

POF (Fox Tamer)

Everybody I know seems to think that I'm some kind of lady-killer, but I don't really consider myself that way. Oh sure, I've boinked more than a handful of girls and then there was my 10 year marriage (which had some good sex in it), but overall, I still don't get women.

Anyways, a few months back in a dim, scotch-fuelled hour and a half, I put a posting up on Plenty of Fish—a free single's online dating site.

My handle was "Fox Tamer" and my pick-up line was "Let the good times roll." I found describing myself nearly impossible. Everything I wrote seemed to sound either pathetic or arrogant. Like "Nice guy, polite, sensitive, romantic" verses "Great guy, awesome package, will please you!" I nearly gave up more than once. To see what my competition was doing, I even looked at some guy profiles on the site and discovered that most of them fell into one these two traps.

There are the profile pictures of buff (often shirtless) single men posing in their mirrors or besides their motorcycles replete with exuberant if not simple (and often misspelt) text explaining why all girls would love to be with them but neglecting to explain why they are on a free dating site in the first place. The other camp is populated with profile pictures of cardigan-wearing milk-toast, chubby, mama's-boys pathetically smiling self-consciously—in a bad way.

The whole thing made me nauseated. Sometimes (and more and more so, as I get older) I hate men. And, I discovered that this dating site could provide, if studied a bit, enough justification for my feelings. On Plenty of Fish or any dating site you can find pages and pages of rank manhood in all its female-obsessed stupidity.

Anyway, I finally wrote a few lines, put up my least offensive picture, and hit enter as my profile became live. I called myself a "nice all-round guy" and I wrote a few extra lines about how I like Betty more than Veronica and dogs and cats equally. I also explained that I was not a loser, jerk, fat-boy, mama's boy, psycho, limp-dick, etc.

Almost within hours of posting, I received a message from a girl. Holy cow, I thought—this is great! What have I been missing!?

Her picture looked good, and she seemed normal so within a few emails, we made plans to meet for a drink at a Boston Pizza Lounge near her home.

I entered the lounge and found her actually walking right toward me from the bar. I blinked a few times when I met her because she seemed a lot older than her internet age of 38. At least a decade older. But what the hell, I thought let's see where this goes.

She was incredibly skinny and her face heavily lined and pre-maturely aged. But she was perky and seemed very interested in me—which was flattering and felt good in spite of it all.

But within three drinks she started to cry as she spilled her heart out about how life had dealt her a bad hand of cards: no job, no money, recently divorced, his family bugging and disowning her, custody issues with her daughter, broken-down car, etc. I finished my third drink and tried to extricate myself from this date as quickly as possible.

But it wasn't going to be that easy. The minute I said that I'm leaving, her demeanour changed to bright and cheerful just like flicking a switch. Before I even knew what was happening she was challenging me with "What are you afraid of?" and "Don't go" and even "We can make it."

As our date continued on slightly better footing, it became obvious that we would end up driving to her place—especially given how I (like most men) am as stupid as the head on my pecker most days.

Within very little time, there I was in the throes of more than one orgasm with this anorexically skinny, crazy woman, who if nothing more, sure knew how to play a mean hornpipe on the old skin flute.

When I was leaving in the morning, tears again started to flow as she returned to dwell on all her problems while she chain-smoked what was likely a ½ pack of dumariers. Making my exit was not going to be easy.

Every step (like putting my shoes on) required mega loads of bullshit. There I was telling her everything will be okay and things are sure to look up and that she's a good person and her husband is a fool for leaving her like he did and yes she's a great mother etc. Etc. Etc. Blah blah blah.

Finally I was in my truck and she was outside my door, hanging on the window frame making a brave attempt at being foxy or sexy—and she was wanting to know when I will be back.

"Soon" I said.

And finally I did manage to get my truck in gear and on the street. But as soon as I got home, I logged onto my Plenty of Fish account and deleted it.

Yet, again in a spirit of loneliness and drunken lusty hopes that are a man's curse, I recreated my profile three days later—and to my surprise, she found me again even though I had changed my Internet name to "Country Boy 69" and used a different profile picture.

Her message to me simply read: "Yup, used a doormat again...have a nice life 'fox tamer'."