

Hello. A while ago I said that I broke a gym rowing machine and that as I was typing about that, it was still broken, or words to that effect. As I was at home when making that claim, I couldn't have known about the condition of it. Unless maybe I phoned the gym to check, but you have to ask why someone would do that. An act of kindness and concern, or maybe the question of an obsessive crazy person. A gym machine stalker. I'd assume the latter. Anyway, as I never have been the kind of person to phone up and check on the condition of gym equipment, I am very sorry for implying I was psychic, and that I somehow knew about the equipment through some kind of magic. Turns out the equipment WAS still damaged at the time of writing as I'd find out in a later workout session, but the assumption wasn't because of a special ability or anything. Just a coincidence! I also recently mentioned how I think I saw Derren Brown in London. I'm wondering if he has the ability to know about the condition of various apparatus miles away from him... If so, it wouldn't surprise me. If he doesn't though, I'm sorry to the entertainer for previously suggesting I'm more talented than him. And even if I was hyper aware of rowing machines, I would need to be very clever to make a successful program out of that. I for one would get tired after the one show.

I wonder if people are born psychic or acquire the gift later on. In either case, my particular gift is very strange as explained, so you have to wonder why I would be given it. I'll tell you the ideal scenario: Gym equipment gains consciousness (not TOO crazy as such machines are electronic and count calories burned effectively) and gets involved with a cyber war with Terminator-like robots. I'm chosen as the psychic leader of the resistance, who can both assess and repair gym equipment from many miles away, and in the end, the gym wins the war because of me and I'm regarded as a hero. Now I know that's a long shot, but if it does happen, I would feel a profound sense of contentment, so in a weird way, I hope it does. As long as the Terminators just have a grudge against gym equipment, I mean and not people. Sure such stuff has electronics as explained, but I don't think they'll ever have the value of human life no matter what happens. So to be clear, I wasn't being amoral with the hopes of the super strange war. Narcissistic, most definitely, but not criminally so. Then again, I'm assuming my gym won't be happy with my complete lack of concern over their appliances.

Maybe now I should apologise to my gym for not caring about their business enough. Of course I can be excused for not phoning up and checking if the boat simulator was ok, but me wanting a war between the equipment and terminators, just so I could feel special and better about myself? Who do I think I am? If someone wanted to blow up my house and everything in it so they could get a self-esteem boost, I'd hate the person, quite frankly. I know it may seem hypocritical, but I think I'd have to contact the mental health services, too. What really gets to me, is the fact some people probably would respect the bombing. They'd just be like 'that's the guy who blow up Simon's house and all his possessions! Lol!' I know for a fact that's what mental home the staff would say. I said I wouldn't apologise about my excessive palindrome use in my last Eurovision blog, but as I have nothing more to say right now, I guess I should do. So yeah, sorry about that. Needless to say if I reviewed music in a serious (or at least semi-serious) site like Metal Rules and I talked about numbers, I'd have to have a damn good reason. I admit I never have a great reason, it's for my own deranged satisfaction. And on that honest note, bye! Oh yes, and sorry to Derren Brown for doubting his mental abilities, I'm sure he is psychic. Bye!