Dating 101

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

"It was recently brought to my attention that race car drivers use special gas which costs them 8 dollars a gallon. That got me thinking about how great it would to have a race car. Forget that it costs 8 dollars a gallon because you would be able to go very fast- Getting places would be so much easier traveling at over 200 miles an hour. However, there would be some drawbacks such as: "

Cover Page Footnote

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It was recently brought to my attention that race car drivers use special gas which costs them 8 dollars a gallon. That got me thinking about how great it would to have a race car. Forget that it costs 8 dollars a gallon because you would be able to go very fast—Getting places would be so much easier traveling at over 200 miles an hour. However, there would be some drawbacks such as:

1) Possible death
2) Police chases
3) Making turns
4) Having to wear a harness instead of just a seat-belt
5) Having to climb in through the window
6) Not having a passenger seat

Even if you pulled up to your date’s house in a race car, I think the initial excitement would turn to disappointment very quickly when you inform your lovely date, who inevitably spent time getting ready and thus for some unknown reason is resistant to the idea of messing that all up, that not only does she have to climb through the window, but will not have the proper place to sit nor a safety-belt when you are going at speeds of 200-mph.

So what would be the ideal car to pick a date up with? A nice reliable car with enough air bags and special protection so you are sure to get to your destination? Examples of this type of car would include the classic station wagon, mini-vans, and most especially the volvo. The car is shaped like a box, but somehow that just screams protection and responsible males have been purchasing them ever since.

Maybe a better car would be something flashy to impress your date. Something shiny, with nice “wheel things” as females tend to call them, and of course... a pretty color. For these types of cars nice SUVs, BMWs, and Mercedes come to mind. I’m not even going to bring up the Porches or the Ferraris, because frankly, I doubt I will every have the money to breath inside one of them.

Both of these cars are nice, but what are they really saying about you as a person? If you’re in college and you drive a mini-van or a really nice car most times the situation is one of two things. The mini-van was passed down to you by the family when they upgraded to the new and improved mini-van, which is great because you got a free car out of the deal. NO ONE can make fun of you for that because free is free. If you drive a BMW, then most times it is because you are a lucky S.O.B. who has a wealthy parent or sugar mama. In this case, you are allowed to
be made fun of because it's not fair and I want one.

But this still doesn't answer the question of what is the perfect car to pick a date up with. However, with the cost of gas the way it is, maybe it's not such a good idea to pick her up at all. The amount of money you spend going to her house forced you to spend all the money in your wallet. So what are you going to do now that you picked her up? Drop her back off because the only thing you can afford at the moment is breathing?

The solution is to ban dating! If we all join together for a year and ban dating, the gas companies will be forced into lowering their gas prices and then we can all afford to date once again. But this takes the entire country working as one! So in times like this, we should put this idea in an email and send it to everyone we know. To convince people to pass the idea on, we could threaten them by saying that if they don't send it on to 10 friends in the next 10 minutes, they will get bad luck and never date again.

That would spread this concept real fast, and then people would stop dating for a year, and then the gas companies would lose money, and then gas prices could go down, and then we could all date again; and then I could really give you a recommendation for the perfect car to use for your date.

There's a room where my eyes go wild
Where a baby breathes, but does not bloom
Where child's eyes are compromised
In every bed, in every room.

Flesh covers her open orifice.
So she will hear, but cannot see.
And my sincerity is insincere.
Muffled by a million little screams.

I hold a sterile hand.
A grip that grieves with each heartbeat.
While my chin attempts to touch the cracks
On the saddest ceiling I've ever seen.

Every valve is pumping disappointment.
I pin my elbows to plastic arms.
See your body curled on a yellow screen.
Everything is cold. Everything is warm.

I brace myself against the room—
Against a hand, a mouth, a face.
Two tiny eyes that wince with me
Two tiny eyes that will not go to waste.