

Oh, Spambot, I Love You Too!



In these times of trouble and woe, all we need sometimes is a hug, or at least a nice letter from a friend. Well, imagine how upset I was this morning to see that Gmail had callously dumped this message into my spam folder:

Hello, gentleman

I miss you in the morning, I long for your sweet tender touch. If I denied it, I'd be so remiss. I miss you in the afternoon, I long for your smile. Darling, I am waiting for you so much. I miss you in the evening, when the blueblack curtain falls; I stare in your eyes and wish that you would kiss me. I miss you in the night time; I long to hold your arms. Please write to me, my only one, and fill my heart with love.

I wrote this to you, These words come from my heart! I am looking for a soulmate! Have a nice day,

Olga

But since most people don't write me love letters without, you know, ever meeting me or actually existing, I did a little checking up on my quasi-Slavic pen-pal. A quick search turns up this page from McAfee. Phishing? Identity theft? The Russian mob? What have you gotten yourself into, Olga?

Oh well, I guess it wasn't meant to be.

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