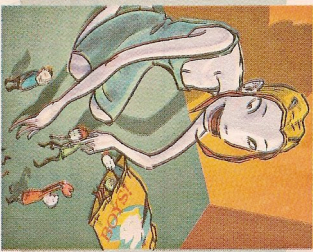


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### FOOTBALL KICKOFF

Get a look around the area as Tennessee high school teams open football practice.  
SPORTS, D1



'SINGLE IN CHATTANOOGA' COLUMNIST GIVES HERSELF 30 DAYS TO FIND A DATE  
LIFE, E1

WEATHER  
Very hot  
High: 96  
Low: 73  
DETAILS, C6



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TO GIVE THE NEWS IMPARTIALLY. WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR

44 PAGES 6 SECTIONS • • • 50

# Life Tuesday

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Tuesday, August 1, 2006

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## Single on a mission The countdown is on: 30 days to find a date

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Read *Carl Gerwin's* daily blog posts as she tries to meet a guy in 30 days at [www.tfponline.com](http://www.tfponline.com).

I know there's a whole month left of summer. I know it's hot and sticky and miserable outside. I know baseball won't end for another three months. Still, I can't help feeling like fall is almost here.

Maybe it's all the fantasy-football previews I see in magazines, or maybe it's the yellow leaves on the tree across the street that have been falling on my car each night. Weather notwithstanding,

it feels like summer is drawing to a close, and with it, the utter failure of my master plan. That plan, you may or may not recall, was to utilize "Dating for Dummies" in an attempt to find, meet and date someone.

Nothing has happened. I've been to Nightfall and to Riverbend. I've gone to innumerable art openings, fundrais-



**Carl Gerwin**  
Single in Chattanooga

ers, bars, restaurants and shows. I've flirted with cute single guys at weddings and baseball games. Guess how many men have asked me out?

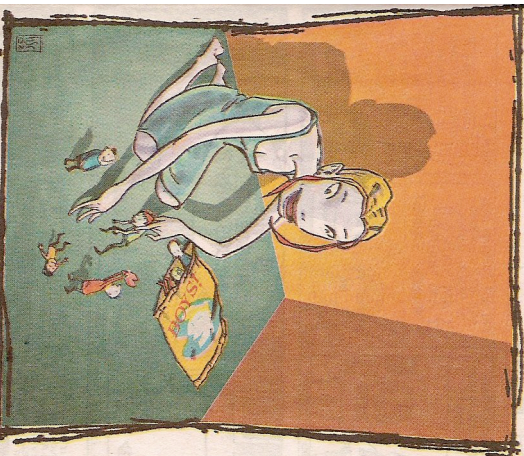
One. And he never even called. Obviously, I am doing something wrong. I have several theories about this:

- A. No one wants to date me because I write a dating column.
- B. There are no eligible men in this city because they are all married.
- C. There are eligible men in this city, but none of them are interested in me.

D. An increased workload and increased freelance responsibilities have left me too tired to seem interesting when I go out.

E. Nerfrix is evil. An addiction to catching up on "24" and "Gilmore Girls" means I don't even want to go out anyway. Last summer I had all sorts of romantic drama going on.

This summer, every time I meet someone, nothing happens. Like one night in June, I spent a whole night entranced in conversation with a smart, attractive man at the Meeting



McCLATCHY NEWSMAKERS

See MISSION, Page B6

# Mission

● Continued from Page E1

Place. At the end of the night, he walked me to my car. Did he try to get my number? No. He just walked away.

I am trying to learn from my mistakes, however.

After that particular fellow blew me off, I headed to Chattanooga Billiards Club, where I ran into a coworker. I told her the story of what happened, and she shook her head.

"Well, it's obvious. He's just not that into you," she said.

"I know," I replied.

"No, seriously. He's. Just. Not. That. Into. You. Haven't you read it?"

"Um, no," I admitted.

"But you're the dating columnist!" she said. "How can you not have read 'He's Just Not That Into You?'"

Depressed that my crush didn't like me and exhausted from staying up too late, I dragged myself to Barnes & Noble the next day and bought the book.

"He's Just Not That Into You," which has been a best-selling dating advice book for the past year, really boils down to one point — if a guy doesn't call you or ask

you out, or e-mail you back, or treat you well, or want to marry you, or want to be with just you and only you, he's not into you.

While it seems like a simple idea to grasp, it really does not help to be hit over the head with it repeatedly.

Like every woman I know, I have spent my (dating) life obsessing over why he didn't call or why he didn't try to kiss me or why he acted like a complete jerk, and then making excuses for the man in question.

Maybe he lost my number. Maybe he was feeling tired. Maybe I did something wrong.

According to the book, I am just wasting my time and energy, because if a guy likes me, he WILL call. If he doesn't, you're better off without him.

After I read the book, I promised myself to stop obsessing the next time I met someone. When I was at the Bluewater Grille a few weeks ago and met a man who did ask me out, I tried to forget about it. When he never called, I almost didn't care.

Unfortunately, one problem remains — the book has absolutely no suggestions on where to find a man who is that into

you.

I remain hopeful that one week I will run into some acquaintance at Nightfall who will happen to have a cute, smart, funny, single friend with them.

Of course, Nightfall only comes once a week. And once September ends, it's back to another fall of trying to meet guys while watching football games. And that hasn't worked so well in the past.

Luckily, I found a Plan B while buying groceries.

There it was, "How to Meet a Man in 30 Days," on the cover of the July issue of Cosmopolitan. The day-by-day guide promises, "One month and you'll be juggling more hotties

than you can handle."

I don't know how many "hotties" I want to handle — one would be just fine — but I'm going to give it a shot. By the end of August, I'm going to have a date!

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