

# Friend Zone: October 14, 2017

Joseph Mack © 2017

5112 Longwood Dr.  
Durham, NC, 27713-8010

Home: (919)-401-2047  
e-mail: [jmack@austintek.com](mailto:jmack@austintek.com)

---

Author's notes to audience

---

0 mins

---

As you can probably tell from my depressed expression, my hang-dog face, my unkempt appearance and my lack of energy, to my astonishment, I've recently and unexpectedly found myself in the friend zone.

Yes, she assures me that she loves me, just as before, and I'm a really, really, nice guy still, as I always was, of course. This is very reassuring, I mean really, but how shall I put it ... delicately ... I mean things are different.

My super organised batchelor pad is unravelling before my very eyes; my laundry hasn't been done, the dishes in my sink are piling up, the kitchen floor has not been swept since this happened, my digestive system is behaving erratically, my sleep schedule is completely shot and I can't get out of bed in the morning.

I haven't read the latest issue of Field and Stream yet, it's just sitting in my living room unopened and I don't even want to go fishing any more. As you can tell, I'm feeling really out of sorts.

I can tell that you're all as flabbergasted and as surprised as I was at this sudden and unfortunate turn of events and you're all dying to know just how it happened.

Well you'll never believe it, but I sound just like her mother.

I don't even know her mother. Her mother was long gone even before I arrived on the scene. Does she think I'm parodying her mother? I've never even met her mother. How could this ever happen to me?

You might think that your men friends would leap to your assistance and be of great comfort here, but let me tell you, they don't leap to your assistance and they're no comfort at all.

As soon as you tell them that she doesn't want to take you home with her, because you sound like her mother, they all go

"Aii!! Do you have to talk when you're doing it? Don't you have better things to occupy yourself with?"

Well I say

"Normally I don't, but she's different. She wants me to tell her what I like about what's going on. So naturally I tell her that I'm enjoying sliding the tip of my penis along the anterior surface of her vagina. She likes hearing that. She starts panting really fast, and moaning. She holds me really tight. "

I can't imagine her mother ever saying that to her.

At that stage you've pretty much lost all the guys. It goes rapidly downhill after that.

"Yeah, that's great. I really like doing that too."

"Me too. That's my favourite part."

"My girlfriend likes it when I cup one of her breasts with my hand."

"Guys, Guys. What about **MY** problem? What am **I** going to do?"

"Hell I don't know. No-one's ever told me I sound like her mother."

I had to think a bit. Eventually I wind up at the website with the international database of reasons why women won't take you home with them. I was hoping for a bit of inspiration, or at least some solace. As you can probably guess, I'm one of the founding members of the database and helped get it started and am one of the main contributors.

I bet some of you women don't even know of the existence of the international database of reasons women won't take you home with them. Well it's secret men's business. I can tell you it's there, because being women, you'll never be able to find it, so the secret of what's in there is safe.

As you can imagine there's hundreds of reasons why women don't want you to go home with them. I've heard every one of them. The database reminds me of every date I've even been on. It's really depressing.

"Sorry, I have to be up at 6am for my yoga class."

"Gee that's too bad. I thought we getting on real well. Would you be OK with you, just getting a couple of hours of sleep?"

"Sorry, my room is a little disorganised. It's not really who I am."

"That's OK. I really don't mind. My room gets messy too sometimes."

"Sorry, I'm feeling a bit overweight right now and I'm embarrassed about my body."

"Don't feel too bad. My pecks aren't anything to look at either. Anyhow we'll be turning the lights out, won't we?"

Try as I may, I've never found a way around any of the problems.

I look on the international database of reasons why women won't take you home with them. On the left side there's the reason, all set out in various categories, so you can easily find the reason you're interested in. ... overweight, too late, too early, busy in the morning, house is a mess. with the number of times its been used. Every reason has been used thousands of times. It's just amazing.

On the right side is list of successful ways of dealing with the problems. It's really depressing. The whole right side is blank. There's not one successful solution to even one of the problems that women have with taking you home with them.

If we can put a man on the moon, you'd think that someone would have solved at least one of these problems by now.

The one I get most often is "sorry I have to go home and feed the cats".

(sound exasperated)

As you can imagine, I'm incredulous. She went to a party by herself and didn't feed the cats before she left?! What was she thinking?!

You know the screens on the dashboard of the newer cars. When you back out of the driveway to leave home, they say "drive carefully".

(sound exasperated again)

They should next say "did you feed the cats?"

I try to be helpful and reassure the woman. She's clearly worried about her pets, and she loves them a lot. I'm a biologist, so I know about these things and I can reassure her about cats.

(exasperated)

"Cats are carnivours, for Christ's sake. They don't eat at regular intervals. As well, they're nocturnal. They'll be up all night. They can wait till the morning."

Nope Snuffy, Wuffy, Muffy, Duffy and Fluffy have to get the treats by 1am or they'll cry all night.

Gees.

(sweetly, realising you're not doing real well.)

"Well that's OK. I'm happy to stand there while you feed them. I like cats. I grew up with cats. I can always rub their chin. I'm sure they'll like me. Cats always like me, really."

"Nope. It will be better if I feed them by myself."

The amazing thing is that I haven't heard a new reason since I was in college. It's always the same old reasons over and over again. Maybe it's because we guys haven't found solutions to any of the problems.

It's always the same old thing.

Well at least till just now.

I've never heard anyone being told that they sound like her mother. Sure enough, I go on the international database, of reasons women won't take you home with them, to find "you sound like my mother" is **NOT** even there. There's not even a category for it. Every other reason has been used thousands of times, but this one hasn't ever been used even once before.

I logged into the international database of reasons why women won't take you home with them, with my username of "James Bond" (I managed to snag that username, because I was on the ball and one of the first subscribers). I added the new entry "you sound like her mother", with time and place it was first used, and with my username proudly next to it. I suggested a new category: "you remind her of dead people she never had sex with". I hit the SUBMIT button.

"HA! I thought. This should start the ball rolling. Someone will be back with a solution in a week."

When I first started dating, I wondered a lot about what was involved in getting a woman to ask you back to her room for the night.

My first idea was that I needed the right clothes. This was a bit of a problem, as I liked practical clothes. But practical clothes don't rate at parties. I remember one time buying a pair of bell bottom jeans because there weren't any regular stove pipe style jeans available. I remember feeling completely ridiculous in them. Sure enough bell bottoms were out of fashion in 6 months and I was left with a pair of almost new jeans I couldn't wear again. Sadly, I realised that if cool threads were the way to find a snuggle bunny, I would spend the rest of my life alone.

My next idea was that at parties, I needed cool moves on the dance floor. The guys with the cool moves, always seemed to be going home with their dates. That seemed a reasonable idea, until I realised that you can't just have one set of cool moves, because they stop being cool after a while. Everyone's seen them. You need to invent new ones after that. I knew with my lack of creativity, that I'd run out of cool moves pretty quickly. I couldn't see this idea getting anywhere either. Besides I already was having enough trouble getting dates for a party.

My next approach was being the strong silent type. I was quiet all right. I was an introvert. On top of that, just about any time I opened my mouth in front of a date, I said something stupid. On the strength front, I was pretty weedy (flex biceps and point to them), and men didn't quake at my approach. So being strong and silent was out.

So since I left college, I've been hearing the same reasons why she doesn't want me to come home with her, over and over. I thought it was my clothes, or my uncool dance moves, or my weedy body.

But it turns out, all these years I've been barking up the wrong tree. I just now I found it's because I sound like her mother. Next I'm going to work on sounding like James Bond. I bet he doesn't sound like her mother. I'll let you know how it goes.

---