

Hello, it's Lord Alan Sugar. I'm sincerely sorry to alien King Yummy for trying to fire him after he shared countless technologies with Earth, bringing this planet into a golden age. Chairs that hover? I won't be sitting in the same way again, you know that much! And when you lick the chairs they taste of pizza? That's genius! However, he is slightly responsible for the person who jumped off a bridge whilst licking his regular leather chair, who sadly passed away. I must point out that regular chairs do NOT hover. Not only did he die, he looked mental and whilst he did a lot for his community, that's all he's going to be remembered for, which is sad. Let's put things right here and say Rupert was a kind if foolish soul. The king also corrected many false beliefs, such as pi having an infinite amount of digits. It's not 3.14 etc., it's 5 exactly. A huge cockup there and we have King Yummy to thank for the clarification. Whoever came up with the first theory of pi can arguably be excused though, as if someone asked me what the number was, I could only speculate. The person who tried to remember as many digits of pi as possible really hates the king, however but I'm sure he'll get over it. He didn't waste his life, he just remembered numbers that served no purpose, that's all. :) Also, you CAN travel faster than the speed of light, you just need extra strength batteries. That means all Einstein should really be known for is his wacky haircut, I wouldn't pay attention to any of his theories, to be honest.

Having said all that, the king DID blow up my games console and I would like another one. I can't buy another one for myself as it was very specialist, I really do think I'm the only person on the planet who would truly enjoy it. For those of you who don't know, the game let me sack everyone on Earth, including King Yummy and it was superb. Not as good as real life, explaining why I tried to sack the alien and indeed everyone else in reality. But it's not my fault I sack everyone as I have a super rare personality disorder called 'Alan PD'. To qualify for the disorder you need at least five out of nine symptoms. They are: 1, your name is Alan. 2, your name almost rhymes with 'salon'. 3, you love sacking people to the point it's weird. 4, you hate liars, cheats and schmoozers! (Unless such traits are in yourself). 5, hiring people causes extreme distress to the point it can lead to panic attacks. 6, you have grey hair. 7, your company Amstrad is running surprisingly well. 8, other people find it hard to trust you. 9, your last name sounds sweet and moreish. I have all the symptoms making my case extreme. It's not an excuse, but is at least an explanation. What cluster does my personality disorder fit into? Well, rather interestingly all three, those being odd/eccentric; dramatic/erratic; AND anxious. I'm not asking for sympathy, but... no, you know what? Actually I am but I will sack you anyway.

I am of course equally sorry to the sweet old lady Edith for firing HER, especially as she is a World War 2 hero who saved many lives during the blitz, she was even voted England's number one firefighter! Not only that, she works at a local charity shop for free and bakes everyone pies! And that's how I treat her. I would offer to make her a pie myself, but because of my deep-rooted nature that goes back many generations, it will probably be too sugary. It goes both ways though, I wouldn't really want a pie made by her, she is getting on a bit. She wouldn't poison me intentionally but who knows what could happen?? I also wouldn't trust her as a firefighter these days with her arthritis and bad back, but back in the 1940s? Wow. To make things right, maybe she'd like to fire me from something? Not from Amstrad, but how about firing me from the strawberries I sometimes pick up from my local petrol station? I'd

miss them, wow THAT'S payback. However, I still really should eat other fruit for health reasons. I eat enough sugar as it is, but to be made of sugar? That really does massively increase my risk of diabetes, I also attract flies and going for a swim is particularly deadly. I'm actually a rare case of having hydrophobia without rabies! How do I drink? I don't have to as of course, I am made of sugar. Some may say that's more interesting than my unique mental disorder.

It's Simon here, and now it's time for me to make an apology. Sorry for impersonating Alan Sugar, again. He doesn't have full blown Alan PD, but you have to admit he does meet at least SOME of the criteria. However, many of such criteria are actually completely harmless making it a very odd diagnosis! I actually qualify for criteria 8! :) Please don't tell anyone about this, but I actually made the condition up. The thing is, the subject of psychiatry interests me. Not to the point I want to read a whole book about it as it would be too serious (lighten up!) but at the same time I would like to make my own psychiatric discovery. I think dogs know a lot more about their owner than people realise, you can see it on their faces. Nothing too controversial, but how about the same theory being applied to frogs for example? At least study them, right? If frogs are more intelligent than people know, I think it would be a good thing to give them treats and maybe even baths on their birthday. A nanny state to some, a kindhearted utopia for me. Yes, yes, yes, knife crime needs to be tackled first or course it does, but when the problem is solved, we can move onto cleaning frogs etc., that's what I'm saying. Sadly however, after the problem of knife crime comes the problem of ME and should society really bother with that, in my opinion? I think no, unless the problem is treated by some kind of reward for me though? Maybe something like 'Simon, if you stop talking we'll all buy you something nice. How about a high quality muzzle?' Cool! And on that optimistic note... bye!