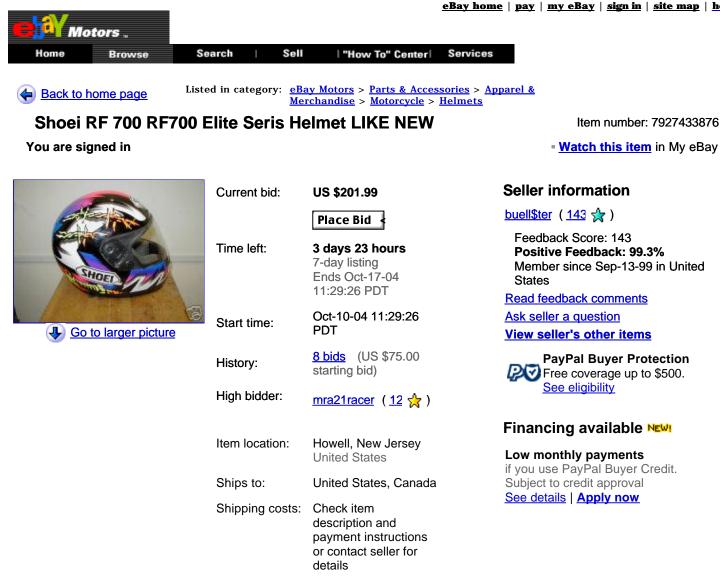
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Shipping and payment details

Description (revised)

This Helmet is like brand new. I bought it for my wife, but it's to small for her big fat head. You know, it was all a big lie right from the beginning. I asked her if she liked bikes, (i've been riding since i was 9 years old.) She's like "Yeah, I love Motorcycles, they're great!" Now, i'm thinking to myself, this chicks cool, she's hot, has big boobs, and loves motorcycles. I gotta snag this one up quick. Little did i know that as soon as i gave her the engagement ring, all that would change. First, it was a subtle hint, you know, that the wedding's going to be expensive, and that that band costs just as much as my motorcycle. With all these wedding plans going on, i hardly have time to ride my bike. I'm schleping all over the state looking at reception halls, listening to cheesy wedding bands, and picking out floral arrangements. She brings up the fact that i havn't ridden my bike in a while now, (No kidding!! She won't let me out of her sight for more than 5 minutes!) and that maybe i should sell it. Now, that brings a whole lot of tension into the situation. I'm like no way! Then i notice that our sex life has reduced dramatically. A man has gotta do, what he's gotta do, so, i sell the bike, thinking that things will get better. She promises me, that as soon as we get married, she'll get a good job, and then i can get another bike. We get married, and we're having sex everyday. Life is good. The Evil One is looking for work for like, 6 months. I find it hard to believe that she can't find a damn job, but who am i to say? She's just holding out for that Management position she says. To be quite honest, i really don't care, she's cleaning my pipes better than Roto Rooter. Then the kicker...She tells me she's pregnant. All the while i thought she was on the pill! I ask her how this happened, and she said the pill gave her facial hair. (I really couldn't see a difference, after all she is Italian). Fast Foward 9 months...i'm out breaking my back doing manual labor, she's a big,

fat, hairy lipped beach ball, with the disposition of a rabid Pit Bull. Nothing i say, or do is good enough for her. The day she gave birth, i thought again, that things will change for the better. WRONG!! Now everythings about the baby. Me, i'm second fiddle. Sex life? Ha! The only time i get some action is when i see her breast feeding the little bastard! I'm going crazy, at least if i had a motorcycle, i could take out some of my frustration. Even the guys at work notice how miserable i've been. One day, my partner rolls up on a brand new bike. I wanted to commit suicide. He knows how bad i wanted another bike. He see's the look in my eye, and asks me if i would like to take it out for a spin Friday night. It was truly the first time i lit up since marrying that bitch. Friday rolls around, i cash my check, and head on over to my partners house. I cruise around for a while, and end up at this little bar on the edge of town. I head up to the bar, place my helmet on it, and order a beer. I look over and see this little hottie chatting it up with her friends. I notice that the eye contact is getting more and more frequent. After a few more minutes, she walks over to me and tells me she just loves motorcycles. That they get her "excited". I ask her if she wants to go for a ride. Her beautifully full lips widen with a pearly white smile. I take that as a yes. I grab her by the hand, and lead her to the bike. She straps on the spare helmet that was on the bike, and away we go. We ride for hours. She taps me on the shoulder, and tells me her apartment is on the next block. Would i want to stop in for a while and have another beer. Who am i to say no? I watch her lead the way, and i can't keep my eyes off of her tight lil' behind. I think back to the days when old hippo ass looked like this. Well, once upstairs, one beer turned into two, and so on. The next thing i know, i'm in bed with her, and she was amazing! It was the best expierence i have ever had. Right then i had an epiphany. I had to be happy. I wasn't going to live a miserable existance for the rest of my life and something had to be done. Long story short, i left my hairy beast of a wife. (She's done good since i left. She remarried an Appliance salesman named Harold.) While i was moving out, i came across the helmet. I don't ever want to be reminded of my miserable past life, so please, make a bid. I have a motorcycle payment to make! The helmet has no scratches, size MED and i would rate it a 9 out of 10 Winning bidder to Pay with PAYPAL ONLY. Winning Bidder to pay all Shipping costs. I ship UPS ONLY. No Zero or Negative Feedback Bidders.

On Oct-12-04 at 15:24:25 PDT, seller added the following information:

Ok guys, First off, i gotta thank everyone for the great Emails. (Especially the Hotties sending me Topless pics. BTW, i never get tired of that!) I gotta get some things out here. ****** This is a no joke auction, so please, don't bid unless your gonna buy the helmet. I really need the money, and i don't think its fair to the people who really want to bid on this. Thnaks!***** Ok, some concerns have been brought up to me in a few of my emails. FIRST! Let me state that this helmet is not CURSED! I have brought in a Poltergeist to "cleanse" the Helmet. I assure you that their will be no left over "Bitch" residue in the helmet when the winning bidder recieves it.I also had the helmet INFRARED SCANNED for cooties, and it passed with flying colors. You have my word as a human being. I would never subject anyone to the hell i went through. SECOND! Many of you have asked for pics of the Ex. Come on now People! Do you REALLY expect me to have any pics of her. I damn near wanted to drink a gallon of Bleach just to clean my mouth out cause i remeber having to kiss her goodnight! If you need a visual, Halloween is coming soon. When the little grubby bastards come trick or treating with there scary masks, times it by 100, and you still won't be close to the UG-LEE-NESS of that Wildebeast. Again, it's been friggin' fun. Mikey Buell



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No returns. Item Sold AS IS. Buyer to pay by PayPal only. Winning Bidder to pay all shipping costs. I ship UPS ONLY. Thanks! Mikey Buell

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