

Simon: Hello! I understand you've made an RPG?

Simon: Yes, about that. I want to make one thing clear.

Simon: Yes?

Simon: I made a role playing game...

Simon: And not a rocket propelled grenade?

Simon: Right. I don't think the normal police are onto me, but in case the secret services are (and in secret) let's make things clear right now once again: I did NOT make a weapon.

Simon: Seems clear enough to me at least.

Simon: Thank you!

Simon: But I have heard stories of people clearly joking they have a bomb in an airport and them getting arrested...

Simon: You're thinking my special project could still have been taken the wrong way?

Simon: Afraid so, yes.

Simon: But I explained everything clearly. Not once did I say I was making a gun...

Simon: Doesn't matter. If you type 'RPG' as many times as you've done, you will automatically get noticed.

Simon: Really??

Simon: I mean your game was called 'Dying Man's Wish'...

Simon: Oh no. Rocket propelled grenades make people die...

Simon: Damn right they do. And the government is now assuming you're planning something very sinister, albeit through some kind of code.

Simon: Don't you think this conversation is alerting the CIA much more than my RPG ever did?

Simon: Yes.

Simon: So I'm in trouble?

Simon: We both are. This is what the internet has already picked up: RPG, RPG, RPG, Rocket propelled grenade, dying man, bomb in airport, RPG, so I'm in trouble?

Simon: Oh no.

Simon: Say you like kittens.

Simon: I like kittens.

Simon: Actually, now you REALLY look mad.

Simon: I've made things worse???

Simon: Probably yeah.

Simon: I could just change the subject...

Simon: Sounds good to me.

Simon: So... there was a poor woman who was singing on TV for some random reason. She sounded absolutely terrible because background music that was later added to the program at the same time as the performance was in a different tempo AND key. A real screwup from the post-production team, there. The way the person was like 'well done!' to the performer made it seem comical. Like saying well done to a five year old drawing stick figures of his parents, it was that bad.

Simon: Maybe it was done on purpose...

Simon: Or maybe the people didn't know what they were doing.

Simon: Like you?

Simon: I'm sorry?

Simon: Come on. Imagine what TV would be like if you did the backing music for it.

Simon: I passed the course and that's all that matters.

Simon: Is it?

Simon: Look, I wouldn't make it seem like an innocent lady on TV was singing bitonal music and some kind of super complex Meshuggah-like polymeter. Good backing music is supposed to be largely unnoticed and it should never make someone else seem tone deaf. It shouldn't really even make them seem like avant-garde prog metal stars, 99.999% of the time.

Simon: Doing so would be musical terrorism?

Simon: That sounds a bit dramatic, but fine.

Simon: Good. Now we have 'terrorism' to add to RPG, bomb, dying, etc.

Simon: THAT WAS YOUR FAULT!

Simon: Calm down!

Simon: Calm down???? We're both going to jail!

Simon: I hate to say this, but you've just said another word that's more than likely to get attention.

Simon: Errr...

Simon: Say something positive again. Like you have strong values. You believe in justice.

Simon: I believe in justice.

Simon: On second thoughts, that's made things worse again.

Simon: You really are a moron aren't you?

Simon: I'm trying to help you!

Simon: Well don't.

Simon: Other than RPGs, what other games do you like to play?

Simon: Shoot 'em ups...

Simon: You can't blame me for you saying that.

Simon: Oh God. I didn't realise what I was saying...

Simon: To lighten the mood, talk about shoes.

Simon: Because I usually take my shoes off/put them on without undoing my shoelaces, and have been doing so for so long, I almost forgot how to do my shoelaces up. A 34 year old man not being able to do his shoes up? How's that supposed to make me feel?

Simon: But you got there in the end?

Simon: I suppose so.

Simon: That's all you've forgotten right?

Simon: Not long ago, someone gave me an item, I must have put the thing in my pocket and when I checked my pockets soon after, I didn't have any recollection of me doing so.

Simon: That must have been upsetting.

Simon: Yes, it was. That's the only time that's happened though, so I think I'm fine.

However, in the worst timing possible, soon after the pocket incident I thought I turned my computer on without realising. The same thing kept happening, then I realised that for whatever reason my computer turns itself on now, whenever I turn on the power supply.

Simon: Phew.

Simon: Exactly. I mean it starts with mysterious items being found in your pocket, where's it go from there? The next thing you know I could be robbing banks without remembering and writing notes taunting the police.

Simon: That's dark...

Simon: It's very dark, which is why I'm so sensitive when it comes to writing about RPGs and that kind of stuff!

Simon: I'm so sorry.

Simon: It's fine.

Simon: You know what I think it is?

Simon: What?

Simon: You forgot about putting the thing in your pocket because it didn't really matter, I bet it was just an everyday item, right?

Simon: Yeah!

Simon: It's like forgetting about your aunty's birthday, who cares?

Simon: That was cold.

Simon: :(

Simon: I do agree though. Thanks for that.

Simon: Anything else to say?

Simon: You'd think typing for ages in my bedroom would be boring right?

Simon: Yes?

Simon: Not so, I've recently been balancing a mug of water on my leg as I've been working and it genuinely gives me a constant if very mild adrenaline rush.

Simon: What happens if it falls?

Simon: The carpet gets wet.

Simon: That's it?

Simon: That's it.

Simon: I'm just trying to understand what you get out of the activity...

Simon: I don't want the carpet to get wet.

Simon: It's like gambling?

Simon: Yes! But without the risk of losing money!

Simon: Almost sounds too good to be true when you put it like that...

Simon: Yes!

Simon: But it really isn't.

Simon: Yes it is.

Simon: Ok. On that thrilling note, end things here?

Simon: Yes! Bye!