

# Nadya Suleman has public brooding

It's a shame Brad Pitt is spoken for

Empathy for octuplets' grandmother

**S**HE DOESN'T OWN a home, she faces more than \$1 million in medical bills, she's unemployed and subject to depression, but, fellas — she's *single!*

After an on-the-job injury, between 2002 and 2008 Nadya Suleman reportedly got nearly \$170,000 in benefits, but I doubt much is left after buying Gerber's, chicken nuggets and sippy cups for her (then) six kids.

With Valentine's Day almost here, I can imagine single studs across the nation lining up to wire FTD flowers to Nadya, divorcee and America's candidate for Serial Mother of the Year.



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What hard-working, attractive, buff man wouldn't want to become daddy-in-residence to Nadya's fatherless brood? She is a dream for *any* single guy, but especially one managing a Little League team looking for prospects.

The guy must be level-headed, because some doctors fear the underweight octuplets will have "developmental issues." You think?

Some of the kids may have anger issues, some may have jealousy issues, some may have being-crammed-in-like-sardines issues.

Nadya wanted a lot of kids, she told a TV interviewer, because as an only child she was lonely.

She's licked the lonely problem.

All this overachieving Mom really has going for her is celebrity.

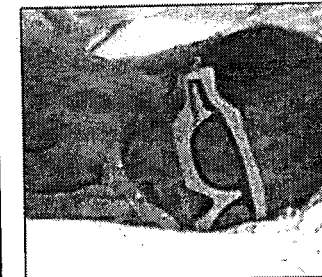
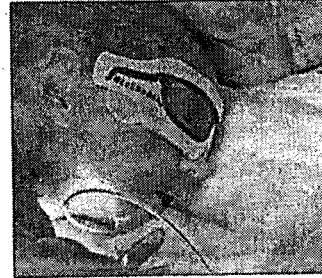
In our star-struck culture, that could be plenty for some desperate dweeb looking for a little fairy dust to sprinkle on his lonely life. For some people, a Facebook page isn't good enough.

The good news for guys: Nadya's parents are aging — if they haven't yet died from the shock of having to share their three-bedroom house with a 33-year-old, likely unhinged daughter and her 14 kids. Nadya has no brothers to threaten a suitor, no sisters to seduce him.

Just my luck to be married with this Dream Girl on the market.

I don't know if Nadya wants a mate, but I can imagine the personal ad she'd write:

HOT, sexy single with Angelina Jolie lips



AP Photo / NBC NEWS

Here are photos of the octuplets (clockwise, from top left): Makai, Maliyah, Noah, Josiah, Jeremiah, Nariyah, Jonah, and Isaiah. Yesterday the California hospital caring for them sought undisclosed reimbursement from the state.

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and 14 mouths to feed. Seeks mature, *working* man for fun times, such as changing diapers, mass feedings and cleaning spitup. No time for movies, fine dining, sports, TV, reading, walks on the beach. Must want to hear the pitter-patter of 28 feet around the really cramped house. Non-smokers preferred and men able to lactate *really* preferred.

Her best shot might be landing a single dad of six who's looking to launch a blended-family TV reality show called, "Twenty Is Enough."

But is it really enough?

Who's to say the Einstein of a fertility doctor who loaded Nadya up like a gumball machine won't implant a few more embryos in her? Why stop now?

Actually, two reasons — society and family.

Since it's doubtful the Sulemans have enough money to take care of the children, they

will be a burden on society, meaning taxpayers, many of whom have their own children to support. I've always said you should have as many kids as you can afford. Emphasis on *you*.

Large families are not always dysfunctional or destitute, but this one seems headed for "The Jerry Springer Show." ("Today: Self-Indulgent Idiot Moms.")

In terms of family, while 14 kids can be manageable, the more children, the less each gets in dollars and emotion from the parental units. Despite Nadya's glib assurances that she's up to the job, it's backbreaking when eight drop at once — and there's only one parent.

