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I am RICH and I want to spend it on YOU tonight.

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I am so rich. Goodness, gracious. My, my, my. I am so, very, very wealthy. How many dollars do I have? That's a question only my team of ten fat accountants can answer, because they have golden calculators which I bought for them with my money. And what is on those golden calculators? Numbers. And those numbers equal the dollars in my bank accounts, which are huge.

I have many vehicles which I use to travel across the world and to many exotic destinations where most people cannot go, because they are so poor. They have very little in dollars, but I, myself, I have very many dollars. Also, I am sexy for a man. I like to think that if I was a woman, I would be a playboy model. But since I am a man I am like the opposite of all that, the man version.

In my vehicles I have stored many bottles of rare, delicious wines. These wines are hundreds of years old and covered in dust and cobwebs, which means that they are the most delicious kind, and that they were grown from grapes which were so succulent and juicy that the poor grape-pickers of France wanted to eat them right then and there. But they were whipped, by my shift-leader vintner, who makes sure that the best grapes in my vineyard go only into the wine. That's right, my great grandfather, who was also rich, owned the vineyard where this wine was made. And it's really strong too, it can get you wasted quickly.

I am a big time gamer in the real estate market. I speculate and consolidate my wins and losses into pure profit, keeping my blue chips in the black, playing the lady stock market, teasing and tempting her, always with my eyes on the wall street journals and calling my broker on my diamond plated iphone, which I have the most expensive plan of. I call Steve Jobs on it, and when he answers, I'm like, "Who are you? I don't know who you are because I am so rich and cool, and only nerds know who you are."

Then I hang up on him and laugh, lighting a big fat stogie with \$300 dollars cash, which I just happened to have in my pocket because it's chump change to me.

But I have a tender side. Sometimes, I see a hobo. And when I see the hobo, I think to myself, "This man is poor. His monetary value is low, and my monetary value is high, and it's a shame that he is himself. What can I do?"

I ask the hobo if he would rather have booze or money to buy booze. If he says he wants the money, I don't give it to him because I know he'll buy booze with it. But if he says he wants the booze, I give him the money because I value honesty, even among lying hobos.

You may be asking yourself at this point, why is this rich man posting on a message board when he can have any woman he wants at any time he wants her, just by showing her how much money he has in his shoe? The answer is that I want to date someone who doesn't know that I am rich. I want to be anonymous. Only when we have fallen in love will I reveal to you that I am rich. That is why we must meet through this message board.

On our first date, I will wear normal clothes like from Wal-mart, that most people wear. And I will turn on the music on my stereo, when I'm picking you up, and it will play "Jamie's Cryin'", just like normal people listen to. I'll sing along as I drive you to the local Sonic and buy you a cherry limeade, being careful not to tip the carhop so you won't think that I have more money than I'm letting on.

By this time you'll be thinking that I'm just like you, poor and smelly. But then we'll drive back to a hotel, only you will think we are going to Motel 6. But then we will pull up to the Marriott, and I'll smile knowingly. You might think that I have won the lottery recently, but I won't let on. Then when we get to the room I'll order room service, again, not telling you that I'm richer than a donkey's ass, just coolly ordering some duck l'orange and some fries.

Finally, you'll be dying to know how I can afford such luxury. At that point I'll be like, "It's because I am rich." and then I'll pull off my flannel and be wearing a tuxedo underneath, and you'll be like, "Oh my God! You ARE rich." And then a helicopter will pull up to the window, with my butler Jenkins leaning out, holding a bottle of Chablis and a towel on his arm.

"Evening Sir!" he'll say in his trademark way, and I'll say, "Jenkins! Let's go to Borneo tonight, eh? Can the GoldenDollarSign," (the name of my helicopter) "get us there in time for cocktails?"

When we arrive in Borneo we'll land on top of my tallest skyscraper, and I'll propose to you, handing you a ring made of pure platinum, with 0% impurities.

I can't wait to surprise you with that ring. I'm looking at it now. Send me an email if this could be you.

Yours,

Rich Bigdollars (Not my real last name.)

- Location: west
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