

# The dating game

[Life](#), [Love](#)



Gwendolyn 'Wendy' Stokes Professor Josh McCall Intermediate Composition  
September 21, 2011 The Dating Game: Spectator or Participant Finding a good man is like trying to nail jelly to a tree. Some people say that all the good ones are either married or gay. As a single heterosexual woman that has been in the dating scene, I must say that statement is not far from the truth. The hunt for Mr. Right is not for the feeble hearted woman. The learning curve on dating has been interesting to say the least.

A few months ago, I was approached by a guy that seemed nice enough. We met at a local sports bar. We had mutual friends and he was interested, which was more than I could say for the rest of the male population. He asked if I was on Facebook. As our initial conversation progressed, I realized Facebook was his correspondence of choice. What happened to the old fashion line of " Can I have your number? " Yet, I decided to trudge forward and " go with it. " After a few Facebook chats, I agreed to let him visit me at home. He came over and flopped down on my couch.

It was awkward but I was determined to find something we had in common. The conversations led to our high school days. As he told story after story, it came to me that he was nowhere near the age I had originally thought. I interrupted him just to ask, " Exactly what year did you graduate? " His response of " 2001" made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. I had been a mother for two years when he was tossing his high school graduation cap in the air. Needless to say, I politely ended his visit with no goodnight kiss included.

Another recent dating encounter was the dreaded blind date. As I drove to the agreed upon meeting place all I could think was " Why do I get myself  
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into these situations? ” Yet, the guy I met was really nice. He was extremely attractive and had a great personality. I was pleasantly surprised at how easy the conversation flowed from subject to subject without any awkwardness that I had previously experienced. As the gathering was breaking up, he asked if he could have my telephone number and when would be a good time to call.

Of course, I gave him my number and tried not sound eager as I said, “ Anytime would be fine. ” After he left, I overheard a conversation regarding his astonishingly recent separation from his wife. He was married. My newly elated attitude towards dating was quickly deflated. Transitioning from the “ in a relationship” world into the “ unattached” world is not as transparent as I once thought. I have learned that men in my dating pool tend to be scorned by women from their previous relationships.

Those scorned men are almost always cautious to the point of being noncommittal. I have never enjoyed cleaning especially a mess created by someone else. When it comes to love, I just don’t want to work quite that hard. After all, love is supposed to be easy in the beginning, isn’t it? Being single is hard but being with the wrong man is even harder. I have a tendency to believe that Mr. Right will come along when I am least expecting it and then, we can just keep the jelly in the fridge.