

If I had her energy I wouldn't need the Internet



Marvin Baker
Columnist

Greetings all. Since it's been a while I'd like to take care of a final piece of business from last year before delving into this week's topic. Last spring, I received an e-mail from a young man asking about different ways he could make himself more appealing to the opposite sex. I recommend starting simply and subtly, and wait for time (and a better paying job) to correct the more obvious. This is not meant to discourage;

there are many quick fixes available to increase your sex appeal.

I myself prefer the tried-and-true "trouser stuff", which if done properly, is just as subtle as it is effective. A word of caution to overachievers in the audience: resist the temptation to go for the tube sock, it stretches the credibility factor beyond belief. Stick to a nice, thin dress sock, or at most an athletic quarter sock, if that's all you have. I have heard from those who swear by using nylons or tights for the understated attention-grabber, but personally, I find those plastic eggs to be a mite too uncomfortable for more than a brief meet for coffee. 'Nuff said, now on to the matter at hand...

My circle of friends has expanded to include a young lady who is less than particular in her preference of one sex over the other. Basically, whether you're an innie or an outty

isn't quite as important as whether or not you're just plain sexy enough to turn her Hanes into a slip-n-slide. From my perspective her lifestyle choice is rather moot, namely because I'm eleven billion years old as far as she's concerned, which places me in the same sexual category as river rock. What is interesting, however, is the sheer amount of energy I saw her expend during a single afternoon of perusing potential playmates. Suffice to say I have a new respect for those who get their kicks on both sides of the beaten path.

For starters, let's look at her playing field. I would argue that her's encompasses a full two-thirds of the total dating pool, whereas the average person's is merely half the available opposite sex. It's basic math: take one over-achieving, liberal young lady, plus a generous dating

pool of eager men plus the available bi-women, equals more action than the Rangers saw at Omaha Beach. Likewise, if my friend were a bisexual man we could simply swap the numbers of the available female dating pool for the men (I doubt I would readily admit to having given it this much thought; you'd probably be reading an article on why I think Sharpie Pens should make great lipstick).

Think about it for a minute, checking out twice as many butts as you're used too. I'm thinking most would cave under the strain and wind up in a neck brace, or at the very least, require a bottle of Dramamine just to make it across the campus quad during lunch. But not my friend, she handled herself with aplomb. Case in point, we were strolling through the Town Center a few weeks back, window-

shopping and goofing off, when it finally dawned on me that she was scoping out everybody. This may seem like a small matter on paper, but this was a Saturday afternoon sale during the summer - we're talking wall-to-wall bare arms, midriffs, tight tops, and shorts. She looked like a cat watching an inkjet printer. I kept expecting a team of paramedics to rush in and shove a wallet in-between her teeth.

Surprisingly, she made it through the afternoon without any cervical damage (For those of you who think that refers to part of her reproductive anatomy, I strongly recommend taking Biology 231 before attempting reproduction on your own). By the time we left not only was I exhausted from watching her, but I also had a whole new appreciation for my broadband internet connection.



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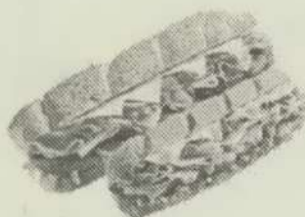
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