

Her Personal Ad

Hey there everybody! How are you out there?! I am great. I have everything I need. I have a fantastic job. Built-in social networking. Gigantic loving unified family. All for one. One for all. Places to go, people to see, Things to do. Endless friends. I am fulfilled, I need no one. I am happy. Happy. Happy. Happy. I'm fine I say. Everything is fine. I swear it.

I have no drama. Who has drama? Games? I play no games. This is a game. Who shall I quote? Hemingway, Shakespeare, Lawrence, Chaucer, Nietzsche? How about Nixon?

Do you like to dance? Dance! Dance! Dance! You must like to dance. Must like pets. Must like dogs, cats, snakes, birds, hamsters, horses, gerbils, frogs, snakes, lizards. I have little dogs that can't stop barking. Big dogs that can't stop pooping. Cats that shed. Parrots that squawk. Rabbits that chew, and ferrets that crawl into the bed. They are my life. Always have been. Always will be. I will never talk to you the way I talk to them.

Do you laugh? You must laugh. Laugh! Laugh! Laugh! All laughs. All the time. You must make me laugh. I have no jokes or humor so you must provide them to me. Sorry for the pressure, but that's the way it is. You must be on

stage, and on all the time. All the time. Any time. Whenever I want. You must entertain me or I will kill myself. Make me laugh or die. I need to laugh. God help me. I NEED TO LAUGH! No pressure. No pressure!

Must like walks on the beach, dinner by candlelight, climbing mountains, running marathons, biking for charity, swimming for cancer, walking for heart disease, snowboarding, skate boarding, ice skating, ice fishing, skiing, snowshoeing, parasailing, power gliding, power swimming, power talking, power thinking. Sleeping in the woods, in the park, on the roof, on the floor, and in the tub. You must do everything and nothing! You must be that, but not this. Okay? Must this. Must that. You just MUST! YOU MUST!

No sleeping late either. Ever! I'm up at 6am on the weekends to run, go to the gym, walk the dogs, feed the kids, practice my yoga, or weed my garden.

I love food. I eat everything. Really. Except for the fifteen things I can't remember right now. I love wine, if I drank, but I don't, because I have a problem. I mean, HAD a problem. Used to smoke, alot. Now I don't! Or hardly ever. Well sometimes. Almost. I drink coffee instead. Lots of it. Or just a little. What's six cups anyway? That's nothing! What's the big deal? It's just coffee. Nothing's been proven either way. It makes me

feel good. Just be prepared. You don't want to talk anyway. Do you? You can just listen to me, and listen...and listen...and listen. You'll stop hearing yourself think, but you might get sex. No you won't. No way, you shallow brick!

Above all, tell the truth. Don't lie, you lousy piece of garbage. I hate you! Don't expect me to tell the truth either, because you can't believe me. I mean what I say, but don't know what I mean. Don't bring me lies, cheats, games, drama, depression, suicide or malevolence. No Drama. I hate drama. In fact I killed drama on a street corner six years ago, last Tuesday. You must not have drama. Drama stops here. Why? Because drama is bad, bad, bad. Its bad.

I want Disneyland, candy canes and pooh bears. I want no emotion but that which comes wrapped in tickets to France, cruises to Greece, or ski trips to Vail. I have no room for anything from you but your sugar plum stories, blue ribbon career, and fur covered happiness.

I had electro shock therapy and life has never been better. Don't bore me with your home cooked dinner, movie, and conversation. I want global scale excitement, adrenaline rush lifestyle and things that make me forget who I am. Who am I? I don't know. Don't want to know. Don't care. All I want from you is escape to other places,

other countries, other lands, other worlds. The moon!
Mars! Jupiter!

Have a motorcycle? That changes everything. I'll marry you. I'll marry the motorcycle. Is it loud? The louder the better. All I want to do is sit on it. We don't even have to go anywhere. I just want to sit on it. With the engine on. Louder! Louder! Pollution? Noise? Who cares. I'm on a motorcycle! Forget the cruises and trips to France. It's just me and this chrome plated growling animal between my legs. I am complete.

Where are you, my prince? I know you are there. I need sex. But don't want sex. At least not with you. Why? Because you want sex. I only want sex with someone who doesn't want it, but actually does want it, and doesn't know that I want it, but won't say that I want it. Because I don't know if I really want it anyway. God, I need sex! No, I don't! I DO NOT NEED SEX!

Don't waste my time. I'm a valuable part of life and society, and my time is precious because people are waiting for me, and you're blocking their way. Please excuse me if I press delete and move on. I don't mean to be rude, selfish, or arrogant. I'm really a nice person. Just not now, and just not with you. So, outta my way! I have not a second to spare or I will lose my winning ticket held in the next outstretched hand.

What do I want? Don't know anymore. I don't want this!
Do I? How could I? What is this? Help me! More coffee
please. I am great. I am so great. I have everything I
need. I don't need anyone. I don't need this. I have my
pets. I have my children, my job, my friends, and my
dreams. I don't need this. I don't need you. I'm too busy
anyway. More coffee please.

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