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Only the guy who isn't rowing has time to rock the boat.
—Jean-Paul Sartre

My girlfriend left her diary open next to the bed, practically an invitation. I glanced at the open page, and in capital letters, it read: *I HOPE HE DIES!*

It's safe to say we weren't getting along. We had been together for eight years and had passed the point of no return. Spite was our only means of communication. My girl's partner in crime was a true Salome, a temptress who lured men away from salvation. She was sexy beyond belief and gave of herself gladly. My girlfriend was of the same mold. Together, men would leave their families and sell their kids for them.

Let's call this temptress by her nickname, "Cookie," and tag my girlfriend "Vanessa." Vanessa and I were on the East Coast, Cookie on the West Coast; we'd see each other often, and when we did, it was always very sexy and promiscuous.

Words are hard to find to describe the sexual energy they possessed. They were sorcerers—people would do whatever these two desired, and they had a magical ability to seduce anyone, man, woman, or beast! It was like black magic, mesmerizing!

Generally speaking, great beauty in women has that kind of power over others, whether those women know it or not.

From my experience, I've met many young women, models, with these qualities, and they usually have one thing in common, they usually come from troubled homes of some kind, and they use their sex appeal as a means of communication and approval. It's the syndrome of "she's an angel with a broken wing." And men respond with, "I can help. I can fix and save her." Marilyn Monroe is the best example. The seduction manifests itself in the way they talk to you and the way they touch your arm or shoulder when they speak to you, and especially how they look at you in "the eyes." The girls I knew started practicing when they were very young as a need to be wanted, which most times came from a lack of that