speak.

Simon: I'm not even sure what combining Meshuggah with English means...

Simon: Me neither. Maybe it means nothing.

Simon: Getting tired writing, eh?

Simon: Exactly. Byeeee.