

How Do I Love Thee? Let Me Count the Spam!

By Chuck Smith

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Valentine's Day is fast approaching, and I (like many men) am in a state of near panic. Because I'm married, I need to come up with some kind of Valentine's Day gift for my wife that conveys the feelings I have for her in the most romantic way possible.

The only problem is that I (like many men) don't have a romantic bone in my body. Not one. My sense of romance, if it was ever there to begin with, has withered and died along with my youthful ideals, dreams of six-pack abs, and my long-range jump shot.

This poses a very big challenge for me since my wife has a keenly developed sense of romance. Like a blind person who has a tremendous sense of hearing and smell, my wife, who has been forced to live in a romantic vacuum, can sense the romance in everything. She points out beautiful sunsets and old people staring into each other's eyes. Sappy birthday cards make her cry. She wants to hold hands with me while walking in the mall. It's sickening.

But, because I love her (and I'm afraid of the repercussions), I have to try and pull a decent Valentine's Day present out of my backside. So this year, I've decided to use the awesome power of spam email to help me narrow my search. After spending several anxious seconds combing through my Deleted box in email, I plucked some candidates out for this year's Valentine.

American Blinds, Wallpaper, and More: Nothing says "I love you" like a nice set of vertical blinds. Or perhaps that crazy fruit print wallpaper that my wife had on her kitchen walls back in the 70s. In perhaps the weakest marketing move in recent memory, American Blinds, Wallpaper, and More is pitching their products as Valentine's Day gifts. For those of you desperate enough to consider this, I can suggest a few good divorce attorneys, or perhaps a good motel for the night.

Atari TV Classic 10 Games in One: The next entry into the Valentine's Day email sweepstakes is this fine video game on a joystick. Basically, you plug the joystick into your TV and choose from 10 "classic" Atari games. Just picture this . . . The lights are dimmed, the candles are burning, and there's a blanket in front of the fire. A bottle of Dom Perignon (hey, if I'm going to fantasize, I'm going all out) is chilled and open nearby. I lean over to my wife and whisper gently in her ear, "hey honey, want to play Space Invaders."

The Golf Warehouse: I golf. My wife doesn't. Not a good idea if for some reason I ever decide to have another child. Although, it would give me an opportunity to try out all the golf innuendo jokes wasted on my golfing buddies. "Honey, check out my new wood with the stiff shaft." Or, how about, "Just make a smooth stroke."

NFL Shop: Unfortunately, the thought of me in a Patriots game jersey - and nothing else - sickens even me.

Human Sex Pheromone: The subject line for this email was, "Don't Be Alone for Valentine's Day," which seems to be a very popular theme for the Internet. And with this Human Sex Pheromone, I can drive my wife wild! After 13 years of marriage, I'm not worried about driving my wife wild. I'm worried about pissing her off. And, with my luck, they'd substitute the human sex hormone for the Sasquatch sex hormone.

Which brings me to . . .

Valentines day sale: V,iagra-Diet-more: "Make this years valentines day special," is the text in the email (the punctuation mistakes are theirs, not mine). According to these fine folks, for Valentine's Day I can "lose weight, quit smoking, and enhance sex." Further, they offer "Great prices on V/i/a/g/r/a," as well as "Pain medications Skin Herpes- Hair" (again, their spelling and punctuation). Now we're talking!

I guess I'm going to have to go back to the drawing board in the search for the perfect Valentine's Day gift. And you know what? My wife is worth it. She puts up with me on a daily basis, and has even gone through the pains of childbirth twice. So I guess I'll have to expand my Valentine search beyond the confines of my email inbox.

I guess I'll have to search the Internet now. Do you think my wife would like one of those Mini-RC racecars or the Perfect Pasta Pot?

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