

The I Hate to Fuck Book

by Con Chapman

Peg Bracken was the author of "The I Hate to Cook Book," "The I Hate to Houseclean Book," and other send-ups of 1950's household hint collections. The following was not found among her papers when she died.



Some women, it is said, like to fuck.

This book--The I Hate to Fuck Book--is not for them.

This book is for those of us who hate sex, and who have learned that it is one of life's unpleasant experiences--like paying taxes, or renewing a driver's license--that does not become less painful through repetition.

This book is for the woman who wants to put out just enough to keep her man's mind off other women:



Men's Magazines--A housewife's best friend! Keep your bathroom stocked with an ample supply of moisturizing lotion and men's magazines, and I don't mean the huntin' 'n fishin' kind. When your husband starts to look at you like a wall-eyed pike, tell him to go screw-himself!



Really--just as much fun. For the human.

Quik 'n Easy Vixen Steak: If you want to get sex over with, pretend you like it and go at it like a bitch mink in heat. The male orgasm is basically the equivalent of a sneeze, and he won't be able to stop once you get going. Cooking time: 30 seconds.



"Sure we had sex last night--don't you remember?"

Get him drunk: Worried about what will follow the annual Scotch-Mixed Doubles Dinner Dance at your country club? Pump your man full of Manhattans and Rob Roys and he'll fall asleep before you know it. In the morning, tell him "That was the best sex of my life!", and you won't have to copulate for another month.



Va-va-voom!

Don't dress for ingress! Clothes make the man, according to Mark Twain, but your nightgown can unmake your man as well. Choose a flannel night gown with a lace ruff and a high collar and you'll have about as much feminine sex appeal as Samuel Langhorne Clemens himself.



Rabid marmots: "I wuv you too!"

Spice down your love life! Role-playing can be used to spice sex up, but some spices, such as cardamom, are used for just one recipe, then put back on the Lazy Susan and forgotten. Try this one: "Let's pretend I'm a rabid marmot and you're a big, strong fish and game warden trying to remove my head and send it off to the state Department of Infectious Diseases for testing." It has been known to work wonders on even the most amorous males.



If you must have sex, get something out of it! Keeping your man's expectations low means he has to pay through the nose if he wants to "score". "I can't really get in the mood for sex in the continental

United States or Canada," you say. "How about a getaway weekend, and I *don't* mean Alaska."

Available in Kindle format on amazon.com as part of the collection "The I Hate to F--k Book and Other Perversions," only 99 cents. Buy two--one for the bedroom, one for the bath!

