

Michael Sobrepera
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Gillham
American Studies

Failures and Rejections of Michael Sobrepera

Doy!! You Moron

Ok, so it has already been established that I, along with the rest of my generation, am a moron; and I really am. Rejection can come in a number of forms; it can be painful rejection, it can be oh whatever rejection where you don't really care about being rejected, it can be a funny rejection, it can be an "oh I'm a total moron" rejection, or so many more. This story is about me and an instance of both funny and total moron rejection.

So over the summer I met a girl on my church's mission trip (come on now, you knew that was coming, I'm a guy talking about rejection; must have something to do with a girl), she was nice and we hung out quite a bit, seemed like a good thing. So around August we started talking and it was really pretty funny, she started playing around, said that she had been thinking about me and wanted me to guess what she had been thinking. Of course I knew this was probably bad, and so I jumped around the question for a while, then decided to hell with it, and played back. I told her that it must be something "flirtatious" a word I felt had a certain amount of inherent security, which would hopefully prevent me from getting into too much trouble. She responded saying yes it was flirtatious, but to guess as to more specifics. Once again to avoid trouble (as I am supremely qualified at making trouble) I sidestepped her question and told her that I had thought about asking her out at some point, but had not had the opportunity. The truth is

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that I had thought about it, but being the failure at social life that I am had not. She said that she had just wanted to know what I thought she was thinking.

We didn't talk much more after that, until mid-December, when she sent me a text, asking if I wanted to hang out. I said sure, and we fell into a pattern of figuring out a time and a place to meet up, and her then not being able to show up. I thought that this was probably bad, but being the social failure that I am, I was hopeful that it was just my imagination. Eventually we got to the point where we had decided on a movie to watch and everything, when I said we should meet up at a certain theater (one which was close to her, as she lives across the county from me, but still large) she said that she would prefer a different theater (one which was smaller, and which upon researching, I found was the hangout for her school). Then upon asking her where I should pick her up, she said that she would prefer to walk; now I knew that this was bad, but what was I going to do? either say forget it, or hope that I was wrong and there was nothing wrong. So of course I decided to go along with it, knowing that this was bad.

So I showed up at the theater and being the gentleman that I am, I bought her a ticket, she showed up rather close to the time the movie was supposed to start, and according to information from my amazing creeper parents who had taken it upon themselves to spy outside the theater, she got out of a car followed by a short and rather stout guy. When she walked in, I gave her, her ticket, and we almost immediately ran into her ex-boyfriend; and here is where I said OH SHIT (yup I just typed that, filters are overrated). He said that his group hadn't shown up, and the girl suggested that we should sit with him, a notion which I simply ignored, while shooting him a dirty look. He then

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said that it was ok and meandered off. When we went into the theater, guess what, we ended up next to him and she ended up texting him; this is where I simply said to myself forget this (using a different word starting with f; filters aren't quite that overrated) and watched the movie. During watching the movie I thought back, how she had said various different things; about how she didn't care what we did, as long as we were together, and on and on; and about the events finally leading up to us meeting up, and said Doy!! YOU MORON... how did you not see that she wasn't playing with you, but rather playing you? Anyhow the funniest thing is what I was maddest about at the end... the fact that I had spent the seven dollars to buy her a ticket. And in the end it was a feeling of... wow you're an idiot and REJECTED (in the announcer's voice), and a tad bit of disappointment in my social ineptness.

This is only one instance in my many rejections and failures, specifically within the social sphere, and there are undoubtedly more to come. Because with someone like me, denial and failure is just part of life.

In the Next installment of failures and rejections of Michael Sobrepera, Michael Sobrepera will discuss his failures within the realm of vocab tests, and rejections pertaining to his lack of writing prowess