**One Bad Investment- When High Finance Meets Dating**

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If I were to sketch a Discounted Cash Flow model for the acquisition of my ex as a potential target, he would fail miserably by all accounting principles. Not only was his romantic growth rate as slow as his pace (when it came to our relationship) but his patient attitude required a high dose of hallucinogenic drugs to come to the level of that CEO of Twitter who doesn’t pay Google’s bills.

Once I tried to calculate my ex’s market cap in MS Excel. Unfortunately, I received an error message. On the trading floor of love, our Captain was too busy to have any outstanding shares in the market. (Let me accept that all his heart, veins and arteries had already dried up in quenching the thirst of a girl who remained perennially unamused by all mortal capacities.)

My bygone love was also bad as a stock. (Ah well, I was a bad trader) His share price was as inflated as his ego. The stock exchange rated him as an honest, dedicated, hardworking guy, and his office did too. (I brought an office guy to the house.) The recession revealed he was but a syrup-savoured ornamental stock, the kind you buy for the children’s portfolio to boost your capacity to throw money down the drain as you trip up the stairs to your Sunday club. ‘I believe in falling,’ you mutter as you hold by your Graham rules of investment which your octogenarian self has so proudly come to accept as values and ethics. ‘Graham was a great man. I met him in a bookstore.’ ‘Yes, Sir, great indeed!’

Once, I hired a professional investment manager to navigate the process of trading my tall, muscular holding. He came with many an unrealized loss stemming from his childhood, the manager pointed out sadistically as if to suggest that the reliable market of cat memes and avocado toasts would have been a better fit.

‘I told you he is a bad stock.’

‘But you also told me I’m a good trader?’

To this day, I curse the app I met him on. I would wish the app curses itself too for having listed him, but why would it? The broker earned his high-frequency trading commission as he left me in peril on the banks of liquid pearls. Amidst the balance sheets of love, my ex’s liabilities outweighed his assets, leaving me stranded in a sea of financial heartbreak.

Did I tell you that both Credit Suisse and my ex-honey pass the Fed’s stress test revolving around hypothetical ideas of finance and love only to fail in reality? At this point, I'm confused about whether to sympathize with my ex or the bank. There are not many differences between the two.

Now, there are fixed asset stocks, stocks that are not exactly great but know how to pay back. My stock is not one of them. The only fixed asset my ex got is his comical self and no one in our local theatre is ready to hire him. It is also not something he can sell to pay me back.

There are walking-talking stocks that file for bankruptcy and relieve their holders of an aeon-long confusion. My stock is also not one of them. He still believes in his value to the stakeholders and his ability to never be wrong, turn around, divide (me) and conquer.

Let me tell you what my ex was. He was an AT1 security meant not to benefit the holder but to empower the business of ex-banking.

I wish insider trading were legal in dating, or maybe it is. Let’s wait until I’m charged for securities fraud on the next date.