

## Sybil

After my prayers of being released from a loveless, hateful marriage of 18 years were granted, I served my entire sentence with no parole. Apparently, in marriage “good behavior” actually earns you more time. Those lucky prisoners! Shit, in that marriage I would have strongly considered “the chair.” Now, what’s truly cruel and unusual punishment?

Now what do I do? I’m 50-years-old with a big gut and a bald spot. Toss in the “I haven’t been on a date in 18 years” just spells trouble. The last time I asked a woman out was to the drive-in. If I have to describe “drive-in,” then this might be over your head.

I saw someone who I was intrigued by, which in the men’s world means someone I would do. Talking to her made me relive high school days in my mind. Tripping over my tongue and saying ridiculous things, throw in a bright red face and you have a 50-year-old “Me.”

She was someone who I bumped into once in a while through work. That eventful day, I was going to ask her out. I saw her, walked toward her and continued right on by – too shy to say something.

I went out to sit in my car for a minute and said “are you a man or a mouse?” as I reached for a cheese snack in

my lunchbox. I said, “Man up; get some balls and approach her! If all goes well, she’ll have them behind glass, sitting on the fireplace mantle anyways.”

I went fearlessly back in for my conquest! Co-workers all around her, but I made up my mind.

“Hi, Sybil! How are you doing today? Oh that’s nice. Can I talk to you in private for a minute? I was maybe wondering if you would, uh, hum, like, sorta like, want to go out sometime?” My thought bubble went “Oh, yeah! You da man! High-five!”

The bubble broke covering me in whatever bubbles are made of.

She said “YES!”

Wow, I thought. Then it hit me. I was focused on the asking part that I had no game plan for a positive answer.

I stuttered, “Great, here is my phone number, BR-549”.

Awesome! After a while it soon hit me, I didn’t have her number, so I am the one waiting by the phone. Dale, make a mental note to not do that again. Now, I have to sit in my bedroom and twirl my bald-spot hair, chew gum, doodle little hearts on my notebook, and talk about my feelings to my guy friends.

No call, no call. Two-plus weeks later, I bump into her. I’m thinking what a cruel woman this was. Pretended she was interested, took my phone number and never called.

So instantly every man reading this thought “that skank bitch whore.” Meanwhile, she is whatever the word is for starring and glaring, I think *it* is glaring at me. We talked. She said it was cruel of me to ask her out and then give her a fictitious phone number.

I said “What?”

Apparently, Mr. You-not da man, was so nervous asking her out that when she said yes, my front cortical lobe of my brain malfunctioned. Dale, make a mental note to not do that again. I had given her the wrong phone number!

I’m a smooth operator. I corrected that error, and we did go on a date.

– Dale McCombs, 2014

*What do you think? Tell us at [YourMcThoughts@McThoughts.com](mailto:YourMcThoughts@McThoughts.com)*