

Simon: Hello, any stories about kebabs?

Simon: Yes, I saw a kebab cook put his hand over the grill, I guess to estimate how hot it was. I thought he was going to cook his own hand! I was reminded of the butcher in The League of Gentlemen that is rumoured to sell human meat...

Simon: The 'special stuff', you mean?

Simon: Yes, I thought something super shady was happening.

Simon: Did you check the menu for it?

Simon: Well, the meat is secretive, isn't it? It's only sold to people the cooks know they can trust. Which is why it's called 'special'.

Simon: There was nothing on the menu called 'the chef's special'?

Simon: Actually I think something like that WAS on the menu... :S

Simon: Come on, who cooks their own hand??

Simon: Not only that, the chef's specially only cost around £10. That's if I remember rightly. £10 for your own hand? Sounds like the people are getting desperate.

Simon: No.

Simon: You're right to be skeptical, actually business seems to be pretty good. But you never know...

Simon: What?

Simon: The cooks might be in financial trouble for doing drugs.

Simon: Simon, is there ANY way you could be more offensive?

Simon: Sure. I actually looked at the chef as he put his hand over the grill and I was thinking to myself 'Special stuff'. I got a very funny look in response to that.

Simon: Is that true?

Simon: 100%.

Simon: He probably thought you wanted him to cook his own hand and that you were thinking that was special.

Simon: My exact thinking.

Simon: How long ago was that incident, then?

Simon: A couple of months ago. I think it's all forgotten now, which is lucky as I'm

going to get another kebab today.

Simon: You hope it's forgotten, otherwise the cook is going to be like 'you think it's special when I cook my own hand???'

Simon: Yep. On the plus side, I never actually said the phrase 'special stuff' I just thought it.

Simon: But as you have an expressive face it doesn't really matter.

Simon: Yes, I really thought the words 'special stuff' hard so there was as little doubt as possible.

Simon: Why?

Simon: I was just hoping the cook got the reference. Clearly he did not.

Simon: Next time you see the guy, just casually say his kebabs are special. Then he'll probably stop obsessing over the incident.

Simon: Good idea. Speaking of screwing with people, there is an automatic door in the place I go for my Clozapine blood tests. It keeps opening and closing for no reason.

Simon: And?

Simon: If I were to say to the other patients 'I just saw a ghost open the door!' there would be some who would believe me! :O

Simon: Do you really think tricking schizophrenics is funny?

Simon: Some ghosts are friendly! A harmless prank.

Simon: Ghosts such as?

Simon: Casper the friendly ghost!

Simon: You're saying the patients would feel a sense of comfort from the fictional ghost?

Simon: I'd feel comfort from anyone who is friendly.

Simon: You're saying you'd feel comfort from a friendly dead person?

Simon: Yes.

Simon: Describe the situation.

Simon: Ok, I will. I see someone who has just been run over, smiling and giving a thumbs up...

Simon: You find comfort in that?

Simon: No wait. I see an elderly priest smiling warmly. He then says 'I've had a great life and now I see God welcoming me into Heaven.' There you go, how can that not be comforting?

Simon: It's a lot better than liking it when a poor person gets run over.

Simon: But he was smiling!

Simon: He had his whole life ahead of him!

Simon: Yeah? Well if he was smiling when he died, what kind of life was he leading?

Simon: That's a terrible thing to say! You of all people should know that people can turn their lives around!

Simon: Fine. But the priest going to Heaven IS comforting, you can't dent that.

Simon: Now explain how you'd feel comfort from a ghost.

Simon: The ghost could be of the priest...

Simon: And what is the priest's ghost doing in the Clozapine centre?

Simon: He has schizophrenia.

Simon: Wow, a ghost with schizophrenia...

Simon: Yes, when the ghost told the psychiatrist it had been seeing other ghosts, no one believed it. Hence the diagnosis.

Simon: The psychiatrist didn't believe the ghost had seen other ghosts?

Simon: Yes.

Simon: Even though the psychiatrist saw the ghost priest?

Simon: Ghosts are rare. Seeing one ghost? Fine. But more than one? It's unbelievable.

Simon: You're really saying the psychiatrist could see the ghost of the priest, but no other ghosts?

Simon: Mm-hm.

Simon: Why?

Simon: Look, no one really knows what happens when you die. Maybe people turn

into ghosts, maybe in rare occasions people turn into ghosts that are visible only to other ghosts and some psychiatrists. Or whatever.

Simon: You don't think that's a strange situation?

Simon: It's the supernatural, isn't it? No one understands so move on.

Simon: No, because you think you've just won the argument!

Simon: Yes, I have. Speaking of insanity, I was looking out my closed bedroom window and was thinking 'who put my guitar on the roof?' Then I realised my guitar's reflection on the window made it look like it was outside.

Simon: And you think you can comment on what happens when people die?

Simon: You don't know my dad, he is the EXACT kind of person who would put my guitar on the roof.

Simon: Why??

Simon: He's not right in the head!

Simon: You didn't think your guitar was a ghost, did you? I'm just saying, if you saw its reflection in the window, it wouldn't have looked completely solid, would it?

Simon: No, I fully understand that guitars can't live or die, meaning a guitar ghost is not possible.

Simon: Trees live and die. Guitars are made from trees.

Simon: Oh well thanks a lot.

Simon: What?

Simon: You've got me obsessing over guitar ghosts, now.

Simon: How would you like it if someone killed you, turned you into a guitar and played a tune on you?

Simon: I would be thinking life isn't fair...

Simon: So maybe you should put your guitar back in a forest where it belongs.

Simon: Ahhhh, I see what you're doing. You're trying to make me act like a mental person and laugh about it, aren't you?

Simon: Ohhh, you got me.

Simon: You trying to guilt trip me into leaving my guitar in the woods, oh ha ha.

Simon: I was so close.

Simon: Looks like you'll have to abandon that idea, huh?

Simon: Oh, I'll just think of another way I can make you believe in tree ghosts, you're clearly obsessed with ghosts in general.

Simon: I believe in ghost peppers.

Simon: What do you think they are?

Simon: Dead peppers, of course.

Simon: And how do peppers die?

Simon: You said it yourself, you said trees die! Are peppers really so different??

Simon: ...

Simon: You haven't said anything...

Simon: Just trying to think of a funny prank on you, that's all.

Simon: What do you mean?

Simon: Oh never mind, interview over?

Simon: Yes, byeeeee!