
A knight in aluminum foil

That's Darling Delbert

The day after Valentine's gives me plenty of time for reflection while I sit poking holes in the bottom of the cheap chocolates that fill this gaudy pink heart-shaped box. I'm doing this so I can determine what they're filled with before I take a bite. No more running to the trash can to spit out some disgusting bite of chocolate filled with a gooey glob of strawberry stuff.

My favorite thing to reflect upon while I'm selecting chocolates is love (a four letter word).

I used to be a dreamer. I used to envision love as being the most fulfilling and wondrous experience possible. I looked forward to my handsome prince cruising up to get me in his 320i BMW, wearing Gucci cologne. I've been waiting about six years now and somehow I don't think he's going to get here anytime soon. Heck, now I'd settle for a guy in a 1975 Monte Carlo, wearing Brut. So my heart has hardened and I've given up all hope of finding a neat, normal guy.

You probably think I'm cynical and that my attitude is terrible, but every Valentine's Day has been the same. I've gotten stupid cards with mushy-looking couples playing sucky face on the cover and inside some wierdo has professed his love for me. Some of you may think it must be nice to have guys write to you on the inside of a cheap imitation of a Hallmark, but it's not. These relationships aren't fulfilling.

These guys are nerds and they're looking for their mother in every girl they meet.

I'd like to make a public announcement that I'm not like anybody's mother and I don't plan on having maternal qualities anytime soon. You might still be thinking I'm too hard-hearted. But let my description of how I met this year's Valentine show you why love is a four letter word and why I think Cupid is a fat fake.

Delbert was my Valentine this year. Cupid was up to his dirty tricks again and he shot this geek right through the heart with an extra dose of infatuation for *moi*. The vision most people have of Cupid as the master of love and romance is a hoax. Cupid hates me. That pudgy little guy must think that all I deserve are perverts like Delbert who call me every day to share all the information they learned in class. And I'm talking boring classes.

Anyway, it was fate that Delbert and I met. Cupid must've arranged this after I cheated on my accounting exam. I didn't cheat very much; I just needed an answer or two. Anyway, Cupid must believe in the Aggie code of honor because he punished me for looking at my neighbor's Scantron.

I was walking through the automatic doors at Kroger one day — trying to walk through the automatic doors at Kroger, that is. You see, Delbert had his bearings crossed and was trying to go out the in door. At that same moment, I stepped on the rubber mat that trig-

gers the entrance door to swing open. There was nothing I could do to stop the door from opening right into Delbert's nose.

Well, my bloody Valentine looked so pathetic that I helped him pick up his glasses (luckily they weren't broken) and I gathered up his Cost Cutter groceries from the floor. Now don't think for a minute that Cupid didn't have everything in the world to do with this. He knew I couldn't let Delbert go home in the shape he was in. Cupid also knew that I would feel partially responsible for causing the door to slam into Delbert's delicate nose. I'm the type of person that "feeling partially responsible" means lots of guilt. And guilt motivates me to make dinner for guys like Darling Delbert — especially when he's thinner than I am. After making dinner for Delbert one time to amend the injury, he gets the idea that he can call every night.

Yuck, another gooey strawberry filled chocolate — Delbert must've bought this heart-shaped box of candy during a K-Mart blue light special.

Like clockwork, at 8 p.m. my phone would ring. You could even tell who was calling because the ring had more of a nasal tone to it when Delbert was on the line. The conversations would always start with the same lines.

"Are we having fun yet?" he'd say. He'd feel so proud to be so "with it" and I'd laugh out loud. In my opinion, anyone who has to get

all their lines from movies or bumper stickers suffers from comedy insecurity.

Poor Delbert meant well, but he never had anything to say. He'd just repeat himself two or three times so the conversation would last a little longer. Meanwhile, I'd make faces at my roommate while she rolled on the floor laughing at my luck. You see, Cupid's been kind to her. She got a 14k heart from her perfectly normal boyfriend and her thighs are even bigger than mine.

Anyway, yesterday Cupid got his ultimate revenge. Several of ya'll may have heard him laughing as he flew around C.S. last night shooting couples with love-reinforced arrows.

Delbert showed up with this horrible box of candy and a bottle of perfume like my grandmother used to wear, complete with a miniature stuffed teddy bear on the lid. He professed his love for me and told me that he'd talked it over with his mom and decided we had a future together. But: I'd have to learn to cook lasagna like "Momma". That did it. I told Delbert that it was all over for us and that I would never make lasagna like his mother.

So you see how a girl can get a little fed up with all this romance and stuff? And if I'm ever fast enough to catch Cupid, I'm going to break every arrow he's got. I dread February of next year. But at least I won't waste any time dreaming of the perfect man slamming into my life. And I won't ever shop at Kroger again. [^]