

Milkshake Round 2

Simon: Hello Simon, what have you been up to?

Simon: I've just been editing some music reviews for theindependentvoice.org...

Simon: Go well?

Simon: Yep. It's nice to take a bit of a break from doing this site. To be honest some of the language used in the critiques is a bit too advanced for me, so I sometimes just assume the writers haven't made any mistakes and publish them. Whatever it means, it does sound impressive.

Simon: They're fine.

Simon: Right. Also, my computer has been behaving well for the whole day, so I'm feeling an elevated sense of zen. Who knows how long it will last, though.

Simon: Why were you feeling anxious before about your seemingly dodgy computer? Why not just stop using it and rely on your newer Mac book?

Simon: I don't know. Maybe it's just the uncertainty of the situation. Like 'sure, crash every now and then, but why are you crashing in such a strange way with the screen turning all distorted and mental?' It's like if you injure yourself and just see blood, it's not so bad. But how would you feel if all this green, yellow and blue stuff came out of you as you twitched uncontrollably? THAT'S scary. Especially if the colours changed when you put your mouse/finger over them. How would you explain that?

Simon: Ah. Your fears make sense. There's still time for your computer to go crazy though, don't jinx it...

Simon: It's interesting you say 'jinx', because part of me is a little superstitious when it comes to computers. Even though I sometimes feel like it, I never swear at my computer for whatever reason, in case it turns against me. Not even internally.

Simon: Yes that is superstitious.

Simon: Not quite delusional though, I think. Delusional would be having prolonged conversations with your computer, thinking it could respond to you/hated you and stuff like that.

Simon: Has that ever happened to you?

Simon: Nope! :D Well maybe I thought my computer hated me a little at times, but not deep down.

Simon: Well done.

Simon: That's something, right?

Simon: You know what, that is something. Especially when you consider all the stress you've been under of late.

Simon: Yeah. :)

Simon: Except it wasn't really stress, was it? It was just an aging computer doing what all aging computers do.

Simon: How dare you.

Simon: I understand you'll be getting a milkshake tomorrow. At least you'll try.

Simon: At least I'll try?

Simon: I mean it didn't exactly go to plan last time did it?

Simon: Yeah, well I have more knowledge as to how car parks work now.

Simon: Deep knowledge too.

Simon: Yes! For flip's sake, getting yellow discs isn't exactly an obvious sign is it? Who the hell sees one and thinks 'I know what this is for! This is for me to put in a faraway device once I put money into another machine that is also far away! Duh! Why else would it be that colour and shape??'

Simon: I swear if you screw up tomorrow, there's something wrong with you. On the plus side, at least you could plead insanity.

Simon: No I'm fine aren't I? You know what, sometimes I miss having schizophrenia. How many people can commit a crime and have such an amazing defence?

Simon: You do realise that comment alone could make you look VERY bad if you ever get charged with a crime? Even an accidental one such as car park fraud.

Simon: Well I was joking.

Simon: Really?

Simon: Yes. A lot.

Simon: Good. I noticed you've brought up insanity AGAIN in this interview...

Simon: Yep. And wait till the next blog.

Simon: Self-plagiarism?

Simon: Na. Just a recurring theme. Eminem likes rapping about his mum, I like talking about craziness.

Simon: Excellent.

Simon: I'm listening to Relapse by the same artist and he almost immediately goes 'I bet you're sick of hearing about by mum' or whatever and he keeps going on about her throughout the album which I thought was funny.

Simon: Meheheh.

Simon: Anyway, I was thinking of calling this another 'bonus' interview. In other words an interview technically speaking but not too much innovation went into it.

Simon: Is that what bonus means?

Simon: It is to me on this site.

Simon: Ok. On another note, you fell off the hiking machine in the gym. How's your ankle?

Simon: Not bad. Certainly gym ready. The sad thing is there is no gym on Saturdays or Sundays, so I'm mostly stuck at home for now.

Simon: Do you wish you were still in pain?

Simon: No, but I would feel a strange satisfaction if it lasted throughout the weekend and healed on Monday. Not because it would be a sign, just for a reason I can't quite describe.

Simon: Yep. No arguing with that feeling. Your computer's still fine and dandy, by the way.

Simon: Yes. That might have something to do with the thing I was pressurised to download for months.

Simon: It wouldn't be ridiculous.

Simon: In any case... zen!

Simon: I'm kinda running out of things to say. I guess let's continue this tomorrow?

Simon: Byeeeeee. For now.

Simon: Byeeee. For now...

Simon: I'm back! This is it! Milkshake day! Almost time to confront my fears!

Simon: Oh come on. What's the worst thing that can happen if you park in a car park?

Simon: Good point.

Simon: Phobia over, then?

Simon: I guess, but let's say it's not for the sake of building up drama.

Simon: Ok. How are you feeling then?

Simon: Terrified. What if I go to car park prison?

Simon: There is no car park prison.

Simon: Are you sure?

Simon: Yes.

Simon: How do you know?

Simon: Because I haven't heard of it.

Simon: Oh, so because you haven't heard of it, it doesn't exist? Are you some kind of walking encyclopedia?

Simon: Oh God.

Simon: Are you saying prisons and car parks don't exist?

Simon: No...

Simon: Well there you go then.

Simon: You're clearly not thinking clearly. Are you sure your fears aren't getting to you?

Simon: Maybe they are a little.

Simon: Look, nothing could possibly go wrong. You put the yellow disc in the machine after you tell the machine how long you've stayed.

Simon: I can't... I can't breathe...

Simon: Pull yourself together! This is ridiculous!

Simon: Ok, ok. I'm leaving now. I'll be fine. I AM fine.

Simon: Good luck. :)

Simon: I'm back!

Simon: All fine?

Simon: Yep.

Simon: Told you.

Simon: But there was a bit of panic when the machine wouldn't accept my credit card. I thought I did something wrong, so I called the helpline and got told I was lucky again so I didn't have to pay! Forget fear of car parks, I have a love of car parks now. They're great places!

Simon: Awesome. And congratulations on you obedient computer!

Simon: Thanks, I feel like I'm flying! I guess bye????

Simon: Bye!