



# Not Romantic



## My True Love Ate My Thesis

*Today marks the start of the HSP series on true love. In an effort to explore this, most mysterious of emotions, we interview a series of people about their true loves. Today, we settle down with Bryan in his living room.*

**HSP:** So tell me Bryan, how did you find your true love.

**Bryan:** They always say that you find someone when you least expect it, and that's how it happened with Misty. I was visiting Seattle for a business trip, exploring a neighborhood during a break one afternoon, when she walked by me, and I know it sounds cliché, but our eyes met, and I knew then that she was the only one for me. She was with another man at the time, but I wouldn't let something like that stand in the way of true love – I just followed her home and when the other man was gone, I untied her and we made our escape.

**HSP:** Untied her?

**Bryan:** Yes, of course, you wouldn't leave a beauty like that roaming free on the front lawn. What if she got hit by a car...no that's too awful for me to think of.

**HSP:** I'm not sure I'm quite following... is Misty a...(from the kitchen, one of Bryan's roommates coughs and the words "dog-fucker" are audible.) Right, so Misty's a dog?

**Bryan:** I prefer the term "canine life partner"

**HSP:** I heard my producer mention this – I thought he was joking, but I guess that's what happens when you get bought by Fox – okay, so what's it like dating Misty? It, um, must be awkward in social situations.

**Bryan:** We all have to make accommodations for partners. My friend Gordon once dated this Cambodian girl, and she cooked all this ethnic food, whereas he was more of a 'meat and potatoes' guy, but they made it work. So, the love of my life urinates in public, eats garbage and drinks from the toilet – one gets used to it after a while. I'm sure Misty doesn't like it when I'm at the bar late with my friends or when I forget our anniversary, but she forgives me. And sometimes, you just have to have a sense of humor about it all. I remember once, we were at a dinner party. Well, Misty and the hostess weren't big fans of each other, so Misty got up on the counter, ate the entire 6lb ham this woman had cooked for dinner and then threw it up all over the living room carpet. That Misty!



**HSP:** And what about being 'intimate'?

**Bryan:** Well, we started slow, first just cuddling, then face licking, then, once we were comfortable, on to leg humping, and then...you know. I don't like to kiss and tell, but I can say that things are great – Misty gets frisky all the time – and we don't need any artificial enhancement like peanut butter.

**HSP:** Okay, that's a disturbing mental image, but we'll move on. So, are there any other "couples" you like to hang out with. (at this point, Bryan's housemate shouts something crude at him, and Bryan gets up from his chair)

**Bryan:** Screw off man! Remember that time you dated that fat chick – what was her name...Carly? Anyways, she was a total cow, but did I say anything. No, I just let you do your fat cow in peace.

**Roommate:** Dude, but she wasn't actually a cow. And she wasn't actually that fat...

**Bryan:** Whatever. And Steve, remember that girl you picked up at the bar last summer and fooled around with? Her face was so busted – she had that unibrow and a Tom Selleck moustache. That was no different than doing a gorilla, so lay off of Misty. Anyways, what was the question?

**HSP:** I think this will be the last one - any other couples you two hang out with?

**Bryan:** Right. Well, we tried joining various "Dog Lover" societies, but they're not really on the same level as I am. Sure, they hang out with their dogs, take them to the park, buy them treats, but hell, I do that with my nephew, but I wouldn't call myself a "nephew-lover". Honestly, I couldn't stand those people - no, their mislabeled societies cheapen the love I share with Misty.

That and they revoked my membership when I suggested a swingers event - Misty and I have an open relationship, and one of the people has a Bichon-frise that was totally giving me the eye. You could tell she wanted it by the way she wore that cut off doggie sweater.

**HSP:** Okay, I think that's enough information, thanks for your time!

**Bryan:** Say, you don't happen to have a dog, do you?

