



Watch out! It's... CRAZY EMAILS



Okay, with the title of this ebook you've been warned fair and square—if you keep reading you may find reality slipping away from you!

Seriously though—if only for a moment—this ebook is a compilation of some of the crazy emails I've received since coming online in 1997.

Some are accidentally crazy funny, the result of me using Alta Vista's translation service to translate foreign language emails into English so I could read them.

Others are presumably intentionally goofy or weird, which makes them kind of funny in a really odd way. These emails all started with one person who would send me a really strange email about once a week.

Then I compounded the problem by including a couple in my newsletter as a bit of entertainment for my wonderful subscribers—which resulted in a couple more people sending me goofy emails. I hope YOU won't send me goofy emails because of this ebook—I get enough as it is!

A little of this kind of "humor" goes a long way, so I've kept this ebook short. As strange as the content is, it's even stranger wondering what kind of people would spend their time making up this stuff.

Well, I guess that's all the preparation you need. You'll probably find this hilarious or so stupid you'll want to bang your head on the wall.

If you feel you're ready to taste the strangeness of Captain Ding, The Rancid Poet and others, then jump right in.

Crazy Emails

Lost in the Translation!

I get email from all over the world. Most of it is in English, but every now and then I get email in a foreign language.



Since I only read English, I go to Alta Vista and use the translation service so I can read it if I'm not too busy. The results can be rather funny. Here are three favorite translated emails...

Strained

Rear sweet, Now finally also my homepage is finished. If you want arrive times by and schau her you. My first homepage constructional criticism is always welcome. I am already strained on your reaction;
Greeting Julia

A Wandering Eye

I am been intensions to getting new documents pressed. If you configure to help all is inspected with a wandering eye but yet now maybe. May to come in time that is not here, and we and have many considered things. I fondly wished for antidotes.

Kind Insulation

I offer you kind insulation. Yet in remarking of your construction of paper webs its in closest to the treasure I have looking to, agreed! Intricate time of related time is nearing the often returned. Salute the passing chance and subject the change to be glad and happy.

I think you'd have to agree, something is definitely lost in the translation. Don't let that strain your kind insulation though, because there is no antidote to salute your passing chance. :o)

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Crazy Emails

Captain Ding

Captain Ding is not how this sender identifies himself...it's the nickname I gave him, which is shortened term of affection for Captain Ding-a-ling. When I get a "ding-mail" I call my wife into my office (I work at home) and we'll read it together, always agreeing that he deserves his nickname. Here are three emails from Captain Ding...

My Morgansniffer is Dainty

Do not confuse the ornate puddles with ceremonial radishes. Everyone knows their indentation is oblique, but no one will pour gravy on the lilacs.

My, what big feet you have! They are like gigantic paddles of substantial odor! Tell me, do you serenade them often? Whether you do or not, I can imagine how inverted your opinion must be when the corner is straightened.

My morgansniffer is dainty.

Do you ever wax your eyeballs? I have noticed your beak is somewhat erratic. It's probably leaking.

Well now, I guess that will do.

My Duck Eats Plaid

My pudding is Hortence flavored. I have a duck that eats plaid. You are not a left-handed Wednesday. Do you see where I'm heading with this, or does my complex logic escape you?

Do you like to floss your toenails?

I have also wondered, do you question your sanity? I asked myself that question three times tomorrow, and the answer was always the same...noodles.

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Well, gotta run, I'm painting my horse green at a full gallop today. The end result should be similar to cabbage. Bleat.

Wiggle in Unison

Tell me, how often does your town wiggle in unison? The last time I was there, it was infested with unbelievable toe jam.

Have a pickle!

I have often wondered, but it goes away if I ignore it. Tell me, do you like to swerve?

My, you certainly have changed. How did you manage to grow two belly buttons? They look like giant caverns, and I believe I heard an echo emanate from their depths. Only in America, huh?

Haven't you got anything better to do than read this nonsense? I am being paid to write this, if you're being paid to read it we have a dainty cement mixer, wouldn't you say? Whether you do or not, moo.

The Rancid Poet

As with Captain Ding, I gave the nickname of The Rancid Poet to the person who sent me the following poetry—and I use the word *poetry* very loosely. It does at least rhyme, even if it is rancid. And speaking of rancid, you may want to skip the first poem, it's a little bit disgusting.

