

# Flirting with Disaster

Students relive their dates from hell

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HERE AT *U. MAGAZINE*, WE FEEL YOUR DATING PAIN. † As connoisseurs of broken relationships, nightmare stalkers and, of course, dates from hell, we have deep empathy for those who bravely undertake the masochistic societal ritual commonly known as "dating." † In an effort to ease your agonizing memories (and to prepare you for Friday nights to come), we scoured the country — from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon — for bad date stories. After several weeks of intense research broken only by the occasional beer run, we have compiled the ultimate collection of dates from hell: We've got blind dates, sleazy dates, cheap dates, nerd dates, lecherous dates and, yes, even dates with facial tics. † We just want you to know: It's not your fault. You're not alone.



## Mind Games

A date's bedroom — potentially the site of a passionate encounter or a best-avoided sand trap. For Michelle Hader, a senior at Northern Kentucky U., it was the latter, only golf wasn't the game she needed to play to escape.

Hader's date had a bedroom about the size of a Toyota, and once she entered, he locked the door behind them. He kept the key on a chain around his neck.

"I began looking for escape routes, since I was locked in," Hader says. "There was only one small circular window at the top of his room. I was stuck."

Her date turned on the TV, but not the lights. They were watching *The X-Files* when the TV suddenly snapped off. Hader's date said the TV sometimes went off on its own and there was nothing he could do about it. Hmm, wonder what they could do now?

"We could listen to the radio," he suggested. "Or we could play a game. Or we could KISS?"

Hader realized she had no choice. Sometimes you have to make the tough choices to survive. For the next two hours, Hader allowed her date to use her for a passionate game of backgammon.

After the last roll of the dice, Hader blasted out of her date's driveway so fast, she rammed into a passing car. An accident? Who cares? Hader kept on driving.

## Visually Challenged Date

One student discovered that the only thing worse than a blind date is a blind date with twitchy eyes.

Kristie, a grad student at West Chester U., Pa., found herself dining with her blind date at Chez Taco Bell. Needless to say, Kristie felt a little overdressed while sampling the burrito du jour. Even worse, her unsuitable suitor was a nervous wreck whose eyes were twitching constantly.

"So we sat there mostly silent," Kristie says.

Until Kristie got an uncontrollable case of the giggles.

"Every time his eye twitched, I couldn't help myself," she says. "I had this idea that he was trying to make a move on me by blinking."

In true giggle attack form, the more Kristie tried to stop herself, the harder she laughed.

"Once I finally managed to stop laughing for a moment, I took a big drink of soda," Kristie says. "And before I could swallow, he winked again."

Kristie spewed the soda all over herself, the table and Rico Suave.

"We were both covered in Diet Coke, but I was the only one laughing."

Amazingly enough, Blinky didn't ask her out again.

## Hot Date

Nick Anderson, a junior at U. of Nevada, Las Vegas, insists he was the victim on a bad double date experience to the county fair.

"To start things off, it took about 30 minutes to find a parking place, and I had two

women in the back seat bitching at me to hurry up because their favorite singer was performing," he says, not at all bitter. "My blood started to boil, and I calmly said, 'Well, you could help me look.'"

The happy foursome went on to roam the fairgrounds, and Anderson was disappointed to find his girlfriend giving him the cold shoulder. After, they stopped at a Denny's-type restaurant.

"To lighten things up, I played a joke on her by pouring Tabasco sauce in the catsup for her fries," he says.

But his girlfriend suspected something was amiss.

"So I said, 'What, you don't trust me?'"

Taking a leap of faith, his girlfriend dipped a fry and ate it.

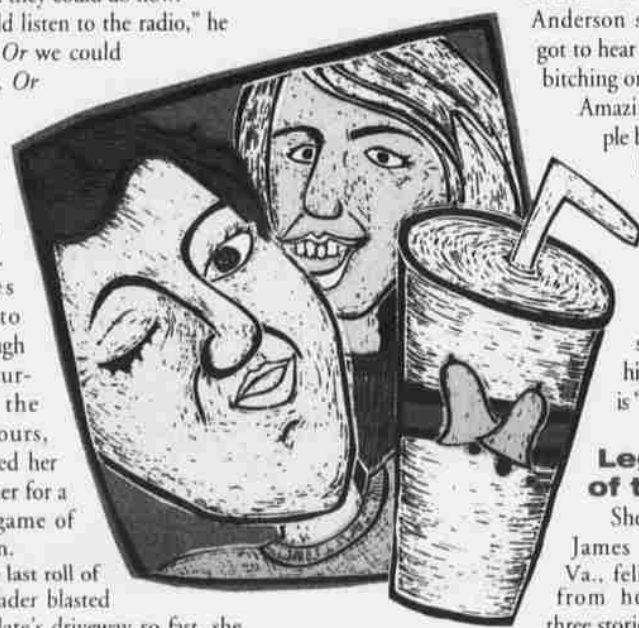
"Her face got so red, but only me and my friend were laughing,"

Anderson says. "Then I got to hear 20 minutes of bitching on trust."

Amazingly, the couple broke up shortly afterward.

"Romance is dead!" he says.

By the way, Anderson's name on his e-mail address is "Don Juan."



## Legends of the Fall

Sherri Eisenberg, James Madison U., Va., fell for her date from hell — about three stories.

It was Eisenberg's first time out with her new love interest, and they decided to go to a movie. Next to the theater was a construction site. John Ritter couldn't have set the stage better.

"After the movie, we walked out, and I fell down this three-story hole they had cut into the ground," says Eisenberg. "I wasn't hurt — just a few cuts and scrapes — but I had a huge split in the front of my pants."

Well, talk about a rip-roaring good ti— sorry.

## Stop! Or My Dad Will Freak!

"My worst date wasn't really the girl's fault," says Mike Garcia, a freshman at California Polytechnic State U., San Luis Obispo. "But at the time, it was really scary."

Garcia says he had a great time on his date, but when he dropped her off at home, the horror began.

"Her dad met us at the door and in a stern voice told me to meet him in the car and told her to get in bed," Garcia says.

Dad marched Garcia out to the family wagon. For the next two hours, Dad drove him around town — past the swamp, past the graveyard, over the river bridge.

"He kept asking what I planned to do with his daughter," Garcia says. "I was scared shitless. I had no idea whether he was going to beat me up or yell at me or what."

## Sharp-Dressed Man

"There was this very dorky guy who had been wanting to take me out," says Tara Tuckwiller, a senior at Virginia Tech. "I eventually agreed to go bowling at the student union — very casual."