

I'll have a real comment please, with a side of spam

Comments from you, my readers, are like hot fudge drizzled on vanilla ice cream. I read them and can't hit "approve" fast enough so I can reply. I can't tell you how grateful I am to hear from you and to know that we are connecting with one another. Then there's the spam.



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At first I was annoyed by the spam. I would think I had a legitimate comment from someone who wanted to talk about children or faith or recipes or Star Wars, and I'd discover instead a fake comment from a company trying to use the blog as a way to drive people to their site.

But then I started looking at them more closely. And I realized that many of them are hilarious.

Consider this. I write a heartfelt post on exchanging stories with a Chinese couple in the Beijing airport and I get this as a reply: "It sort of feels that you are doing any distinctive trick. Also, the contents are masterpiece. You've performed a fantastic activity on this matter!"

Suddenly I find myself wondering what a "distinctive trick" might be. And I realize that no one would ever think I can perform one—except the "author" of this slice of spam.

My post packed with marriage advice for my baby sister attracts this: "Sport Illustrated reported that Lewis sought help from a company that uses naturally shed or resin antlers... We now have lots of hunting pressure in the area. If deer velvet spray you need to read labels and compare items."

Isn't it marvelous to think someone would read my sisterly marriage advice and respond with a comment on deer velvet spray? I start thinking of how I, someone who considers hunting to be searching the clearance rack at Marshall's, could write a post that would elicit such a comment.



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Yet that same post brought comments about mattress covers, diatomaceous earth, sports cars, and this line: "But despite his cartoon proportions he muscle factor x hates spinach."

On other posts I've found comments about organic makeup, cold pack therapy, solar

panels for swimming pools, a northern industrial solar-powered trickle charger, side effects on raspberry ketone, cigarettes in the theater, and Tom Baker's scarf. As I'm reading, I find myself wondering who Valeria and Rolf are, and then I realize it's a fraudulent comment.

If this is your first visit to my blog, you must wonder what I'm usually writing about. Here at "Open Window," we typically talk about adoption, our Catholic faith, which item I forgot to pack for school this week, why we don't iron, how hard shopping has become, and how my two amazing sons continue to open my eyes and change my world.



No matter what I write, the spam comments keep coming.

The other day I posted my 7 Quick Takes Friday about my husband's birthday, moving, caterpillars, and sandwiches. And, voila! There was a comment!

"Hello there!" it said. "This post couldn't be written any better!"

Right then I was suspicious.

Then I read the next line.

"Going through this article reminds me of my previous roommate! He constantly kept preaching about this. I will send this article to him. Fairly certain he's going to have a good read. Many thanks for sharing!"

Well, I don't know whether his former roommate used to preach about Bigfoot, forgotten cheese sandwiches, or the pain of moving, but I sure hope he enjoyed that post.

But there's no way he liked it as much as I liked that comment about the light-up bra.