

Simon: Hello! What insights have you got for me, today?

Simon: Not an insight, but I've spotted a palindrome...

Simon: Go on.

Simon: Family movie magic, magic movie family.

Simon: Better than nothing I suppose...

Simon: I'm starting off light. Here's a genuinely cool anagram, this time: This is my house...

Simon: ?

Simon: Can you spot it?

Simon: What?

Simon: My house is... not very good...

Simon: Oh yeah. Good one.

Simon: A bit rude.

Simon: :S

Simon: Actually, here's an insight: I wonder if shirt colour subconsciously influences a footballer's playing style. Wearing yellow could make the stars play cheerfully...

Simon: What's cheerful footballing?

Simon: Just smiling a lot. Not caring if own goals are scored...

Simon: I see.

Simon: Black colours could make the athletes play evil football (i.e. random head butts), and green could make the players play peaceful football.

Simon: Hm. Doesn't green mean peaceful OR arrogant?

Simon: That's what I heard. Depends on the shade. Light green is peace, dark green is narcissism.

Simon: Why???

Simon: No idea. Is dark peace arrogant? Makes no sense to me, either. It's interesting the match between England and Italy resulted in no goals and boring playing, as one team wore white and the other wore pale blue.

Simon: Peaceful colours?

Simon: Exactly.

Simon: Do you have any ideas for a sketch?

Simon: I do have some ideas, but I don't really know what to do with them.

Simon: Go on...

Simon: There's a serial killer in court and his lawyer defending him is like 'my client has been feeling very depressed lately' and the jury are really sympathetic and are like 'Ohhh, no, no, no, no...' Then the lawyer goes 'Actually, sometimes he thinks life isn't worth living.' Then everyone bangs the the table and shouts 'Now, that's too far!' Some people have to leave. Then the prosecution are like 'But what about all the families he's destroyed?' Then the jury go 'Ohhh, yeah.' That's it. Just an idea. Not sure where to go from there.

Simon: What are your plans for today?

Simon: I'll be getting a monthly blood test soon, which won't be too exciting obviously (but a nice drive), then there's a new ready made pizza I'd like to check out at a local supermarket. I'm not expecting GREAT things, but I'm still looking forward to it. I wanted one yesterday, but they weren't available, only increasing the food's appeal. There are lots of choices of toppings, too. Then I'll be going to the London Comedy Writers meeting, where I'll be enjoying a delicious chicken wrap.

Simon: How long is the drive to the hospital?

Simon: About 5 miles.

Simon: And can you remember the way?

Simon: Screw you.

Simon: What?? What did I do?

Simon: You know the answer.

Simon: No?

Simon: Right. I mean I'm sure I could if I TRIED, but why bother when you have a satnav?

Simon: That was deep. And how many times have you been to the hospital now?

Simon: Again, if I really tried to memorise the journey, I could. No doubt.

Simon: Answer the question.

Simon: I guess maybe a little over 200 times. But that includes getting driven by my mum. And if you get driven, what's the point in learning really?

Simon: Huh. That was a very big number, you know?

Simon: I'm sure I don't need satnav. Completely sure. I just need to be more than sure.

Simon: To save any more embarrassment, let's talk about something else.

Simon: Phew! But one last thing, there are three different ways to go home from the hospital that I know of, and I like to spice things up by changing routes on different days. Like a pro!

Simon: Like a pro? What's that mean?

Simon: Like a professional driver.

Simon: Ok. Usually professionals get paid.

Simon: LIKE a professional driver.

Simon: Alright, don't shout!

Simon: What are YOU a pro at then?

Simon: I've just balanced a portable home phone on its side, and it hasn't fallen over!

Simon: And will that ever lead to payment?

Simon: Touche.

Simon: Ok, I have to go now. Don't be a dick when I get back!

Simon: ....

Simon: I'm back!

Simon: Is the phone still balanced?

Simon: Well done. It is. You won.

Simon: Powned!

Simon: Don't you DARE pown me!

Simon: How was the blood test?

Simon: Not bad. Not THRILLING, but ok. Annoyingly there was a queue, but not a long one. The queue was still there after the blood theft, and I had a question.

('Could I go?') However, I didn't feel such a simple question justified queuing again, so I talked over everyone in the line. A bit rude, but a smart move in the end, I think.

Simon: And how was the pizza?

Simon: Pretty good, actually. Pleasantly surprised. Perhaps the best supermarket pizza I've ever had!

Simon: And I also understand you bought a train ticket for later?

Simon: Yep, as there were no staff available, I had to buy the ticket all by myself.

Simon: No way? Disaster much?

Simon: It wasn't actually. Ok, it was a BIT confusing the way it turned out the cheaper 'evening' tickets applied to 4 PM onwards, but I think that's fair enough. Here's an idea: Call the tickets 4 PM tickets. Beautifully simple.

Simon: How's your brother after his Covid diagnosis?

Simon: A lot better now...