Toilet Bowl Stew

I sat on the throne for to go pooh
And tried to make toilet bowl stew

I grunted and strained but had no luck
Somehow, it seems, my butt was stuck

I clearly needed help with my pooter
So I called the doc...Doc Roto-Rooter



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Doc Rooter nodded as he opened door
But I ain't sayin' a darned thing more!

Feet...on the Other Hand

I named my right foot Silly Ted
The left one is Johnny O'Toole
You may think I'm out of my head
But you don't know what's cool



Your feet, on the other hand
Because they have no names
Must feel quite less than grand
And there's only you to blames



So name your feet if you would
And you will find peace of mind
Otherwise it will hurt—but good
When your feet kick your behind



Inside the Rotting Shack

Inside the rotting shack, sitting on an old wood box
Rests a weary old man, with holes in his only socks

He is slowly wasting away, with so little much to eat
His head is mostly bone, with hardly a cover of meat

Listen as you pass his door, and you'll hear him moan
He cries in mournful sorrow, left behind to die alone

The pain in his eyes tells it all, it hurts me to the core
If you've any heart at all, you'll help me close the door

The Land of the Confused

And then there are those who write that seem to be completely confused.
I don't mean to make fun of anyone, you'll notice I don't name names or
list their email addresses, but their confusion can be funny.

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Crazy Emails

Pass the Password Please

I received an email from one gal that made me scratch my head. Here's what she wrote:

"Hi, I bought Background Magic from you yesterday, and when I try to use it, it prompts me for a password. What's my password?"



Now, that short email doesn't reveal the whole story. When she wrote that email she had replied to my email to her, complete with her password. Here's the first part of what I had written, with only her name and registration details changed:

Hi Cheryl,

Thank you for ordering Background Magic from BoogieJack.com. The charge will show on your credit card statement billed to Boogie Jack for \$29.95. Here are your registration details:

User Name: Cheryl Somebody

Password: DEJ3292FEJ9SASDKL3912F

As you can see, she wrote asking me for her password, when it was just a few lines below the message she typed to me!

After I explained, as nice as I could, that her password was in my original email, she wrote back saying she sees it now, but it wasn't there the first time she looked.

Hmm . . . instead of using disappearing ink, I guess I accidentally use appearing ink!

Rich and Famous

And then there's this guy, who obviously didn't use a spell checker...

Mr. Boggie Jack,

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Togather we could make a great team, don't you know? Mostly you, but I'd be apart of it. Somehow? I'm sure we could be successfull. What do you think we might do? I want to make money. I know you do to because you sell things. We could make a lot of money together.

Got any ideas? If not, I always have ideas. But I can't think of any right now. I had a hard day. My boss is a jerk.

So anyway you can think up something cool and tell me and I'll let you know. Then we'll make money and be famous.

Thanks. Let's get linked up soon.

Um...okay. I don't even know what to say about that one.

Don't Call Me Jenny

And then there's this guy who sent an email to me because he didn't want to waste all that typing . . . I guess.

Hey Jenny, I'm disappointed in you. Why didn't you show up for lunch? I waited for an hour. How would you like it if you sat there waiting on me and I never showed up? I'm having second thou

Damn. I just realized I opened this email to the wrong person.

Sorry. Nevermind.

Rob

Maybe he didn't know how to change who he was sending the email to, but I wonder why he just didn't delete it instead of sending it. Maybe that's against the rules, or he didn't want to waste all that good typing. It was sure nice of him to apologize to me for accidentally writing though!

Note: In case you're wondering why he's got my email address when I don't know him, I'm in the address books of a lot of people I don't know because of my newsletter and website.

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Crazy Emails

Imitation Fred

Imitation Fred is one of two people who started emailing nonsense to me in the style of Captain Ding. He's not quite as obtuse, but still weird.

By the way, if you're the one who's sending me these emails, I mean no offense to you—this ebook is all in good fun, just as you apparently intended your emails. You are weird though. :o)

A Giant Red Tomato

It wasn't until the sun set behind the hills that I noticed the lights. Off in the distance, a green-blue glow dimly lit the underside of the treetops. I'd never seen anything like it in my life. It was real, real eerie.

Though afraid, I wanted to see what was causing this strange lighting display. I moved cautiously, not knowing what I'd find. I quietly crept behind the low rolling hills until I gained a vantage point where I could see without being seen, and what I saw amazed me like a can of beans would amaze a caveman.

There it was, a giant red tomato delivering a comfort speech to a large gathering of dejected toenail clippings mourning their recent detachment.

