

Seven Seconds...

Science tells us that's how long I have to capture your attention. Seven measly seconds to set myself apart, to make you want to read more, make you resist the impulse to click on the next FB or twitter headline of "Hookers dance on the moon...in Indiana." And that headline doesn't even make sense, but you'll click on it anyways, won't you? In fact, that's what you're asking yourself at this very moment...How are hookers dancing on the moon? What do they mean? How did they get there? What does it have to do with Indiana? I don't remember hearing about any NASA mission... maybe Musk is just way ahead of schedule. The point is, you'll click on it, and I don't blame you. I'd click on it too.

I guess I should consider myself lucky, though, that you can't see me. The last time I captured someone's face to face attention for seven seconds was fourth grade when a teacher just looked at me and simply said, "somethin' just ain't right." And that was including the class's laughter. Truth be told, I haven't fared much better these past twenty plus years, but I'm hopeful.

In that respect, Covid has been a welcome relief to my dating life. Always having to wear a mask in public, and not just looking like the deranged guy at the bus station any longer. It's expected, required in fact. I don't know about you, but anytime I can cover up my face, emerge from the darkness of the basement, and pick myself up some nudie mags incognito style without judgment is a pretty sweet deal if you ask me. Even the eye in the sky can't prove it was me. "No, mom, it must have been another little, portly man with a balding head at that particular establishment. I don't care what the good Rev had to say about it. Try to prove it wasn't."

Seven seconds, right? But the jokes on you; it's been way longer than that and you're still reading. Maybe you're wondering if there's a punchline, maybe you're hoping something, anything useful will occur. Or maybe, and much more likely, you're thinking this Hilton guy needs a pencil to the eardrum. Either way, it was a win for me. Shout out to the late, great Mark Twain and ["The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County,"](#) for spawning the idea of this post and the early American makings of writing humor purely for the sake of it. See you next month.

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