

## MY WORD

By Sarah Rose

### OH, BOY!

In search of a soul mate in the wilds of Manhattan.

*Our good friend journalist Sarah Rose is in her late 30s and still single. That just didn't seem right. So, the editors here challenged her to go on one date per week and report back. Her first file:*

**I**t is a truth universally acknowledged that a single woman approaching 40 will nuzzle the downy tufts of a newborn's skull and burst into flames. Therefore I joyfully dedicate my free time to blind dating.

My most recent suitor was the successful heir to a pyramid scheme with obsessive taste that bordered on the exquisite, a desire to spend money on me as if I were after it, and a series of protection orders kept in Ziploc baggies in his pocket. The orders were not against him, to be sure, I'm not that kind of girl.

"Oh, Sarah," he said on a warm winter's night of 19 below zero. "We have such good banter together." I had not yet spoken a word, but silence has that effect on men. He ordered sushi for two and cold sake.

As I counted the ceiling tiles, he spoke of his ex-fiancé, a CIA agent assigned to sleep with powerful people such as Prince William, Roger Federer, Paul Krugman, and him. Love interfered with that top-secret mission, as it does, and only when she tried to kill him with her bare hands had they agreed to break things off.

"You were clearly terrorized by her," I sympathized.

"That's what my shrink said, so I had a vasectomy so she couldn't trap me."

He already had children, teenage daughters from his first marriage, Marie Claudette and Marie Josephine, who were deeply affected by the end of the engagement and were recuperating in mental wards. In their respective asylums, they had asked to be called just Marie.

He pulled out his phone to call his

broker on a Saturday night; he wanted to take a position in gold. The market was swooning and I was not. Some \$100,000 in Krugerrands were to be delivered to his doorman since he would need a new host country when the banks failed Monday morning.

"You're a journalist," he said. "I am a poet. Would you like to hear some of my work?" My heavens, I did not. He took my hand, stared longingly into my eyes, and recited a limerick.

He told me he loved nothing more than standing in tropical tide pools looking at colorful fish and in his next life he was going to be a marine biologist and with his next girlfriend he was going to travel the entire planet. He couldn't travel with his ex-wife, that bitch, Marie Rosemarie. She only ever wanted to go to Holland, where she was royalty.

"You and I have such great banter together, so much in common, like Woody Allen and Diane Keaton. We're getting married," he said. It

was not a request.

He got up from his seat and kissed me. I had swallowed a lot of pride and two bottles of sake, and suggested Woody and Diane had little in common; he had married his own daughter. The evening was moving a little faster even for my advanced ovarian age.

"I am an entrepreneur, a dreamer. I imagine how life could be, not how it is. As CEO of a start-up, you have no revenue. So we must live together in our dreams."

I lived somewhere else entirely, alone in a five-story walk-up on the Upper East Side and saw myself home. The next morning I received a poetic text.

*That was fun. Again? When?*

I entered his contact details into my phone: DO NOT PICK UP is his name. He's the 37th man I've met with the very same name. Top that, Marie.

*Sarah Rose is a travel writer and author of the historical novel For All the Tea in China.*



 Her Year of Dating Dangerously: Is finding your match in the Big Apple as hard as they say? Follow Sarah Rose's romantic escapades. Scan the image above with your mobile device (directions, page 6) or go to [saturdayeveningpost.com/the-dating-project](http://saturdayeveningpost.com/the-dating-project).