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Dark Tower

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that cool girl who interviewed us. She’s attractive, and interesting, so we can all go out together.”

That bastard responded with the most sexist, snooty, stuck-up comment I’ve ever heard.

“That weird girl who thinks a sweatshirt is the epitome of fashion? Please. I’d rather spend the evening chewing on your toenails than lower myself to asking some freak who thinks she knows what a football is to accompany me to a meal. I’d rather eat alone for the rest of my life. Take out the cheerleader—she’s cute. Her sister can find another idiot writer with pretensions—you know, someone she’ll have something in common with.”

At first I shrugged it off, and went to find Charlie, the lit mag editor, who always thinks that angsty boys will inspire her to feel something she hasn’t felt (since no one will ask her out), and therefore is drawn to parties like an ant to an ant-trap. We had a good laugh about male egos, and that idiot’s assumption that because I had interviewed him (hello—it’s my JOB) I must be desperately seeking him. I’ve decided to seriously criticize his ability to pass—unless he’s throwing to Chaz, he usually makes his receivers stretch—guess he thinks they’re not good enough either.

But I confess. It hurts to be lower than chewing toenails. It hurts to be alone and sad and rejected out-of-hand by a man you don’t even like. No matter. Fuck him. We’ll see how he likes the review of his performance I’m about to write. I have the power—the pen is mightier than the sword. Or the Hail Mary.