Chapter 7: Never Date A Comedian

Before actually living abroad I tested the waters with numerous international trips. My first love was Ecuador. One of my best friends is Ecuadorian, and The Carrollton Crew organized a trip to see his country. There's probably multiple chapters worth of content on these Guys Trips.

These trips sparked something in my soul that I had always felt was missing. So many new experiences. When I was young and poor, I never could understand why people would spend so much money "traveling." I'd think... you spend how many thousands of dollars? What do you have to show for it? A few pictures of yourself in front of things I can easily google and see for free? Count me out.

One of the most unique dates I've been on happened in Edinburgh during what's called the Fringe Festival. One of my besties [a] lovesssss this festival and trip. Sometimes, months later, he's already planning next year's trip. His enthusiasm about it is what makes me truly enjoy going. He even convinced me to visit Munich in Germany. I think I bitched the entire time about how much I didn't want to be there.

These trips slowly became how I anchored my whole life. When was the next Guys Trip abroad? After the Japan trip these haven't happened. I'm hoping that the next one will be everyone coming out to visit my new home in Rio. Cough cough, fellas... March 17, 2027, seems like a good time to visit. Just saying.

Those trips are the reason I said yes to things I never would have at home, like getting pulled on stage in front of strangers. South America rubbed off on me in other ways, too. I'd picked up a new hobby: petty theft. Nothing serious, just the occasional apple or something small I could easily have paid for. Don't worry, I don't still do this... much.

The Fringe Festival is one of the biggest comedy festivals in the world. Lots of comedians go there to test out their material or make a name for themselves. It lasts several weeks. This date was memorable because it was done on stage as a part of the comedy show called *Never Date a Comedian*. If this book ever gets me into comedy maybe one year I can be one of the comedians you wouldn't want to date.

After all my other dating experiences this wasn't as scary as you'd imagine. They pulled people from the crowd (most of whom had been prearranged) to come on stage. They asked some questions about you, made a few jokes, and introduced the comedians you'd be interviewing for a date.

When it was my turn, they pulled me on stage, my friends cheering the loudest. I used to have stage fright, but I was surprisingly comfortable being on the stage. It did help that I was sitting and the host was doing most of the question asking. I remember thinking, I hope one of them is pretty. Another opinion you didn't ask for: I rarely find female comedians funny. The ones who are aren't what I'd consider my dream match.

I don't consider myself to have a type, per se, but there are certain things I value more than others. A friend I was getting to know once asked, "...what's your type, physically?" In mixed company I answer, "I can find many things beautiful in a woman. What does it for me is what she's most proud of about herself. That's usually where my attention goes." If they press harder, I simply say bunda now.

The nerves didn't really kick in until they started bringing out the comedians. One by one they came out. I would smile and nod in approval. I suddenly became very aware that my expressions were under a microscope, not only from them but from the audience too, who were now focusing on how I interacted with them.

Something you can't exactly see when reading this is that I have an extremely expressive face. It gets me into a lotta trouble trying to hide my emotions in real time. There are numerous photos of me passively judging someone with my eyes. I quickly reminded myself of this fact. I started to feel a bit more nervous than at the start.

Thankfully, to my relief, the last comedian was someone I fancied. I thought she was cute, but not my usual type.

Each comedian started with a greeting/introduction to be funny and start a conversation. Each woman said her bit, I engaged and faked as much interest as I could, and then the next would go. The last one to go was my preferred choice. I won't say exactly how she chose to introduce herself, but she invited me on a tandem bike ride as a getaway from a crime.

As an opener, she couldn't have chosen a better one. Given my new hobby, it triggered an almost instant response to her question: "...Are you down?"

Without skipping a beat, I simply asked, "Front or back?" The crowd let out a huge laugh. Even the hosts, who were comedians themselves, couldn't help but laugh. I felt like I had come a long way from the days I put my foot in my mouth.

After the show we went on a very pleasant date. At some point I'll dig up the photo of the two of us, me overly cheesing with my fucked up teeth.