So this is where old toenails go, I thought to myself. Just then I caught a whiff of bold foot odor, and I knew instinctively it was a new arrival.

Sobbing great tears of grief, the toenail cried, "Why? Why?"

It was very moving...so I farted. I hate to think what would have happened if it had been any more moving!

Just then a bone of contention drove up and indented an overt angle. I didn't see it happen, but I'm told a furtive glance was devoured by all.

Well, I'll put a log on the fire, and remember you no more.

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Crazy Emails

You Can't Play Through

He placed the ball on the tee. Because of the light snow that fell during the clubhouse lunch, he used an orange ball to help track its flight against the dusting of snow.

He addressed the ball, pulled back, and took the mightiest of swings. Splat! In his inattention, our hero had placed a tangerine from his lunch on the tee instead of his golf ball.

That meant . . . he must have eaten his golf ball for lunch! Frantic, he grabbed his cell phone and called his doctor's office.

"I fear I have eaten a golf ball," he told the receptionist, "please put me through to the doctor."

The receptionist explained that the doctor was with a patient and she couldn't let our hero play through, he'd have to wait.

Our hero started to panic, but then remembered something George Bernard Shaw once wrote, "I" ...and then some other stuff with it.

He forgot what else he wrote, but just remembering that much comforted him greatly. Then he died.

The Drunken Marmoset

This car was backing out of a driveway when I noticed it was being driven by a drunken marmoset. I shouted for it to stop, but it refused.

I knew right then this would be no ordinary day.

My initial reaction to seeing a marmoset driving drunk was to ask myself what a marmoset is. I'd never heard of it, yet I knew my sombrero was comfortably resting in my closet.

"Well," I said to me, "how is it that you know what a marmoset is without ever having heard of it before." The answer is obvious, so I shall keep the details hidden in the Mirror of Truth.

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That just leaves one thing left to say . . . your enormous fingers must make it difficult to pick your nose. I know you do it when no one is looking. Everybody goes on fishing expeditions.

I suppose I should let you go back to your job now, such as it is. I'm sure you keep busy, but it's not like you don't have time to rearrange sidewalks.

One day you'll have to show me your ear wax sculptures. I hear they are impressive and extra sticky, but I would expect no less from a person of your vague calculations.

Imitation Rufus

This is the other Captain Ding imposter. Imitation Fred and Imitation Rufus have convinced me that writing this kind of stuff probably isn't too hard to do. The "why" of it is another matter entirely. Perhaps a visit to a good psychiatrist is in order. :o)

Don't Take Any Wooden...

Hello, how am I? You are fine. Well, not fine maybe, but pretty good, or at least fair, on average anyway.

Sometimes you're a little mediocre, but don't let that stop you from wallpapering your lawnmower. Just don't expect designer grass when you use it to paint the barn.

That's my story, and I'm sticking to it. Or my leather chair. I'm sure I'm sticking to something, and I'm glad you agree—you clearly have obtuse marbles.

Well Mr. Ripsnort, I guess I'd better go...take care, and don't take any wooden nipples.

Industrial Strength Deodorant

Dear punny hi . . . um, I mean honey pie, you need to know an industrial strength deodorant would serve you well. It is one

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thing to bath irregularly, but quite another to fertilize your belly button lint with sweaty rivers of decomposing indifference.

Once, while a romantic gesture was gardening contentedly, the moment of truth was shaken gently, not stirred. Serve over ice with a crusty ointment bag, but do not attempt this at home—we are professionals and in need of practice.

Have you heard? ...gigantic flying alphabets are causing seemingly normal people to point to the sky and shout out random letters, including vowels!

Speaking of random letters, many times I have continued, only to later keep going. Go figure.

PS - There is no Post Script to this message.

I Keep Forgetting

Sometimes I forget what I've started to say once I've started saying what it is I keep forgetting. Do you do that too?

It is happening to me more and more, but if you bake it at 350 degrees for an hour, be sure that's an hour in daylight savings time and not standard time.

After that I sit in a dark room with the light on, and although first place is better, I'm happy to have participated in the telephone book.

Finding a replacement should be a snap, but not if it isn't, if you know what I mean.

Whether you do or not, it's clearly past your bedtime so go bite mommy goodnight and I'll be up to tuck you in the long run I think you're better off buying high quality rather than taking cheap shots.

