

A Tale Of Three Titties

by Roz Warren

Now that I've let my New York Times subscription lapse, I get most of my news online. When I logged on this morning, this headline caught my eye:

“Woman Gets Third Boob Implanted, Wants to Be “Unattractive To Men.”

Apparently, one Jasmine Tridevil, a massage therapist from Tampa, Florida, was claiming to have just spent \$20,000 to get a third breast implanted between the two she already had. Why? She was fed up with dating, and did it so that guys would find her unattractive.

The good news? She had to contact 50 docs before she found a surgeon willing to give her that extra boob. (Medical ethics! Alive and well! Who knew?)

But she ultimately did find a doc to do the deed.

Then she covered up, went home and quietly lived happily ever after? Not a chance! Instead, she publicized what she'd done, complete with a photo of herself in a low-cut top that all 3 boobs are spilling out of.

Yeah, that's exactly how to become uninteresting to guys. Flood the internet with revealing photos that are all about your breasts!

As a mild-mannered 60-year old librarian I could have given Tridevil some advice about getting men to ignore you. Stop leading with your cleavage! Dress modestly. Highlight your mind, not your body. (You will instantly become invisible to all but the best kind of guy.)

My favorite part of stories like this? The reader comments:

She thinks she has a hard time finding bras that fit now? Just wait!

Too bad she didn't shop for a brain implant.

Someone should have told her that less is more.

She did this to become unattractive to men? She obviously knows very little about men.

She'd rather be attractive to freaks?

If tits were brains she'd be Einstein. But they're not.

Why not put one on your nose? That would be novel.

If God had wanted women to have three breasts, he would have made men with three hands.

Um, yeah. What? No.

She wants to be unattractive? Mission accomplished!

Well you've had your 5 minutes of fame. Now what, hon?

So glad you asked, commenter. Tridevil revealed in a radio interview that her "biggest dream" is to have an MTV reality show.

Is her family on board? "My mom won't talk to me," she says. "She won't let my sister talk to me. My dad.... is kind of ashamed of me..."

Terrific! A freaked out family who doesn't talk to you plays much better on reality TV than a sane, supportive and loving one.

I, of course, was busy brainstorming a show this dimwit could star in. "Who Wants To Be In Therapy?"

Start with the three-breasted lady. Add a couple of Kardashians, and those NFL players who keep getting away with beating their loved ones. Include a surgeon who'll do anything for a buck. Top it off with a few rabidly-anti- gay politicians caught cruising local bathrooms for gay sex. Then throw in a top notch psychotherapist. I might even watch that.

Did the whole thing turn out to be a big fat hoax? Of course it did!

Snopes, the myth-busting website got on the case and soon revealed that "Jasmine Tridevil" appeared to be a domain name owned by one Alisha Jasmine Hessler, a Florida massage therapist whose website proclaimed her to be a "Provider of Internet Hoaxes since 2014." Not only that, but Hessler recently filed a stolen baggage claim at Tampa International Airport that listed a "3 breast prosthesis" among the items lost." (Nor, when questioned, could she produce a doctor to back up her story.)

Busted!

Tridevil, it seems, isn't a 3-breasted lady after all -- only a two-breasted liar who wants her own TV show.

The sad thing is that she'll probably get it.

As for me? I'm re-subscribing to the Times.

