Cry Me A River

Raegan Hauschildt
One of the greatest blessings in my life is that I look like an idiot. I don't know what it is—maybe it's my round face, my hyper-feminine style, or the high voice I affect, but it must be convincing. Since I discovered the fact that I look dumb, it has become a source of many emotional ups and downs in my life, specifically when it comes to my interactions with men.

Men, on average, seem to agree that I am an idiot. They love explaining to me all the basic aspects of life they have decided I don't understand. No matter how I try to prove my competence through top grades, near-perfect standardized test scores, and leadership positions wherever I can find them, I am still typecast as an idiot. Take, for instance, the first swing dance I attended in college. A guy from my Writing 101 class a year ago asked me if I wanted to dance, and, of course, I responded with the obligatory, "I'd love to!"

"So," he said, pulling me out onto the dance floor, "do you know how to swing dance?"

I thought back on my many years of dance classes I'd taken since I was eight and the four years I taught swing and two-step at a summer camp. "I'm okay!" I said. "Do you know the basic step?" he asked, grabbing my hands and yanking them in and out, while stepping in a circle to what was almost the beat of the music.

Maybe I should have been a little clearer. "Actually, I've been dancing for a while now!" I said with a smile, trying to inject all the laughter and kindness possible into my voice so as not to offend.

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"Oh, well do you know this one?" he said, and yanked up my arm, spinning me the wrong way. As I learned over the course of the dance, he didn't know any other moves. Still, it may have been more fun if he hadn't tried to make conversation. "So what's your major?" he asked.

"English, with a concentration in creative writing and English teaching," I said. I tried to get us back on the beat but to no avail.

"Creative writing? Well, have you heard of the writing fiction work-

"How Many Field Goals in a Touchdown?" and Other Things I Don't Understand

Donna Arganbright