

# Your Love Life

by Con Chapman

There is nothing more important to a human being than his or her love life. Without love, there would be little or no sexual reproduction and whole species—or even families—could become extinct!



Maintaining a healthy love life requires effort and professional advice, and Your Love Life columnist would be happy to assist you. Here are letters from those seeking Love Life help this month.

Dear Your Love Life:

Ever since we got high-speed Internet access, my husband “Dale” has spent every night in front of his computer in the den behind closed doors. Last night I thought I heard a prowler trying to jimmy the sliding glass door off our breakfast nook and I burst in on him—Dale, not the prowler. Love Life, I did not mean to pry, but my heart was beating like a chipmunk's I was so scared!

What I saw on his screen shocked me—a web site called “Big Butt Biker Babes,” with revealing pictures of grungy girls I wouldn't borrow a hairbrush from. This, by the way, from a man who has suggested that I switch to Diet Whoopie Pies because of what he calls “additions to my back porch”!

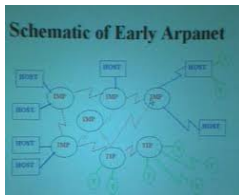


### *Whoopie Pies*

When I asked him “Dale—what is the idea?” he says real snippy-like, “Veneta—duh—this is what the Internet is for!”

Ms. Love Life, I went to our local public library and did some research. (I am not so naive that I would do research about the Internet on the World Wide Web itself!) What I found is that the Internet grew out of the Arpanet, which was developed for military purposes, not tacky women on motorcycles. Can you confirm that I am right before I confront Dale as I want to have all my “ducks in a row.”

Thank you,  
Veneta Sue Milner, Cahokia, Illinois



### *Arpanet chatroom.*

Dear Veneta Sue—

You are correct. The Internet grew out of the Arpanet, which was developed by the Advanced Research Projects Agency, which was formed in 1958 to counter Russia's technological superiority over the US following the launch of the Sputnik satellite. The growth of the Internet has largely been fueled by man's unquenchable thirst for sexual stimulation and fantasy football, however, and its importance to the defense of our nation is now secondary to its use as a window into the world of our most primitive desires.



*Stock photo couples are happier than real people.*

I would suggest that you think of fun activities such as scotch mixed doubles bowling or municipal budget meetings to get Dale out of the house at night. You may discover a shared interest that brings the magic back into Your Love Life.

Dear Your Love Life Person:

I have had a crush on this girl named "Desiree" in my Current Events class for the entire school year. We don't have a lot in common other than physical attraction—she has a 38" inch chest, which I am attracted to.



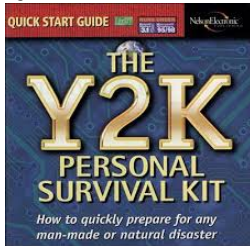
*The object of his desire.*

Desiree doesn't talk to me in class as we are not allowed to, so whenever I see her in the hall I say "Hi" but then my eyes drift downwards and suddenly I am at loss for words. Please help me out here.

Darrell Krueger, Ottumwa, Iowa

Dear Darrell—

Thinking of the right thing to say is hard, particularly when we are distracted. When next you see “Desiree” in the halls, look her straight in the eye and say “How do you do?” or something similarly appropriate and formal. This technique, developed by missionaries at the height of the British Empire, has allowed men to talk freely and confidently to big-busted women for centuries, and should work for you.



### *Y2K paranoia*

Dear Ms. Love Life:

I have been married to my husband Gene for the past twenty years. I will be the first to admit that there have been times in our marriage when I was not the most passionate sexual partner for him. There was a period in the late 90’s—one, maybe two years at the most—when I was afraid that the world would come to an end as a result of the whole “Y2K” thing and I was just not willing to bring an innocent child onto this planet only to have him or her blown up when the computers stopped on 1/1/2000!



*Peace at last.*

Now, however, I feel that I am in my prime, while my husband says he is on the “glide path” to our joint cemetery plot in Shady Rest Acres on the north edge of town. Whenever I ask Gene if he'd like to come to bed early he says no and stays up to finish leftovers such as meatloaf or spare ribs. When I suggest that he see a doctor and maybe get some Viagra he gives me this twisted little smile and says payback is a you-know-what.

I feel that I am being unfairly punished for those two—all right, maybe it was three—years in the late 90's when I just did not feel up to it. How can I put the spark back into our marriage?

Sheryl Lynn Esty, Hornel, New York



Dear Sheryl Lynn:

A diminished sex drive is a curse to some, but a blessing to others. Perhaps Gene will now find time to express himself in an interesting hobby, such as macrame or origami! On the other hand, you can take steps to correct the problem yourself by cutting back on the fatty food he snacks on, which can cause high blood pressure and lead to erectile dysfunction. Serve Gene rabbit food such as lettuce and carrots and don't be surprised if he starts humping like a bunny!

*Available in Kindle format on amazon.com as part of the collection  
“Take My Advice—I Wasn't Using it Anyway.”*