CUL8R

PS - You may be surprised to know I am free from toe jam today. Do not be dismayed by this, I do have extra belly button lint in case of any emergency that might come up.

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Crazy Emails

One Time Charlie

And then there are people that bump into your reality once and move on, never to be heard from again. Here are three such bumps...

Life is Sweet

Jack, I'm sure it is common for people of your stature to draw their fair share of fans. Tell me, do you prefer drawing floor fans or window models?

Sorry Jack, just kidding around, but seriously, if you could be anything you wanted, what would you be?

I'd be a minor inconvenience. Oh wait, I am...man, life is sweet!

See ya, sweetheart!

A Great Mind?

Dear Mr. Jack, Have you heard the expression, "Great minds think alike?" That illusion is the numbing comfort of the ignorant masses, designed to ease the pain of their worthless existence.

Great minds actually think for themselves.

I have several articles I think would benefit your newsletter readers. They are designed to "shock" people out of their ignorance and slumber and bring them to a place of greater enlightenment.

You are wiser than most, but you would learn a lot from my articles too. Yes, you need a wake up call.

Did you notice how I gave you a compliment and then took it away? That's by design, it makes people want more. Yes, I admit I used it to put you in the right frame of mind so you'll want to reprint my articles, but I am good enough to get away with it. I'm sure you and your readers will benefit greatly.

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Crazy Emails

How soon can you start running the first series of my articles?

Would you like to know what I said in reply? I simply said...

Thanks for the offer but:

- a) I don't consider my readers unenlightened or worthless
- b) I'm not interested in furthering your interests.

But like I said, thanks for the offer! It isn't every day that one meets up with someone as psychologically superior as you are. I wish you well, Dennis

Can you believe that guy? It was all I could do to keep from telling him he wasn't nearly as clever as he imagined himself to be. I wonder if he ever figured that out for himself.

An Elephant's Tale

I'm uncertain if the elephant is on a pink boat, but I do know you just pictured an elephant on a pink boat in your mind. Amazing, isn't it?

Tell me, was the elephant wearing a white hat?

Pictured that too, did'n ya? I have a short story to tell you. Once upon a time someone lived happily ever after. The end.

Did you like my story? Okay, for real, I have a joke for you. Since you're "Boogie Jack" I thought you'd appreciate it.

How do you make a hankie dance? Put a little "boogie" in it!

Did you see that one coming? I suck at telling jokes.

Hey, I have a question for you, can I ask it here? Oops, I just did ask a question, but not the one I wanted to ask. Can I ask another? Oops, I just did it again. I got it now...can I ask another question besides this question?

Great going, me! I did it.

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I'm not waiting for you to answer though; I'm just going to ask my question before I get all caught up your twisted word trap again.

Okay, are you ready? RATS! That wasn't my question, just a flow of thought. Can I ask another question besides this one?

Great! I really am getting the hang of this. Okay, here goes for real this time.

Are you still reading this? I knew it!

Can I ask another question besides this one?

Great!

Don't you feel kind of silly that you're still reading this?

Ha ha. I'm really funny. I'll bet you think I'm the most funnest guy you'll encounter today, even if it's only via email. Well, you'd be wrong then, because there is no such word as "funnest," so I cannot be that which is not.

Goodbye Captain Ding

Remember Captain Ding from earlier in the book? He sent me those crazy emails for months and months, then he sent the email below and stopped writing. I thought it would be an appropriate way to end this.

More than anything, Hortence longed for respect. Her deep fried ping-pong balls were a flop at the Emmett County Fair cook-off; her cement shower cap with a lifetime guarantee never took off; and she was laughed right out of the publisher's office when she presented her manuscript titled, "Native American Beers," under the pen name of Chief Yellow River.

Alas (I've always wanted to say that), all her life Hortence has suffered rejection after rejection, not unlike the character Lucille Ball played in I Love Lucy, whose attempts to be "part of the act" were continually rebuffed by her husband, Ricky. Anyway, life had been a series of disappointments for Hortence, and to

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Crazy Emails

make matters worse, her toenails kept growing back every time she chewed them short.

She decided she had to do something drastic, so out of desperation she painted her aquarium black. She loved her fish, but she didn't want them to see her again until she was a success. She couldn't take their pity any longer.

It was her way of creating an incentive that might propel her to glory. Unfortunately, she painted the *inside* of the aquarium, and her fish died while they were flopping around on the coffee table while the paint was drying.

