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## Worst Date Ever!

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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 pot aatoes and veel  
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.