

## **PEJORATIVE SEARCH, a true story by Jean Stephenson**

I had been a seven year's widow with no dates in sight and was really hankering for a "meaningful relationship". It seemed as though every man I knew that became available got snapped up faster than a flying bullet. So I invested a sizable sum for membership in an exclusive dating "club". Might as well start at the top, I reasoned.

After I completed their fifteen minute video interview conjuring up my most charming self and wrote a bio in which I revealed that I was 69, an interior decorator who loved to be around people, who liked to travel, take classes and to entertain and wanted to meet someone with related interests and a healthy sense of humor, I sat back and waited.

In a few days my first call came in....a man in the movie industry he said. Writer, director, sounded like Neil Simon on the phone. Was I ever stoked! He said that he'd seen my video and from what I wrote in my application he couldn't wait to meet me but was in the process of breaking up with another relationship and would call me back. First time out of the gate and I'd scored already! Woo hoo! This was the way to get my love-life back on track, all right!

A week later and no call back from the Neil Simon man. Another man called though.. I guess this one hadn't read my bio because he said he was a contractor living alone high up on a mountain top and thought we'd be a perfect match. His interests were beer-pong and TV and he wanted me to be his only contact. "Don't like people in

general but am willing to try you out!" he hooted. I guess that was his "humor". Um. I answered back with thanks but didn't think we'd quite fit. Figured I'd still wait for Neil.

The next caller said he was part of a black leather-garbed-cyclist gang and wanted a mate not over thirty years old to ride cross country with him on his motorcycle. Could he not read my numbers? Maybe that's why those guys speed so much.

More equally unmatched applicants followed.

Where had my writing talents failed? And my knight-on-the-white-horse Neil Simon soundalike still didn't call back. Guess he didn't break off that relationship after all.

Oh, well, there's gotta' be more of a match out there looking.....

And there were many more calls all right, each sounding more preposterous than the last. BUT yesterday's prospective mate who called sealed my decision to quit the dating service entirely. He was a plumber, he said. That's okay, I'm open minded to any profession if we share the same interests, and besides my kitchen sink was constantly stopping up. So I agreed to meet him for dinner.

Well, to start with he was a tiny plumber. I mean, under five feet but no Dudley Moore. And being five foot ten I had modeled my way thru college. However, I was determined to like what he said.

Well he certainly wasn't one of the quiet ones I'd encountered. He chattered non-stop all the way thru dessert. Mostly about his five kids, two of whom were in jail (I was afraid to ask what for), and the other three in their forties and still living at home. "Can't get rid of 'em!" he laughed. Had a sense of humor, didn't he? By the time all these interesting facts had been disclosed, he announced that we were a perfect match and that he would join me the next day, just as soon as he could get all his family's beds moved over to my place.. I am not making this up.

I excused myself to go to the ladies' room and drove straight home without saying goodbye.

That marked the end of my match-making memberships.

So don't try to talk me into joining another one.

But what did you say was the name of that group you met this divine man of yours through? Oh...Hmmm...Well....

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