

# Sex and the...

## ...single girl

**Laura Jane MacBeth** finds out what happens when one of her ex-dates reads her column...

This might sound stupid but, when I write my columns, I don't really think about people reading them. And by 'people,' I don't mean the average *Cosmo* reader, who I like to imagine enjoys my overshares, thinking, 'That's so happened to me.' No, I'm talking about the guys whose dating brilliance/oddness/awfulness forms the content. I forget that *they* might actually read what I've written about them. In Laura-world, I write my pieces, you read them, then they evaporate off the page like some kind of reverse invisible ink, and no one gets hurt.

But, as with so many things in life (like thinking I have any sense of direction or 'Maybe I do like wedges'), it turns out I was ENTIRELY WRONG. As I discovered last week.

To recap, SC, as I call him (stands for 'something computery', as in his career) and I dated for a few weeks last year. He was cute, sweet – and equally into me.

Then a little more into me. And then a little *too* into me. It was only six months after my break-up – I wasn't ready, got scared and basically ran away. And then I wrote about it in a column with the unfortunate title 'Dating Sod's Law'.

So when he randomly came across it on a friend's coffee table months later, he wasn't exactly thrilled about my outpourings – as he explained in a sweet but slightly 'disappointed' email. \*Guiltface\*

And, looking back, it probably *wasn't* all that fair. The thing is, when you attempt to sum up a relationship – however brief – in about the length of a tweet, some of the detail gets lost. When, really, he was one of the nicer guys I dated. \*Evenmoreguiltface\*

So from now on, I'm going to bear this he-might-actually-read-this business in mind, and maybe save the major savagings for the less-deserving types out there. Because they're the ones you really need to know about...



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## ...not so single girl

**Jo Usmar** discovers that playing matchmaker with her mates doesn't always work out...

Sometimes I miss dating. The anxiety; the food in my teeth; the finding out that he's nearly-but-not-quite divorced...

Ben and I still go on dates, but when I have food in my teeth, instead of awkwardly looking away he'll secretly take a photo and upload it to Facebook.

My single friends keep me posted on all their dating dramas, but a while ago I realised that wasn't enough. What I *really* wanted was to channel my inner Cilla Black and manage my friends' romantic lives – all narrated internally by the *Blind Date* voiceover man, 'our Graham'.

"Well, Jo," our Graham bellowed in my head, "James\* (Ben's mate) and Claire\* (mine) look like the perfect match. They'll be thanking you at their wedding for this!" I knew with absolute certainty it was a marriage made in heaven. And how convenient for Ben and me if our respective mates started dating!

So no one was more surprised than me when Claire and James didn't hit it off. Or, rather, no one was surprised *except* me. Apparently it should have been obvious that a man who once went on a meat-eating tour of Argentina wouldn't fall for a vegan who doesn't even eat beans.

I blamed our Graham. Still, unabashed, I set up another of my friends with another of Ben's, and this time it *did* go well... for four dates. Then my friend met someone else and wanted to politely offload Ben's mate. Awkward. I bet Cilla never had to deal with this crap. Let alone a boyfriend questioning her matchmaking skills and hissing about her mean mates.

I thought I'd smoothed it over, forgetting that both would be coming to Ben's birthday party the following week. Cue Ben angrily shouting, "You're not Cilla! You can't even sing!"

So the next time one of my friends asks if I know any eligible single men, I've been ordered to say no. But if two people both just happen to meet on the same night in the same place, that's not my fault now, is it?



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