

My Fairy Godmother is Lost and Won't Stop for Directions and Other tales of Single Women in the 21st Century

by Anijade

Tales of dating woes that most women can relate to and find the humour in.

Chapter 1: My Fairy Godmother is lost and won't stop for directions.

Chapter 1 of 1

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It's far too early in the morning and I am at work already. You know your day is never going to start out well once something like that happens. It's not that I hate my job; it's that I hate my boss, and I am reasonably certain the feelings are mutual. I'm Sadie by the way, and today is for bemoaning my life as it is. Funny thing is--or maybe it's sad--that a lot of my friends are in the same boat as I am, and I would love to know how we got here.

This morning started out pretty typically, at least for me: get up, shower and get dressed. Have a mild panic attack when I think I have missed the bus. By the time I got to work, I was regretting getting out of bed, but alas, the bills must be paid and this job already doesn't pay enough. So after a thrown together breakfast (since I am not a morning person anyways), I actually sat down to work. Yes, I know, an amazing feat for the chronically exhausted, but hey, what can I say?

Thankfully the day brightened when my lifeboat companion, Jane, popped in to say hi and to remind me how much she hates her job (and I think her boss). I, of course, agreed that her job sucks and that her boss is a biotch. How I could I not, even though I have never met the woman. Just the stories I have heard have led me to this conclusion. Somehow during our conversation, I realized that my fairy godmother in life hadn't shown up yet and I think that I should be a little concerned. Jane, of course, agreed, and I settled in to write a letter to Fairy Commission to find out where the hell our fairies are.

Dear Fairy Commission,

I am writing regarding the fairy godmothers that have not arrived yet for my friend, Jane Saunders, and I. It's been nearly three decades and still nothing. We have tried to be patient. Honestly, thirty years have been more than generous when it comes to waiting. Please let me know what is going on before I have to file a complaint.

Sincerely,

Sadie Marshall

Satisfied with my letter, I sent it off and awaited a response that will hopefully get Jane and I back on the right path of life. Finally, my day ended, and I headed home to work on homework and chat online with friends. I admit that I lead a very quiet life, and for the most part, I like it this way, but there is just something that leaves me feeling incomplete and I have had enough.

Meanwhile Jane was on a date. Jane is a good dater. However, the men she goes on dates with—well, they leave a lot to be desired. I knew that she would give me the details of the date when she was headed home, and sure enough, the phone rang a lot earlier than I had planned for it to. The following was our conversation:

Sadie: Hello?

Jane: Girl... I have to tell you...

At this point I had already started laughing. With Jane, I knew that if she started the conversation like that, then the date in question had been a doozy, and I was going to get a real tickle from her coming tale.

Sadie: That good, huh?

Jane: Well let me tell you... he was late.

Sadie: Late? Well that's not a great way to make an impression. Did he give a reason? How much later are we talking here?

Jane: He was thirty minutes late, didn't call and arrived talking on his phone. I was not impressed. Then on top of that, I had taken a table already in the sun because I want to work on my tan, and he had the nerve to ask me to move.

She sighed dramatically and paused before continuing her tale. I was snickering in the phone, trying to be an understanding friend.

Jane: Well, because he was so late, I had already ordered and he wasn't pleased with that... not sure why though; he was the late one. He didn't even apologize. Just said there was a lot of traffic. So... yeah, we talked, and he started going on about how he had known today was going to be a good day, and then I asked him how he knew this and this is what he said: "I got up this morning and looked myself in the mirror and said, 'You are a sexy man and today is going to be a good day.'"

I snorted over the phone and started to giggle.

Sadie: Are you serious? Was he serious?

Jane: He said it with a straight face, and thank god I had my sunglasses on, because I don't think I would have been able to keep a straight face otherwise. Later in the conversation I told him that I didn't think we were compatible, and he said it was just an off day for us, but really, Sadie, it was only our second date and I told you about the first one already.

Sadie: Well, you don't have to see him again. Not that you really want to anyway.

Jane: Yeah, that's a relief. An off day? What a joke.

We talked for a little longer before we realized how late it was. Saying goodnight, I headed upstairs to bed. To my surprise, there was a letter waiting for me on my pillow. I opened it with a little trepidation. Unfolding the paper, silver glitter fell out onto the floor, and I read the contents.

Dear Ms. Marshall,

Your letter spurred an inquiry into the location of yours and Ms. Saunders' fairy godmothers. From the looks of it, they are apparently lost and we are currently taking steps to find them. I will keep you updated about this situation.

Thank you for letting us know about this incident.

Sincerely,

Titus Mayweather

Director of Fairy Services

My fairy godmother is lost? What the hell?