

# ***BUGGIN' OUT!***

## **Newsletter**

Applying Biblical Truth and Humor to the Struggle.

### **The Deconstruction of Mr. Right**

In my earlier, more rebellious days, my buddy Richard and I implemented a sort of "rating system" by which, on a scale of one to 10, we would judge the desirability of men we met. In the name of fairness, every man would start out a five. He then would either earn or lose points based on what we liked or disliked about him.

It always dumbfounded me how yesterday's Ten would end up tomorrow's Two. How could a man who made me shiver with desire and who appeared to be everything I wanted in a lover, turn into such a disappointment? After I met Juan, I decided to keep a journal to track what was going on:

**Jan. 1<sup>st</sup>**- Just met this cute guy at Harold's New Year's Eve party. His name is Juan. He is so hot! I should start him out as a "10" but, keeping with tradition, I gave him a "5". However, he instantly gained favor for returning my eye-contact and for liking me back, so I moved him up to a "6".

**Jan 19th**-I nudged Juan up to a "7" today after I found out we both liked Janet Jackson's "Rhythm Nation" C.D.

**Jan 28th**- I moved him to an "8" this afternoon because he rubs my back a lot, maintains minty breath around the clock, and says he can't fall asleep at night unless I have my arms wrapped around him.

**Feb 25th**- I had no choice but to advance Juan to a "9" today after he melted my heart by introducing me to his buddies as his "friend, best friend, soul mate and lover".

**Mar 10th**- He reached perfection last night when he surprised me by fixing my leaking bathroom faucet and for confessing he gets jealous when I talk to other people.

**Mar 18th**- I can't believe it is possible, but today Juan exceeded perfection and achieved "11" status when he told me he couldn't live without me and then invited me to share his apartment and his life with him. Finally, I have found Mr. Right.

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Apr 14th- Mr. Right lost a point last night when he didn't come home until five in the morning. When I pressed for details, he told me it was my low self-esteem worrying and to just trust him. (Anyone else would have lost more than a point here, but I've grown very comfortable in our relationship, so I decided to go easy on him.)

Apr 23rd- Juan dropped to a "9" this morning when I desperately needed to use the bathroom and he wouldn't let me in until he was done styling his hair (35 minutes).

May 1st- Last night in bed, he fell asleep as I was telling him about my day so I lowered him to an "8".

May 11th- He plummeted to a "7" this evening when I had to hold his hand while he vomited after drinking margaritas and beer earlier at Harold's house. Irritably, I sank him one more notch to a "6" when he kissed me after vomiting.

May 29th- He crept back to his original "5" this morning when I did his laundry and, in his pocket, I found video tokens to operate the viewing booths at *Erotica Video Arcade*. He seemed annoyed and stated he just went there to kill time and that nothing happened.

June 8th- I had no choice but to sink Juan to a "4" today when his infidelity was confirmed after I noticed we were suddenly scratching ourselves a lot. He brought home crabs.

June 20th- He fell to a "3" for getting a mood swing and not talking to me all evening because I served him his hamburger medium-rare instead of well-done.

July 4th- Although I should have left Juan back when he was a "4", I stuck with him and paid the price when he dropped to a "2 ½" for casually mentioning, in front of my friends, that I once ordered Viagra on line.

July 6th- Out of nowhere, he has started criticizing my friends and claiming they are all using me. I was forced to bring him down to a "2", when he told me that he forbids me to hang out with them.

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I stayed with *Juan the Two* out of respect for our past and because no eights or nines were beating down my door. And just when I thought things would improve, he called me *Paul* (my name is Robert) and slipped to a "1".

I knew the inevitable end was nearing when he popped on headphones while traveling on the bus with me. I now saw him as a big fat zero.

One afternoon as we got out of the car to pump some gasoline, I noticed the attendant checking out Juan. They started to talk and I could see them both exhibiting that "gottahaveya" gleam in their eyes. I saw them swap phone numbers.

I wanted to walk over and warn the poor attendant that Juan is a farce...nothing more than a 2 in 9's clothing, but I decided to just let life take its course.

As I tossed my last suitcase into the taxi, I gave one final look at Juan's apartment. My mind raced back to the night we first met. It was a time of great hope and promise for me. It was going to be a chance to end the loneliness and to establish intimacy. And then, for the first time, I wondered if Juan had been keeping a journal on me and, if so, how I had fared. It hit me that when you peel away our manly looks, matured bodies and confident attitudes, we are all just little boys still looking for our daddies in other little boys still looking for their daddies. And when we see the grown up male body, we see our "10". And through the process of intimacy, we get to know the little boy inside it, our "2". We have two guys with the same deficit, looking to each other for fulfillment. Logically, it cannot and it does not work, and the search for completion in the proverbial Mr. Right goes on. And on. And on...

Why do we continually search in earnest for that "special one"? I believe the answer is simple. We are afraid to have wasted our younger lives searching for what does not exist, hungering for what does not satisfy, and thirsting for what does not quench. Most of us suffered intensely for so many years, that it seems just reasonable to dedicate at least as many years searching for the love we crave, the acceptance we need, and the special friend we've only dreamed about.

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Mr. Right is the man we eagerly search for to give us purpose, identity and, above all, love. We come to learn though, that he is not a person we can find. Rather, Mr. Right is someone we can become to others by dying to ourselves and allowing Jesus to love them through us.

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