Dwight never had a way with the ladies. He was always that weird kid in the playground picking his boogers, or the strange man sitting in the diner booth next to you, eating alone and laughing at his own thoughts. Sure, one could have these strange characteristics but still be found to be charming or interesting to someone, however it didn’t help that Dwight didn’t have any necessarily good looks either.

It bothered Dwight that he had never been with a woman before. As he finished high school and eventually college, he felt like something was missing. All around campus people were canoodling and showing affection to their significant other while Dwight was always alone. Every time he had tried to talk to a girl in the past, he stumbled on his words and came off as a dork. One night he gathered enough courage to go out to a party. He had heard about it from some kid in his Sociology class and decided tonight would be the night that he would finally talk to a girl.

At the party, he remained shy and stayed in his corner, afraid to go up to any girl. He didn’t know what to say, how to act, what to do. *What if I embarrass myself?* he thought, *what if I spill my drink on her, or worse, what if I get a drink thrown in my face?!* When the party got a little more lively, he thought that would be the perfect opportunity; it was loud enough to where no one could hear him make a fool of himself, and crowded enough so that if anyone *did* hear him make a fool of himself, he could slip away almost unnoticed.

On the futon opposite his corner, Dwight spotted Angela, a girl he’d known for a few years now, having had multiple classes with her. He always thought she was cute but never acted on it. He decided now was his chance. He started walking over to her and as he was walking he thought of what to say. The only thoughts that popped into his head seemed to him too dumb, or too weird and by the time he got to her he had absolutely no idea what he was going to say. As he stopped in front of her however, the words just started pouring out. And not just any words, good words, flirtatious words. Immediately he could tell Angela was intrigued but he didn’t even know how these words were coming out of his mouth. Dwight didn’t have any control of them, his mouth had a mind of its own.

After a successful conversation with Angela, her and Dwight exchanged numbers and went their separate ways. Dwight was lost, he didn’t know what just happened. *It must’ve been a fluke*, he thought, *there’s no way those words came out of my mouth*. As he was standing there deep in his thoughts, he began to notice girls passing by him, looking him up and down in a seductive manner. Every girl that passed couldn’t help but to stop and admire him. Dwight thought someone must have been playing a practical joke on him and everyone at the party was in on it.

Feeling confused, Dwight rushed out of the party to see if he was as charismatic to any random girl on the street. As he paced the streets, he noticed girls catching glimpses of him, chatting to their friends about him and giggling, giggling in the best way possible. After a few short minutes a beautiful brunette walked up to him, asking him his name. The conversation started flowing and Dwight realized in this moment that his entire world got flipped upside down. For the first time in his life, girls were attracted to him. He didn’t know what caused this supernatural power to be bestowed upon him, but he didn’t complain either. From that day forward, Dwight never spent a single night sleeping alone.