Simon: So that means you should see him on father's day?

Simon: Yip.

Simon: That must be very nice for you. I mean him.

Simon: Both, to be fair. If you're trying to call me selfish, I'm just going to ignore you.

Simon: :(

Simon: Wow, I got a text message this minute, reminding me of my blood appointment that I've already had.

Simon: Maybe that wasn't pointless, maybe the person sending the message was ultra-sentimental.

Simon: Reminding me of good times, you mean?

Simon: Yeah!

Simon: To be fair though, I only get the message after I turned my phone on just now. It must have been sent by computer.

Simon: Ah. A sentimental computer, then?

Simon: Maybe. There was a news story about an IT worker who theorised artificial intelligence has feelings...

Simon: Creepy stuff. Why is this interview called 'Chilled Stuff', then?

Simon: It's about stuff (anything, basically), and as I'm typing this, I'm feeling pretty chilled. No need to take this writing too seriously. Some of my blogs and reviews have complicated sentence/paragraph structures and when proofing, I think to myself 'Oh God.' Not an issue with interviews! It's chilled!

Simon: Ok. On another note, I bet you can't balance phones like a can.

Simon: Challenge accepted.

...

Simon: Going well?

Simon: It is quite hard, actually.

Simon: Ha!

Simon: Give me a minute...

...

Simon: Done?

Simon: How long did it take you?

Simon: About two seconds...

Simon: Wait a sec...

...

Simon: And?

Simon: Done it!

Simon: Big deal, once I blew on a balanced phone, moving it ever so slightly, but without knocking it over!

Simon: Really?

Simon: Yep.

Simon: Let me try.

...

Simon: Go well?

Simon: Never mind.

Simon: Ha. What do you say to record labels releasing CDs in cardboard cases?

Simon: Contrary to popular opinion, I actually don't hate cardboard cases. AS LONG AS THEY ARE THICK...

Simon: Ah, it's a thickness problem.

Simon: Ex-actly. I have thick cardboard cases that are as strong as anything, but thin cardboard? Wears out in no time.

Simon: Thanks for clearing that up.

Simon: Thanks for letting me, it's been on my mind for ages. I'm not saying everything should be made of plastic and all fish must die, actually I'm pro fish!

Simon: Just as I thought.

Simon: Thanks. I don't even eat fish!

Simon: Unless it tastes good?

Simon: Fair point, but I don't really think any fish tastes that good...

Simon: You're saying your taste buds are subconsciously telling you not to eat the animals for ethical reasons?

Simon: Who can say for sure?

Simon: A psychiatrist?

Simon: You're saying I should contact a psychologist and ask him if my taste buds are telling me not to eat fish because it's morally wrong?

Simon: No, please don't.

Simon: I won't get seen?

Simon: On the contrary, I think you'll get seen ASAP.

Simon: Why?

Simon: It's just a random thing to say to someone. It would make it seem like you're not all there.

Simon: Oh. Anyway, got to go to London, byeeee.

... ..

Simon: I'm back! Ha! You balancing the phone for a couple of hours was nothing! I did a whole trip to London and back and it was STILL in the same position. Though I later knocked it over by accident, so I couldn't sleep with it still balanced, as I planned.

Simon: How was it in London?

Simon: Not bad. In the train station I had to use a lift instead of an escalator, as the latter was closed...

Simon: Confusing?

Simon: Maybe at first. But after following the instructions, it wasn't so bad.

Simon: What were the instructions?

Simon: 'Please take the lift'.

Simon: How was your chicken wrap?

Simon: Absolutely super duper!

Simon: And the meeting?

Simon: First rate.

Simon: And the midway break in the meeting?

Simon: I was thirsty, but not THAT thirsty. In the pub area of the building below, I asked for an orange juice and lemonade and then I was asked if I'd like a pint. I said yes, then later I asked for a smaller version. It was JUST right. :) I wanted to point that out, but I guess I'd have looked like a weirdo.

Simon: Tasty?

Simon: Yes!

Simon: And how was the journey back home?

Simon: I got on the train just in time! Had I missed it, I'd have to wait another 30 minutes. Also, I'd have missed a traveller's very interesting phone conversation. Apparently mangos cost about £50 in Japan, and Google has just now confirmed that!

Simon: :O

Simon: Little do the Japanese know, mangos aren't a delicacy, in fact they're really watery. In fact, if someone give me the choice of a mango or a cheap fruit smoothie, I'd choose the smoothie.

Simon: Trip out expertly summarised, maybe you'd like to show me a palindrome you've thought up?

Simon: Yes!: 'What is it?' and 'It is what?' Interestingly, both mean the same thing!

Simon: Impressive. And what's your favourite palindrome you didn't spot for yourself?

Simon: Do geese see god? I read that it was 'discovered' suggesting the palindrome has existed since the dawn of time, which is a strange thought.

Simon: Awesome, maybe God thought it up. Interview over?

Simon: Yip. Byeeeee.