

Extracts

from

The Diary of an Internet Dater

PROLOGUE

Hello there. Well here I am, Jim, (not my real name of course, but then you wouldn't expect me to tell you that now would you ?) a single man again for the first time in twelve years. How am I ever going to meet someone ? Hang out in bars and clubs I hear you say ? I don't think so, too old for that. How old ? well, let me give you some background on me.

I'm 52, but a young 52 I hasten to add ! I've always gone out with younger women. I don't know why, but the thought of going out with someone my own age makes me feel old. Not that there's anything wrong with women my age, but I guess I'm just used to being around younger women – lucky me I hear you fellow males say, but that's really the start of my problems. You see, where can I meet younger women without being seen as a dirty old man – not that I am one of course.

So my best friend suggested “why not try internet dating”. Now I have to tell you, I've never done internet dating in my life, and while I'm a bit of a whiz with a computer and surfing and I've dabbled at social networking, Internet dating is a different world. Anyway he recommended (and god knows how he knew, as he's a happily married man – although since

joining the site I'm reviewing my position on that) that I join
hotbabledates.com

So I opened my internet browser, typed in
www.hotbabledates.com and voila here I am at THE Place for
sophisticated Internet dating with some of the hottest babes
on the planet – well that's the site blurb anyway.

JANUARY

1st January

Yes I'm going for it. First day of a new year and my new years resolution – go Internet dating, find the woman of my dreams, live happily ever after. You can tell that I've fully bought into this Internet dating experience. Here goes, now I'm filling in my site profile. I need a nickname. Smoothie17 ? MrCharisma345 ? Playboy69 ? no, I hear you say – o.k I'm going to be conservative and opt for lonelyone – that should get the sympathy vote if nothing else. Well, it seems that there are at least another 87 lonelyones, because I ended up becoming lonelyone88, so that's me now.

I fill in all the other details height, weight, colour of eyes, hair colour, job description, income, age – now age, do I lie or do I tell the truth. Well a little white lie can't hurt surely, and everyone tells me I look much younger than my years. Not too much off, just a couple of years – 49 instead of 52 – you'd hardly notice.

My description – gosh, what do I write ? I've never been a great one to express myself with words, except verbally when I'm angry, and then they just seem to fly out of my mouth, but expletives aside what do I say ? I have a brainwave and decide to look at other men's profiles to see what they wrote. I'm worried now that I'll be on someone's database as Gay because I'm looking at other men's profiles. Not that I'm

homophobic – each to their own I say. Anyway, I cobble together the best phrases from four profiles and cut and paste them into mine. Job done. Now upload a photograph – which one, smart business type I think – an image of a successful person – what a load of crap – still as Attila the Hun once said – “Image is Everything” Picture successfully uploaded, now all I have to do is pay. £35 for three months – not going to sign up for longer, who knows by the end of March perhaps I’d have found the woman of my dreams. Ever the optimist – that’s me. Now I’m ready to go Internet Dating!

17th February

I get an email from DarkSeceret it says “I bet you like wearing lipstick and girls underwear?” Now, what I do in the privacy of my own home is my business and nobody else’s. I reply to the email and tell her that I think she’s got the wrong person and block any more emails from her. The nerve of it all, as if I look the type ?

23rd October

Have you ever heard of the Saturday Night Test ? No ? well, neither had I until now. I'm chatting with Margo (Margolikesfiz) and we're arranging to meet for a drink. She suggests a Saturday night, and I reply saying that I can't make Saturday but could meet on Sunday. She replies " your married – don't deny it" I protest that I was married once, a long while ago, but I am definitely single now. She's not convinced, apparently any man that cannot go out on a Saturday night must be married (there's logic for you !) because a married man wouldn't be able to get away. I just can't be bothered to argue the point and confess to her that she's right and we don't correspond any more. So the moral of the story is – if you ever get asked to meet on a Saturday night say yes – you can always rearrange the date later !