

## *Swipe Left*

I have mixed feelings about dating services. Half of me supports them because of their ability to connect people who may have never found love organically or ever met each other and the other half of me doesn't trust them. I truly believe dating services have created loving, lasting relationships, but at the same time I also believe dating services hinder society's communication skills and honestly makes asking someone out on a date way too easy, especially when half the time a "date" is "Netflix and chill". Dating apps have also created a lot of uncomfortable situations. Not so different from what Tinder felt like to me: a series of awkward, regretful encounters.

Being that I have mixed feelings about dating services, what better candidate for Tinder than me? I decided to use tinder for a couple of weeks and go out on as many dates as I could stand. And so, I went on one date.

I will call this boy flip flops because that's what he wore with a plaid button down and khaki pants - flip flops. Because the first thing I noticed were his flip-flops, I was a little leery of whom this boy really is. My prejudgments were immediately wiped blank when he opened the car door for me. I can count the amount of times a boy has opened the car door for me on one hand with one finger. He took me to a Chinese restaurant I had never heard of before where I ordered chicken fried rice while we talked about the typical first date dinner conversations: dogs, rape and our families. Dinner was quick either because rape isn't a conversation people want to have for a long period of time or because I was done with my meal after five bites. He paid for dinner without making me feel awkward so he got an additional 5 points in my book. We drove back to my apartment where I thought he was just going to drop me off, but he parked.

During our dinner conversation, I learned that he is currently living with his grandparents, so it made sense why he basically invited himself over. I wasn't 100 percent on board with Flip Flops coming up because... sex. And I didn't want to. (Ironic dinner conversation) As it turned out, he was just as much of a gentleman as he was with the whole car door-opening thing. He didn't try anything except for play with my hair and scratch my arms. "Play with my hair and I'll love you forever," said some girl somewhere. I walked him back to his car a few hours later and that's where he made his move. He asked if we were going to kiss and I said, "Um I guess." Because how am I *really* going to know if I want to see him again unless I get a quick preview? We planned a second date, but next time I hope he wears closed toes shoes.

Although I only went on one date, I ran into my "Tinder boys" all over town. One huge downfall of Tinder is when I matched with someone, even if we didn't message, I felt like I knew them and couldn't decide whether to say hi or pretend like I didn't swipe right. It's similar to the friend of a friend that you know only through Facebook stalking them.

Overall my experience with Tinder was positive, but only because I know it is over. The terrible pick up lines make me worried for the current men of our generation and the younger ones who have grown up with a phone in their hand, but then again we all know what Tinder is for and a serious relationship is not that.

