

Dare Me: The Cockroach



As you may or may not know, I'm currently asking readers to email me dares. This month I was dared to go on an OkCupid date and speak in third person only. Since it's almost Valentines Day (and since I'm single), I thought it was most fitting.

I scanned the dating website for my culprit and found a perfect match. He was bald, in his mid 30s and wore thick black-rimmed glasses that sat uneven on his crooked nose. I messaged him a simple note: "Coffee Exchange. Providence. Friday at 6pm. Purple sweater, green boots. In corner."

I headed over to the coffee shop an hour early to secure a corner seat and catch up on some people watching. As I scanned the room, I noticed a pair of thick, crooked glasses and a bald, slightly deformed head. In fact, everything about this guy seemed off; as I got closer, I became overwhelmed by his oddness and got butterflies in my stomach... like the kind you get when you're in love. Just the sight of him ignited the weirdo in me.

"Hi. She is Yosefa. Happy to meet you!" I extended my hand in gesture for a handshake but he took my hand in his and kissed it. "I've been waiting," he said. "Would you like some tea?"

"You were waiting? But, she is an hour early..." Before I could finish the sentence, my date stood up and walked over to get me a cup, never questioning who "she" was.

There were papers covered back to front with illegible handwriting scattered all over the table and his brown, tattered briefcase lay on the floor half open exposing his book collection: *Urban Insects and Arachnids: A Handbook of Urban Entomology*; *Mastering Astral Projection*; *The Love Poems of Rumi*.

He returned looking satisfied. "Here, drink this," he said. "It reduces the risk of esophageal cancer." I smiled. "She loves tea. Yosefa's favorite is Oolong tea. What's yours?" I continued talking about tea in third person and he kept replying like I was speaking normally, never questioning me at all.

Twenty minutes passed and the conversation turned to our shared love of insects. "You know, I'm not exactly normal either," he said with a smirk. "*Duh*," I thought. He stood up abruptly and began to pull down his burgundy red corduroy pants. "I want to show you my cockroach." He proceeded to pull down his pants, first revealing his solar system underwear and then his 12-inch cockroach tattoo.

"Wow! That's amazing. She really likes it!" I exclaimed. He pulled his corduroys back up and tucked in the Einstein shirt with the rip in the armpit. "Yeah?" he countered with a grin. "He really likes you too."

Yosefa Leora is a journalist based in Rhode Island. If you want to present her with a dare, she can be contacted at yomotif@gmail.com or at DareMe Yosefa on Facebook. She can also be followed at [@goagnome](#) on Instagram.

Photo Credit: Yosefa Leora