

Today I'd like to apologise to Rod De'Ath's parents for suggesting they want death to rods. It's not too dissimilar to my Steve Lukather/Steve Lucifer apology, and now that I think of it, I have accused a number of footballers of some pretty crazy things, also because of their names. It has to stop. I pointed out how the De'Ath surname could have been given to people who performed the role of Death at a pageant. That's not too bad. However, a name like 'Brick Killer' IS bad, especially when I suggest the person/people behind the name were mentally ill and hated bricks. Such a person with such a name wouldn't have a hope in hell in functioning in society and, again, that's not so different to the name Mr. and Mrs. De'Ath allegedly came up with. Again, sorry, I'm sure it wasn't intentional, I'm just saying it doesn't matter if a person living in poverty calls their child 'Ladder Murderer' or the Prime Minister calls their child 'Screwdriver Slayer Starmer' something like that is NEVER going to be ok. You know a REALLY bad first name to call a person with the De'Ath surname? Black is pretty bad. Luckily Black isn't really a forename (although there is always one), but is Victor is. Victor De'Ath? Hunter De'Ath is bad too, even worse if those last two were brothers. They're not going to get hired in their local supermarket, bank, dentist, you name it. Even the military would be wary about getting involved with them. Watch them when they're alone with guns.

This is an apology I've had in the back of my mind for a few years now, and I'm sure it's all been forgotten about. However, for the sake of making this site 100% real, I feel I need to clear things up. I once said no kebab place would ever serve dodgy foods as some people think they do, as that would immediately put them out of business. However, shortly after that I impressively claimed that in my whole life I've only ever eaten 'one bad kebab.' I contradicted myself? Nope, by bad, I didn't mean an infected kebab, but a crunchy one. Sure I wasn't particularly happy with the food, but it didn't almost kill me. If it did, I'd have written a blog called 'Crunchy Death Kebab! :S' Maybe I should get an apology from the one bad kebab place, then? No need, when they poured too much salt on my chips, I yelled at them just a little bit again. That would have been for the third time now. Again, actually the amount of salt was pretty well-judged, but I had a crunchy kebab a few years ago from the place, so... No, I tell I lie, I yelled (a bit) at the kebab place TWO times and the fish and chip place just the once. :) I'm glad I've got that sorted out.

As I apologise so much all the time, I think it's only fair I get an apology back. I want Rolling Stone to say sorry for not bothering to write a professional review for Rory Gallagher's 'Calling Card' album, read my album review on this site if you want an explanation. I'm clearly a very contrite person who always does the right thing, that has been proven at least 17 times now, a bit more if take note of the fact I sometimes apologise more than once in these monologues. All I'm asking for is something in return, my birthday is tomorrow so please hurry. How about a CD or two? At very least I'm expecting a card and a note. Maybe it could go something like this: 'Dear Simon, I am so sorry for not reviewing Calling Card 50 or so years ago. I can't even begin to imagine the emotional pain you must have gone through. You want me to rate the album? I give it 4.5 stars out of 5, best wishes, Rolling Stone.' You gave it 4.5 stars? Just like the other reviews? Call me a skeptic, but you didn't really listen to the album, did you? You just said what everyone else did! I'm really mad, now. Or maybe, now I need to make an apology to Rolling Stone?? These are confusing thoughts for me, so on this unsure note... Bye!