A few months ago one of my dearest friends came to me quite excited because she had this guy that I just had to meet. “I can just see you two together, I think you’ll really like him!” said my friend, who, for the purpose of this story, let’s just call Claire, also, because that is her name. Claire told me that he did remodeling and had lost his business due to the downed economy but was still doing work for private individuals around the community. Although the “downed economy” bottomed in 2008, some 4 years ago, I have known men that work in that field and it can be quite sustainable. So I agreed. Over the next few months as luck would have it, we kept just missing each other. “Oh,” Claire would say, “You just missed him. Or “He came in right after you left the other day.” Finally one day at a public luncheon, Claire brings this somewhat rugged looking man over and introduces us. He takes a seat next to me and proceeds to not say… absolutely nothing. Being the outgoing girl that I am, I strike up conversation in which he reply’s in answers containing only a single word. “Hmmm” I think, “Maybe he’s just a little nervous.” So as I’m preparing to leave I mention that perhaps we should catch a movie or something sometime, to which he elegantly answers “Sure”.

Claire had also arranged a group beach day for us the following day but we were unfortunately rained out. So the following weekend I send an email (by now we are, or course, Facebook friends, being modern people living in modern times) inviting him to join me for a movie later on that day. Show time comes and goes with no response. I enjoy the movie. Afterwards, I call Claire to let her know that I had made a valiant attempt based on her recommendation but to no avail. “Yeah,” said Claire “He came into the store and said he didn’t get the message until later but it’s probably because he doesn’t have a car.”

Now reader, I swear to you, I literally heard brakes squealing. Alarms were going off; horns were blowing lights were flashing red, yellow, orange as if I were flying through a railroad crossing undergoing heavy construction. All this was happening… inside of my head.

“He doesn’t have a car?” I asked in a slow, astonished and deliberate manner, quite similar to the way one might say- “They cut his what off?” “Yeah, he doesn’t have a car, I’m sure I told you that.” “No, no Claire you didn’t tell me that. I would have remembered if you had told me that.” I should mention that I live in a somewhat small town. There are only 2 options for affordable public transportation, and they are Payless and The Footlocker at the mall. “Well,” Claire explained, “He has a car, it’s just broke down.” After taking a deep cleansing breath I asked in the same slow deliberate way, “How long has his car been broken down?” “Oh, I don’t know, a couple months.” Claire says nonchalantly. I took another deep, slow breath “A couple as in 2 or a couple as in 4? You tried to set me up with a guy that doesn’t have a Job OR A CAR?” My voice was now hitting octaves slightly above normal speech. “I told you, he has a car, it’s just not running.” My friend’s response was now laced with a hint of resentment. “Claire, a broken down beater rusting in the back yard DOES NOT constitute transportation!” Claire said “Well, I didn’t realize you were so fancy”

“FANCY?” I cleared another few octaves. “I don’t think expecting a man to have a job and a car makes me fancy. Claire I only have 3 requirements in a man, they must have a job, a car and teeth. I don’t think that makes me fancy, uppity *or* high falootin.” Claire was now clearly offended. “Fine then, just forget it Princess Fancy Pants.”

Now, the problem with this is that my beautiful friend Claire, is not the first of my friends to do such a thing, making me question, is it me? Do I present myself as someone who has searched the world over passing up doctors, lawyers, and garbage collectors looking for that perfect unemployed, unstructured, uninspired, demotivated couch Adonis? Now don’t get me wrong, I’m not opposed to my friends introducing me to men, as a matter of fact a few have turned out quite nicely. But let’s just use our heads about this, if it’s not someone you would go out with, why in hell would you fix them up with your friend? Don’t you think that I can attract an abundant amount of men just like this one on my own without my friends going out, rounding them up and driving them back to me like some weekend cow poke wrangling at a dude ranch? Is it really such a sad thing to choose to have no man in my life rather than the wrong man in my life? I say; it’s not fancy, it’s having standards, and not very high ones at that. It’s not as if we live in some bygone era where a woman’s survival depends completely on a man. I live in the modern day and I traded my butter churn and weaver’s loom in years ago for a money market account and a 401k. Even if this had occurred at some other point of antiquity, shouldn’t they at least have a chicken or goat to offer my poor father the Miller? Well, I’ll leave it up to you reader, if you feel that expecting a man to have at least one stinking goat is expecting too much, well than I guess I truly am; Princess Fancy Pants

In Claire’s defense, the man did have teeth