

I've apologised for repeatedly talking about mental illness. Now I guess I should say sorry for talking about mental problems, pizza and care work over and over again in the same one blog! I said I'd change my ways, instead I did the exact opposite and took things further. Have I blogged about taking things further before? Not sure. If so, this time I'm taking things further still, so my writing style works. It's evolution, totally harmless. Some would say it's devolution, but I disagree. This is a devolved blog: 'Ffdmfsdfs mfdfsf fd. Bye!' That's a blog after I hit my head on something. Why would I do that? Read on. Anyway, at least I didn't talk about milkshake in that low point that was blog 476. Here's an idea for a blog: 'I poured milkshake over my pizza by mistake. Both foods ruined, it drove me crazy but no one cared.' The thing is, that is genuinely something I'm expecting to happen at some point in my life and believe me I WILL blog about it, suggesting I think it's a good idea. Then why would I apologise after writing it??? I guess I'm a mystery even to myself. Have I said THAT before? If so, I'm a mystery to myself and I can predict the kind of stuff I'll say at the same time. How does that work? It's mystery! Or maybe it isn't. With my several hundreds of blogs about me and all. -_-

I've pointed out how 36 is supposed to be the happiest year of your life and that's how old I am. If I end up going to a Thorpe Park Halloween night, I can forget about all my troubles I've had these last few months with my computer going crazy on my and all (and they were real troubles), it would indeed make 36 the happiest year of my life. If I don't go there? It would make 36 the WORST year of my life. You'd think the worst year of my life would be 15 or 16, the era when I believed I was controlling the world and messing everything up (note it was about the time of various terrorist attacks! :S), nope the disappointment would be terrible, and would most likely trigger another breakdown. A full blown one, this time involving rollercoasters. Something about rollercoasters, I don't know what. I guess paranoia about me not going on them. On the plus side, I take no responsible for any attacks NOW as I... wasn't... there. Am I trying to manipulate others into going to the theme park with me with such writing? Fine, I am, you're onto me. Please, I'm only getting more desperate! If I have to wait another year, I'll probably wear the pink dress James wears when things get tough for him. You think it's not based on reality??? Wrong, wrong, wrong! Where do I go from there when I realise no one cares if I'm dressed up as a defenceless and hopeless little girl? I hit my head on a wall and write some REAL rubbish.

I worry this monologue won't come across as a genuine apology, and instead will seem like a cry for help. Can't an internet post be both? I guess not. By that I mean, say the king said something like 'I'm sorry for not giving a Christmas message that was 'all there', I must have eaten too much cheese' or something like that, and THEN he said 'anyway, who wants to go to Thorpe Park with me? Anyone?' Would the apology come across as genuine? No. Furthermore, forget the cheese, would the message really imply a more severe mental breakdown? I mean the guy is 75 years old, he needs to grow up. Even so, I would love it if he said that, if anything he'd be a friend for life. Wow, Simon and King Charles enjoying a day out in Thorpe Park. Weirdest blog of ALL time, not just from me but anyone. It would also be the happiest. Changing the subject a little but not saving it for a blog as there's not enough to write about, I saw a black and white cat standing in my garden, partially obscured by a tree. At first I thought it was a small penguin!! Needless to say, how the flip would such a creature get into my garden? Did someone put it there as a joke? Maybe it was the cat that was joking around, perhaps after visiting a zoo and

seeing the other penguins. If so, how odd. And bye!