

WoMan Chronicles #39

Contributed by Samantha Quattrone
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There is a glaring vacancy in my medicine cabinet. My pink spare toothbrush recently changed residency you see. Where it once lie vertical in its plastic coffin, awaiting its turn in my yellow ducky porcelain toothbrush holder, it now finds friendship nestled next to a medium bristled red contraption. The movement of one's toothbrush is a big relational step, at least in the minds of most men, who see it as the starting "bang" in the race to commitment. It may be a simple oral hygiene instrument to most, but transplant the toothbrush over too soon and he's liable to bolt. Matthew McConaughey recently highlighted such dating misadventures in the romantic comedy *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days*. Based on a book by Michele Alexander and Jeannie Long, the film has Hudson's character performing every - how to drive him away relationship no-no - in order to prove the claim that even the most beautiful of women can perform actions that make men feel the suffocated need for escape. But what about putting the shoe in the other closet, or moving that toothbrush from the bachelor pad to the princess palace? As impossible as you men may find it, there are sure-fire ways to drive the female species from out your love lair faster than you can grab that condom from out that bedside goodie drawer. Somehow between knitting matching argyle toe socks for me and my beau and analyzing ways in which I may color categorize his underwear drawer, I had time to whip up a little list of my own.

How to Lose a Girl in 10 Days (or less if you're really smooth!)

Day 1

Hit on her in the produce aisle - better yet, tell her you'd like to compare her melons with those in your cart. Ask her: "Haven't I seen you before?" Then say, "Wait, I know, it was that Narcotics/Alcoholics/Commitmentphobics Anonymous Meeting last summer." Stare at her chest. Ask for her phone number and then have her write it down on a matchbook, alongside the phone numbers for Heather and Tiffany.

Day 2
Arrive an hour late reeking to high heaven of alcohol. Don't forget to mention the fact that you would have called, had you not lost her number after you ditched that empty matchbook following your chain smoking contest with your best friend Billy-Bob. Wear an unbuttoned polyester shirt, lots of gold chains, or a stained T-shirt that reads "I'm with stupid, but at least she's got a nice rack" paired with tight cut-off shorts. Bring flowers - make sure they're grocery store bought and come equipped with the "day old-\$3.99 special" price tag. Compliment her by saying, "Gee, Your chest looks great in that shirt!" Graciously drive, but ask for gas money. Slam the door in her face as you walk through first.

Take her to a nice restaurant then scowl every time she mentions a dish that exceeds the \$14 mark. If she orders salad, tell her, "good choice!" Talk incessantly about your ex-girlfriend. Tell her she reminds you of her - except your ex girlfriend was taller, had a larger chest, and was a striking beauty. When you run into friends, forget her name at the introduction. When the waiter asks if they'll be any dessert, ask him "Does she look like she needs dessert?" Immediately following dinner, go on and on about your fight with Irritable Bowel Syndrome. Be sure to groan and belch a bit when you do so. Kiss her goodnight, and make sure it's sloppy and filled with lots of quick tongue-lashings.

Day 3
Don't call her and then tell YOUR friends that you two spent your date night reenacting those ravenous scenes from the film *9 ½ Weeks*.

Day 4
Don't call her. Tell all HER friends that you two spent your date night reenacting those ravenous scenes from the film *9 ½ Weeks*.

Day 5
Don't call her. Post explicit details of that fictitious *9 ½ Week* reenactment in every internet chat room known to man.

Day 6
Call her in the morning asking for a date tonight. Tell her you want to take her somewhere special and then pull up to the "Mega Machismo Monster Truck Rally" that just rolled into town. Oh, don't forget to tell her you're doubling with your ex-girlfriend (swear you two are just really good friends) and her new loser boyfriend. Compliment her by saying, "Gee, Your chest looks great in that shirt!" in front of everyone. Stare at your ex-girlfriend's chest and then tilt your head as if in comparison mode. Tell stories about how great your ex-girlfriend was in bed.

Day 7
Riffle through her belongings, find her mom's number and call her, asking for a play by play on all her past boyfriends. Be sure to get names and phone numbers. Show up unannounced after your soccer game, reeking to high heaven of sweat, and carrying three bags full of your dirty laundry. Look at a picture of her family, scowl and then ask whether or not she was adopted. Pick out her clothes. March on in to her house without knocking (you made yourself a key) six-pack in hand, and place them feet up on the coffee table just in time for the Lakers game. When the commercial comes on, ask her to get you another beer. Terrorize her cat. Wear adult Underoos, make sure they're nice and yellow and definitely of the tighy-whitey variety. Insist that daily teeth brushing rituals are unnecessary and arcane.

Day 8
Sleep over, even after she tells you to get out. Toss, turn, kick, snore, and talk about sex with your ex in your sleep. Go through her things - try on her undergarments. When she comes home, be asleep on her couch, naked! When you wake up, ask her angrily, "Where did you stash your porno collection? I looked all over!" Be

sure to ask her what's for dinner. Pull out that guy's phone number you found in that shoebox stashed in the back of her closet, and ask, "Who the hell is this?" Day 9

Tell her you have the hots for her best friend, or better yet, 17 year old little sister. Continue to ask about that phone number you found. Answer her phone and warn the guy on the other end to stop calling. Ask her if she'd ever consider breast implants or plastic surgery? Call her late at night, make sure you're VERY drunk, and do it repeatedly. Call and leave 10 messages on her machine, whilst crying and pleading "But you can't break up with me. I've exhausted all my other options." Day 10

Stake out her house. Peek through her windows. Secretly follow her to work and leave sappy love notes on her window while it's parked in the parking lot. Cry. Sob. Plead. Beg.

Serenade her with a very bad version of "You've Lost that Loving Feeling".

Follow her out with her friends and threaten to beat up any guy who talks to her. Ask for her best friend's phone number. Tell her you found a better version of her. The only difference is the fact that this new gal doesn't come equipped with a sky-high pedestal. Grab those gold chains, don her red g-string underwear and head on back out there to get rejected all over again.