

Simon: Hello, what ELSE has confused you?

Simon: Don't assume...

Simon: Can I assume?

Simon: Yes, a record company working with Metal Rules told me that they wanted me to review an album for them, and to download the music I was told I needed to use a password...

Simon: What was the password?

Simon: I was told the password was important. Ok, the password is important, same goes with all passwords, but what is the password exactly? Ah, the password is LITERALLY important. Very confusing, explaining the extra message I sent to them for clarification.

Simon: Well done for telling everyone the password, though.

Simon: Ah, I got you! The password wasn't really 'important', HOWEVER it was still a word that confused me.

Simon: You're in the clear.

Simon: Exactly. The real password? It will have to remain a mystery. To be as clear as possible, there's absolutely no way anyone could guess it. At all.

Simon: Wow. The music company must love you.

Simon: Right. Especially as I didn't even say what the company was.

Simon: Let's make you head of security!

Simon: Right. I'll tell you what's really confusing...

Simon: What?

Simon: I went on holiday in New Hampshire and saw a group of Amish people. However, A.I. says Amish people have never lived in New Hampshire. That suggests I've had the most vivid hallucination of all time... I was so sure...

Simon: So, you've been telling people about other people's passwords and have been having 'the most vivid hallucinations of all time'. You really think MR wants to work with you, now?

Simon: Oh for the last time, the password was NOTHING like the one I said it was!

Simon: Ok.

Simon: Moving on, I was watching a TV program and someone on it said 'I heard

you visited every fire house in New York!' I heard that as 'every fire hazard in New York.'

Simon: Why would anyone do that?

Simon: They're a freak.

Simon: I have to be blunt, if I was the boss of MR? I'd fire you right now. It's just that sharing a password is one thing, the fact you think people are almost as deranged as you suggests you are more than capable of sharing more passwords in the future, as you'd think of that as some kind of justice. As in 'God has told me a record company wants New York to burn to the ground. I saw him myself. Something must be done.'

Simon: Well, that's what my medication is for.

Simon: And what if you forget to take it?

Simon: Then I'll share the real password. For the sake of justice.

Simon: But for now, there's a 0% chance it can be cracked?

Simon: Yep! :D Especially as it had punctuation in it.

Simon: Ok. It's just that you've given everyone even more clues...

Simon: Whoops.

Simon: Change the subject. It's for the best.

Simon: Allan Holdsworth has a song called 'Fred', which I presume is about someone called Fred. The thing is, it's pretty surreal. If I was Fred, I'd be thinking 'That isn't really how you picture me, is it?'

Simon: Actually, I think the song should be dedicated to you.

Simon: I've said some out there things?

Simon: More or less constantly.

Simon: The song is kinda funky too...

Simon: Are you a funky person?

Simon: Yep.

Simon: Wow, the surreal and funky person who sees people who aren't there and who shares passwords...

Simon: I was thinking if I put that on my CV, it would show honesty...

Simon: And what job would you apply for?

Simon: A dentist?

Simon: Why??

Simon: So I can help other people.

Simon: Ah. So you'd make a good therapist, too?

Simon: Yep. Or a brain surgeon.

Simon: Do you have any stories about other musicians?

Simon: I read 'Joe Root returns as England test cricket captain' as 'Jim Root'. I wondered why the Slipknot guitarist became a cricketer.

Simon: What is must be like to be you...

Simon: What do you mean?

Simon: Maybe you think Jimi Hendrix could play football?

Simon: He's been dead for decades...

Simon: Doesn't matter for you, though.

Simon: It's important I take my meds.

Simon: And dare I ask if you've had any other paranoid thoughts?

Simon: Yes, you can test if food packages lie about their weight by weighing them yourself at home, but how do you prove if the calories on the packaging is accurate? Maybe you could workout out the gym, look at the calorie counter and think to yourself if you're feeling hungry or not, but it seems very vague...

Simon: Well, as long as you're not planning on rationing foods because you want to go into hiding in the Amazon, I wouldn't worry.

Simon: I've said some controversial things...

Simon: Fair enough.

Simon: It's interesting you mention the Amazon, as I have recently Googled how to survive there. It's not easy.

Simon: Not easy, but necessary?

Simon: Yes. Don't drink from rivers. Drinking rainwater on the other hand? Fine!

Simon: And what would you eat?

Simon: Tough one. No police, though!

Simon: They'll be tribes though. With bows and arrows...

Simon: Forget the Amazon, then. I'll write another apology.

Simon: And you think that will work?

Simon: You say that, but I haven't been to court even the one time.

Simon: Wow.

Simon: Yes, people are surprisingly forgiving!

Simon: If you never apologised, what do you think would happen to you?

Simon: Well, you can get into huge trouble with the law, simply by saying things about other people aren't true. If I was in America, I'd probably be sentenced to thousands of years in jail.

Simon: Maximum security?

Simon: Yep, absolutely no access to pens or paper. Way too dangerous.

Simon: You could put that on your CV, too.

Simon: Best dentist ever.

Simon: And would you like to say something not about you? (That's recommended).

Simon: Yes, you often hear people say something is worth every penny, but have you ever heard anyone say a product is 2p too expensive?

Simon: You've redeemed yourself and have said something that makes sense.

Simon: See?

Simon: Wow, you're really burning through your ideas list, today.

Simon: I know. I'm glad I haven't elaborated in the password story. Deep down, I know I could never be head of security.

Simon: Or a dentist...

Simon: Or a dentist.

Simon: And would you like to end this interview on a high?

Simon: Sure. Bye!!!!

Simon: Bye!