

**Thank you Awkwardness and My No-Filter Mouth, For I Have No Love Life**

**BANG!**

'Umm... are u okay down there?'

Jane: "Umm yeah I just wanted to... find my contacts. Umm you know what, I don't need them." (You stand up) You know what... to understand this story we should start from the beginning. Let go back three hours... (rewind motion and sit on the chair make uping yourself)

So... dating. I mean, yeah its fun and exciting to go out and get dolled up to go meet someone new. I get a little nervous, you know, the basic pre-date jitters right? Now, some people may disagree with me on this but, dates are a complete nightmare! am I right? The reason why they are horrible is because, in that moment when I say "Yeah! This is going good; I think this could turn out well with this guy." BOOM! I fuck it up. I just fuck it all right up. Why? I don't know man, it happens. So don't look at me that way cuz, you know it happens to you too.

Dating is an especially hard task for me because, first of all, I'm awkward, second, I'm very introverted, third, I tend to be clumsy when I'm nervous, and last but not least, I have a tendency to ramble at any moment.

For example, my date may ask: "So, what do you like to do on you free time?"

(rant: beauty and the beast)

Anyways, combine all that with ADHD.... Wait a second is that a bird? As I was saying OCD, anxiety, mouth with no filter, and overthinking. And what do get? That's right: The Recipe for Complete and Utter Disaster, aka me.

Now let me give you a play-by-play of one of my dates. First phase to disaster is when he asks me out:

Jack: "Hey Jane, I was wondering if you wanted to go out to dinner with me?"

Me, being well me, I say: "well, umm... I've never been on an actual date before"

(In my head I immediately think) " Oh, he's going to think I'm a prude."

Jane: "oh my god did I just say that out loud? Heheh... oh god"

Jack says with a smirk: "we'll then it's gonna be your first time."

Jane: "OK, great" (to myself walking away) and now im walking away trying not to trip on my own 2 feet.

Second phase is getting ready:

Jane: "ok so its 4:30 and he picks me up at 6. Yeah, I have time (plays next episode on Netflix while stuffing face with chips)

1. Netflix: Previously on the Vampire's Diaries ... NO Elena don't die! omg I have to get ready.
2. Eating: damn I'm hungry (ramen noodles) ... is that the time?!
3. Sing BOHEMIAN RAPSODY:

*Mama just killed a man  
Put a gun against his head  
Pulled my trigger, now he's dead/*

*I see a little silhouetto of a man  
Scaramouch, Scaramouch, will you do the Fandango  
Thunderbolt and lightning, Oh my god is that the time?!*

4. Mom: honey! Your date's here! (checks closet) MOM IM NOT READY! STALL HIM!

***Looks at closet and throws out clothes*** – turns to "bed"

"oh my god, idk what to wear! What do I wear?! WHAT AM I GOING TO WEAR?!!"

Third phase is the date:

Now, when we get to the restaurant I do the stupidest thing ever. I get out of the car and we start walking towards the front door, me trying to be sexy, I start to sway my hips and I looked back to see if he was looking. Next thing I know **BANG!** (turn around and sits on chair) ... I hit the glass door of the god damn restaurant! So there I am on the floor, all crossed eyed, and he's looking at me like "**winces** that's gotta hurt" (looking down)

Next, we go in, and where do we sit? (circle around chair, go behind it and \*slam it) In the middle of the god damn restaurant, where everybody can see! (saying it while sitting down) And now I'm feeling like a shaking Chihuahua in the middle of a harsh winter, with huge Chihuahua eyes, and I start rambling in my mind asking myself these questions like: (while standing up and a little of pacing around)

*"Oh my god does he even like me? Do I like him? Oh god he's laughing. Do I like his laugh? Does he like MY laugh? Does he still like me? Will he think I'm funny? I think I'm funny. He better think I'm funny! GASP what if we get married? Do I want to get married with him? Would our kids be cute? I'm cute. Will they look like him? Is he gonna get a job? Will he help in the house? Will he clean? I'm not doing all the work myself! How dare he think that he wont do anything! Oh hell to the no... I need to pee."*

Jane: I'm gonna go to the lady's. Be right back! (\*face palm\* stupid, stupid, stupid!)

After we ate desert, I ordered a guava cheesecake, my favorite. So, there I am enjoying my dessert and I look up and I see him *eyeing* MY guava cheesecake and he had **THE NERVE** (say it while scoffing kinda) to grab a piece acting all cute like it was ok. Of course, being a lady, I just faked a smile and laughed like it was NBD. But inside I was FUMING. **acted out** JANE DOESN'T SHARE FOOD! WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS?!

Fourth phase is the kiss goodnight:

So we get to my house and he walks me towards the front door. And he looks at me... and I look at him... and he looks at me... and I look at him... and he looks at me and says:

Jake: I had a great time tonight. We should try this again sometime. Maybe next week?

(he says while leaning in for a kiss)

Jane: (hand motion to the face, with a grossed out expression) what, with you? Sorry honey, you're not my type. (walks away)

And that ladies and gentlemen, is why I have no love life.