

From: [Gina <goddessunleashed@roadrunner.com>](mailto:Gina<goddessunleashed@roadrunner.com>)

To: ['Steve'](#)

Date: 8/4/2007 5:56:52 AM

Subject: RE: Conversation Woman Strikes Again... With Some Clarification... :) - w4m - 38

Thank you Steve for taking the time to share your thoughts with me... I am again saddened to see a poor lost soul is once again trying to tear me down... I simply do not understand what motivates a person to be so mean and destructive !! and that makes my sadness deepen... Oh, what elixir exists to eradicate this epidemic??

From: Steve [mailto:sjropiak@aol.com]

Sent: Saturday, August 04, 2007 4:12 AM

To: pers-388901130@craigslist.org

Subject: Conversation Woman Strikes Again... With Some Clarification... :) - w4m - 38

I do see a certain amount of sadness and yearning in your eyes that comes from too many first dates that don't result in any sort of connection.

I do know enough about my fellow man to know that their goal on the first date is to get inside your pants instead of your mind and can empathize with how hard it is to find the cosmic connection you desperately seek.

Unfortunately, I am outside of the age limitations but couldn't help but respond. I'm a sucker for lost causes and anyone that cries out for everything they deserve but have yet to achieve. You, my dear, after so eloquently stating your case are obviously someone who has the unique combination of superior intellect and a crystal clear understanding of what you want out of life. I prostrate myself in front of you and pay homage. I am at the upper end of the IQ scale (both intellectually and emotionally); well above average as a matter of fact. I believe true happiness is achieved not on the backs of others but by lifting others up to as high as they wish to climb. I donate my spare time to three charitable organizations. My cat, Big Kitty (she picked out the name), is my best friend and we totally understand each other. I don't smoke, but don't mind those that do. It's a personal choice. Many things are and I have no right to judge others for their choices. My friend, Lisa, credits me with saving her life after her last relationship ended up on the rocks. No, on the rocks does not adequately describe it. It was the Titanic hitting the iceberg then having of core meltdown in its nuclear power plant and everyone on board being abducted by aliens. I love the rush of endorphins that comes from a real hard work out. I am passionate about riding my bicycle not only because it's a great workout but because every mile I ride reduces our dependence on fossil fuels and helps the environment. I have been beyond death and back (I coded during a surgery and elected to return to this life instead of moving forward. I guess that means I wasn't ready yet). I am gainfully employed. I believe that the best measure of a person is not the photo that is nothing more than a reflection of the human shell that entraps us, but to gaze into each other's eyes over a glass of wine and look deep into each other's soul. Only then can we decide if we're oil and water (sometimes contrasts can be fun) or if we're two precision gears in a Swiss watch. Individually serving but a single purpose, but together working in perfect harmony to create something for all eternity. I believe the perfect seduction is a picture painted in pastels and a beige canvas. It's not bold and brash (although that can be fun, too) but it's a gentle awakening of all of your senses until they SCREAM for attention. It's firmly, yet gently grasping from behind and nibbling on your ear lobe, brushing the entire length of your naked back with a feather or something soft and furry, or caressing all those receptive areas with my eyelash.

I think I have angered the gods by attempting to connect with someone as unobtainable as you because the first time I wrote this, a bolt of lightning struck nearby and my power went out causing me to lose everything I had written. Well, if admiring you from afar is a crime punishable by death, tell me where to stand and I will gladly be at the appointed place at the appointed time for surely you are worth it. OK, I have just written a sequel to your novel but will close with a bit of prose that I do occasionally feel compelled to write.

I don't expect anything to come of this as I'm sure you have many fine candidates applying for this position who are so much more qualified than I, but perhaps I have provided you with a bit of amusement by my attempt to please you. It has provided me with a chance to dream, to hope, to ponder all the possibilities that "what if" provides. I wish only the very that life has to offer. Should you ever doubt that you deserve any of it, please write me and I will provide you with a reminder.

Whisper in my ear
Make the bad feelings go away
It matters who you are
It doesn't matter what you say

Innocence and ignorance
Do they go hand in hand?
Or is it my lack of experience?
Please help me understand

I'm just looking for someone
Who'll always be there for me.
Might that someone be you?
Or has loneliness impaired my ability to see?

Let's spend some time together
Get to know who we really are

True love isn't something
We'll find in the back seat of your car.

So, come and take my hand
I'll whisper in your ear.
We'll make a bright new future
Out of the mess we're stuck in here.



Steve