



Larry's Open Proposal

by Larry Gaffney

FLYMF June 2007, The Final Issue, Volume 4 Issue 6

Hi, I'm Larry. My last name is irrelevant. It's up there in the byline, though, if you're the curious type. The important thing is that I am Larry. Because Larry, it would seem, is a magical name.

I'm talking Larry Fortensky, and now Larry Birkhead. That's right, two average Joes—and maybe it's time we officially changed that everyman designation to “Average Larrys”—who somehow managed to snag two of the hottest babes on the planet. Okay, so Liz was a bit past her prime, and Anna Nicole's eating binges probably left a few stretch marks on her post-Playmate bod, but still. I'll bet Larry F. envisioned the “Place in the Sun” Liz while he was doing her, just as Larry B. dreamed of diving like Scrooge McDuck into a money bin. Point being, those guys hit the lottery: beautiful women with lots of cash. And why shouldn't I—another Larry with nothing special going on—want some of that action?

To that end, I hereby proclaim my candidacy as a husband for any marriageable woman of extraordinary financial means whose comely image has graced the big or little screen, a centerfold, the front page of a tabloid, or any other mass-media venue.

As a portly, follicularly bereft middle-aged man, I have nothing to offer in the way of looks, but hey, that's your department. Besides, isn't it better to be squired by a guy whose dull face and flabby physique serve as a counterpoint to your own refulgency? I'll bet that's why Angelina's getting ready to dump Brad. Nor is it unusual to see such angel and troll pairings as Mia Farrow and Woody Allen, or, to go back a few years, Aphrodite and Hephaestus.

What I can provide is good conversation, a comfortable vehicle of fairly recent vintage, and canine subservience. I'm also a dab hand with the complexities of TiVo, so our late nights at home will be most fulfilling. Being a gentleman, I would prefer not to address the matter of carnal relations, other than to promise you that if dallying with a wealthy, beautiful woman is not sufficient provocation for tumescence, I will cheerfully resort to pharmaceuticals, visual aids, or certain exotic scenarios.

Celebrity women of all ages are encouraged to apply. I welcome those who are facing the terrors of turning forty, but will also give careful attention to the resumes of twenty-year-old starlets.

Write to me in care of this publication. Photo not required (I've seen you on *Entertainment Tonight*), but a current bank statement would be appreciated.

Larrily yours,

Larry