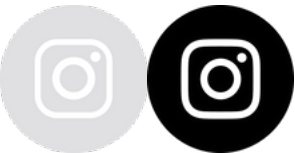


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Put Your Big Girl Panties On And Deal With It!

Most days I'm happy, but some days I need to turn on TLC and watch a lady eat laundry detergent to feel better about myself. And that's exactly what I had to do to distract myself this weekend after my love curse struck again!!

You may recall from my previous blog post, *"The Art of Seduction,"* that my love life has been a total shit-show, spanning all the way back to when my very first date stood me up at prom because he "didn't have pants." After countless torturous relationships and a dating experiment where I went on one horrible blind date a week for an entire year, I learned that I was cursed—from a psychic who lives above a gas station on Ventura Blvd.



Just to recap: during that reading two years ago, the snaggleteethed old lady psychic told me that I have a curse placed on me by someone I wronged romantically in a past life, and now I'm destined to pay off my debts in this life through a string of uncontrollable, disastrous relationships.

As I said in my previous post: **"Normally, I wouldn't take the words of a hygienically challenged woman living above a Chevron to heart, but that old hippy hit the nail on the head when it comes to my luck in love, decaying tooth and all."**And, well, once again the events of this past week have only served to prove my toothless fortuneteller right.

Without going into too much detail about my personal life, I'll just say that for the past month, I've been seeing someone I really liked, and it was going abnormally well. That is, until my love curse struck again last Sunday in the most ironic of ways—thus bringing my new romance to a screeching halt!

So what's a cursed girl to do during times like these? Get drunk and cry while watching Titanic for the 100th time... Go to the gym and obsessively work out until you're too tired to think about it anymore... Spend hours in front of the TV watching a lady pour Tide laundry detergent into her mouth like it's candy?

No. Ironically, I called my mom to talk about the whole ordeal. I should have known that calling Jana for advice is never the best course of action, because after a long discussion, she eventually uttered her favorite inspirational phrase of wisdom:

"Macee, it's time to put your big girl panties on and deal with it!"

I've heard this phrase countless times throughout my life, and I'm always left thinking...

#1. I hate wearing panties, and have ever since preschool—when I got in trouble for taking my underwear off and hiding them in the kindergarten class bathroom. (That was a fun parent-teacher conference, I'm sure.) So chances are that when she gives me this advice, I'm not wearing any big girl panties to begin with!!! And she knows this, as it's been a mother-daughter battle we've been fighting for over 25 years now.

And #2. How does one "deal with it," exactly? What is this magical "dealing" all about?

Well, to answer that question, my mom chose to "deal with it" for me by registering me for a Match.com account and creating an embarrassing profile for me under the screen name **"Hollywood Girl."**



She also took it upon herself to scroll through 37 pages of profiles and emailed me a list of guys she thinks I should contact—complete with her notes and comments on each guy.

I have spend hours checking out hot guys. it was a hard job but these below are my favoriteis. This was the first 37 pages i got tired after. I would appreciate your thoughts after you review this list and yes i will take a huge thank u after you find your mr. Right on match.

socaldude-looks cute has a pug
greecefranceus-rich and i would love to go to greece
andrew-very cute
ryan37-builds guiters cute
ryanbe311-the cutest to me on there
joshua
alohamusicsurf17-musican - say no more
wlsjp1515
bolgerni-very cute
chargerlake
enfris-rich music
kma27-rich
swimdoctor-othopetic surgeon-!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
ukinla-british-i know how you like an accent
retrolakers 23-nurse cute
JD
david
Nuclearfun61
im1325-proffesor and cute

So while my mom was busy with that, I chose to "deal with it" by going back to see my psychic above the gas station for advice on what to do about my curse. When I arrived, I discovered that my same crazy old lady psychic was still there—and yes, she was still down a tooth. Looks like a dentist wasn't in her cards during the two years since I last saw her.

As soon as I walked in, the strange-looking psychic woman (living in the studio that reeks of smoke, food, and dog pee) instantly recognized me. She immediately said, *"I've read you before a couple of years ago,"* and then went on to say, *"I told you that you had a dark energy around your love life that we need to remove, but you never came back."*

I was like, **yes, I know—that's why I'm here to get a reading.**

She took me behind a curtain in the entrance of her shop and began to do a broad tarot card reading of my life in general. Just like last time, she was right about a lot of very specific things, but she also went on some long tangents about a bunch of stuff that didn't make any sense. Like this really long rant she had about how I don't need to eat pork—while I was trying not to stare at the gaping hole where her tooth once was.

In the end, she told me a lot of things that were spot on about my career and love life, gave me some advice, and told me that if I don't come back to get cleansed and take the necessary steps to remove the curse, then it will always be with me.

I don't know if I'll go back to the crazy psychic lady and have her try to remove my curse or not. The thought of spending more time inside that smelly studio, with her smiling at me through the absence of what once was a tooth, is a huge deterrent—for sure.

So if I don't, there's always *The Man With No Penis* documentary on TLC to distract me from the curse that is my love life!



God bless you, TLC!

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