



Bachelor Number One

Mishka Shubaly

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Only five days after a nasty breakup, bestselling Kindle Singles author Mishka Shubaly is invited to audition for a reality show—a dating reality show.

Against all logic, he applies and, against all logic, he advances. Fearless and funny, Shubaly is forced to interrogate not just the reality of the show but also his decisions, his addictions, his neuroses, his desires - indeed, his entire reality.

Bachelor Number One Details

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From Reader Review Bachelor Number One for online ebook

Erica Sand says

Go and read "Bachelor Number One" by Mishka Shubaly if you want something that pokes fun at itself while being completely white-knuckled raw and somehow whimsical at the same time. This is a refreshing non-cropped experience akin to a joke, where you will want to sit down, completely engaged with the animated storyteller who describes dramedy in perfect gut-laughing and lip pouting ways. I give this five-stars, thumbs-up, heart pulsating with the eyes cry/laughing emoticon rating. This isn't his newest writing by any means, and I look forward to read and review his newest book, "I Swear I'll Make It Up to You", but this is the review for today.

This guy, Mishka, who actually responded to my messages, is a pretty cool cat. So first, how this came all about...

"MISHKA Shubaly," the squeal came out of my mouth as an exaggeration as if I were a teenager and berating my friends for not knowing the star while simultaneously holding the note an octave too annoyingly high. Jumping around I pushed the iPhone button again, so I could see his name light up eerily on my phone – I was not dreaming. Instagram told me that it was a fact, that Mishka Shubaly liked one of my photos. I couldn't even swipe the phone because I was too nervous about which photo he liked. Once it was swiped there was no turning back.

"Oh, okay" my friends said and gathered up their guitars clearly unaffected by the name gaining any recognition. The girls started chatting so I worked up the courage to swipe the phone and savored the moment my index finger pressed on the sweaty glass with his name underneath. Heartbeat – thump, thump, thump, thuuuump. "He liked a quote," I said breathlessly with a small disappointment in my voice. The girls turned back to me, Jessica's dreadlocks hitting one another in unison and Amber pushing her glasses up a little higher.

"Good ole' social media," Michelle let out in one breath, while her Afro seemed to rise an inch higher – the tell-tale sign of her seniority, although she is like at least 10 years younger than me. Michelle is the Social Media Queen among us and is the only one earning a living with passive income via her popularity on Pinterest. Our icon.

The thing is, social media is my strangest love/hate friend out there. I still don't totally understand SM and maybe the initials aren't a coincidence. Maybe we really should use the acronym S&M, not that I'm into cuffs and leather whips, but I think it would be a more appropriate representation. I mean, I am not totally green at social media, I lived overseas in the mid-2000s and was on Facebook before a majority of the population in the States. Let's just say that social media mega-industry is an American creation which became popular overseas before it was saturated back in the mother land. That was back in the days when you would take pictures with your camera and plug it into your computer late at night (after the party) when you would pour yourself another drink, or a liter of 'sober up water', and eat stale cookies while giggling about how everyone would see the pictures in the morning after they logged onto their computers. Of course, you also took the time to come up with witty commentaries for each photo, silently wished that there was some sort of editing device erase the dark circles under your eyes, and would eventually fall asleep at a makeshift desk only to wake up with a large imprint of your keyboard on your cheek the next morning...when hopefully all the photos actually had uploaded. You remember those days, right?

But today is a different day. It's day and night where you flood the social media market with any and every part of your day and try to stand out with authenticity. Trying to authentically be authentic is like a cruel joke that we never really get. Of course, that girl showing all her Snapchat videos always has perfect make-up on with a blow-out. It's really more like reality television in many ways than anything else. The worst part is, if you are trying to promote your work or art on social media, you have the right (and moreover the responsibility) to be a virtual stalker – that is, if you are to be respected as a hustler and professional in your work. It's like some bizarre science fiction lifestyle that could've gotten someone rich back in the 1980s if they would have been so dumb to think it up.

