

It's the Kamikaze Popo here and I will be blogging about a day in my life. Why? Because I was approached by the runner of the website Wiedemann Comedy, i.e. Simon Wiedemann, and he said he wanted to know what my various duties were. I suppose my job is a bit weird and many would like to know about it. All the years on the job and I've never seen anyone fly a plane into someone kamikaze style even though it's been insisted there is a threat, but I'll tell you this much: With me around that's NEVER going to happen. For those unfamiliar with rap or hiphop, 'popo' meanings the police. So yeah, I'm the one who is responsible for policing kamikaze pilots. After the 2nd World War has finished I've been told me duties are pointless, but I think it's possible for someone to invade England again. The country is after all known for its production of wheat, barley, oats AND potatoes. There's a feast right there.

Despite the attacks on my self esteem, my mental health isn't BAD, but when someone told me I had no parents and that I was simply inspired by a numberplate - whatever THAT means - well, I haven't really been the same. I guess I feel a sense of not belonging, does that sound weird to you? The thing is I've never met my parents so someone, a crazy person, could assume my parents were indeed a numberplate. I always thought my mother and father were imprisoned shortly after I was born. The thought that I'll never be able to track real people down to find my family but a numberplate instead is just wrong on so many levels. I would feel SO stupid. I mean there are programs on TV about people finding their ancestors, if it was proved my ancestor was a few numbers and digits I'd never hear the end of it!!

I heard that the UK's number one condiment deliver, also known as the Sauce Boy came from a numberplate as well. I'd love to meet him, not because I actually believe the stories about him, but because he must be going through the same anguish as me. He may be the top of his game at giving mustard and tomato sauce to people, but doesn't mean he can't be insecure. Sauce Boy, if you're out there... I just wanted to say your parents WEREN'T printed characters. I know you THINK they were, but you're a young sauce boy and young people simply aren't as intelligent as adults. When I was a young Kamikaze Popo, I'd believe anything. My parents were Charlie Baldwin and Wendy Roland who are a couple of eggs, my parents were the number 7 and 8, you name it.

Anyway, what am I doing right now? I'm mostly just walking up and down the street whilst looking into the air. It's a dull existence, but when it comes to sky observing I like to think I'm somewhat of an expert. However, all I've really learnt is the sky gets darker over time, clouds come in all shapes and sizes and there are lots of planes. So actually I've learnt nothing new at all. There are lots of things in my life right now that are making me depressed. I do have the powers of other policemen which is something, but sadly I consider most of the people I arrest nowadays to be more or less innocent. The amount of times crying people have told me they were trying their best to go as fast as the speed signs told them to but it simply wasn't possible beggars belief! They are all looking at some HARD time.

Arresting James was satisfying, though. He wasn't in trouble for long at all, but I did make him nervous at very least. Then he just pointing to an elderly couple walking in a 500 mph zone and as they weren't going nearly as fast enough it was a borderline death penalty case for them which again, was sad. I was considering hitting them

with my truncheon but you just can't, can you? As this is a very same old type of day from me, I'm going to have to end things here. Basically I'll just continue staring into the sky. Anyway, I'm wishing you a merry Christmas! I'm sure Simon will be wishing you a merry Christmas too, but tomorrow he's taking a break from his site so he can shopping! Very exciting, one of the best days of the year. That may sound sad, but no it's genuinely an amazing time. Time to get a Five Guys AND CDs, that's a sensory overload!! Bye!