

*Damn, At Least I'm Not That Guy: The Dating Misadventures of a College Sophomore*  
Brought to you by Patricia "Patty" Troutswater

## Disclaimer

ALL statements made in this article are TRUE. Names are changed for "privacy."

## Prologue: DB (during Brandon)

Brandon came into my life during a chaotic time. I spilled my Strawberry Horchata Chai from Dutch Bros on him. All he did was laugh and smile. He smiled harder when I apologized for the action.

Flash forward to many months later and here I was, getting broken up with in the parking lot of a sporting goods store in his beat-up truck. It's the "nice" part of town, right where the sewage smell wasn't as strong. Of course, some of my favorite songs are playing. Great, now those are ruined for me, just like this sporting goods store. Screw this sporting goods store.

I look forward. Embarrassing tears blur my vision, so I lower my gaze toward the glove box with my name written on it in Sharpie engulfed in little hearts, but not for long, though. Chaos distracts my moment as an old Honda T-bones another car directly in front of our path of sight.

Without thinking, I blurt out, "Damn, at least I'm not that guy." (Hey, that's the title of this article!) As you read further, hopefully you'll relate to that statement in one way or another.

## Where it gets juicy: AB (after Brandon)

### Mr. Cell Culture

I don't even have to look at the menu to know what I want: vegetarian pad see ew. I came here a couple of times over the summer and last spring, once with Brandon. He ordered vegetarian spring rolls because he knew I don't like meat. But I'm not thinking about that right now.

Today, I'm on a date. Should I be on a date? Probably not, but I'm convincing myself that I'm fine. The conversation is pretty good until 'Mr. Cell Culture' makes a sideswipe comment about the research I'm a part of. "Oh yeah, 'cause that's what we need in the world. More animal testing." Sensitive 'Mr. Cell Culture' over here is eating pork with his dish. He's a lot shorter than I thought he'd be. I find out that 'Mr. Cell Culture' is a transfer from a rival institution, no wonder.

### The Pledger

I pick 'The Pledger' up because he doesn't have a car. He smells like sweat and weed. We get back to my place, and I take off my shoes. My roommate and I are meticulous, so we don't wear shoes in the apartment. 'The Pledger' gets the memo, as if my countless political campaign décor items aren't enough, and takes off his shoes, too—Adidas sambas, trendy.

The untied laces reveal one foot enclosed in a cotton sock (respectable) and the other completely barren, displaying full toes and everything (surprising). I cannot help but muster a chuckle. Not so

surprisingly, his Snapchat notifications begin to blow up, to which he covered, “Sorry, I have to answer this. It’s for the brotherhood, I promise.”

## Future Wife Beater

You know a date is going to be good when the guy comments on your body within the first four minutes. “What sport did you play in high school? Volleyball? I’m only guessing because you have those big, strong legs. Don’t worry, I think it’s hot.” (I wasn’t worried. I am also terrible at volleyball.) I brush the weird comment off, only to be bombarded with other inquiries about my party habits and thoughts on the military.

I attempted to change the subject, a mistake, by asking if ‘Future Wife Beater’ wanted to watch a movie. He said yes and asked me what I wanted to watch. I expressed how much I love horror movies, which he rejected. I suggested rom-coms, another reject. Being the ‘Future Wife Beater’ he is, he took the initiative and demanded that we watch the 2015 film *Ted 2*. The *Ted* duology is something I’ve been lucky enough to stay clear of, that is, until this moment. I can say confidently that *Ted 2* is the worst movie I have ever seen, even worse than *The Good Dinosaur*.

The final straw (after many straws were obliterated) was when ‘Future Wife Beater’ made the bold statement, “This couch ain’t big enough for the two of us.” From there, I panicked and called my friend to fake an emergency. ‘Future Wife Beater’ promptly asked what happened and if everything was okay. On the spot, I made up the excuse that my friend’s crazy ex-boyfriend was breaking into her house, and she needed me to come beat him up. “Do you want backup?” he asked.

“No. I’m calling people to help me.”

“Oh, so another guy.”

“No, uh, my friend’s uncle.”

“Oh, so another guy.”

“Please get out of my apartment.”

## Some Guy

Getting ready for this excursion stressed me out. I had about five minutes to wash my face and put on a non-sweaty shirt, but I did it on time. My shoelace broke, and I didn’t have time to switch it out, so I just tied it incompletely.

