

OMG

*By Suzy Hopkins*

I had a dinner date which is a rare for me these days. He seemed nice.

We went to a famous steakhouse because I had a \$5 coupon. He had the ribeye which he had been looking forward to. He cut away the fat and gristle which left a tiny steak on his plate. He picked the tomatoes out of his salad and left the rest. He had refused butter or sour cream on his baked potato so he took one bite. I had the 'Surf and Turf' that was lobster tail and filet mignon. My dinner was excellent. Everything, even the broccoli, was perfectly cooked. I raved about it offering a piece of the filet mignon.

Before dinner we talked about our families. During our meal he started talking about politics, religion, the death penalty, illegal immigrants and other controversial topics. It wasn't a discussion. More like a rant.

As he was paying the sizable bill he said, "Next time, I'll order the filet mignon."

I'm thinking: *Next time? OMG. Over my dead body.*