

# Hilarious Russian Brides Scam

(full version)

A satire by Patrick Mackeown

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### Satire: Hilarious Russian Brides Scam.

When a woman I'd never met before told me that she wanted to have my babies. I replied, "well, that's nice to know. But wouldn't my telephone number be more useful?"

Svetlana insisted that we have intercourse immediately. "I'm a very passionate woman," she told me.

"I understand that," I conceded. "But, Moscow is also a long way away from where I live."

"You can meet me at London's Heathrow Airport," Svetlana murmured huskily. "We can make love in the car park."

"Have you seen the car parks at Heathrow?" I pleaded. "They contain queues of travellers everywhere. And I'm not sure about you. But, I'm certainly not about to make an exhibition of myself in front of lots of people. Let's just calm down a bit, and take one step at a time."

"I have large breasts," she said.

I gulped.

"Oh," said I. "I'm glad you told me that."

Then she added, "do you want to touch them?"

"Yes," I admitted. But what I really meant was no. "No," I said. "Well, I don't know."

"Why don't you want to touch my breasts?" she cried.

She sounded hurt. And I felt guilty.

"I'm sure they're very nice," I whimpered. "But the thing is I've never actually met you."

"You don't have to meet a woman to want to touch her breasts," she scolded.

Of course I knew that Svetlana was right. Any man watching a shapely woman bending forward in the distance knows that Svetlana's right. But even if she had a perfect understanding of the situation, this still wasn't the way that I wanted the conversation to proceed. I cleared my throat and lowered my voice, hoping that donning an air of gravitas would enable me to take a better command of the conversation.

"Svetlana," I said. "Now, listen to me. First we need to meet each other and discuss our living arrangements. Then we can talk about children, work permits and other necessary things like that."

Svetlana had started moaning.

"Svetlana, what are you doing?" I demanded. "Have you understood a word I said?"

"I'm touching myself," Svetlana replied. "You're making me wet."

"Well stop touching yourself," I insisted. "I haven't reached the part about the British embassy yet."

"Don," Svetlana said. "I'm naked."

"I'm glad for you," I replied. "But, what are the issue and expiry dates on your passport?"

"I'm running an ice cube over my nipples," she said. "They're swollen."

I dropped the phone.

"What was that?" she said.

"I dropped the phone," I told her.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Is anything wrong?"

"No," I grunted, shifting the crotch of my tight trousers. "Everything's fine."

Svetlana turned a machine on. I could hear it in the background.

"What's that?" I said.

"It's my friend," Svetlana replied. "It's my plastic friend."

Her moaning grew steadily louder and louder.

"Stop it!" I cried. "Svetlana, please, don't do this to me. I can't think straight with all this noise going on!"

"Oh, Don! Oh, Don," Svetlana cried. "Don, Don, Don, yes, yes, yes!"

For several minutes, after that, there was silence.

“It’s getting late. I have to go,” I told her.

“Don?” Svetlana said in a far-away voice. “Don? Have you sent me the money for my ticket and my fees for the Moscow marriage agency?”

“No, Svetlana,” I snapped. “I haven’t.”

“Why, Don?” she said.

It sounded as though she was crying.

“Don’t you want me?”

“Of course I do!” I cried. “Here, look. I’m putting the money in an envelope now.”

“Oh, Don,” Svetlana gushed. “I really enjoyed making love with you.”

## **THE END**

### **POST SCRIPT**

Three weeks later, when I’d not heard from Svetlana again, I telephoned the Moscow marriage agency which had introduced me to her. It took half an hour for the man who answered the phone to locate an English speaker. “This is the Moscow Sanitation Department,” the new man said. “There’s no marriage agency here. You must have the wrong telephone number.”

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