



AN EXCLUSIVE SNEAK PEEK



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I've been online dating! You know how they say you have to kiss some frogs? Ohhhhh, Nellyyyyy, I've gotten a pond full and apparently, it's mating season. I keep thinking I'm being punk'd and look for the hidden cameras, but no one ever jumps out of the bushes and yells, "We got you, ha ha, meet our actors!" I have enough material for a screenplay. Or perfect for the newest Broadway musical 'Frogs' since Cats had its run.

My very first date through Match has by far been the best. It was simply a cornucopia o' crazy. And I swear, I am not embellishing or making any details of this up. I don't have that good of an imagination. His name is Adam. He was really cute in his profile pics. Tall, dark, and handsome, into fitness, a good job...the basic requirements. We emailed a bit back and forth. He was funny, he complimented me, and he was interested. We decided to meet for lunch, and he suggested a cute patio restaurant. I get to the date and he's already there. He greets me with a big hug, pulls out my chair, hands me a menu and says, "Please order anything you like and I'll get it for you." (We were sitting outside and you go inside to get the food.) He was freaking HAWT, oops...I mean pleasantly handsome. Blue eyes, thick dark hair, beautiful smile, great body, polite, good manners, and I'm thinking, "Heeeyooo, right outta the gate? My lucky day!"

We get to talking. He tells me he likes to work out and take good care of himself. Says I'm in great shape and asks if I work out. We start talking about weight lifting. He tells me about his workouts, gets a bit animated, and actually starts flexing right there at the table. Kind of to see if it would turn me on? I play along with the whole coquettish 'My, what big guns you have!' and he's eating it up. The next thing I know, he's gotten up and is showing me body building poses. WHAT?! We're in the middle of the restaurant, mind you, and it was packed. I get him to sit down with the excuse that he's making all the ladies swoon...since everyone was staring dumbfounded at us.

Now he's kind of amped up and says, "You know, I used to be a dancer!" and I figured that meant he likes to dance, so what the hell. I say, "Oh wow, show me some of your moves," and he starts making club music sounds 'um chhhh um chhhh um chhhh' and basically does a kind of chair lap dance for me. He starts unbuttoning his shirt and sort of sings, "Ohhhhh yeah, I see you like that, you want this (points to his crotch), you need some dollas to make me holla!" HUH?! I need to set myself on fire. He then tells me he used to be a stripper with hair down to here (points to his butt) and...wait for it...those were the best SEVEN years of his life. I keep hoping my friends are going to jump out of the bushes and scream surprise, but instead his phone rings, and I'm thankful for the interruption. He asks would I mind if he takes it and I blurt out, "Please, take it!"

He gets all excited again during his conversation. You would think he just won a million dollars as he hangs up. I ask, "Good news?" and he says, "YES, the best!" He explains that his hairstylist had a cancellation and would be able to get him an appointment today (as he's checking his reflection in the

butter knife.) His hair is strangely perfect. He certainly doesn't need a haircut. I'm starting to notice dear Adam is a teeny, tiny bit vain...dare I say?

I try and change the subject and ask what his hobbies are. I quietly pray he doesn't say sheep shearing since he would likely jump up and demonstrate on the guy's dog sitting next to us and have us promptly tossed out of the restaurant. He lights up again and starts to whisper, as if it's some huge secret, looking around to make sure no one can hear us. I'm sure no one noticed the body builder posing or lap dancing at all. He asks, "Do you really want to know? Really?" I know this date is doomed, but I figure what the heck? I washed my hair, might as well enjoy this.

He stammers he likes to DUMPSTER DIVE. WHAT?! This is a hobby? Is that even legal? He excitedly tells me all about the technical nuances of Dumpster Diving...favorite places for diving, the best approach to get into said dumpster, how to not get caught, and if you find anything with a cord, that's really good and to pull on it. He has eight stereos, twelve lamps, and five TV's at home. I'm wishing I had a Star Trek transporter and could have Scotty beam me anywhere. He apparently is not noticing my semi-state of shock and continues that his mom is getting upset at all the clutter. Side bar: he lives with his parents, in the basement, since a few years ago the hospital he was working at busted him for dealing prescription drugs, and, oh yeah, abusing them himself, but it's all good since he's clean now. I didn't ask for how many minutes. I did ask what his job was at the hospital and figured Doctor wouldn't be my sort of luck. He's a nurse. Alas, I'm all in at this point and ask a bunch of questions about dumpster diving and now he thinks he's met THE ONE. He invites me to go with him sometime, and I say I'll consider going, but what should I wear? I couldn't resist.

Oh wait, there's more. I was wearing flip flops since my foot is still in a bandage from my bunion surgery (granny feet no more). I notice he's looking at my feet quite intensely. He comments how lovely they are, how nice my toe nail polish is, and asks if he can touch my foot. Silly me thinks, 'Ohhhh right, because he's a nurse, the bandage, this is a professional curiosity.' Except that he's drooling a little and looks like he wants to lick my toes. Alas, a foot fetish guy.

He's getting all jittery and a little shaky, and I'm thinking, 'Wow, I've got some powerful feet.' I ask if he's ok and he says he quit smoking that morning. Of course. That he's been a pack a day smoker for the last twenty years. I try to distract him by appealing to his vanity (easy) and comment that his skin looks so youthful and you wouldn't know he was a smoker. He lights up like a Christmas tree and again whispers that he can share 'a secret' with me. Yay, another secret, we are bonding. He says, "Well, you know, since I'm a nurse I have 'access' to certain things." Tells me he can hook me up with the ole human growth hormones, wink wink. It'll take ten years off my face. He says this as he's leaning in and pointing at my crow's feet. What a sweetheart. I'm kinda speechless at this point, but I manage to say I prefer the natural look and that we're all getting some wrinkles at this stage in the game. I point to his crow feeties and say, "You know, like yours!" He gets defensive and blurts out he's overdue for his Botox appointment.

Man Botox. I guess what's good for the gander. He says he has a plastic surgeon buddy in Dallas who gives him free Botox in exchange for taking him out on the town. And stupidly enough, I don't run but instead ask, "I'm sorry, WHAT?" He explains his buddy is gay and likes to take him to fancy dinners and

clubs and show him off...but that he's not gay. Not at all. Not one tiny bit. Is very, VERY comfortable in his heterosexuality, and did he mention he's definitely not gay. I swear I start hearing a tiny lisp but am now focused on trying to remember every detail of this conversation for 'The Best Dating Disaster Story Ever'.

He tells me he prefers partying in Dallas because he can wear his shiny suits since people in Austin don't appreciate style (the shiny kind), and oh yeah, that reminds him...he needs to get his nails polished at the hair salon later. He shows me his perfectly manicured nails, nicer than mine will ever be. I also notice his hands are shaking. I point out the cigarette machine in the restaurant which I thought was odd, but it dawned on me that's likely the reason he picked the restaurant and that he lives right across the street. This was supposed to be a convenient meeting place for both of us, and I had to drive twenty minutes.

He goes in, buys a pack, comes back outside and asks do I mind if he smokes. Finally, the emergency exit. I say I'm allergic to smoke so I should go, and thank you for the lovely lunch. He says it was a great date, and asks would I like to go out again and maybe meet his family the next time? That he has a twin brother who would adore me. All I can think is holy shit, there are two of them. Oh dear, sweet Adam. Eve has left the building.



CRAZY

If it looks crazy, walks crazy, quacks crazy, and this is all on a first date, it's crazy...RED FLAG!

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