



blindsided

Dating a stranger can be an eye-opening experience.
By Claire Sulmners



TALK ABOUT the blindest date ever. Before I arrived at Rosa Mexicano restaurant in Manhattan, I had absolutely no idea whom I would meet. Would my date be fine like Morris Chestnut, funny like Chris Rock or around the way like Lil Wayne? I didn't know! The only information I could weasel out of my tight-lipped friends was that my date was "cute." All I could think was, "What did I get myself into?"

When I arrived at the point of rendezvous, I looked around: no sign of anyone with the signature yellow rose we were both supposed to carry to identify each

other. I decided to drop my coat and bags at coat check, and when I glanced to my left I immediately saw a handsome young man sitting comfortably with a single yellow rose in his hand. It had to be him. He stood up...tall and slim. He must've clocked in at six-foot-five" or more. I might've been nervous before, but Kwesi's bright smile and attractive style put me at ease.

Once at our table I started the cross-examination: Where are you from? What do you do? Red or grape Kool Aid? My interrogation style put him off a bit—he said, "I feel like I'm in a job interview!" My

bad! I just needed to know what was up and what he was about. We blazed through all three courses—scintillating lump crab empanadas, yummy garlic shrimp over paela, and mango-pineapple-coconut sorbet—with only a few silent moments. We talked about religion, our backgrounds, and music, and found that we both liked similar artists. When he told me he had copped the new Big Boi mixed tape, I knew we had to meet up again (gotta get my copy)! We exchanged numbers at the train and parted with a hug. So ladies. Relationship? Maybe. Friendship? Definitely.