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Faith

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At this point, it’s a universally acknowledged truth that a single woman in want of a genuine relationship will find herself alone, chain-smoking on a Saturday night/early Sunday morning. I wonder if I’m the only person at this university who feels like there are walls of pressure closing in around her. I feel like a cross between an HIV-patient and someone with a slight case of pink-eye—we’re both contagious, but the first is a lingering feeling that never disappears, and the second is that itch you can never scratch. Can I ever be comfortable here, or am I doomed to wander alone through my life, with men staring at me like I have a giant zit, or a third nipple, or a head growing out of my ass? (Okay, that’s unfair. Men only stare at me this way when they meet me “professionally.”) I know that it’s uncommon for a woman to be the Sports Editor for a college newspaper, especially when all the big sports are the men’s sports, and especially when the entire staff of male writers quit when I made editor. Nothing like having a five-foot girl in a locker room, or behind the bench. Even though it’s not like I say stupid things—I’ve been watching football with Daddy since I was seven.

Tonight (okay, last night, let’s be precise) was our first home game, and of course it was a giant victory, which means I should really stop writing this and start writing the damn article. But I’m so furious that I can’t imagine writing about miraculous third downs until I can get this insulting, patronizing, unfair evening out of my system, so I’ll smoke and sip at my beer and type this until I’m ready.

I got to the game early, after finally dragging Jane out of the room, beglittered and nervous as hell about her first time as a “varsity cheerleader.” She’s finally in sight of the “real” team, which means maybe Mother will lay off about her not being able to find a future famous football player. (Not