



“My worst date ever was a guy who actually asked my parents if I could go out (not me) because he knew I would say no. Of course being friends of his parents, my parents said sure she can go out with you. Not having much choice but to go out with the guy, he picks me up and won’t tell me where we are going. Next thing I know, we are pulling into Wal-Mart’s parking lot where he works at. Our date was him taking me to his work and introducing me to all the people he works with as his girlfriend. I was never so devastated in my life. As soon as we got back in the car I told him I was NOT his girlfriend nor would I ever be his girlfriend.

Disclaimer: This is NOT the guy I married.”

-Myra H., counselor secretary

