

Papa John's Make Me Crazy

by

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Here's a list of the things that have made me angry, since Christmas, in chronological order... January, February, March, April and May. Want me to go more in depth? No problem... 1/1/2017, 2/1/2017, 3/1/2017, 4/1/2017. See the pattern? Yep, every day has made me angry. Why? Stubbed toes, disappointing milkshakes, slow computers, you name it. I also got ran over. That made me angry. As explained in my blog, though, I landed on my feet. Swish! So what's to be done about all this aggression? Papa John's! Papa John's really do reign supreme. Because of the countless hours of joy they have brought me, I think it's only fair to ramble about them. Hang on a second, this is similar to a blog isn't it? Why have I got two sections in my website for blogs and monologues? It's ok, I have an idea to make them stand out from each other. I'm not going to be myself like in my home page, I'm going to be a right character!

Papa John's! Whey! Does saying 'whey!' make me a character? I think that's how it works. Papa John's, woo woo woo, woooooooooo! Wahoooooooo! Papa John's, Papa Johns. Awesome! You probably know about these guy's pizzas, but did you know they do epic sides, too? Their chicken is far superior to KFC. Their deserts are just as good. Woop! Because I'm a character, I'm going to order their spicy chicken, and rub it into my eyes! In the meantime, I'm going to shave half of my hair off, with a razor. Buzz, buzz. Ok, done. Now I'm going to sellotape it to my bedroom walls. See? This isn't quite like my blog, is it? Woo! Now I'm going to set fire to my electric drum kit. Burn baby, burn. Alright, that's enough, the fumes are getting to me. Let's throw the thing out me window...

Ok, a few minutes have passed, and I've got my pizza and chicken. I felt like a right weirdo explaining my drum kit fire smell to the pizza man, but hey, that's in the past. Let's get this stuff into my eyes! AAAAAARRRGHHH!!!! Woo, woo, woo! Burn, baby burn! Now I'm going to recite a poem to my pizza. Here goes... Pizza beats a czaritza, and tsars are better than cars. Pizzas must be supercars, just not as large. Fuck yes! Now let's eat this thing! Mmmmm. Nom nom nom nom nom. Now to wash it down with... Lemonade! Not just any old lemonade, though. Premium lemonade! Yeah! I'm number one! I'm number one! I'm drinking it out of a glass container. Here's a thought; is glass a liquid? It's funny I'm drinking liquid out of liquid. Oh, I'm not. Glass is an amorphous solid. Never mind. Woo!

So... It's the day after eating the pizza, and I'm sad to say, I'm immobilised. I can barely type, and autocorrect is really doing its job, right now. Woo. I'm sorry I think I'm about to throw up... BLEEEEEEGHHHH!!!!!!! Ah, that's better. Wahey. Ah. Unfortunately, I've just gone blind. I guess I underestimated how hot the spicy sauce was, huh? How am I typing? By touch! I'm sorry if you encounter any errors, but I'm doing my best, night row. I think I'll stop monologuing, and dial 999... Naturally, I will be recording the conversation... 'Hello, I've just gone blind. I rubbed chilli sauce into my pies'.

'That was Billy'. 'Will I be ok?' 'I think so, wahey!' 'I'm sorry?' 'Wahey? A strange word to use, I know, but I AM a character! 'So am I!' 'Woo!' 'Yaaaah!' 'Just pour milk into yo peepers, you'll be fine!' 'Ok, thanks, bye!' 'Ciao!' Off to the fridge, I guess then, that's all from me! Byeeeeee.