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Worst Date Ever!

by Lauren Rigor

Let me tell you about a night so foul.
A night so horrible it will make you scowl.
I had a date,
A romantic date,
A dinner for two with a Johnny McSlate.

At six o' clock I powdered my face
With my make-up and brushes all over the place.
The clutter of clothes took up all the space!
By eight o' clock I was ready to go,
Waiting for my date to show.

But by eight forty-five I was in a frantic state
Waiting for my dinner date.
I was so upset I wanted to roar.
Then suddenly! I heard a knock on my door.
I opened the door and there stood my date.
"What took you so long?" I asked Johnny McSlate.
"It's eight forty-five! You're forty-five minutes late!"

"Sorry I'm late," answered Johnny McSlate.
"I hope this doesn't ruin our dinner date."
I sighed and smiled and said, "That's okay."
And lied and said, "I wasn't ready anyway."

We walked towards his car
Which was parked rather far
On the other side of a dirt road
He suddenly yelled and screamed
Because as it seemed
His car was in the process of being towed.

As the tow truck drove away
He shouted and cursed
An unfortunate incident
But not yet the worst.

And so we walked
We walked and talked.
Where was my car you say?
Well, my parents took it away
On the third day of May
After it got in a crash
With some driver smoking hash.

By the time we reached the restaurant
My feet were in enormous pain.
I knew that before the night was over
I was going to go insane.

Because we were late
Thanks to Johnny McSlate
We now had to patiently wait.
We got to our table after an hour
But by then my emotions grew sour.

We ordered our meal
Mashed potatoes and veal
With a glass of wine to wash it all down
As one server passed by
He looked at her on the sly
And I glared at him with a disgusted frown.

Johnny lived a double-life
With five ex-girlfriends, three mistresses,
And a wife
But I didn't know that yet
About his past
Because we had just met
And I wasn't going to be his last.

He began to scowl
As if something wasn't right
I asked, "are you okay?
Do you want to end dinner early tonight?"
"No I'm fine," he began to say.
"I just feel somewhat sick today."

It was then that he became a horrible wreck
When that same server came over with our check
He flirted with her

In front of my face
Then suddenly!
He threw up all over the place.

I thought
You may be successful
And you may be rich
But serves you right
You son of a bitch.

I should have been happy
No need for more stress
But that son of a bitch
Threw up all over my dress.

"Okay that does it!" I began to yell.
"You're the worst date ever!
You can go to hell!"

I rushed to the bathroom
To take out the stains
But when I came back
Only the check remains

The food he threw up
He left me to pay
I swore that I
Was going to kill him one day.

And thus ended my dinner date
With a jerk named Johnny McSlate
After his flee
His car had swerved
Into a tree
An incident he certainly deserved.