The date was going fine, I guess. ‘Some Guy’ did everything right. He picked me up early but didn’t rush me. His car was clean, and by that, I mean I didn’t have to move a bunch of stuff to sit in the passenger’s seat. Mind you, that’s not my standard for my own car, which I keep spotless because I am a clean freak, but it is my standard for other people’s vehicles. I have sat in some messy cars in my day, but that’s a whole different can of worms. He asked me questions about myself while we drove over and seemed interested?

This was our second date, which is uncommon. Usually, I go on a first date with someone and then realize they’re “not for me,” meaning they did something so red flag worthy that even I, someone who doesn’t really pick up on red flags, steer away.

'Some Guy' takes me to a burger joint in a neighboring town. I've been to the establishment a couple of times this summer. (Don't worry, it wasn't with Brandon. I'm not about to launch into another heartbroken saga about my ex. I still miss him, though, but that's beside the point. Is this oversharing?)

I ordered the veggie burger because I love processed foods. I also get some fries and a cup of water. He paid for me, which was unexpected but appreciated due to my unstable financial state.

We're waiting for the food, sitting at a table by the door, and "Some Guy" blows his nose, which throws me off. Whatever? Suddenly, I notice the door open, and in walks (don't worry, it's not Brandon) a very important academic in my field: 'Dr. Known.' He makes eye contact with me and gives an awkward wave. He's with a fit and confident-looking man who appears familiar (don't worry, it's not Brandon). I recognize him as 'Dr. Ominous,' a visiting professor from a far-off school across the country. He was in town to give a seminar at my university.

'Some Guy' turns around and, in the most bro voice possible, says, "What's up." I start freaking out. 'What's up?' Are you kidding me? Then, 'Dr. Known' stated loudly enough for me to hear, "That's that Patty girl," and 'Dr. Ominous' makes eye contact with me. At this point, I realize I need to introduce myself, so I stand up and start talking to them. I am freaking out.

"Dr. Known' apologizes for "interrupting whatever is going on here" and makes a hand gesture towards 'Some Guy.' I proceed to sit back down and put my head in my hands. What just happened. I barely finish my food, so I get a box.

## DJ Wanna Be

I'll go ahead and reach for that can of worms because this was one of the messiest cars I've ever seen. As he shoved a bunch of miscellaneous trash out of the way to make room for me, I asked him what type of music he liked—a terrible idea. He proceeded to explain that he's been super into house music lately. I assume House is an indie band, but I am even more disappointed by the extreme trap beat he starts blasting from his beat-up Toyota. "I'M LEARNING TO DJ," he explains loudly over the already loud music. Even worse, it turns out this guy is in Brandon's fraternity (awkward) and kept talking about "this dude in the frat that's super good at guitar" (Brandon).

## Michelangelo

'Michelangelo' is an art major, so he suggested we collage for our first date. I agreed. He brought magazines over to my place and pretentiously pulled out fancy collage tools that I didn't even know existed. Of course, he did not offer for me to use them, so I used my kitchen scissors. He went on and on about how much he loves making sculptures and other pieces. Like a normal person, I asked if he had any photos of his work. He pulled out his phone and scrolled through some pics. Let me tell you, they were BAD. Like, really bad. I'm not even good at art and this was BAD. I was nice about it, though. His collage wasn't even better than mine, even though I wasn't using the fancy tools. Also, let me say this again: I am not good at art. Unlike his namesake, this guy wasn't either, but how was I of all people better at art than an art major?

He may not have been talented at his passion, but boy was he a gentleman. He started hitting on my chapstick lesbian roommate as soon as she walked in. I was getting so annoyed that I texted my roommate to fake an emergency so he would leave. This emergency was so obviously faked. It was like

one of those videos that they make you watch to get certified in work safety training. Luckily, it got the job done.

## Mr. Abandoned

Sometimes before I go on a date with someone, I'll do a quick background check, nothing crazy. It's the least I can do for my safety when I willingly hand out my Snapchat handle like candy to whoever asks, even at the sketchiest of functions. I search up 'Mr. Abandoned's' name in my usual web browser, only to find multiple eulogies for his close family member accompanied by a plethora of memorial photos. Immediately, I felt guilty. Although I told myself it was just to make sure they didn't have any recent horrible crimes that were out on the internet, how dare I creepily search up someone's name when they haven't done anything wrong to me? Oh well, better safe than sorry. I say that as if doing a background check has ever deterred me from actually hanging out with someone. Side note: what will potential love interests think if they search up my name and see this article, not to mention future employers? Hello future employers and lovers!

