Nightmares from the Wanted Section

by Javy Gwaltney

WANTED: a Muse.

Former Special Forces solider turned poet seeking artistic inspiration. Brunettes preferred but blondes will not be turned away; gingers, however, are out of the question. Must have a voice that sounds like money, a self-destructive temperament, or look good under a beret. Applicants need to be fresh: interested parties with previous experience will be turned away. 543-921-211

WANTED: Sugar Momma.

I am a young, avid collector of science fiction books and comics. One of my associates wishes to sell his first edition of Frank Herbert's *Dune* for 2,000 dollars. *I need it.* I will do anything for you, intrigued old soul. I will mow your lawn and I will boil your tea. I took several massage classes at the local community college and would be more than willing to utilize that invaluable knowledge to soothe those aged, aching muscles. For Pete's sake, I will feed you cupcakes with one hand while I give you sensual sponge baths with the other. I am at the mercy of your purse and your imagination. Email me at BigPoppaAtreides@gmail.com.

WANTED: New Savior.

The last supernatural entity I courted answered my prayers approximately 56.2 % of the time, and stood me up for a date we had in May. I need a **REAL** supreme being who isn't all talk. If this is you, shoot me an email at Agnosticfreeagent@yahoo.com. Hindu and Christian deities need not apply.

WANTED: Seeing-Eye Man

Handicapped man in search of humanoid companion to replaced deceased canine assistant. Applicant must be willing to relocate and cohabitate with employer. Living quarters will consist of a hand-me-down cot and red plastic bowl located in corner of employer's

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basement. Persons applying must have a penchant for pepperoni-flavored snack treats. Interested parties should come to 631 Carrington Street next Wednesday between 1:00 and 4:00 and bring their resumes. No women please.

WANTED: Partner in Pretentiousness

Being a genius is a lonely experience. I am searching for another brainiac to alleviate my blues. Applicant needs to be capable of having discussions pertaining to Bukowski, Kurosawa, and the latest *Pitchfork* interviews. Must eat organic and eschew *Harper's* in favor of *The Village Voice*. Ironic jorts are also a necessity. I have no phone or way of obtaining mail. If you are interested, you must seek me out in East Village. Go to McGaffin's Pub House between the hours of 2:00 and 6:00 in the morning, and ask the bartender for Rufus. Remember: bring the jorts.