

# Gator's Rant

## To The Chick I Spoke To At The Bar:

I enjoyed our little chat immensely, but it left me with a few questions. I didn't think them up later, I swear – I thought of them at the time. But I didn't ask them, because I didn't want to embarrass you. I would never do that to anyone except a politician or a close friend/family member. George Bernard Shaw or some other old goat once said "*O, what pow'r the genie gi'e us – to see ourselves as others see us.*" All of us would like to know how we are perceived by others. But because of manners, chivalry, and decorum, women aren't often granted that pleasure.



So hey, I'm gonna help you out.

First off, I think it's a very sensible thing on your part to say that you'd like to find a man who has no pretenses, someone who is comfortable with his masculinity, someone who can be himself, a man who would never dream of subterfuge or deception. You're looking for someone who looks good but isn't obsessed with his own looks, who is honest and faithful, and who isn't superficial. When I heard this, I gazed up at your permed bleached hair. My eyes traveled as if by remote control to the false eyelashes, the plump pouty Botox lips, and yes, continuing due south, to the best cleavage money could buy. I couldn't help noticing the little "hike-up-my" skirt and the fuck-me heels. I'm thinking: But wait, everything about *you* is *phoney!* This must be what they mean by "opposites attract!" I noticed you had ordered a well drink -bourbon and coke – before we struck up a conversation. I offered a round, and you opted for the upgrade: Crown & Coke. So now I know something else: High maintenance. This suspicion was immediately confirmed when you somehow steered the conversation to all of your bills that you can't afford to pay.

I never found out, so I can't say for sure. But I think you should know that with hookers who troll in bars, the entrée is a conversation about bills to pay, in which the man's response is: *Maybe we can do something about that.* I don't know for sure if you knew that, so I'm telling you now so you'll know.

So now I am confronted with the realization you're probably a hustler, or to be politically correct, a sex worker.

Then your phone rings – you answer it, and immediately get into some kind of angry discussion (*...did I mention you could go fuck yourself... ..and so what if I am?*) and end up walking outside for five minutes for what must be some kind of private personal conversation. Not a problem. Phone calls *should* be private, between the two parties involved and Dick Cheney only. I've always said so. Then you come back and sit down, explaining only "that was my boss." Oh, the Boss. I'm thinking, either it's your pimp or you're having sex with this boss guy, either way it's not looking good. There's a relationship there, and it sounds like it's a bad one.

So now I'm sitting there at the bar with what I must assume is a superficial fake chick who is high-maintenance, can't pay her bills, is probably a prostitute, and involved in a bad relationship – with the boss! Why didn't you just pull out your crack pipe and remove all doubt?

Sorry dear, but that's how others are seeing you. That's why I moved on down the bar to play the Trivia Whiz machine.

But I figured that just in case you read – or someone has the guts to read it to you, you might could make a course correction. In spite of all the warning indicators, you really did seem very nice, just very insecure and a little angry.

No need to tell me how I came off to you. Men tell each other exactly how they are perceived, and women tell men. We know too well how others see us. I came off as an arrogant bastard – another male chauvinist pig. Guilty as charged. **GATOR**