Off I went to coffee with 'Mr. Abandoned.' As soon as we sit down, he starts talking about said close family member as if they were still alive. I am not the greatest liar, but I somehow got through the hour without showing any sign that I knew the truth. I did not see 'Mr. Abandoned' again after that.

## Hockey Fan

"You're such a Chad for that," he says. This is one of the coolest compliments I've ever been given.

## Sponge Bob

'Sponge Bob' was practically in love with me for months, and he made that very clear to our mutual friend. I never reciprocated the sentiment until some buddies and I wound up at his house one night. We got to talking, and I realized he seemed kind and passionate about his hobbies. He asked me out, and I said yes. I figured I might as well give him a chance, and I felt bad for judging when I didn't really know him. We got food and then went up to an observatory to gaze over our college town—a classic move. The conversation was great, and I started to think I was wrong about him before.

He invited me to a party a few days later, saying he was excited to introduce me to his friends. While I thought it was a little too soon for that, I accepted the invitation. The one condition was I was bringing my gals for backup. I'd say thank God I did, but I'm not religious. Let me rephrase that. Thank Michelle Obama I did, because we showed up only to find 'Sponge Bob' living it up with another girl.

He approached me about thirty minutes into me being there and told me he had a great time with me on our date (that he asked me on need I remind you), but that he thought it was best if we were just friends, then asked if I wanted a hug. I said no thank you (obviously). Pathetic is the only word to really describe how I felt, but I couldn't really blame the guy for dipping on me like that. Maybe this girl was a longtime crush of his, or even an ex. We all know I'd do the same if Brandon came back, now don't we.

My friends were having fun. I didn't want to spoil the party for them, so we stayed. Later into the night, I was waiting for one of my girls in the bathroom, when I heard the mosquito toned voice of the one and only 'Sponge Bob.' I made my way to the stairs and listened in, realizing he was talking about

me. He was rapidly giving a debrief to some people about how he went on “such a great date the other night” (with me) and that the girl (me) was “so amazing” (indeed), but then he saw this new girl at the function and she was “just so beautiful” (true) that he would’ve “hated [himself] forever if he didn’t try something with her” (lmao). Lucky for me, the folks listening came to my defense, telling him he was “stupid” (perhaps) for his actions and thoughts. He didn’t listen. Apparently, he felt an “immediate connection” with this other person (interesting).

Even though ‘Sponge Bob’ had just laid eyes on this lady hours ago, I still couldn’t judge him for what he did. I mean, she was smokin’. Naïve readers may be surprised to hear me say this, but the true fans understand that there’s a reason why a bisexual woman would only complain about men. If you don’t get it, maybe read through this article a couple more times.

The only woman I can even think to complain about is the one that stole my keys after I was at her house and then locked me out. I spent an hour trying to knock on the windows for someone to let me in so that I could get my keys to go home. If things couldn’t get any worse, I fell in a hole and twisted my ankle. My roommate had to pick me up, and I didn’t get my stuff back until a while later. That’s a ratio of like one bad experience with a woman to countless bad experiences with men.

So anyways, I don’t blame ‘Sponge Bob.’ Women are so great. It’s hard to choose *just* one!

## Clan Leader

I’ve always been self-aware that I’m obviously a bit of a sensitive snowflake. At least, so I thought, but I have an inkling that ‘Clan Leader’ misinterpreted this. Surprisingly, this happened at one of my rare second date occurrences. There, he proceeded to ask me, “So like, what are you?”

“What do you mean by that?” I responded, confused.

“Like, why do you look like that?”

\*Major pause of ~3 seconds\*

“Like what?”

“Off-brand Caucasian.”

“Uh well my mom is half Korean.” (I look mostly white?)

“Oh, so that’s why you got the ching chong eyes.” (Don’t worry, I went off on him.)

## Results and Discussion

Brandon—I would tell you to take me back, but you have a new girlfriend now, and I’m too much of a feminist at heart.