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Smile! (Like You Mean It)

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Twenty Something Lovelorn Angst: A Personal Study

I’m pretty sure I am going to die alone.

Follow me on this one. I have deduced that I am definitely not “girlfriend material,” or at least the general American version of the definition:

**Girlfriend Material** [gerl-fran-duh-muh-tear-EE-al] adjective: Femme who enjoys hanging out with a *garçon*, one whom she is sexually attracted to and enjoys some sort of connection, whether it be emotional, physical, metaphysical, spiritual, psychological, extra-terrestrial, or astrological. Said woman and man spend copious amounts of time together, watching movies and “hooking up” [see *booty call*]. They may or may not have plans for marriage, but for the time being, are content with P.D.A. [see *barf*] and just “being together” giving them an excuse to get physical without coming off as whores [see *skizzy skanks*] unless they’re celibate [see *SERIOUS PROPS*].

I don’t know how to adhere to it. I’d rather just be friends with a guy and not have to deal with all of that gushy stuff, risk becoming “involved,” thus risking my place in Heaven and solidifying one somewhere a bit warmer. The other alternative is to just be married, but that’s not too practical an option at the moment.

I have some amazing conversations with guys, some invigorating lunch-dates and fantastic Facebook chats with them, I can even sense chemistry between myself and certain ones. But do I pursue them and the possibility of dating? So far, the answer is no.

At this point, I have only considered two choices: friendship and marriage. But what leads to marriage? Friendship? Maybe. General interest and acquaintanceship? Lunch dates and Facebook chats and interesting conversations alone? No, no my friends. Dating.

The thing that has eluded me all these years. The big D. Date-to-the-ing. Gettin’ freaky and frisky and being young and in love.

“My romantical interest and I are going to the cinema to watch a film.”

“Oh when am I going to finish reading the *Harry Potter* series? Oh golly! I have no time since I’ve been with [enter proper noun of XY] so much!”

“Oh! My vagina hurts so much from all the crazy rampant sex [guy] and I have been having!”