Remember Norplant, the good-for-five-years, under-the-skin contraceptive for women?

For Valentine's Day, Nadya needs that far more than a dozen red roses. ★

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## Sex study: Philly's sagging

**T**HE LAST TIME we heard about Philadelphia gaining a national ranking — from Allstate insurance — we were in the top 10. Cool.

... of American cities with the worst drivers. Oh!

Pardon any typos. I'm texting this as I stir my coffee while doing 70 on the Blue Route.

The Allstate beat-down followed earlier "research" that found Philly a gross place to live, filled with fat, unfriendly, ugly people. (At least we're not French.)

Generally, such studies are as scientific as reading chicken entrails or tern turds. They are done, mostly, to build magazine circulation or to get free advertising.

(See "Allstate" above.)

Considering how grody Philadelphians are, it's no surprise we aren't getting much sex.

Says who?

Trojan.

Not the big Greek gift horse as hollow as a bureaucrat's heart, but the "no glove, no love" company that makes what used to be called "prophylactics," which now are called (politely) "condoms," or (impolitely) "politicians" or "scumbags."

In the Trojan-commissioned study, Philly lay limp in two categories I call "Doin' It" and "Likin' It."

By the way, Trojan says it has a new product called Ecstasy that "employs a groundbreaking

new design." I didn't peek, but I think the new design is a raised silhouette of George Clooney.

The bad sex report aroused Your Favorite Columnist.

[Editor's note: Stu's wife might be pleased to hear that.]

Philly was a shameful ninth in "sexual frequency." No. 1 was Houston (I think because the poll did not specify the sexual partner had to be human). The



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Texans "did it" 101 times a year, followed by No. 2 Atlanta, with 88. Washington, D.C., unrolled an 86. That is explained by one word: In-

terms. (I'm rib-

bing you.) On the down side, the only city with a droopier score than Philly at 73 was — grab yourself — San Francisco, with a tragic 60. Those tales we've heard that San Francisco is a lubricated, libertine city are wrong?

I'm being ultrasensitive because San Francisco is gay as a Mister Softee truck and some gays want us to think they get sex like the rest of us get lottery tickets. It's a recruiting tool. ("You want action? Join our faction!")

We climax with the "sexual satisfaction rate." Houston fell to third place (around where the Astros are) with 70 percent. Atlanta owns first place with a stiff

73 and New York is sandwiched between them with 71. (No Mets fans were included in the survey.)

[Editor's note: Stu can't possibly know that.]

Philadelphia languished in eighth place with a flaccid 64, edging sad San Francisco at 63. Boston was dead last with 60. Probably something to do with beans.

Nationally, Trojan reports that a throbbing two-thirds of Americans wish they had sex more often. (The remaining one-third are postmenopausal women.)

[Editor's note: The first fraction comes from the survey. The second comes from Stu.]

One of five Americans are "extremely satisfied" with their sex lives. (The rest are married.)

[Editor's note: There he goes again.]

An excited 4 percent of Americans say that they have "too much" sex. (The rest are not Paris Hilton or Leonardo DiCaprio.) Finally, 76 percent say they are looking for ways to make their sex lives more exciting. (The remaining 24 percent are men who find the word "yes" exciting enough.)

This concludes my column. I feel satisfied.

[Editor's note: Bad news for Stu's wife.] ★

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# Time out for a heavenly chat

**T**HE HOLIDAY season is an appropriate time for Your Favorite Columnist to pay one of his occasional calls on God.

**YFC:** Good morning, God.  
**God:** Good morning, lad. Merry Christmas.

**YFC:** Ah, my tribe doesn't celebrate Christmas, except for the all-American gift-giving part.

**God:** You sound like most Christians. They spend, put a tree up, drink egg nog, sing "Rudolph" and they're done. They forget it's my son's birthday.

