

Thoughts on Growing Old

Due to my time alone, I finished three books yesterday. And believe me, that's a lot of colouring

What did our parents do to kill boredom before the internet? I asked my 26 brothers and sisters and they didn't know either.

I tried donating blood today...NEVER AGAIN! Too many stupid questions:
Who's blood is it? Where did you get it from? Why is it in a bucket?

There's nothing scarier than that split second when you lose your balance in the shower and you think, "They are going to find me naked."

Today, I melted an ice cube with my mind just by staring at it. It took a lot longer than I thought it would.

Struggling to get your wife's attention? Just sit down and look comfortable.

Just sold my homing pigeon on eBay for the 22nd time.

I grew up with Steve Jobs, Johnny Cash and Bob Hope. Now there's no jobs, no cash, and no hope. Please don't let anything happen to Kevin Bacon.

Shout-out to everyone who can still remember their childhood phone number but can't remember the password they created yesterday. You are my people.

One minute you're young and fun. And next, you're turning down the stereo in your car to see better.

Think you're old and you will be old. Think you are young, and you will be delusional.

When I offer to wash your back in the shower, all you have to say is 'yes' or 'no'.

Not all this "Who are you and how did you get in here?" nonsense.

I was so bored last night that I memorised six pages of the dictionary.

I learned next to nothing.

Not in jail, not in a mental hospital, not in a grave – I'd say I'm having a good day.