So the word stalker brings me back to Mishka. (I know, terrible segue. Sorry, Mishka.) I had started following him on Instagram and sent him my first (of many, I'm sure) Instagram 'politically correct' stalker messages where I told him how much I loved his story on the Rich Roll Podcast. The truth is, my heart pitter-pattered and an odd crush developed as his gruff voice unraveled his disturbing story. Podcasts are what radio must've been in the 1950s – what the girls felt when they heard the Beatles on the radio. There is something so profound about listening to stories without seeing the people telling them that is similar to reading a book and developing your own images of characters. And as his deep voice, that was somehow both velvety and crunched along on bits of gravel) trailed along, I felt both turmoil and an attraction come to fruition that was both intuitive and seemed a little dirty. But, for whatever the reason, I was drawn to him – just like MANY women have been drawn to him according to his Kindle Single, Bachelor Number One: "They came to Brooklyn by bus or by train, sometimes even driving their husband's cars.... I disappointed them as they disappointed me." I totally get that swarms of women have been drawn to him, especially after seeing his photos...In some way there is a magic-like invisible wind, both warm and intangible.

But, the thing is (pause for extra dramatic effect) he actually responded. It was a week later and included an, "oops, missed this. Thanks for that," and it made me imagine him scrolling through his messages while waiting in line at the grocery store and responding with boredom and not to mention a sore thumb. Nothing better to do than respond to my fan mail. Yawn. But, I'll take that yawn. The girl who sent out her first stalker message and actually got a frickin' reply. The road can be entirely rejection-filled claustrophobia when self-publishing your first book. It's not for the thin-skinned, so the first S&M reply you get is quite elating. I took that as an okay to ask, (well, beg) him to read my book. He RESPONDED again! This time it was a, "sorry, no, er, behind on a desk load of books to review," but he had replied. I had made it through stalker-ville, and a celebrity had pulled back the curtain to my peeping eyes long enough to very politely tell me I wasn't interesting. That was progress. Indeed, that is the truth and sadly authentic. The reality is definitely not sexy. I've fixed my hair and makeup before shooting VLOGS before and know they get more views than when I don't put on any make-up. I know the authentic charades. And let me tell you...this freeing authenticity is what I realized breathes within the veiled wind of my lure to Mishka Shubaly.

His Kindle Single, "Bachelor Number One", is a rare look at someone being both authentically authentic and not "authentically" authentic. This story reminds me more of a poem as it carves out a single experience with emotions wrapped up into one tiny jawbreaker - sweet, hard, crunchy, fruity, tart, and then dissolves into your being. Mmmm...give me more.

Some of my favorite lines from this Single.

"I can't believe I've come so far to still be so far behind."

"...smoke billowing out of the open passenger side door, some heavy distorted Brazilian funk you've never heard before blaring from the interior – do you get inside or do you keep walking? Every single time, I get inside."

“I ran out to grab a Diet Mountain Dew – judge me, go on, judge me...”

“...yes, I would love to fall in love. But, like every Harlequin romance novel reader, I didn’t want to look for it – I wanted to be unwillingly crushed by it, smitten, overpowered, swept away.”

“Maybe the person I was searching for – and failing and failing and failing to find – was me.”

“And it was real.”

So, take a seat and get ready for this animated story as you read "Bachelor Number One". Thanks again Mishka, for the book and responding to a fan! I will definitely be diving into your newest book "I Swear I'll Make It Up to You".

Sweetdulci says

This felt like I was reading a cathartic journal entry, recommended by the author's therapist. BUT there was a little too much self-deprecation, which exposed the way he was just exploiting the situation for money. Entertaining and short enough for mild entertainment, but not something I would have bothered with if it wasn't free.

Steve Vetter says

I truly enjoy Mishkas' work!! He's truthful, erudite and so very entertaining!! I have gone and purchased everything that I could find by him. This talented fellow is a pure pleasure to read and I'm grateful to have stumbled upon him through my Kindle/Amazon searches!!

Heidi says

"Sometimes when you're conflicted about something, rather than make a clear decision, I find it's best to half-ass it and let the universe decide for you."

Aaaaaaaand, just like that, my life has a new motto.

Steven says

This was actually the second kindle single I read from self-styled punk rock bad boy, Mishka Shubaly. After a pretty bad break-up, complete with one of those emails where the break-upper chronicles exactly the reasons why you will always be alone in life, Mishka contemplates joining the CBS network reality dating show called "3."

