

# The opposite sex

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Well, I have now been going out with the most interesting woman I could ever meet. She is called Lolita, she is 28 and lives in a Manchester flat. She is a kind and thoughtful woman who is always up for a laugh and she is also in a way slightly aggressive as she cannot control herself at times. Her best feature though is the fact that she is very attractive. But in my opinion, there is a flaw to her which in a way annoys me because I don't understand it. The problem is that I cannot understand the mind of the opposite sex. I think that I start to understand her, and then I'm lost and confused. I met her at a concert, over the Christmas holidays. We have been going out ever since. I think that she is wonderful, but she is so confusing to me. For example, what happened the other night. We were watching a film, 'Saving Private Ryan'. At parts, I got a bit upset, not emotional, but it made my go " aww", and the odd thing that Loli did was that when the dying captain whispered the words in the young private's ear and then died, not even a blink.

When the German sniper got shot through the eye, and the Germans all being shot after the wall fell, she was distraught. I thought it was because it seemed such a cold and evil death, but when the Jew was killed by the man who the party saved him, not even a squeak. I did not understand a bit. At one point I thought that she was a Nazi. But I think that the cold killings and disgusting scenes were the problems, and then by the end of the film, she was used to it. Nothing really to get upset over though. Once I was talking about PMT. This was at the start of our relationship and I hadn't known her that long. Before with previous girlfriends and my sister, they all made sarcastic laughs or smirked. I assumed that that was the same with most women and could laugh at there own problems, but I couldn't have been

more wrong. We had just had a small drink with some of our mates, we only had two drinks and we then went home. I had decided previously to stay the night at her house, so I walked home with her. We got home and we sat down. She had the idea of getting a takeaway. So I told her what I wanted. This was 7: 30 when I decided.

It took till 8: 00 to order the meal as she didn't know whether to order an Indian or a Chinese, and then what she wanted to order. Loli now got a bit edgy as she was so hungry, and then dipstick here decided to discuss PMT, to try and cheer her up as there was just a report about it on the news. Oh, how I should not have gone there, I haven't forgotten it and I don't think I ever will. What happened was that I started off by repeating something that the reporter had said, I questioned her PMT. I started, " You know, that could be right. I mean PMT was only invented in the 1950s." I looked at her, she was giving me an icy stare that would have made Cybil Fawlty jealous. My mistake was to continue, that stare was a warning. But I didn't stop, and then all of a sudden. Poof! Loli had sent a cushion flying across the room and it smacked me in the gob. The zip even caught me in the cheek.

- " What was that for?"
- " Can't you take a hint?" she barked.
- " There was no need for that, it really hurt. I didn't know you were so touchy about it."
- " Just don't do it again, you have no idea how much that sort of thing winds me up."

No-one has ever done that to me over a joke that isn't personal. And I think that if I did it again we would get into a big argument. That made me think that it didn't take much to get her upset, it made me a bit weary. Those are the bad things, but it is also good in everyone, even Hitler. It was my birthday three weeks ago. My 24th. I was just expecting to have a drink with my mates, maybe a party at my house which I had organized. I got something much better than that. I woke up slightly late for me on a Saturday morning, my birthday. I was woken to toast, pancakes, waffles, bucks fizz, croissant, cereal, and sausage, bacon, and bean breakfast. I was gobsmacked. I would probably never have this much for a five-course meal, let alone breakfast. I tucked in and then got up. Scattered around the house were balloons and then downstairs was my present.  $\frac{1}{2}$ 100 of vouchers for the local mall.

We went out and I bought us lunch and a jacket for me and a DVD of U2 which Loli had her eye on. I came home and opened the door to find that I had a surprise party thrown for me and all my mates had clubbed together to buy me a 2 night holiday to Amsterdam. Then I collapsed. It was like having 8 Christmas's rolled into one. That showed me the kind and thoughtful side of Loli. She showed me what a fantastic woman she is. I also saw the fact that I think that without each other we are useless. But I think, that is the same as everyone. We all need the opposite sex, you can't enjoy life being a hermit. So get out there and live!