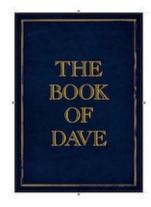
THE BOOK OF DAVE



The Book of Dave is a wry, witty but ultimately optimistic look at the lives of men everywhere between the ages of 35 and 60. Before then you should be out enjoying yourself. After then, lets face it, you're just a coffin dodger.

The Book of Dave

Order the complete book from the publisher

Booklocker.com

http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/5625.html?s=pdf

or from your favorite neighborhood or online bookstore.

YOUR FREE EXCERPT APPEARS BELOW. ENJOY!

THE BOOK OF DAVE

By David Gregson

Copyright © 2011 David Gregson

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc., 2011, First Edition

The material presented in this book is intended purely for informational purposes and does not constitute legal or medical advice to the reader. You should seek legal counsel or medical advice with respect to any particular question or matter. The story and opinions expressed in this book are entirely the opinions and related experiences of the author.

Chapter 1 Love & Marriage

In days of old, Dave, when Knights were bold, there was a thing called Courtly Love. A nobleman would accept the favour of a lady, and dedicate all his deeds of heroism and charity to her. No sex was involved. The lady was often betrothed to another. It was a pure form of love, untainted by jealousy, lust and pride.

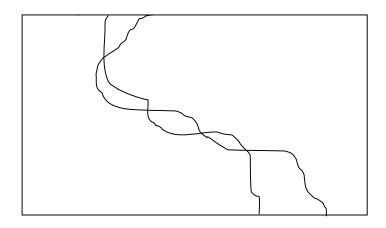
You may think that Courtly Love died out with Sir Galahad, but you would be wrong, because you too have an expression of Courtly Love in your everyday life. In your case the object of your affection is Arsenal, Liverpool or Leicester Tigers RFC.

Think about it. You love them with an undying passion, no matter how well or badly they are doing. You could never abandon them for another team, even if they were relegated. You think and worry about them and their players constantly, and what do you want or expect back in return? That's right, nothing. All they have to do is be there for you and you are content to follow them until your last breath.

Unfortunately Dave, when it comes to the real thing, and the person lying next to you in bed tonight, things are a lot more complicated. The reason is that Arsene Wenger doesn't have a headache at an inopportune moment. Sir Alex Ferguson doesn't want you to go shopping on a Sunday afternoon when you want to watch the match on Sky.

The problem is that you have no idea how to find happiness and contentment. That's because YOU ARE LOOKING IN THE WRONG PLACE!

Everyone, no matter how well rounded they appear, feels incomplete. Like a piece of a jigsaw, they are in good shape most of the way round, but have a lot of broken edges. Some people start off with a better outlook than others. Women are mainly better than us, because they have two whole sex chromosomes instead of one and a bit. But whichever way you look at it, the result is the same; millions of unsatisfied people desperately searching for the other bit of the jigsaw.



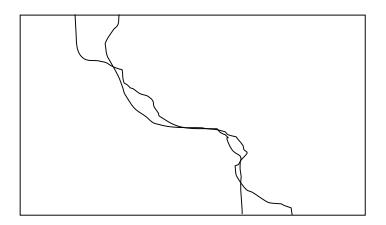
You will have heard the expression "opposites attract". You will know people, and may have been part of this yourself, where the couple seem to complement each other perfectly, and make up for each others weaknesses. You may even be one of the rare, lucky people who have such a partner. You will also know many such couples who have divorced spectacularly and had to help pick up the pieces.

The fact is Dave, no matter how well your jigsaw piece and your partner's jigsaw piece fit together, it is impossible for them to be a perfect match. Unless you are from rural Norfolk and married your sister (not recommended) you will have a huge number of genetic differences. You will enjoy different things at different times, have different ideas, opinions and dreams, and what's more you will change over time in different ways.

So what hope does anyone have of finding themselves in a satisfying relationship? Well Dave, as usual there is good and bad news.

The good news is that the answer is simple. The bad news is that in getting to the answer you will have to walk a very hard road, possibly for a long time. In the end you may fail. I'm not making this sound very attractive am I?

Back to the jigsaw. Here is the old one



Here is the new one



Did you spot the cunning difference?

