

## NYC ABC

April is when the fun begins—in the Big Apple at least. Jazz bands come out in full swing to sing spring. NyQuil is replaced by cocktails on rooftops (ever had a Manhattan?). Even the *T. rex* dinosaur that resides on the Upper West Side (which you can view every day at the Museum of Natural History) seems less frozen as V formations fly above it like planes exporting people with the flu. Goodbye, flu! Goodbye, dirty snow! Goodbye, cracked-out hobos who hibernate throughout the winter on the trains! Is that offensive? I hope so. Few things in life give me greater joy than offending the easily offended. It's delicious. So are BBQ kettle chips, but that's beside the point. Hey, is that Johnny Depp? Living in New York City you see celebrities all the time. And O-MG: the women! Nowhere on earth are there as many stunning, braless, promiscuous twentysomethings than here in Gotham. Once, for instance, I was pretending to read poetry in Central Park when a brunette with big tits walked by. I dropped my book, quickly asked her out and later that night she drank my splooj. Romantic, right? That's the beauty of dating here vs., say, Abu Dhabi: sex is granted almost instantly. It's awesome! If you approach ten women at random, have game and are decently good-looking, usually five of them (including the married ones) will be DTF. Visit, reader, and you'll want to stay. That's what happened to me way back in 2017 when I hopped on a plane from the relaxed Xanadu of San Diego to the hustle-and-bustle metropolis of NYC. Yes, it can sometimes suck ass. But so can living at home in a suburb ziplocked inside a town with no nightlife, pussy or 99-cent pizza.