

Eddie Takosori's
UFO Attractor's Handbook
Practical Advice for an Impractical Hobby
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A - UFO - Acknowledgements

I hate acknowledgment pages.

I would like to thank everybody I ever knew, and to those of you who I didn't know, I would like to thank you as well for staying the F away, and leaving me alone.

I'd also like to thank my agent (who gets 15% of the cut, 25% oversees), my editor (who gets to change whatever he/she/it wants because he/she/it thinks it would "go" better), and the publisher (who, you know, published the blessed thing). I'd also like to thank my plumber (I don't think he overcharged me too much), my hairdresser (because tipping her \$5 wasn't enough), and the folks at the electric company (without whose help this book would have never gotten written, because I wasn't about to write the entire thing out longhand). And, I suppose if I've thanked all those other folks, I should also thank my mom and dad (for like liking doing "it"), my brothers and sister (for not burying me alive and leaving me for dead at the beach), and my girlfriends (all of them, but especially the ones who went that extra mile, and... um, went above and beyond the call of duty).

Heck! As long as we've thanked all those other idiots, I might as well thank you (the reader), along with all of the little people in the world who I just love to abuse needlessly (this means you shop boy and/or waitress girl), and most of all, I'd like to thank the Klk'its (for not eating my spleen, but that probably goes without saying).

Basically I am grateful to everyone and anything that has ever helped me, but believe it or not, I like to think I was helping

them at the same time -- and that when you look at it that way we're kind of even, so I don't know why thanking them is appropriate...

Anyhow, if I really was going to thank anybody (and, you know, like actually mean it), I would have to thank MYSELF--me, myself, and I. Yes, thank you Eddie Takosori for writing most every day, even on days when you got (yet another) rejection letter or it looked like the waves were up and surfing would actually be a lot more fun. I really must thank you for not stopping when the going got rough, the rough got going, or it just plainly looked to all appearances like you were just wasting your time. Don't think I didn't notice when you kept on chugging along, and doing your thing, because I did. And I know it's not much, but it's the least I can do, so I'd like to thank you for being there when no one else was. Thanks Eddie Takosori. This book's for you!

Oh, and when you're out in that mosquito infested field at 3AM, looking for UFO sign, remember why you're doing. Not for me, not for your agent, your publisher, your mommy, your daddy, or because you've got a thing for alien sex fiends. No. Do it for yourself, and no one else.

Because let's face it, everybody else is going to think you're crazy... and basically they're going to be right. Luckily, in the UFO field that doesn't make the slightest bit of difference, and in fact might actually help a great deal.

So the requisite (and heartfelt) thank you's over, let's get down to the hyper-serious business of hunting UFOs. Oh, and if I didn't mention you by name in this thank you section, don't think it was because I didn't have room, or I just overlooked you. I didn't. There's plenty of room, and I've got an amazing memory, so it wasn't anything like that at all. I mean, look at that list. I included my plumber, my fiend of an agent, and even my evil siblings. So, I could have included you, but I didn't. The snub was deliberate, and intentional. Pretty much, this is just my little

way of saying, Nay-nay-nana-nay, as I blow a raspberry in your general direction.

Now if you'll excuse me, I have a UFO to catch. I sense a mob a brewing.

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