

Argh!

Simon: Let's skip the small talk, I'm sensing you're not in the mood, right now...

Simon: Thanks.

Simon: So, anything interesting happen lately?

Simon: You know.

Simon: Pretend I don't.

Simon: ... Ok, it's a bit of an embarrassing one, this...

Simon: Go on...

Simon: Well, what's my favourite thing to say when I stub my toe, or something?

Simon: That would be 'Jesus Crispy Christ'.

Simon: Right, exactly. And I thought I made the phrase up, didn't I?

Simon: I did indeed.

Simon: So to check if I did, I googled it. As there were lots of results with those three words in it but mixed up, I copied the phrase into google's 'I'm feeling lucky section', to see if I could find those words in the right order...

Simon: I sure did.

Simon: It turns out I didn't invent the saying...

Simon: And I so wished things ended there.

Simon: Right, but they didn't.

Simon: No; when I was later chatting on Facebook, I thought I copied and pasted a message to several journalists about a music website problem, but I didn't. I just copied 'Jesus crispy Christ' to them instead. And one of those people was the person in charge of me...

Simon: Yes, I said 'Jesus crispy Christ' to my boss.

Simon: That's never a good thing to say to a boss.

Simon: Did she believe your explanation?

Simon: I don't know... It was a bit hard to find the right words to...

Simon: On the plus side, she did say 'lol'...

Simon: Yeah, but people laugh out of awkwardness, embarrassment, fear...

Simon: You don't want your boss to be scared of you...

Simon: Right. Imagine freaking out your employer in a job interview. That advice is never given as it's kind of implied.

Simon: Right.

Simon: It could be worse, though. It's not as bad as policemen being afraid of you... You'd go to jail.

Simon: I guess not. Thanks.

Simon: No problem. All you have to do is accidentally leave your house with your cutlery, and you're f\*\*ked.

Simon: But the knives I eat with aren't particularly sharp...

Simon: Doesn't matter. If the police feel intimidated by you, even a spoon could be potentially dangerous. You could jab someone in the eye with it...

Simon: You're making me very paranoid. All I did was google 'Jesus crispy Christ' and everything's gone wrong.

Simon: Do you want to talk about something else?

Simon: Please.

Simon: Eaten any nice meals, lately?

Simon: Yes, I had a lovely... A lovely...

Simon: Are you ok?

Simon: I'm sorry, I can't do this anymore. I've basically told my boss to f\*\*k off... I certainly implied she was very annoying.

Simon: Look, we've been through this. It's not that bad.

Simon: You want to know about my pizza then?

Simon: I want to know about your pizza.

Simon: It was a Hawaiian. It was delicious.

Simon: From Papa John's, right?

Simon: Exactly. Their Hawaiians went a bit iffy for a while, but since the CEO got sacked, they seem to have been improved.

Simon: Do you think that fact cheered him up?

Simon: Na. Only if he orders from them in the future, but I don't think he will.

Simon: Me neither. He might prank phone call the company, though...

Simon: Hmm. That would be very strange behaviour from a middle aged businessman.

Simon: Eaten any less desirable pizzas?

Simon: My God, yes. I recently microwaved a pizza.

Simon: Why did you do that?

Simon: I don't know, but it was nasty as hell. It was actually inedible.

Simon: Do you think there might be a market for super-floppy pizzas out there?

Simon: Again, I don't know. Some people have strange tastes. My dad literally turned a pizza to ash, and he still ate it. Anyway, are we plagiarising ourselves by talking about pizza yet again?

Simon: I don't think so. These are NEW pizza anecdotes.

Simon: Still though, let's wrap things up before we repeat ourselves.

Simon: Agreed. Bye!