

Simon: Hello! Any thoughts on this Friday?

Simon: I do have Friday thoughts!

Simon: And they are?

Simon: What a great day to have thoughts! Thursday would work as well.

Simon: Because it sounds catchy?

Simon: Exactly. Monday thoughts? Who cares?

Simon: Do you have any other thoughts?

Simon: Just the one at the moment...

Simon: And that is?

Simon: My computer is slowly being invaded by files called 'Creedence11M' and I don't know what's going on...

Simon: :(

Simon: I used to have one of them, the next day I had two, then I had three and now I had four! I took a chance and put one in the bin after reading online advice telling me to do so (even though other advice said the files were 'part of the operating system', which sounds important) and it did go away for a while, but the next day I had four again! And you know what gets to me?

Simon: What?

Simon: I don't even know what creedence means!

Simon: Google?

Simon: Well, credence (note the missing 'e') means 'belief in or acceptance of something as true'.

Simon: And why do you have files about that?

Simon: No idea! That sounds creepy if anything. It's the kind of thing a serial killer would say. As in 'I am going to kill you, you will believe that is true and I want you to accept that.'

Simon: Sounds a bit paranoid to me...

Simon: No no, serial killers are often very arrogant, they often speak in overly dramatic and pretentious ways.

Simon: Are you sure?

Simon: I think so. They say stuff like 'Witness the power of my blade' instead of 'I'm going to stab you' and stuff like that.

Simon: If you say so.

Simon: Credence has another meaning, though.

Simon: And what is that?

Simon: A small shelf.

Simon: And how does that relate to serial killers?

Simon: You know what? I don't think it does. You could kill someone with a small shelf but it sounds unusual.

Simon: Google says credences are small shelves in churches...

Simon: Oh God. A killer who thinks he's being controlled by God.

Simon: Oh, they're the worst.

Simon: Couldn't agree more. Interestingly someone else complained of having four of such files so I'm clearly not alone. I'm much luckier than the person who had 52.

Simon: Are you worried you'll get 52 in 50 days or so?

Simon: That's exactly what I'm worried about. I mean, where will they all go?

Simon: You could put them all in one folder...

Simon: Nope, I've tried that and it doesn't work.

Simon: It doesn't work because it's too powerful. It has the power of God.

Simon: Exactly. You can see how I'm so anxious right now. Many people would say I'm overreacting.

Simon: Would you like to change the subject?

Simon: I've invented a new phrase...

Simon: And what is that?

Simon: 'Well, how's that for a pickle?' It means 'isn't that funny?'

Simon: That's all well and good, but is it really your phrase?

Simon: What are you suggesting?

Simon: Google if it's original.

Simon: Damn. A guy called 'Big Popa' said it before me.

Simon: What does he mean by the phrase?

Simon: I'm not sure. I think he just owns an impressive pickle...

Simon: So it doesn't really mean something else?

Simon: I don't think so...

Simon: In that case, I think you can claim the phrase as your own.

Simon: You really think so?

Simon: Sure. You may not be the first person to comment on a pickle, but you do seem to be the first to link pickles with something that is strange.

Simon: :)

Simon: However, just remember that when using the phrase, people may think you're literally talking about pickles.

Simon: Of course.

Simon: May I ask how you came up with the phrase?

Simon: It wasn't something I thought deeply about or anything like that, I just thought it sounded... not logical, but it sounded like a real thing people could say.

Simon: It just came to you?

Simon: Right. Much like my other phrase 'pepper my uncle'.

Simon: Does your uncle know you want to pepper him?

Simon: I hope so.

Simon: Why?

Simon: He threw a bit of rubbish at me and I've held a grudge against him ever since.

Simon: I'm so sorry.

Simon: It's ok.

Simon: Did it hit you hard?

Simon: No, but it did annoy me. It annoyed me so much I was just thinking... 'pepper my uncle.'

Simon: Ok, I understand. Do you still have four of those invading files?

Simon: Yep, still four. You know what's really scary?

Simon: What?

Simon: Whilst 'Creedence' was part of the file name, I didn't tell you all of it. It ends with 'cryptex'.

Simon: So?

Simon: So? Want the definition of 'cryptex'?

Simon: Go on...

Simon: 'A portable vault used to hide secret messages'. Look me in the eye and tell me that's not sinister.

Simon: Again, you sound paranoid.

Simon: Oh come on. How would you feel if you ever came into someone calling himself 'cryptex'? If he insisted on installing files on your computer? You'd be terrified.

Simon: Google 'cryptex file mac'.

Simon: 'The Cryptex directories are part of macOS security. Mostly Safari and a few other features use it. So it came from Apple, it is safe to keep.'

Simon: There you go. Nothing to worry about.

Simon: Oh yeah? Do you know what numbers are in the file?

Simon: What?

Simon: 116270.

Simon: And?

Simon: It means the number one of number one of evil anger. Luck? None.

Simon: Your number theory again?

Simon: Yeah, well gravity is a theory too and you tell me objects don't fall if you drop them.

Simon: Gravity is a theory, so a mysterious serial killer acting on God's behalf is infecting your computer with cryptic files? Even though multiple pages are saying everything is fine?

Simon: Oh pepper my uncle and pepper you too!

Simon: There's no need to get aggressive, I'm just saying what you're saying is a bit ridiculous. Maybe your medication... maybe it's not enough?

Simon: I'm on a perfect dose of medication, just right. Sure I drool at night, so I have to take meds for that as well, and THOSE meds sometimes give me dry eyes leading to blurry vision, but you know what?

Simon: What?

Simon: There are effective and long lasting eye drops for blurry vision, and if I didn't spend about five minutes working out how to get the stuff into eyes, I would have missed bumping into one of my old guitar teachers.

Simon: And?

Simon: I just liked him, that's all. He's very good. Sick skills.

Simon: How often are your eyes blurry?

Simon: That would be three times, now.

Simon: And how much do the eye drops cost?

Simon: £5.

Simon: Oh that's not too bad, then.

Simon: Not only that, I like putting them into my eyes in a weird way. Sometimes I hope my eyes become dry.

Simon: Why??

Simon: Just a feeling of relief, that's all.

Simon: I get the sense you're not living life to the max, right now?

Simon: Sure I am. I'm getting...

Simon: A pizza tomorrow?

Simon: Exactly. On the site you can buy Pepsi Max, what does that tell you?

Simon: But you can't drink Pepsi, it drives you mad. Pepsi MAX sounds even worse...

Simon: Ok, that's not living life to the max, not at all, but if the pizzas were called 'meat feast max'? I'd 100% agree.

Simon: Ok. Anything else to say?

Simon: Nope.

Simon: You haven't wasted plenty of monologue material?

Simon: Na. I was going to monologue about the mysterious files, but I was thinking 'why not just speak about them here?'

Simon: Great. Bye.

Simon: Byeeeee.