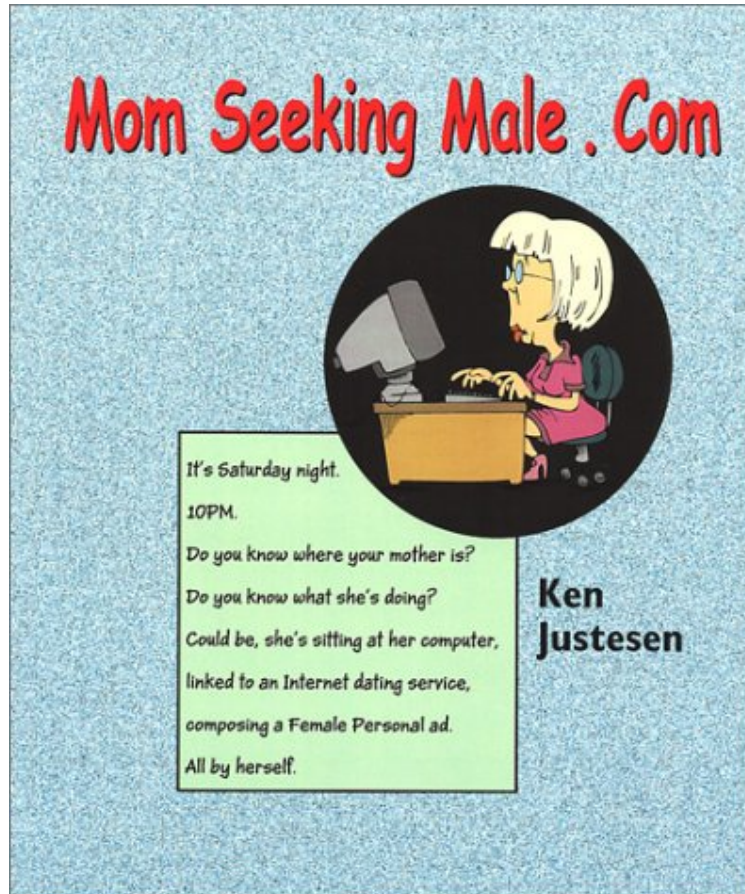


Mom Seeking Male . Com

Ken Justesen

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Ken Justesen : Mom Seeking Male . Com before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Mom Seeking Male . Com:

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. I couldn't stop laughing!By Mary Ann BounacosMy friends and I spent a hilarious evening reading the ads and the extremely funny acerbic comments written by the author of Mom Seeking Male.Com. The author's witty quips are what truly make this book a must for anyone who has ever thought of joining the cyber-dating community or has ever responded to an internet ad. Keep a box of tissues handy as you read this amusing and enteraining book for your eyes will tear from laughter, and enjoy!

A hilarious collection of female personal ads gleaned from Internet dating sites, replete with typos, grammatical errors and dangling everythings. More than 1,000 ads meticulously transcribed character by character are grouped by common themes into 32 fun-filled chapters, including Blondish, Games, Holidays, Interracial, Motorcycles, Prince Charming, Religion, Soulmate, Threesomes, Vanity Each ad is commented upon by a divorced male, a regular guy in his mid-fifties who, amused by the way some of his baby-boomer contemporaries market themselves, makes light of the entire process.

About the Author Having been an active participant with Internet dating sites for almost four years, a task that included thousands of emails and scores of blind dates with women who turned out to be completely different from what they had written about themselves, the author eventually began making cynical comments to himself when reading female personal ads. Some of the ads and comments were shared with friends who encouraged him to put together a collection of laughs that could be enjoyed both by those who are members of the cybernet community as well as those unfamiliar with Internet dating sites. The book contains a comical introduction describing some of the author's experiences, and also explains how he moved from the position of being an active participant to that of a disgruntled observer. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. First page of Introduction: Saturday night. 10PM. Do you know where your mother is? Do you know what shes doing? Could be, shes sitting at her computer, composing an email to me. Or reading one I sent her. Thanks to the Internet and its easily accessible, on-line dating services, single men and women have a new media they can use in order to find one another, a media promising to replace, to a certain extent, the dreaded blind date arranged by mutual friends anxious to help two people bring an end to empty days and lonely nights. Speaking as a male member of this cyber-dating community, I thought you might find it interesting to learn something you may not have known about your mother: The woman lies. Yes, you heard me. She lies. "WHAT?" you scream in her defense, vehemently denying, "Not MY mother!" Im sorry, but, she does. Much as it burdens me to deliver this depressing news, it is a fact. Your mother engages in errors of commission and, to an even greater extent, errors of omission, comforting herself within the security of her home, hiding behind the anonymity afforded by a computer monitor linked to a modem through which a man connected at the other end of the line has little idea as to the real identity of the woman with whom hes corresponding. Me? Im in my mid-fifties. Been divorced longer than I was married. A few hairs short of six feet, becoming shorter each passing year. In winter, I weigh in at a hundred and seventy pounds, five pounds less during the warmer months, a trend which has continued since graduating college with a BS degree in Business Management in the late sixties. Born and raised in New Jersey, in 1972 I relocated to Nokomis, a small town sandwiched between Sarasota and Venice on the west coast of Florida. Never had kids of my own, but was a member of the Big Brothers organization for ten years. A few years ago, taking advantage of our local cable companys offer to waive installation charges, I subscribed to their Internet service. Despite this having been my first exposure to the web, within weeks I was surfing like a pro and had discovered enough porno sites to Er, well, lets just say I found the Internet to be quite satisfying with respect to, uh, certain pressing needs. Having lived by myself for several years, there came a night when the lonesomeness suggested I put a search engine to its ultimate test. Placing my cursor within the keyword-entry box, I tentatively typed: FIND WOMAN. Before I could light a cigarette, the first page of several to be perused at my leisure appeared on the screen, each page containing a dozen links claiming to be "The best dating site on the Internet." Double-clicking the first link, then answering a few questions as to the type of person I sought - gender (female), age range (45 to 55) and geographical location (within 100 miles of my zip code) - I was presented with a laundry list of the companys offerings, pictures accompanying text written by baby boomer women lookin for love. "Wow!" Hungry eyes glanced from one photograph to the next. If youll forgive the prurient analogy, I would liken the experience to walking into a well-stocked butcher shop just before dinner time, wherein various cuts of fresh meat laying inches beyond the pane of glass in front of me generated a ravenous desire. "I want one of those, two of these" Most on-line dating services display their Personal Ads similarly to one another: A catchy title or subject line created by the advertiser, along with a brief physical description followed by a narrative containing items hoped to be of interest to the reader. Likes, dislikes, hobbies, family, job and favorite pastimes represent the most popular. Quite often the narrative also contains specific attributes which a reader should possess before responding. However, an advertiser can write anything he or she chooses, subject to approval by individual dating services, most of which refuse to publish foul language or photographs containing nudity or