

A CONSULTANT'S GUIDE TO SOUL MATES

I think Chris Rock said it best during his blurb about friendships with women. Help, I'm in the friend zone!! rings through my ears to this day. He speaks about meeting a girl and propositioning her for sex on the spot. If not, then you're seen as that sweet guy who is the perfect friend for her. After your in this position with a girl (and I use that term loosely), you'll never be able to change it. Okay, Chris Rock did a much better job of making his story intoxicating to the crowd (and I still laugh whenever I think about that skit). But that skit has a lot of validity to it. What does a guy have to do to prevent such an issue running rampant in all of his encounters with a new woman? The answer is simple . . .

NOTHING!!

There are a lot of people out there who believe that there is one perfect person out there for everyone. A soul mate, if you will. This comes as a little depressing to me. With my luck, my soul mate is probably living in some cave in Afghanistan, helping Osama Bin-Laden elude the United States' Special Forces troops in the mountains. She doesn't even know I exist.

I'd like to see myself as more of an optimist rather than pessimist, and as such the previous theory just doesn't do it for me. In my mind, there must be multiple soul mates for a particular person. Hundreds, maybe even thousands of possibilities for me. And that is a bit more settling to my conscience than the mystical single-person theory.

So what's the catch? If there are so many different opportunities to meet the woman of my dreams, the woman that completes me as a person, then why haven't I found her already?!?! My guess is that I have already met this person, or many people for that matter, that fulfill my needs as a female-dependent, single male in society. Narrowing down the number of variables into constants (that would be me and the potential soul mates), there is only one more variable that needs to be addressed: timing.

Timing is everything. In basketball it could mean the difference between making the game winning three-point shot before the buzzer and going home in defeat. Making scrambled eggs will never go well unless you break the shells first. It just doesn't work that way. Putting on your shoes before your socks leaves a lot to be desired . . . Okay, enough of the examples. On with the countdown.

Everything changes, including people. Whether you like it or not, you're probably different now than you were say, ten years ago, or even ten months ago. Our likes, dislikes, opinions, and thoughts, change like the seasons. If this is the case, then there is a certain window of opportunity that needs to be open during the time you meet your soul mate to be before you two can really hit things off and do the soul mate thang. A synchronicity needs to be present before you two can really hit things off. Unfortunately, this synchronicity is a lot more complex to achieve than it seems.

You know what really makes me angry, is that there are people out there, both guys and girls, who are pretending that they are something that they're not, just to get in-good with the object of their affection. I guess I'm being a little rash seeing as I used to be one of those people. The hawk in the chicken coup; scoping out prospective prey, oblivious that I was saying and doing things that I knew would catch her fancy. And now karma comes around and bites me in the ass, throwing the proverbial wrench in my works!! I can only imagine nowadays that my potential soul mate could be laughing it up with some slick bastard that is using my interests, feelings, and opinions, as a front to get her into the sack . . . Okay, Jase . . . take a deep breath . . . Whew!! That was a close one. I'm much better now.

In all seriousness, though. The best advice I can give you right now, seeing as I haven't found my now time-dependent soul mate is to just be yourself. Could you imagine meeting the woman of your dreams

under a cloak of a secret guise, only to realize that she loves you for the man you are not? Call me Mr. Optimist, but I have nothing but hope that there will be someone out there that sees me as who I am, for who I am . . . eventually.

It's hard to tell whether opposites attract or if moron–twins are destined for each other. I've seen too many examples of both instances. But I can tell you this much. I'm living my life, meeting as many people as I can. Are they my soul mates? Who knows? I have a bunch of girl friends now (not to be mistaken with a girlfriend) that I can hangout with in the meantime. If things change, and one or more of my friends become something more than friends to me, then more power to me. But with time on my side, who says I can't break out of the friend zone?

Written by: Jason Bengson, September 5, 2002