**YFC:** Um, God? Jesus wasn't actually born on Dec. 25. The

Julian calendar ...

**God:** Sssh. We're trying to keep that from the *goyim*.

**YFC:** It's not, you know, like a secret.

**God:** Leave it alone. What's on your mind?

**YFC:** Some atheists put up a billboard saying "Don't believe in God? You are not alone." Your reaction?

**God:** George Carlin didn't believe either. Where's he today? (Snickers)

**YFC:** He died. Do you know where he is?

**God:** Do you think I'm called the All-Knowing just because of my fluffy white beard, flowing

robe and Birkenstocks?

**YFC:** I get it. So where's Carlin?

**God:** Not saying. That's for the Eternal to know and for you to figure out.

**YFC:** (Sigh) OK, different subject. Are you into the NFL this season?

**God:** Even though I have the best seat in the house, and I'm naturally partial to my Saints, no.

**YFC:** Why not?  
**God:** I know the score of every game before it's played. It's like watching "The Crying Game" a second time. No surprises.

**YFC:** Oh, sure, it's that all-knowing thing. Hmmm. If you'd



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share some of this Sunday's scores with me I could make some money.

**God:** That's cheating, Stu.  
**YFC:** C'mon. My bookie is an atheist. I could *kill* him.

**God:** So could I, any time I want. Drop it, I'm telling you.

**YFC:** You don't want to talk sports.

**God:** I'll talk Tiger Woods, that *pisher*.

**YFC:** I'll pass. Assess the national situation today.

**God:** Dire, I'm sorry to say. War, ignorance, crime, poverty, terrorism, AIDS, unemployment, restless-legs syndrome.

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It's disheartening. When I gave humans free will, I expected better.

**YFC:** How can we improve?  
**God:** Stop killing each other. That would be a good start.

**YFC:** Many of us feel the same way. How do you feel about Barack Obama's victory?

**God:** Awesome. I'm proud of him, proud of America. Barack's a chip off the old block.

**YFC:** Wait! Are you saying he is the Messiah, like Rush Limbaugh calls him?

**God:** Just pulling your chain, Roscoe. Take a chill pill.

**YFC:** Let's go global. What's the problem with radical Islam?

**God:** They call me Allah and they murder in my name. I won't tell you what I call *them*. Hezbollah. Hamas. Taliban. Al Qaeda, you name it. After they blow people up, they think they're in for 72 dark-eyed virgins? They're in for a very nasty surprise.

**YFC:** Tell me.

**God:** Can't. It's a *surprise*!

**YFC:** Please.

**God:** Not allowed.

**YFC:** *Not allowed?* You're God! Who can tell you what to do?

**God:** There's the wife, the board of directors.

**YFC:** The *wife*?

**God:** Sssh. She'll hear. She's got ears like a Schnauzer.

**YFC:** You can trust me.

**God:** I thought you were a still a columnist.

**YFC:** That hurts, God. A scoop like that could make my career.

**God:** An interview with God

isn't enough? How lame *are* you?

**YFC:** I give up.

**God:** Good. By the way, there's no wife and no board of directors. This isn't Costco. I punk'd you.

**YFC:** That's quite a sense of humor you've got.

**God:** I'm getting pointers from George Carlin.

**YFC:** Carlin! He's in heaven? He hated religion.

**God:** He made fun of religion, but I looked into his heart, I saw he cared about people so I took him home with me.

**YFC:** How's he doing up there?

**God:** Cracks me up. He learned to be funny without

dirty words, but was all the time kvetching about no pot. I gave him Termini chocolate-covered bananas and that shut him up.

**YFC:** There's my scoop! Anything you want to add?

**God:** I'd like to go on "Oprah." Do you know her? Maybe you could put in a word.

**YFC:** 'Fraid not.

**God:** "The View"?

**YFC:** I'm not hooked up. Anything else?

**God:** Tell the people to stop killing each other. Work on it. Please. ★

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