

DATING

WELCOME TO MY CRAZY: THOUGHTS BEFORE MEETING MY EX

written by Danielle Ma April 25, 2015



Good thing I got here early. Where's the bathroom in this place again? Oh god, I wonder if he remembers the last time we were here. We sat on the same side of the booth & shared our food & kissed way too much & I think our waiter hated us. Shit, same waiter, 12 o'clock.

"Hi, could you tell me where the restrooms are?"

Oh right, I knew they were downstairs. Duh. Wait, is it going to be weird if he walks in and sees me walking up from downstairs? He'll think I got here early to doll up in the bathroom which makes me look simultaneously nervous and high maintenance and insecure and superficial. Fuck. Whatever, I am all of those things in this particular moment, so I'll just need to be speedy. Okay. Okay. I can do this.

Why am I sweating? This is stupid. Where are my oil blotting sheets? Okay. Goodbye shiny. Is this the lipstick color he liked? I can't remember. I think so. Whatever, I like it, and he's stupid. Why is my hair doing this weird floppy thing? Nothing in my teeth. Good. Do I look different? I don't think I do. I think I look the same as the last time he saw me. Oh, I guess I got new glasses. I wonder if he'll notice. He'll notice. I mean, right? He looked at my face only all the time for a long time. Ugh if he doesn't notice, I'll be annoyed. I need a breath strip thingy. Not like we're going to kiss or anything, but I feel like I need one anyways. Is that weird? Ugh probably. Bad habit. Maybe I won't take one to prove to myself that I won't let this escalate into something stupid. No touching. No one.

Okay, like the lack of a breath strip would stop us, honestly. Whatever. Taking one. Taking two. Okay. Back upstairs. Please don't be here yet. Need to get settled. Need to put my coat where it's supposed to go and my purse where that's supposed to hang and cross my legs and look composed. Yes! Not here yet. Great.

"Hi, party for 2? He's not here yet though." Thank god.

This is a nice table. Glad it's a table and not a booth. That could have been weird. Okay, coat & purse hanging, legs crossed, clothes acting the way they should. Makeup should be good. Oh god, what if it's not. What if I somehow managed to fuck it up in the past 90 seconds? I'm being irrational. My makeup is fine. Okay but seriously, where is he? Is he really about to be late? Ugh he knows how much that would bother me. Bothered me. Well he's not technically late yet. But seriously if he is...

Shit, what if he isn't coming? Fuck. Fuck! No, he's totally coming; he's the one that made these plans. Yeah, totally coming. I need to relax. I need to just. Distract myself. Instagram. Wow, Anisa's dinner looks incredible. And now I'm starving. great. WAIT! cutest puppy ever. Awwwww. I remember thinking at some point we might get a puppy together. He was so good with dogs & lil kids. It was honestly too sweet. He's sweet. I miss him.

I really miss him. God. I can't do this. Should I be doing this? Well my friends were kind of split half and half here. But they don't understand. I need to do this. Mostly because I can't imagine myself walking away. I'm not going to walk away. I know that. But I can maybe protect myself. A little. Guards. Guards up.

There he is. Oh, he doesn't see me yet; he's talking to the hostess. I should look down so he doesn't see me staring at him like a creep. Okay back to my phone. I just need my head tilted the tiniest fraction so I can kinda see when he gets to our table. I can't believe this is happening. I hope I'm the only one who can hear my heart beating this loudly. What is about to happen, seriously what is happening right now?

"Hey."

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DANIELLE MA

Danielle is a passionate twenty-something living in New York City with too many interests and not enough time in the day. She works at a boutique ad agency next to her favorite building, the Flatiron, and spends a lot of time in parks with coffee. She frequents food festivals, listens to science podcasts, explores comedy clubs, and writes, a lot. She diaries the moments and conversations in her life, writing mostly about dating, love, and sex in the city on her blog, Here's The Thing.

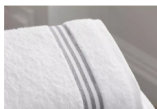
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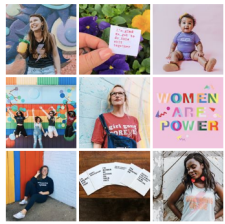


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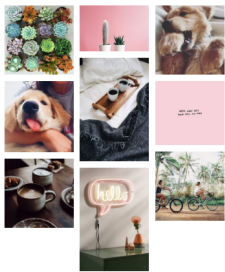
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