

1st November, 2006

DODGY DATES

DEAR DIARY, my mate Susan at work was describing her dodgy date. Well he cancelled their actual dinner date due to lack of funds. He then said he'd still love to see her but he had no where to take her. He suggested just popping around to hers for a quick drink. He didn't bring a drink, I guess that was covered when he said he didn't have any money. The guy turned the date into a late night visit when he appeared on her doorstep at 10.30pm. She said throughout the evening, he was kissing her and managed to stick his tongue down her throat several times, he squeezed her bosoms and was vigorously rubbing his hands up and down her thighs and trying to undo her buttons. That to me was "I wanna sex you up" not a date. It got me thinking, I hate dates; they're rubbish and I've got a few complaints to make. For instance...

...I went on a date with Mark who constantly begged for the contents of my handbag. I could just imagine him sponging off me down the line for every last thing I owned. He asked for chewing gum, then he asked if I had lip balm. I had a tiny tub of Vaseline which he then used his dirty digit to dig right in leaving a large crater in the middle. I hate craters in my Vaseline! He then asked if I had a mirror as there was something under his contact lens. He asked if I had a tissue, when I was getting out a tissue, he noticed my book and started leafing through that. When putting my book back into my handbag, he saw my iPod and wanted to know what sort of music I liked and proceeded to put my earphones in his ears which of course I imagined to be chock full of doo-doo brown, sticky, lumpy wax. He said you haven't got much on here; my friends' got 10,000 tracks on his. In my mind, I said **** you and **** your friend with his ten million tracks you ****ing son of a bitch. I gladly never saw Mark again after that day. He was IRRITATING.

Terrence came to my house to pick me up with a toothbrush in this top pocket and said to me do you mind if I leave this here while we go out. In my mind, I thought he intended to use the toothbrush in the morning, but there wasn't going to be a morning, not at my house anyway so Terrence never saw his toothbrush again because I'd be damned if he was coming back to my house to get it. Just the presumptuous toothbrush alone killed the date. It was a red toothbrush – red for danger! He bombarded me for a little while after with loads of drunken phone calls. At first they were just run of the mill drunken calls but they soon turned into verbal abuse! In one acidic drunken call, he called me a ugly devil's

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assistant who should go **** herself with a toilet brush while crouching over a p***-pot; which I think was rather witty!

Studley (that really was his name) was nasty. He told me in many ways how he wanted to lick me. At first I thought this would be interesting and then I thought about all the other women he took out on dates and licked. If a strange man is so willing to tell me how many ways he wanted to lick me and didn't really know whether he was dating a tramp or a pre-op transsexual, he wasn't the man for me. I imagined his tongue to be prickly and rough like a cactus. Men like that watch too much MTV Base with men singing lyrics about licking you up and down. You just want to tell a guy "go lick yourself up and down you damn nasty pussy cat".

Gareth had his car stolen on our first date. We had to go the police station and report the crime and then I said are you sure you parked it on the road we walked down because I'm sure you parked it outside a house with a pretty stained glass door. We walked down several roads adjacent to the road he thought it was parked on and low and behold, the car was parked outside a house with a pretty stained glass door. He said he was going to go back to the police station to let them know that the car was found. I asked to be taken home first and although I spoke to him again, I didn't want to spend time with a man who was nice but dim.

Then there was Shaun whose mother sold weed. So it wasn't the guy who put me off in this instance, it was his mother. We knew each other from work. We got talking and one day he asked me out on a date. He told me he lived with his mother and two sisters. He said that his father was in prison so I thought oh dear I hope the apple fell far away from the tree but I also thought it was honest of him to tell me about daddy's incarceration when he didn't really have to at that stage. Anyway, I met him at his house and he introduced me to his family. He was running a little late and he said I could wait in the living room with his mother. She was really nice and chatty. She had three mobiles laid out on the table and some scales and other paraphernalia! In the short amount of time that I sat waiting for Shaun to appear, she sold five bags of weed and at the same time she had an unlit spliff hanging out of her mouth and while she was talking, I couldn't take my eye off it bobbing up and down when her lips moved. Before I went out on the date with Shaun, I had already decided that this would be the first and last. He turned out to be a lovely man and we remained friends after our date.

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Then there was Dennis who I'm pretty sure would have driven me to suicide. Dennis moaned and moaned and cursed and moaned and moaned and cursed. F*** this and f*** that and life is sh*t and I can't find a job and I'm broke and my ex was a b*tch and I never see my f*cking kids and women are f*cked up and I've got nine kids but every one of their mother's tried to trap me and my car got toed away and the council are sh*t and I hate my flat and I hate my neighbours. Oh and by the way, can I borrow some money because the f*cking cash machine ate my f*cking card. I HATE Barclays, it's a sh*t bank. He constantly said I'M SO F***** DEPRESSED, I've never been so depressed in my whole life. This year has been nothing but sh*t! When I stopped returning Dennis's calls, he wanted to know why!

On our one and only date, Mikey made it very clear that he didn't like coitus. He kept on going on and on about it as if someone had offered him something! He thought it was a bit of an over-rated chore and only useful when you wanted to make a baby. He said he much preferred it when a woman used her mouth to blow on an instrument. I think I said Oh My God, I've left the oven on and quickly went home on a number 137 bus.

Robert was lecherous. He licked his lips as every cleavage passed his line of vision. You could see his antennae pricking up every time he heard stiletto heels clicking near by. Every single attractive female that passed his way he had to make sure that she knew he was looking. A life time of that would quickly sap me of my energy so I thought better of going out with this character again.

Maxwell was a famous singer and actor when I went out on a date with him. He impressed me initially because he tracked me down. When he first chatted me up, he asked me where I worked and what I did. He then asked which department. A few days later, I received a message from my friend Coral at work who picked up the call while I was at lunch. She said that Maxwell Sharpe* called and left his number; she said is it *thee* Maxwell Sharpe? I was in shock too, I said yes. I was impressed because I had never been pursued by a celebrity so I called him that evening. We had a good chat on the phone every day until our date that same weekend. Our date was good. We went for a drink at his friend's wine bar – he did a little bit of showing off and then we left. We then went out for a quick meal and after the meal, we went to a night club. When the night was over Maxwell serenaded me with a lovely song. He sang while we were driving fast in his convertible with the top down and the wind in my hair and the breeze in his voice, all the way home. He said I'd like to come back to your place and make love!!! Well I would have been less surprised if he took out a

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hammer and started to bludgeon me. Make love? I didn't even know him. I told him no thanks but I said I had a really good night. I never saw Maxwell in the flesh ever again after that date.

Clive was gay and either he thought I didn't know it or he didn't know it but he was definitely gay. Unbelievably, I had a blast with him, my date with him lasted 48 hours with no kissing, plenty of flirting, loads of laughter and a lot in common. I hope he's out of that transparent closet he was in.

Then there's me; I'm no perfect date, in fact, I'm so particular and sensitive that I can be a nightmare. I've got a list of conditions as long as your arm. I'm single for a reason! I'm not stupid.

August Mayfield

** Not his real name.*