

Valentine's Day mean to you?

Don't call me 'sweety pie!'

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Forget the flowers. Forget the candy. Please, no cuddly teddy bears. Call me a woman of the '90s, call me cynical, just don't call me shnookums or sweetie pie. I am sick and tired of people crooning and cooing over relationships. Haven't they figured it out yet? Love is not cute. Love is not cuddly. Love isn't giving gifts that will soon be forgotten.

I have had men read me poetry, spout off compliments, shower me with jewelry, give me teddy bears, flowers and various other gifts.

Many objects in my apartment are left over from relationships gone wrong or relationships that never were. Through the years I have collected countless videotapes, a few CDs, a TV and a VCR and a very nice espresso machine. These items are useful for me, but what do the men have to show for it? Empty wallets.

Some girls want to be treated like a princess. They want to be waited on hand and foot. They want a man to dote on them when they use the eye-lash-batting routine and puppy-dog face. These kind of women adore flowers and wait until a man opens the door for them.

I would imagine they even sleep with a picture of their loved one nestled safely between their drooling mouths and feathered pillow.

This sickens me.

I have never understood the obsession with romance. I can't even explain why it is I don't care for it all that much. Perhaps it is because I find most romantic gestures to be superficial. Think about it—are most guys romantic by nature? Not the guys I know.

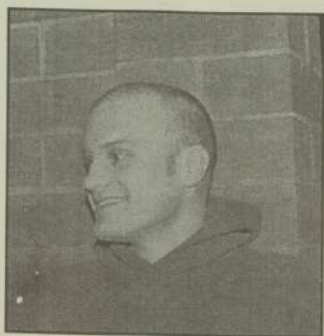
One year for Christmas my grandfather bought my grandmother a wheelbarrow. And my dad purchased a blow-dryer for my mom (not noticing that she already owned one). That is why books and Internet webpages are devoted to giving advice for the "romantically challenged".

Granted not all men are romantically challenged. A friend of mine took his girlfriend skydiving for her birthday. Another friend came down from the Seattle area to surprise the girl he was dating. He sent her on a treasure hunt all over town, from one establishment to another. Clue by clue she would get closer to finding her treasure: him.

Sound romantic? You may think so, but I am not as impressed.

I have always had this little dream about my ideal romantic evening. I would love to go to a McDonalds, pick a table right in the middle of the restaurant, lay out my checkered table cloth and fine china with silverware. Then my date and I would order our hamburger Happy Meals and sit down to have a meaningful conversation about nothing in particular.

Now, that's romantic.



"Happy and fuzzy feelings that keep you on the couch cuddling late into the night!!!"

-Craig Giles



"I don't like Valentine's Day; I think it's a card promo for Hallmark, and they over-exaggerate love."

-Brenda Olsen



"I think the fact that the male suicide rate is the most on valentine's day is pretty !@#\$. "

-Braden Garabaldi

The Print's Pick-Up Lines

10. If you were a booger, I'd pick you first.

4. You must be from Pearl Harbor, baby, 'cause you da bomb!

9. I'd marry your cat just to get into the family.

3. I'll bet you 25 cents that I can kiss you without you feeling it. ::kisses, hands over the quarter::

8. Your legs must be tired 'cause you've been running through my mind all night!

2. Your daddy must be a baker, cause you got a great set of buns!

7. You are absolutely, truly beautiful. Can you cook and clean, also?

AND THE #1 LAME PICK UP LINE...

6. Bond. James Bond.

5. I'm sorry, were you talking to me? (No.) Well, then, start!

1. Baby, I'm no Fred Flinstone, but I can make your Bedrock!

Note: The Print cannot be held liable for any bodily harm incurred in case you actually use these pick up lines.