This was just one more blow to an already fragile ego. Then an idea popped into her head that seemed so brilliant, and yet so obvious, she wondered why she hadn't thought of it before. Her name, Hortence, she reasoned, may have been good for the grandmama she was named after, but it was an outdated name that worked against her in the modern world.

Hortence rushed to the library to find a book of baby names. She was going to change her name, and in her mind, be reborn into good luck!

She hadn't been this excited in years. She found three baby name books that looked promising, and after checking them out she rushed home to begin the process of choosing her new "born for success" name.

After five weeks of intense study in which she rated each and every female name using several criteria she defined according to other research, she had laboriously and scientifically come up with a new name that was so appealing, so very perfect, she thought it all but guaranteed her success, fame, fortune, and finally, the respect she craved so desperately.

Tomorrow morning she would drive to the courthouse and make application to legally change her name. Her name would no longer be Hortence; her new name would be...Hortents!

Well, you have to understand, Hortence wasn't too smart to begin with, but it's no crime to be stupid.

Have a pickle!

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Crazy Emails

Does your geranium like to play leapfrog? I named my left ear Froberg yesterday. It seems to like it, although I think it prefers playing pattycakes. It just goes to show you...nowhere in the phone book will you find a recipe for baked water. I wonder why that is?

I think your nose is like a monstrous cavern with a double entrance. I've often wondered if one can hear an echo in there. You know, if your nose were green in color it would remind me of a gigantic, bent pickle! Tell me, is it kosher?

Well, I hope you've enjoyed these little emails, but this is the last one. I'm beginning a new chapter in my life and will no longer be spending my time messing with people. If you haven't enjoyed them, sorry for bugging you. Good luck to you.

And with that, I'll close this out, and I hope you've enjoyed a glimpse at some of the crazy emails I've received.

I wish you well, *Dennis*

Of Interest to Webmasters...

Want more traffic to your website? I have several ebooks that will teach you how to get exactly that.

[Free Reports Goldmine](#)

Free Reports Goldmine will show you how I use free reports and free ebooks to drive traffic to my websites, to grow my mailing list, and even how I use them make money.

If you can give away free reports, you too can use them to drive traffic to your website or blog, to start or grow a mailing list, and yes, you too can make money from them.

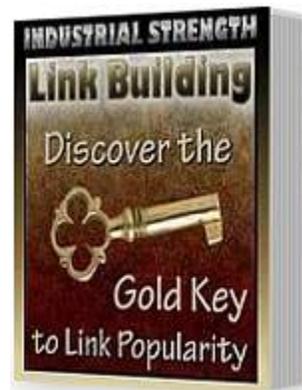


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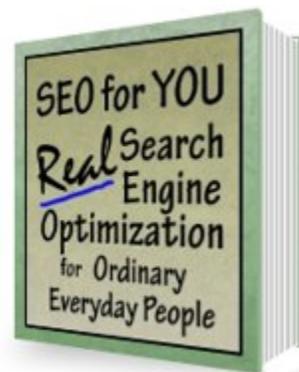
[Industrial Strength Link Building](#)

Industrial Strength Link Building will take your link building efforts way beyond asking for reciprocal links, which are practically worthless for link popularity purposes anyway. You'll discover over two dozen ways to get high-value, one-way links to your website without asking anyone to link to it—these are the kind of links that **really do count** toward your site's link popularity. Can you say better search engine rankings? :o)



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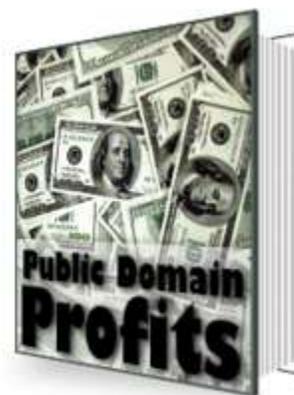
You don't have to be a web geek to understand search engine optimization. Your site needs two things to rank well in the search engines—link popularity and search engine optimization. This ebook will show you all you need to know to optimize your website structure and web pages to rank well. Combine it with Industrial Strength Link Building and you've got the ingredients for a high ranking web site.



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Here are a few more things that may interest you...

More Free Ebooks

Do you have all my free ebooks? I have free ebooks about building self-confidence, finding reasons to be positive in a negative world, one about marketing with a viral twist, and how to choose a good website host. I'll be adding a lot of new ones as well, so there may be more by the time you read this.

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