Yes Dave, the answer is for you to become the other piece of your own jigsaw. The benefits will change your life forever. You will feel more complete and satisfied with your life. You will gain an inner peace and tranquillity that you never imagined was possible. You will have sex with hundreds of beautiful women. No ignore that last bit – you won't. But you just might have a chance of having a really satisfying relationship with someone special.

Because the trouble with relationships is that we are all trying to get the other person to change to suit us. That's where all the trouble starts. Think about it – you know I'm right. So what if you were complete enough to not need the other person to change? To not have to ask anything of her other than to just be together. How much more chance would that give you of happiness?

A word of warning at this point. If you decide to walk this road you will be unleashing forces in your life which may be very hard to contain. You will question everything that you have thought up to now. You may end up not caring as much about many of the things you hold most dear, including some family and friends. You will question your most important relationships and may find them wanting. You may even stop watching Chelsea.

But if you do come out the other side in one piece the journey will have been the most important one you will ever make. Now read on....

Chapter 2 The Man Who Fell Down a Hole

Monday

It was a beautiful sunny morning. I set off to walk to work, just the same as always. I walked the same route I always do, past the same offices and shops, and the same people going about their business.

I was singing to myself, enjoying the bird song, and generally did not have a care in the world.

I turned a corner and fell down a hole. I have no idea where it came from, or who put it there. There were no warning signs or safety barriers. It was just a deep, dark, steep sided muddy hole, with a puddle of cold slimy water at the bottom.

For a while I just sat there, dazed and confused, wondering what had happened to me. I just could not understand how I had got into this situation. After a while I pulled myself together a bit, and started to shout for help. I called and called but nobody answered. Nobody so much as looked over the edge to see what was happening. I shouted until I was hoarse, but no help came.

By now I was freezing with cold, shivering and very frightened. I realised that I would have to try and get out of the hole myself. I started to clamber up the sides, but they were very steep. Every time I made some progress I slid back down to where I had started from. I tried different sides of the hole. Some were easier to climb than others, but I still ended up back at the bottom.

Eventually, after hours of struggle, I managed somehow to drag myself out. I lay exhausted, weeping and sobbing on the pavement. My clothes were ruined, my hands were cut and scratched. My whole body felt like jelly.

I made my way home, all thoughts of work gone. I threw away my clothes, bathed and went to bed, physically and emotionally exhausted. It was the worst experience of my life.

Tuesday

It was another sunny morning. I set off for work, turned a corner and fell back in the hole.

It was still there, unchanged. Still there were no signs or warnings of it. Just a deep, dark, muddy hole in the pavement. I was at the bottom again. I was soaked and upset and annoyed. I tried again to call for help, but nobody came. There was nothing else for it – I had to climb out again.

As with the day before, I had a great struggle to get out. It was not quite as bad, but I was still worn out by the effort required to escape. My clothes were again wrecked. I had to return home again and clean myself up and pull myself together. I did not try and go to work that day.

Wednesday

It was a pleasant, breezy morning. I set off for work, turned a corner and fell in the hole again.

This was becoming a habit. I cursed myself for my own stupidity. How could I have done this again? I knew the hole was there. I had gone through hell as a result of falling into it, yet still I made the same mistake again. What was wrong with me? Would I never learn anything?

Angry and frustrated, I set about climbing out of the hole again. This time it was not so bad. I had learned from previous days the quickest, easiest and least painful way of getting myself out. Fairly soon I was back on the pavement.

I carried on to work, got myself cleaned up and managed to make some use out of the day.

Thursday

It was a warm day. I set off for work. I turned a corner and stopped in front of the hole. I knew it was there. I knew how horrible it was. I had no intention of ever falling into it again.

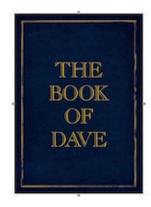
I walked around the hole and carried on to work as usual.

Friday

Today I walked to work down a different street.

Does the first part of this seem familiar to you Dave?

When the last part also does, you will know you are getting somewhere.



The Book of Dave is a wry, witty but ultimately optimistic look at the lives of men everywhere between the ages of 35 and 60. Before then you should be out enjoying yourself. After then, lets face it, you're just a coffin dodger.

The Book of Dave

Order the complete book from the publisher

Booklocker.com

http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/5625.html?s=pdf

or from your favorite neighborhood or online bookstore.