Dr. Kev’s Love Advice

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Dear Dr. Kev,

I had been seeing a girl for half a week or so before Valentine’s Day. I didn’t think things were that serious. I decided to take her out to a bar near her workplace for V-Day. It’s not fancy, but it isn’t Popeye’s either. Apparently she was expecting more. She’s been mad about it ever since. What should I do?

Sincerely,

Far From Fancy

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Ah, Valentine’s Day: when every downtrodden wage-slave must gather their pennies and kneel to the high priests of Hallmark and cloth napkins. It’s a dimly lit affair with couples mumbling over Cobb salads and rail Martinis. The server’s languid suit drips off his shoulders as he seats you at a table near the kitchen. Exposed brick dotted with Monet reproductions line the dining hall. A nearby couple argues over the validity of a gifted yoga class: “You think I’m getting fat, don’t you?*”*

The menu's in Italian, or Latin or something; I don’t know, I opted out of Spanish for wood shop in high school. Some guy is flirting with his server while his girlfriend freshens up: “Oh, another putter, again this year. That’s nice, I guess.”

This entree smells like feet. Is it supposed to smell like feet? I’m sorry, but I couldn’t read the menu. It's in, like, French or something so I just pointed at it and showed it to waiter.

“A yoga class? You’re not even attracted to me anymore are you?” Golly gee willikers, isn’t Valentine’s Day romantic?

By now, you’re like “Dr. Kev, I came here for advice, not your downer, socialist drivel. And how are you still single, AMIRIGHT?” My apologies — it looks like someone has a case of the Mondays.

I'll cut out this gloomy-glen nonsense and get back to the topic at hand. It seems you’ve eaten yourself into a corner and your lady isn’t feeling it. To fix this, we need to know more specifically why she’s upset. Is she mad that didn’t put enough thought into a romantic evening? Or was your bar food unable to keep up with the Joneses as they Instagramed their foot-scented three course?

**Something Special**

So you messed up Valentine’s Day. Whateves. Try planning a day just for her. Whatever she’s into, whatever she’s passionate about, plan a whole day around that. Since I don’t know her, I can’t give you any specifics. But whatever it is, don’t judge her for it. She artsy? I’m sure the Walker has something interesting to ogle and contemplate. She an animal person? How about a jaunt to a local sustainable farm, or a zoo tour with access to all the backroom smells and sights. Mostly smells. Is shopping her hobby (like all good capitalists)? Lucky for you, we’ve got the biggest indoor shopping/indoctrination center in the country. Is she so white and cultureless it’s painful? Go to a big Chinese buffet where she can fill her plate with mashed potatoes and dried out pizza. You get the point. Make it about her.

**Simple Answer**

She’s mad because you didn’t take her out for a nice dinner, right? So, take her to a nice dinner, stupid. Just the two of you mumbling over Cobb salads and rail Martinis. Skip the chain spots — Olive Garden isn’t fancy. Scope out a nice little spot with Yelp reviews that glow so brightly they could light a stadium. Pro tip: ask the chef to make something in her entrée heart-shaped. It’s a move so corny and disarming that it could make the most jaded Lifetime movie network executive swoon.

Hope this helps. Until next time, I remain,

Your friend,

Dr. Kev