

James: Hello, and welcome to another edition of Radio James! With me in the studio is a fellow troll of online game 'Soldiers of Maturity and Honour'. We both like shooting the people on our own team in the backs of their heads!

Troll: Execution style!

James: Right!

Troll: It makes us feel alive.

James: Exactly.

Troll: Some go skydiving for kicks, we annoy other people and make them suspicious of other gamers.

James: Right. Anyway, it has been suggested I have autism, which of course means my behaviour is 100% excusable. All those times I annoyed Dan and bombed his car? It actually wasn't my fault at all, it was the fault of my disease and/or Dan.

Troll: Who said you have autism?

James: Just a specialist. He was like 'Do you think you have autism?' I said 'no', he said 'people with autism are often clever', I said 'yes, then', he said 'ha! Got you!' and just like that I was diagnosed.

Troll: That was quick...

James: Yeah, he has probably been noting down years of my behaviour, he just didn't tell me.

Troll: Behaviour that wasn't your fault?

James: Again, it was my disease, or Dan.

Troll: You must be really mad at him?

James: He's made my life a living hell.

Troll: You should demand an apology...

James: Yes, thing is, he's busy touring the world giving talks on how to avoid people like me.

Troll: People with autism?

James: Exactly, a very close-minded, hateful, bitter man.

Troll: You should give talks about him...

James: Oh, he'd just turn things around on me again.

Troll: I think you should just move on.

James: I'll try.

Troll: Moving on, what was that about you wearing a pink dress and having the words 'go away' written on your head in the army recruitment centre?

James: Just a troll. A little more intense than what is considered normal, but what a story for all involved, I think.

Troll: A good story?

James: Not in the traditional sense maybe, but yeah I think it was pretty good, yeah...

Troll: Why the army of all places?

James: Well, where's the least likely place you'd expect a dude wearing a pink dress?

Troll: Ohhh...

James: Pretty good, wasn't it?

Troll: A first rate troll.

James: I'm never allowed back though, I'm not even allowed within a one mile radius of the place.

Troll: If a war starts, everyone in the UK gets drafted apart from you, you're the only one who survives, and in a weird way you'd be furthering evolution.

James: A powerful thought.

Troll: Your only rivals will be people dressed up as evil looking bunny rabbits.

James: Sad really, because I used to look up to them. Anyway, here's something cool to do: I was looking out my bedroom window and immediately in front of me was the roof of another room. However, that roof is higher than my bedroom floor, so when I imagine myself standing on the roof, it seems like I'm shorter and I feel like a dwarf!

Troll: That's cool, as Google says some dwarves have magic powers...

James: Ooh, like what?

Troll: A.I. says metalworking and mining...

James: They're not magic, they're skills...

Troll: It's nice you have skills, though.

James: I can't metalwork though...

Troll: Can you mine?

James: I could give it a go...

Troll: There you go then.

James: Going in the other direction, if I look out my bedroom window and into the garden I can pretend my feet are on the lawn and I feel like a giant!

Troll: A.I. says giants can sometimes control the weather and manipulate souls... Can you do that?

James: I can control the wind. Blow on people, I mean.

Troll: And can you manipulate souls?

James: Are you suggesting I travel to the underworld, see souls and then try and get them to do things for me?

Troll: I am indeed.

James: No, that's out of character.

(A phone rings)

James: Hello?

Cool Fred: Hello, Cool Fred, here.

James: Ah the person I trolled.

Cool Fred: That's me. I want you to apologise for ruining my game and distorting my image of other gamers.

James: What do you mean?

Cool Fred: I now feel like other gamers are very, very silly. Because YOU'RE silly.

Troll: I'd be careful, you know? Or James will manipulate your soul.

Cool Fred: I'm sorry?

James: It's true. Whilst I'm not a giant technically speaking, I can pretend I am by looking out my bedroom window, thus giving me the power of a giant.

Cool Fred: And how will you manipulate my soul?

James: I'll make you say silly things. Like 'I'm Fred and I'm an idiot'.

Cool Fred: Go on then.

James: Err... Please say that...

Cool Fred: Is that best you can do?

James: I'll pay you.

Cool Fred: How much?

James: Fifty pounds.

Cool Fred: No.

James: Um...

Cool Fred: Please continue manipulating my soul.

James: I'll blow on you.

Cool Fred: What??

James: Oh never mind.

Troll: He can probably mine...

Cool Fred: Eh?

James: Yeah, I reckon I could mine. Not for 12 hours a day or whatever, but I think I could do at least some mining...

Troll: Not metalwork, though.

Cool Fred: Your point being?

Troll: Have you been listening to this show?

Cool Fred: No, I've tuned in just now...

Troll: Ah.

James: Of course.

Cool Fred: What's going on?

James: Don't tell him. It's funny.

Cool Fred: God, I can't stand people like you. I try not to let you get to me, but you know what I said to someone calling himself 'Great Guy 555'?

James: What?

Cool Fred: I assumed he was like you and I called him a bellend. The tragedy is, he really was a great guy!

James: No, hahaha!

Cool Fred: Apologise now!

James: ...

Troll: How did you know he was a great guy?

Cool Fred: He said to me 'I'm sorry if you think I'm a bellend. Is there anything I can do to make us stronger friends?'

James: Wow, what a great guy...

Cool Fred: I know! So apologise!

James: Oh I'd love to, but we're all out of time! Bye!