

This time I would like to apologise to Alan Sugar for suggesting that he wants to fire everyone in the world. He has fired quite a lot of people, Google says over one hundred, but the chances of him firing you are tiny. There are 8 billion people in the world, so actually the odds of you getting fired by him are one in 80 million! (Assuming you can fire babies as well, personally I'd think firing them is justified - they're rubbish workers). You want to know the odds of winning the lottery? One in 45 million... That suggests that rather than Alan being cold, the people who worked for him are completely incompetent. Whilst Alan Sugar doesn't seem to be TOO concerned with how others perceive him, I went too far. Mathematically, I went 80 million times too far, making this one of my worst apologies yet. (Calling Steve Lukather 'Lucifer' was bad too, as the pope would declare war on him if it were true). I did however say Alan has a nice nose and good taste in shoes, which is something, although some may say that's another reason why I should apologise. Luckily, I didn't really mean it. I don't mean to sound two-faced but I'm actually indifferent to his nose, to be honest I've never really even thought about it, not seriously anyway. Not only that, I don't think I've even looked at his shoes, but I will now to see if my compliment towards his footwear was eerily correct.

Wow, I've Googled 'Alan Sugar' and finding images of his feet is surprisingly difficult. There seems to be some kind of cover up. Either his shoes are too good for the general public or, more darkly, they're too bad. Let's do a more specific search, that being 'Alan Sugar's Shoes'. Well... they're certainly shiny which is pretty good, I guess. To find if they fit him well, I'd have to Google images of his bare feet and I'm not sure if it would be worth it/appropriate. I'm not sure how cookies work, do they mean that other people can see what I'm searching for? If so, I'm wondering if Alan is wondering why I'm so obsessed with what he wears on his feet and of course what he looks like without shoes and socks. That too sounds like I have dark intentions, making this a particularly important apology. I know it sounds like I don't care at all, but I don't want to make Alan uncomfortable and I don't want rumours about me coming out that I keep searching for Alan's feet. What a weirdo right? Well I only did it the one time!!! You know what I wish I really do just the one time? Check the door is locked when leaving my house, how about my doing that 10 to 15 times? (Yes, I do count). What if someone steals my computer and my pen drive I have to back up my files? It's all gone! And of course, someone will witness one of the most bizarre internet histories of all time.

I wonder what would happen if I worked for Alan Sugar, what for, I don't know. Marketing maybe? I think my passion for pizza is pretty clear, no? Granted I don't make the most serious adverts, but if I really wanted to, I'm sure I could give companies a fair amount of attention. For example, I could say Amstrad is magic and then apologise for giving people false expectations of the company, making things ok in the eyes of the law, even more so when I plead insanity which I ALWAYS do. I never get tired of it, I never get tired... So I get the marketing job right? But what if Mr. Sugar hears what I have to say about his nose and feet... Oh no. Against all odds, I'd get fired as well. And that's not an attack on his character actually, I would act the same way myself as I actually know my shoes suck, they're nowhere near as shiny as Alan's. Like Alan, I don't like liars. No, on second thoughts maybe I would like a nose compliment. I'd probably say 'thank you.' Now what to say? Oh yes, imagine if this wasn't apology 52, but 52 factorial (the amount of possible combinations of a pack of cards). A: How would I find the time to write so many

articles? B: Why wouldn't there be something in my brain telling me that's a wrong way to behave? And C: I very recently saw a news article online complaining of the lack of people who offer their seats on trains... Well... what do you make of me? Not so much an article, more an international emergency. And on that mad note... Bye!