

But her budding bowling beau had other ideas. When Tuckwiller opened her front door, she found her socially challenged date dressed in a full suit with a bouquet of roses in hand. Tuckwiller was wearing a T-shirt and shorts.

"Needless to say, when he dropped me off afterward, I kinda bolted," she says.

True to geek form, Tuckwiller's date from hell sent her a thank-you card.

Obligatory Dumb Sorority Girl Story

"I've always thought blind dates are best left to blind people," says Steve Willey, senior, U. of Nebraska, Lincoln. "Because I'm an idiot, I accepted."

But Willey was pleasantly surprised to find his date, a sorority girl named Lori, was quite attractive.

"Unfortunately, her wonderful looks sucked every available chromosome from her gene pool, because there were none left for such things as intelligence or the ability to hold in a burp," he says.

In the car, Lori showed off her "got your nose" trick. Once at the movie, Lori bombarded Willey with questions about the complex metaphorical motifs in *Babe*. After, they went to a Greek hangout, where Willey quickly discovered the patron's conversation was, well, Greek to him.

"Having only my beers to talk to, the night ended with me getting so drunk I fell off the barstool."

A week later, Willey's friend asked Lori what she thought of their night together.

"She said I was a poor excuse for a human being."

Obligatory Dumb Frat Guy Story

Not wanting to perpetuate baseless myths and stereotypes (that sorority girls are dumb, for instance) here's evidence that Greek guys can be just as stupid.

"My best friend set me up with her boyfriend's fraternity brother," says Michele Kratochvil, a senior at the U. of Nebraska, Lincoln. "What a mistake."

First, Kratochvil's date arrived bearing, not roses, but a corsage ... to go on a hay ride. But frat boy's sense of appropriateness didn't stop at the florist.

Says Kratochvil: "The fashion police obviously missed him. He was wearing his yellow Big Bird T-shirt and a pair of plaid boxers."

After a strictly literal roll in the hay, Kratochvil was stuck with Don Juan in the middle of a field.

"We had absolutely nothing in common, except that our mutual friends were making out next to us," she says.

Still, Kratochvil's fraternity date tried his best to make conversation.

"The guy insisted on telling me about his gerbils."

Dancing With Myself

Alex Outhred, a senior at the U. of Michigan, not only had a date from hell early in life, but his experience was set to '80s music.

"I was in sixth grade, and I was at my first big dance," he says.

Alex was fortunate enough to have a job as a Ford Model kid, and there were lots of pre-teen knockouts at the Ford kids Christmas party.

"I was dancing by myself. Lots of parents were there, including mine. This girl was in the eighth grade. She was pretty hot and actually asked me to dance. I hadn't danced with a girl before — and she asked me!"

Her name wasn't Rio — it was Heather — but that didn't matter to Outhred. He was just stoked to be doing his bitchin' Springsteen "Dancing in the Dark" moves with an older babe.

HE SAID:
"She was like a walking goddess to me. But I had never envisioned a drunk, obscene goddess."

JAMES WATSON, SENIOR,
 U. OF WEST FLORIDA



SHE SAID:
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MICHELE KRATOCHVIL, SENIOR,
 U. OF NEBRASKA, LINCOLN

Then he heard it: the sound of his parents talking. Before he could throw up any defenses — like, maybe a sound-proof wall — mom belted out, "Oh, my little baby's having his first dance!"

"Heather heard it, I heard it, everybody heard it," Outhred says. "So I looked at this girl with the 'it doesn't matter that she just completely embarrassed me, does it?' look with wide-open eyes."

But his Madonna wannabe stopped dancing, let out a loud huff of air, shook her head and walked away.

Outhred ended up dancing with his mom.

A Sort of Homecoming

High school senior year Homecoming — fertile breeding ground for a date from hell. And James Watson, a U. of West Florida senior, found he not only couldn't go home again, he wouldn't want to.

"Her name was Danielle. She had a great tan, long, dark blond hair, blue eyes, a body by Fisher and was very popular," Watson says.

But looks — even built by Fisher — can be deceiving.

"She was like a walking goddess to me. But I had never envisioned a drunk, obscene goddess."

Watson brought roses, rented a convertible Mercedes and had reservations at a posh hillside resort. But after dinner, Danielle got very intoxicated.

"She started nasty dancing with everybody," Watson says. "Watching her falling all over well-dressed couples, I tried to go to her aid. But she started screaming, calling me all kinds of obscenities. A perfect spectacle."

Danielle ditched Watson, and after spending several hours alone in the expensive hotel room, he went searching for her. Other classmates who were also staying at the resort told Watson she had gone to a party in another room. The party was thrown by two classmates Watson considered mortal enemies.

"I went in the room, and I found her laying in between the two guys, butt-naked, smoking and totally unashamed," he says.

But this date from hell has an epilogue. Watson saw his drunken beauty queen last summer for the first time in 10 years.

"She is 100 pounds overweight and waiting tables at Denny's," he says. "I thought, 'Wow, she did me a favor that night.'"

Additional reporting by Associate Editor Colleen Rush and Assistant Editors Carrie Bell, Melissa Grego and Amy Helmes.

James Hibberd is in a long-distance relationship and wouldn't know a date if it bit him on the butt.



Quest Expert:
Sandra Bernhard

On dates from hell:
"Guys ask me out and when I kinda get into it, they get freaked out and bail. I guess it freaks them out because I'm a little too powerful."

U. Crew Blues

Yes, even *U. Magazine* editors have dates from hell.

Men Are From Mars

On a date with an actor/screenwriter/whatever, the guy launched into a godawful monologue — something bizarre about the cosmos and paranormal crap. When I asked him why he was so interested in all that *X-Files* stuff, he said, "When I was 12, I was abducted by space aliens." Check please!
 — Frances Huffman

Mouth of the Living Dead

My date and I had been drinking red wine for a few hours. Even though I was nervous, we did the whole first kiss thing, and I went

home feeling love was in the air. Then, I looked in the mirror and — GASPI! — purple everywhere. My lips, tongue and teeth were stained from the wine. Meanwhile, my date's teeth were Pearl Drop white. — Amy Helmes

Basic Instincts

My date was bisexual, but I figured that wouldn't be a problem. We were at a club with my straitlaced female boss from a previous job. My former boss blurted out that they were bisexual. "My date's bi too," I said. The two of them then launched a bilateral attack on my date. I was irked, but what's a guy to do? Soon my so-called date was mugging with my old boss right there in the club.
 — James Hibberd

Double Your Pleasure

My date picked me up in a Corvette with

his best friend, and I had to ride on the lap of a stranger. The best friend rubbed my side and whispered in my ear while my date told me how much he enjoyed my company. At the pool hall, I was shown how to hold the cue stick more than once. I finished off my Coors Cutter and made a run for the door.
 — Carrie Bell

Stop Pinching My Penny!

At 11:30 p.m. my boyfriend called, insisting that we go out even though I had to get up early the next morning. Then he suggested I come pick him up. So we spent an hour at a diner. Our bill came to \$1.60, and I suggested we give the waitress an extra tip. He just looked at me blankly and dug into his pocket. He had 30 cents. Needless to say, I dumped his ass that weekend. — Melissa Grego