2001

Dinners That Will Never, Ever, Ever Be

David J. Landers
St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?
Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss2/17

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss2/17 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
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

This prose is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss2/17
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.