



AN EXCLUSIVE SNEAK PEEK



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My 'isms' are in full force. I don't know what to make of it. I am not exaggerating when I say I haven't had a day yet where I don't see something starrng back at me with 'Grant' or 'Taylor'. Even when I'm hermiting at home, essentially hiding from this BS...I'll turn on the TV for thirty seconds and see a Grant or Taylor thing. It's been a year, when is this going to stop?! After my four isms just this morning, I force myself to get out and go run errands. At the traffic light by my intersection, Grant in the lane next to me turning. I almost ran into the car in front of me. Why is he even on my damn street?

Benny calls right then for the sixth time today. 'Grant Moore' popping up on my phone makes me almost crash again. I finally change the name in my contacts to my nickname for him. How could they both have the same name? I get home to a gigantic bouquet of three dozen roses from Benny along with a very arrogant card about how the guys I date wouldn't be able to afford such things. He knows I hate roses too, what an asshole. Then I get into another email fight with him. I've been telling him no again and he's foaming at the mouth, Groundhog day is the theme of my life. I get my mail and mistakenly get a letter for one of my neighbors, a Ms. Shelley Taylor Moore. I am about to hop on another plane to anywhere. I'm still so wiped from damn jet lag. Maybe I should just go back to bed.



BENNY TO OLIVIA

Ok, you sexy dork who sigh's at roses. I have not booked anything for the opera. NO PRESSURE. If you truly want to go and have tons and tons of fun let's go, otherwise I'll give the tickets away. My days of wooing and sending flowers which make you sigh are now over...you can relax. You are free. Ha :-)

Let me know. IF you really want to go and have a crazy fun weekend great but given your travel schedule and how hard I had to twist your arm, I am more than happy to stay in Austin. I will not be offended if we do not go or we could go to another opera later in the season. My feeling is waiting until later might be better but I await your feedback, you sexy independent dork.

BENNY TO OLIVIA

I've seen you twice in three months and this will be three days together in Chicago and I had to badger and badger and badger you. My badgering days are over Olivia. I want fun and easy and you have given me so so many warnings of friends only.

I like you Olivia a lot. There I've said it. I'll say it again, I like you. You are intuitive, witty, smart as hell, fun, beautiful and charming. I think you have a good heart but with an edge. I am not going to badger, woo, pursue, romance, cajole, convince, etc. you anymore. When we click there is no one on the planet I would rather hang with. No one!! But I have serious doubts that you really want to spend

three days with me. I love bantering with you but I always feel I'm pulling you along. I don't want to pull you anymore. I want to go and have crazy fun!! Or wait until we can go and have crazy fun.

OLIVIA TO BENNY

Few things to clear the air. Take it with a grain of sea salt. You've sent me the same bouquet of roses four times now when I've asked you to stop. It was very arrogant to taunt my dates can't afford roses. Those things don't matter to me and you're not the first guy to send me roses. The twelve cards and birthday gifts were also overboard. We've been over this one too many times. The gifts were extremely romantic and self serving and inappropriate.

No one pulls me anywhere, including you. The last thing I am in the world is insecure. Your back and forth, 'badgering' like you said, yes, then no, maybe, then only if you want to, yes, no. You're doing it because I mentioned I enjoy the opera and that's really nice, but then you say "Hurry up and marry me, I can't keep being this nice." The boo hoo that you haven't seen me enough is off putting. I've been traveling. I work. I have a busy social life. I warned you that I was grouchy. I apologize.

It's this continued 'wooing' as you call it. When you do stuff like that, it makes me feel like you're pinning your romantic notions on me again when I have told you, several times, I cannot reciprocate. I am happy to be friends, but that is all it will ever be. I understand if you cannot accept this and if it's too annoying, painful, or frustrating for you. Then we need to simply wish each other well. I will not be party to unrequited love. It's simply too tragic. I refuse to put you in situations where I incite the romantic in you. I don't believe you are interested in being just friends.

Say we go to the opera. We stay in a lovely hotel, separate rooms, I'm in a dazzling gown, I cry during the Aria, you are overwhelmed with how cute I am (ha!) We get a nightcap at the bar and I meet a man while you're in the bathroom and hit it off with him. I introduce you as my friend and we all have a grand time and then excuse myself and go on a stroll with this man and say good night to you and that I'll see you tomorrow. Now be honest. Friend = No problem, have fun. Lover = On his way to jail.

BENNY TO OLIVIA

Your cards and flowers were ordered early so what they said was from long ago. My "marry me" comments were jokes. If we went to Chicago or Timbuktu, I think it would be inappropriate and rude to ditch the other for any reason. I don't go to dinner with a friend, see a hot babe, and abandon her because we are not dating. Abandoning your traveling companion unless that was clearly defined is ludicrous. As to the unrequited love thing, I have seen you twice in three months. Whatever I may have thought, hoped or dreamed of long, long ago has been squelched by the harsh reality.

When we first met, I had so much fun with you. We laughed and everything was easy. I thought we had a connection. Maybe not a love connection but a real connection. I am sorry to be so blunt, but sometimes all you see are your needs. Your 'take it or leave it' approach is not my style. I like you Olivia and that is NOT a 'hey we are either lovers or goodbye' approach. My emotions run on a continuum. I like you and I hoped we could have a deep friendship and yes, platonic love. I would very much like to be great friends, travel, have a deep non-sexual connection. Why don't you think about it.

You have given me a lot of wonderful advice over the months. Thank you. So here is some advice and you have made me angry so this may not come out as well but here goes. I am disappointed in you. Not because I want you as a lover or a friend, but I think we would and should be great friends. You are beautiful but my God, I would love to have a deep platonic friendship. I do have money and time and yes, I would love to go on platonic vacations. I would prefer a torrid romance but as you said, torrid romances burn out and friendships can be for a lifetime. Not everything is a ploy to get you in bed and caring about you or even holding your hand is not a ploy either. MY GOD please, I hope we can be deep friends. I hope we can travel. I would very much like you in my life. Think about it.

BENNY TO OLIVIA

I'm sorry, you really pissed me off and I am still fuming. If you took me home to your family for Thanksgiving would it be ok if I saw a hot babe and just bailed out on you because 'Hey she is hot and I might get laid'? Well enough said. You are better than this Olivia. I am disappointed and mad at you.

OLIVIA TO BENNY

Oh brother. That was such crap. Let me know when you're done spewing :)

BENNY TO OLIVIA

Not nearly as much fun when people actually don't agree with you huh!? I respectfully disagree. In fact I think you are dead wrong, but I have to go to my special education class now on relationships and manners at Crappola University.

BENNY TO OLIVIA

I am sorry I got angry. I hope you find a boyfriend and/or lover. Happy to introduce you to my band of misfits and degenerates. Not a lot of boyfriend material, definitely some possible torrid love affairs. But I know you're super selective. Now that I have NO LOVE INTEREST for you, we could be great friends. Consider it. Plus I could use your womanly advice. Don't let my boyish obsessive behavior end what can and should be a life long friendship. Consider it. I will be a considerate friend if you will have me.

Just don't be all wound up about me. The past is the past. So I did some stupid stuff. It is my nature. We should be great friends and laugh about my insanity. Go on vacation. Don't go. Chase men, have affairs, vamp it up, whatever floats your boat. My desire fever has lifted. I can be what you always wanted, a friend and benefactor who likes you with no designs on getting in your pants. So the process to get here was crazy. Ahhh, so be it. Life is crazy. Forgive me and be my friend. I'll do the same.



NUTS

If they have more than two nuts...RED FLAG!

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