

James, I know we argue a lot and every single thing you do is your fault, but you know what? Maybe it's me that should make an apology, at least this one time. I'm sorry I ruined the best moment of your miserable, monotonous and empty life by covering your eyes during the first second of the year 2,000. Many consider your vengeful reactions and your behaviour in general to be completely ridiculous, but when they understand how much you love clocks, especially when compared to how much you hate behaving in a way that is normal, in a way your actions are understandable. You may come from a loving family that have always supported you, but the kind of treatment you needed and still need is very specialist, and only a handful of people in the world can help you. Leading psychiatrist Dr. Tube tried to help you, but he lost patience with you when you took away something that meant a lot to him (his family you kidnapped). Yes, in your eyes that was a harmless attempt to get him to empathise with you, but you took things too far and he was forced to end therapy. Some say you got off lightly, but such people don't understand the torment you still feel. The clock duvet, the clock tattoos, time based short stories, all a desperate attempt to cling to the past. James, I have to be frank, lots of people consider your life to be complete rubbish.

James, I have an idea. How about I send you a drawing of a digital clock stuck on the time you wish you could have seen all those years ago? You can look at it whenever you want. If it works, great, but you must accept that intense and perhaps intrusive attention from psychiatrists is inevitable. Maybe they'd demand a brain scan and find it's unbelievably small. People just want to understand what's going on with you, that's all. If it doesn't work on the other hand... well, at least I tried. Yes, sending you a gift so apparently fascinating that you simply can't stop looking at it, could be perceived as an act of cruelty. If so, then I'd need to make an apology I'd actually mean. Or maybe I still wouldn't, I don't know. Am I sorry for blowing your house up? No, because you weren't in it, and you had insurance so there were no losers. Oh no, I'm sounding like you now, aren't I? You do realise that chills me to the bone. You do know that the psych doctors treating you way back when you were fifteen and hospitalised for the first time said the way you are acting right now is what they feared would happen? No they weren't scared you'd get your own podcast, no one predicted that, they were scared you'd turn into a freak who keeps arguing with people all the time. Ok, you argue all the time on a podcast. Well done.

James, I know this could be the most bitter sounding apology of all time, but at least it didn't come across as freakishly weird like your apology did. I mean what WAS that? Something about Simply Red and synapses??? How about I say sorry to you by bringing up Depeche Mode and the temporal lobe? That's how random it was, and technically speaking that's no exaggeration at all really, is it? So yeah James, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, I'm bringing up the subject of Depeche Mode and the temporal lobe. Do you accept my apology? Or do you think deep down I'm actually trying to make you even angrier? I'm just saying that, as that's the vibe I'm getting from you. It's the uncertainty that gets to me the most. If you were to say to me 'Dan, I'm sorry for the way I treat you. Only joking (expletive off)' that wouldn't be too bad actually. But the way I have to reread everything you say over and over again, just to try and figure things out is particularly cruel. Simply Red + synapse + Thorpe Park = apology? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?! You know what? Screw you, James, I'm taking my apology back. You're certainly not getting a special clock from me, what was I thinking??