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Dinners That Will Never, Ever, Ever Be

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Dinners That Will Never, Ever, Ever Be

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Have you ever dug somebody so far beyond your reach, so superior to you, that you didn't know what to say or do when you were around them? Then, when they do pay attention to you, you just feel like passing out, but instead, you gnaw the skin on the end of your fingers off and look like an idiot. And you would just like to ask them if they would like to go to dinner sometime, but you know that you never will, because you're scared of getting laughed at . . . or turned down . . . or kicked in the nuts (that would hurt). I have."

Cover Page Footnote

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DAVID J. LANDERS

DINNERS THAT WILL NEVER, EVER, EVER BE

Have you ever dug somebody so far beyond your reach, so superior to you, that you didn't know what to say or do when you were around them? Then, when they *do* pay attention to you, you just feel like passing out, but instead, you gnaw the skin on the end of your fingers off and look like an idiot. And you would just like to ask them if they would like to go to dinner sometime, but you know that you never will, because you're scared of getting laughed at . . . or turned down . . . or kicked in the nuts (that would hurt). I have.

What if I *did* ask her out to dinner, though? We'd probably go to Denny's or some other greasy burger place. You shouldn't get too formal on the first date, right? I would get the Big Texas Barbeque Burger . . . She would probably get a Chicken Fajita. The two of us would stay until long after midnight, discussing the world. We'd discuss our beliefs, take a bite out of our food, our friends, take another bite out of our food. I'm sure that, at some point, a bit of that delicious, spicy, maroon colored barbeque sauce would drip off of the burger and fall with a splat onto the table. Maybe she would giggle and be forced to cover her mouth so the fajita wouldn't spill out. After our little laughing session, we'd get back to our food and the repetitions . . . eat, talk, eat, talk.

I have, several times, thought about what the perfect dinner would consist of. Friendly smiles mixed with flashing eyes mixed with subtle hinting. "So, what are you doing tomorrow?", she may ask, to which I may reply, "I'm not sure. What are *you* doing tomorrow?" How pathetic can you get?

One of these days, maybe I *will* ask her to accompany me to the perfect dinner. If this happens, I will be dragged into an oblivion of light, where I couldn't stop smiling for days. Then, I'd be so happy that not even *life* could bring me down. I believe this is referred to as being "Twidderpated." That's what I want. Greasy Denny's food . . . and twidderpation.