

Seeking...

by Lavinia Ludlow

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I'm subconsciously a sucker for guys who are no good for my self-esteem. Or waistline. The ones who correct my grammar, who make

me second, third, twelfth guess myself because I don't want to say anything stupid, so I don't say anything at all, and then they just think I'm dumb.

I'm subconsciously a sucker for guys who look like British rock gods. The ones with unkempt hair and a smile that's stained, crooked, and gingivitis-ridden. The ones who look sexy when they smoke even though I know they're second-hand killing me.

I'm subconsciously a sucker for guys who make me make them my whole world even though I'm not a gum string on the bottom of their shoes. The ones who keep me around because I insist on paying the tab, secretly hoping that it might lead to five seconds of drunk sex that they'll instantly regret the moment the debilitating hangover wears off.

And I especially fall hard for the guys who never ask me questions and

consequently know nothing about me and therefore talk way too much

about their own aspirations and accomplishments, and whenever I chime

in with a detail about myself, they revert the topic back to themselves. Oh yeah, I totally eat that shit up.

So if you're a guy (or girl, I'm open) that fits even one of the passages above, give me a call. I'll buy you a drink. I'll let you interrupt me at "hello." I'll listen to how you adore conservative literature and watch Republican-funded documentaries, all that mock my

indie lit and grassroots interests. I'll even cover the bar tab that'll lead to the five seconds of drunk sex, after which you'll

slink away and avoid me for three months, and by then I'll have to pay a month's wages to take out a new classified in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The ad team will then reply with something like, "why not buy a half-page of space in the Sunday paper? It's cheaper than paying for an expanded classified to house all this text," advice that I interpret as, "this is kind of hilarious because no casual reader would ever think that this could be a legitimate column in something as high-profile as the *San Francisco Chronicle*, but more of a contemporary fiction submission that we'll 'accidentally' but intentionally label 'contemporary fiction' so readers don't wonder what the hell is going on, and we may see a few irate 'notes to the editor' post-publication but because of all the ad space revenue and the spike in new subscribers who sign up purely to see this melodrama happen every few months, we'll roll with it."

So call me!

Vegetarians preferred.