This is really surprising cause of course Mishka is that whole bad boy, styled rocker, recovering alcoholic guy. Yet they seem to really want him to be on the show anyway. He sabotages the whole thing and begins a lengthy review of the exploitative nature of reality TV. Not bad at all little bookette, sort of made for "The Moth" HBO "Girls" set, but pretty good (yet incomplete) insight into life and relationships no matter your background.

A quote or two I liked:

“Love ain’t boxing. At least it shouldn’t be. To love, you both need to lower your hands and stand there, completely vulnerable, easily damaged, both believing with all your hearts that the other person could never, would never, hurt you. And then they hurt you. And you hurt them.”

Later on when the diatribe about reality tv begins he references this:

“Sinisa Savija was the first person voted off of the first reality show, Expedition Robinson. It was so successful that it was exported to America where it was transformed into the smash hit Americans know as Survivor, a word which takes on sinister meaning in light of Sinisa’s tragic death. The first person voted off the first reality show committed suicide. I can think of no greater indictment against reality TV.”

Maryellen says

Had it's funny moments and introspection. Frankly, however, a whole kindle single of self punishment and mild self loathing can get a little depressing. I kinda wanted to hug the author and tell him it would be okay, he COULD change.

Keisha Butler says

This book is like my review of the book....short and good. I started, and finished, the book today while I was at the salon. Reading this book reminded me of eating fast food, where you eat the meal and are hungry 15 minutes later---but it didn't make me sick, or gassy, so I can't complain.

Nancy Martira says

Mishka Shubaly is about to make a really dumb mistake, he's going to appear as a contestant on a reality dating show. But he's got good reasons for doing it, or he's convinced himself that he has good reasons for doing it in the same way that you and I can convince ourselves of really bad ideas when we are lost.

If you are considering appearing on reality television, please download this book onto a Kindle and then bash yourself in the face repeatedly with that Kindle until the urge passes.

Robert Johnson says

Mishka Shubaly is a master of dancing the razor's edge between hilarity & heartbreak. Always under a black cloud, with the sun shining beautifully and blindingly behind it. I'm not gonna be a cliché smart ass and say something as trite as "I laughed. I Cried." but I might have.

Gretchen says

This is exactly what I'm going to do if anyone ever offers me a spot on a reality tv show.

E.M. Tippetts says

I didn't know how this one ended (I live abroad, don't watch television, and my contact with the author tends to be of the 140 character tweet variety), and I'm glad I didn't because I love the way Shubaly sets up a story and controls the flow of information. His prose is noticeably stronger and smoother - it's been getting that way with each piece he writes.

Not to spoil the story, but suffice it to say, it's clear why CBS did not want to let him write about his experience. He sees straight through the strange and sick phenomenon that is reality television, and he does so as a self described 35 year old adolescent. I confess, I've often wondered if people just forget schoolyard cruelty, or just fall for it when it's dolled up as entertainment for grown ups.

As with all of Shubaly's Kindle Singles, I highly recommend this one.

Daniel Danciu says

Non-fiction about an ex-alcoholic, drug user, base-guitar in an obscure band turned writer who is dumped by his girlfriend and decides to apply for participating in a dating reality show. I liked the way he describes his world, the world of living from one day to another, intense emotions, no obligations, pretty much the opposite of my current world, with some hints of my past world.

Tori Miller says

This is the 4th Kindle Single that I have read, and my 2nd by Mishka Shubaly. I really liked all 4. It has gotten me excited about my Kindle again which I wasn't using regularly for reading.

Someone once tried to pay me \$6,000 (that I felt they owed me anyway) to get me to sign a confidentiality agreement. I turned down the money. This reminded me why I turned it down.

Nikki says

Great Kindle short about what casting is really like for all those reality shows we see. It sucked me because it was hilarious and I found myself highlighting way too many quotes that were reflective of my own choices but by the end, the tone was more serious but still very reflective. I think it's great to read if you love or hate reality TV and even more so if you're single at the age when many of your friends cease to be.

Erin says

It read well enough, but I was kind of annoyed for most of it at the self-depreciation and negativity of the character. As more of his story unfolded he was a little more relatable. I did enjoy how he turned the whole process around on the reality show and got around their contract.
