

# Chicken Wing?

By Mirinda Bassett



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**H**e called me from the boy's dorm rooms. That should have been my first hint that this wouldn't be a "fancy-dinner-followed-by-a-romantic-comedy" kind of date. I figure that a healthy date stems from flirty glances, the exchanging of cell phone numbers and then (when things are starting to get exciting) witty back-and-forth texting. We skipped all that.

"Can I have your number?" He did have a pretty cute smile. I'll give him that.

"Sure, give me your cell and I'll type it in," I had said.

"I don't have a cell. Just write it down on this paper."

"Ok..."

All that extra Axe Body Spray must have fuzzed my assessment of this cell phone-less,

socially awkward, cute (in a mousy sort of way) dorm boy.

The next day I got the call. My mother always told me to give every guy one chance. So I said yes to a date. One date. One horrific date.

"Which one is yours?" I asked.

"Oh I don't drive a car. Chicken wing?" he asked casually.

Is he asking me if I want to eat at KFC? Are we going to walk there?! My toes are already frozen!

"Um, sure." I mumbled, placing my hand over my grumbling stomach. He nudged me with his elbow, raising his eyebrows.

"It's my arm," he explained.

**"Chicken wing, it's my arm"**

“What’s your arm?”

“The chicken wing. It’s my arm.”

I glanced down at his arm that he was offering to me. Oh, right. I grabbed his arm. If you are going to use a line on me, kid, it’s gotta make sense.

We walked for ages, passing a Subway and a Hogi Yogi. I should have worn a jacket, I complained to myself. By the time we made it to his surprise destination I couldn’t feel my fingers.

“Here we are!” he smiled like my little brother does when we take him to the water park. At least I can finally go inside and thaw, I thought, jealously eyeing his warm gloves.

I turned and saw an outdoor ice rink. I sighed. My fingers were prickly-numb and my stomach ached with hunger.

A few hours later, I was bleeding from one knee and had a bruised tailbone. I was pretty sure my stomach had started eating itself and I felt like at any moment, one of my frozen fingers would break off.

He looked at me with a smug grin as we stood outside my apartment door. “Sorry about your knee. I guess just because I’m awesome at ice hockey doesn’t make me a good ice skating teacher.”

I put on a fake smile and nodded. That had to be the fiftieth time that night that he had

**Did he  
really think  
I was going  
to kiss  
him?**

