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**FORGET THE PICK-UP LINE**

By Tyler Dobrowsky

**CRUSADER FEATURES STAFF**

A few weeks ago, I wrote an article entitled "Freaking the Hook Up," which systematically broke down the reasons why college kids "knock the boots," why they " bump uglies," why they "like to have sex," etc. etc. There was an outpouring of response, asking me how I knew such things about hooking up, and what I knew about the female gender in general. (I mean, I'm no biology major or anything, but I know there's a difference between boys and girls.) My mother wrote in a letter, telling me that if she ever caught me "Freaking the Hook Up" with anyone, that she was going to get him, scream, freaky with me. (I do not believe Donna meant this in any oedipal way.)

What most of these letters seemed to ask, though, was basic advice on girls. It seems I have become a much younger and slightly less masculine version of Dr. Ruth.

Dear Tyler:

There is a girl in my English class who is MAJOR ULTRA HOT-TIE! I want to ask her out on a date, but the only problem is that she doesn't know I'm alive! The other day I went to say hi to her, but instead of saying "Hi!" I sneezed all over her and blew snot all in her face. She had to change her shirt and everything! It was like Mt. Helen's came out of my nose! What am I to do?!

—Loveless in Loyola

You have come to the right place. Loveless. (Except you might want to go to Health Services about that nose/snot thing. I don't think that's normal.) I have spent much of my life thinking about this.

Most of my time since seventh grade can be divided as such: 2 percent homework, 25 percent playing video games, specifically NBA JAM, 15 percent sleeping, 10 percent eating, and 101 percent trying to figure how to ask girls out.

"chasing skirts," as kids on the street like to call it. (Or at least my Great Uncle, who constantly asks me if there "any nice skirts up at school." I presume he is not asking me this question for fashion reasons, although it is the year 2000.) Most of my time since seventh grade can be divided as such: 2 percent homework, 25 percent playing video games specifically NBA JAM, 15 percent sleeping, 10 percent eating, and 101 percent trying to figure how to ask girls out. I have spent countless hours visualizing my first move, which, most of the time, is staying as far away from the girl as possible.

The most sensible way to ask a girl out is to walk up to her, brimming with confidence and machismo, and say, "Hey, you hot mama, would you like to go out sometime?" (The "hot mama" part is optional, except for the hockey team, who technically does not even have to know English to get girls.) I myself never took this route. You see, if I asked a girl out on a date, there would be the possibility she would say no, and I would have to run away and live outside the Fenwick tower with only Father McFarland for food and keep me company. ("HEY, ZITBOY," McFarland would taunt, " WANT A DATE?!!?!? HAHAAHAHAHAHA!!!")

So never run the risk of coming into direct contact with the girl. Maintain a safe distance, lets say approximately three time zones, or you might run the risk of (scary music plays) AWKWARD CONVERSATION.

Awkward conversation goes a bit like this:

**GIRL:** Hey.

**YOU:** (trying to somehow compress all your feelings of love and hope and lust, while maintaining a cool air of self confidence, while at the same time trying to downplay the beads of sweat forming on your face)....HI.

**GIRL:** In case you were thinking about asking me out, the answer is no.

**FATHER MCFARLAND:** HAHAAHAAHAHAHAHA

Awkward conversation lingers, too. You can't sleep at night, tossing and turning going over in your head where you went wrong. (In your case, Loyola, it would be the snot.)

Even without a major problem such as Loyola's sneeze, you still go back and repeat the scene in your head, substituting your drooling mumbles for intelligent and sparkling wit.

Regardless, I do have to say that IF YOU WANT THAT GIRL, GO ASK HER! Or at least get one of your friends to find out if she would be OK with it, you don't want to look like a complete moron! In any case, good luck, Mr. Loveless; I hope that you manage to someday ask that girl out, and that she is the one for you.