

Essay on dating myself

[Life](#), [Friendship](#)



While entering the Texas Roadhouse restaurant, my eyes met a mirror at the entrance. I immediately stopped walking, like someone had pressed the 'pause' button. I looked at myself, head to toe, noticing everything about myself. I was perfectly dressed for a date that evening with someone I had long stopped meeting - myself. My eyes betrayed the excitement I held for the evening. A waiter came forward and forced me out of my reverie. "A table for two please," I said. He led me to a table by the window, with the perfect view of the life outside. He pulled out a chair for me and with a gentle wave of the hand, signaled me to be seated. For the rest of the evening, the waiter entertained all my wishes with a smile on his face. Initially, thoughts about my friends and family kept infiltrating my mind. One of my friends was very ill. I thought I should call her. Instantly, I remembered that I had left my cell phone at home deliberately. Why are we so concerned about others that we forget to value our own feelings; our longing to entertain our own wishes. Once I decided that this evening was all about me, I started noticing everyone and everything around. I noticed the color of the tablecloths; they were purple, my favorite color. Then I saw a kid standing two tables away. A blue-eyed boy, he stood by the table of his parents, but he was gazing at me. When I waved at him and stuck my tongue out, he started giggling and clapping excitedly. His laugh made me feel like the most beautiful person on earth. No one had stopped me from doing what my instincts told me to do by calling it inelegant. I was uninhibited; I could fulfill the wishes of my heart without anyone in the way. By going alone, I felt empowered and free. It was an evening that I recall every day.