

How To Give Dating Advice as a State Social Worker

by Timothy Gager

A meeting has to happen as Henry has an IQ of 86 along with extenuating circumstances in his file—as a teenager he had fucked his eleven year old sister. Official assessment: He didn't know right from wrong. At the time he stated, "I am a bear."

I'm no bear. Today Henry says, "It's been a year already since I saw you?" I'm passive. He didn't get arrested winter, spring, or summer, nor did he die. So I'm here now. It's autumn. Henry's therapist, Leslie Czchowski, sits with us in a basement that has cracked yellow and red paint floors. She has big round neutral glasses, a fat beaded necklace, and a sack-of-potatoes dress. Henry wants to put her picture in his cell phone for her ringer ID, which is labeled "who ja-ma ding/" "You can't go there," she says.

I tell him if he wants to impress a girl he should learn to cook. He shifts his body. I add, crab cakes work well. He rocks down hard, his head misses his knee, as he practically falls off the chair. "Dude, she'll have to run to the bathroom." He laughs again, "Dooooode."

Then he stops, "Sometimes I don't shit for days." Just when I think I hear "shit for brains" he says, "I'm sorry."

