

Dear Seasonale,



Just to be sure I'm addressing who I think I am, you are the pill that claims to give a woman only four periods a year right? Well you'll never guess who is one of your newest customers...that's right, my girlfriend. She was so excited when she started taking you and at first so was I. The idea of her only being "unavailable" to me four weeks a year seemed too good to be true. Well, it was.

Instead of a non-stop guilt free sex romp, I've been treated to a woman who hasn't stopped having her monthly visitor for the last three weeks. If it wasn't for my constantly slapping her around, she would be unbearable. Of course I'm joking, she's still unbearable.

I guess what I'm trying to say is, Seasonale, I'm going to have to let you go. I know it's not going to be easy for you trying to find someone else's sex life to ruin, but this is just the way it has to be.

If you were a little league baseball player and I was your coach, I would sit you down, tell you how much you suck, and then go have sex with your hot-divorced mom. Why? Because I haven't had sex with my girlfriend since you showed up. I may be suffering from separation anxiety from the vagina. I swear to God if I start fantasizing about men, you're dead.

However, your claims to be a reliable method of birth control are more than satisfactory. No one can say that you don't deliver on that promise. I can say with great confidence that there is no chance my girlfriend is going to get pregnant this month. You didn't just put a goalie in front of her egg to stop my sperm from getting through, you placed armed guards at every entrance to insure my sperm never even sees the inside of the arena.

If you're in the development stages with any other pills, please let me know. Perhaps you're working on a pill that prevents crying by making the eyeballs rot and fall out. Or a pill that gives people only four bowel movements a year by sealing up their butt-holes with a thin membrane of skin.

I realize that in the days of barbarism a good old fashioned blood-letting was a very popular remedy for a plethora of ailments. Let me remind you that this is 2004. Nobody should bleed non-stop for three weeks in a row in the new millennium. I'm sure putting leeches on my penis would prevent pregnancy as well, but let's go ahead and save that in case I'm ever accidentally sent back in time to the 17th century.

Some would say absence makes the heart grow fonder. Well that may be true for the heart, but it's not true for the organ that my heart is pumping so much blood to. So Seasonale, I will now cordially invite you to clean out your desk and get the hell out of my girlfriend's reproductive system.

*Love,  
Bill Scott*