Simon 1: Hello, have you heard anything that has annoyed you, recently?

Simon 2: Yes, this happened decades ago, so you may be wondering why I'm still annoyed, but if you Google paranoid personality disorder, you'll find they hold grudges…

Simon 1: Awful people.

Simon 2: Was that about me? What are you trying to say?

Simon 1: I mean they're nice. :)

Simon 2: How nice?

Simon 1: The best.

Simon 2: You charmer, you.

Simon 1: You need praise? Narcissist.

Simon 2: Are you suggesting I'm a paranoid narcissist?

Simon 1: No…

Simon 2: It's just that if you are, that would make me a fanatic narcissist, according to Wikipedia…

Simon 1: You want to start some kind of military revolution where you're the brave, fearless leader?

Simon 2: No, that really doesn't sound like me at all…

Simon 1: Agreed. You hacking the BBC, taking over a news channel and explaining your manifesto? I can't see it.

Simon 2: Right. I was thinking that if I am a paranoid narcissist and I don't want to rule the world after all, that would make Wikipedia wrong. If so, maybe the site doesn't deserve the £2 donations…

Simon 1: So you don't have any plans of what might happen if you rule the world?

Simon 2: To be fair, I did 'joke' that I wanted to rule the world when I was in a mental home (though the mental health professionals still seemed concerned and rather judgemental) but I had no real objectives, it was all about the power.

Simon 1: I see. But not any more?

Simon 2: No concrete goals whatsoever. Or need for total control. :)

Simon 1: You've clearly grown. You should give a talk.

Simon 2: Right, that's what people have been saying. Anyway, about what annoyed me: I heard there was a Playstation 1 game that weirded the players out by telling them what other video games they had been playing.

Simon 1: How would the game know?

Simon 2: Exactly. 'Oh no, my Playstation has been spying on me, or someone has, close the curtains!' I've certainly been there. Actually, it was known because the spying Playstation game scanned people's memory cards that stored save files of other games. So if you had a Gran Turismo game saved, the spying game would say something like 'You've been playing Gran Turismo, eh? I've been watching you. Screw you, hahaha, take it'.

Simon 1: That's scary…

Simon 2: I know! It's nothing to joke about!

Simon 1: Agreed.

Simon 2: Having said that, my brother's friend once gained control of another pupil's computer in school and left a message that he was watching him, which I found funny. It's true as well, he was watching. Whilst laughing.

Simon 1: Is that true?

Simon 2: That's what he said.

Simon 1: Lol, great. But how would you feel if that happened to you?

Simon 2: Honestly? I don't think I'd mind at all.

Simon 1: Are you sure?

Simon 2: I'd lol.

Simon 1: It's just that you've kinda contradicted yourself, there.

Simon 2: No, I don't think so.

Simon 1: Ok, cool. What have you got to say about people planning on going to a mental home?

Simon 2: There are some people who think the places are holiday homes that serve wine, etc. it simply isn't true.

Simon 1: As in 'Let's get the patients drunk, that will be a good idea!!'

Simon 2: Yes, that's what some people think.

Simon 1: If anything, that would make things worse…

Simon 2: I know! A patient would be like ‘I’m God, I’m the alrighty ruler of the whole universe!’ Then a nurse would be like ‘I think this person needs a bottle of wine…’

Simon 1: He’s cured!

Simon 2: That’s one theory. Another theory is the patient would just get more confused. Then the psychiatrist would point out the fact that a confused God doesn’t really make sense if he is almighty. Then the patient gets angry and unleashes a plague of locusts. But it’s not really a plague of locusts, the patient just poured wine over the psychiatrist. I’ve certainly been there.

Simon 1: That’s quite the talk…

Simon 2: I know! I actually watched something not so dissimilar on Youtube, at the end he got a round of applause!

Simon 1: You’d like a round of applause, too?

Simon 2: Sure.

Simon 1: After sharing your story and then your manifesto?

Simon 2: Look, there is no manifesto.

Simon 1: But if there was one, what would it say?

Simon 2: Hm. Just… cheese…?

Simon 1: Just cheese?

Simon 2: I haven’t thought it through…

Simon 1: Think about it now.

Simon 2: Just more cheese.

Simon 1: Ok. Change the subject, then?

Simon 2: I found it kinda weird when I heard that a bullet firing from a still gun would go let’s say 1000 mph and if a plane flying at 1000 mph fired the same gun, the bullet would fly at 2000 mph. I mean, where does the bullet’s extra energy come from? Then I thought it would be weirder if a plane flew 2000 mph, fired the gun and the bullet would go in reverse.

Simon 1: Biggest dogfight disaster ever…

Simon 2: Yep. But why waste money on bullets? If a plane going 2000 mph firing an everyday pea shooter, a pea flying slightly over 2000 mph would be lethal…

Simon 1: And after a battle, the pilots could eat the remaining peas…

Simon 2: Yep, the enemies could eat the peas too, though.

Simon 1: The pilots would be helping the enemy?

Simon 2: In a way. Peas ARE healthy.

Simon 1: Exactly.

Simon 2: It's not helping the enemy out too much, though. Why can't they get their own peas?

Simon 1: Right. I'd be surprised if supersonic peas could pierce tank armour, though.

Simon 2: If so, continue the research…

Simon 1: For peas or armour?

Simon 2: I guess both…

Simon 1: WW3: The war of the peas.

Simon 2: I heard people in England are already stockpiling tinned food in case of a future war. Little would such people realise they're actually storing ammunition…

Simon 1: I guess they're storing ammunition, but who owns a fighter jet to fire the peas?

Simon 2: You're right, I haven't heard of people stockpiling tinned foods and fighter jets.

Simon 1: I think that's for the best, though. Getting told to have enough food is scary enough, if the government told the public to house jet fighters I'd be terrified. I'd also have so many questions. How do I fly? Am I REALLY supposed to shoot peas??? If so, why?? etc., etc.

Simon 2: I think we've said 'peas' too much.

Simon 1: Maybe. It's a funny sounding word, though. Just like cheese. I heard John Cleese's father was called John Cheese, but he changed the name to prevent bullying. I say embrace your cheesy surname.

Simon 2: Agreed.

Simon 1: Is that all there is to say?

Simon 2: Yes, bye!