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Ugly boyfriend

de
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(fragmento en inglés)

In the ad, in that section where you put your preferences, age, tastes, height, hair color... I put ugly. That's what I want. With an ugly boyfriend, I won't feel jealous when he travels, it won't bother me when he looks at another woman, when he calls me from the office saying 'I'll be late.' In other words, I want one that I don't like. It might sound strange, but I prefer one like that, one that's really ugly, fat, bald, and maybe a even little dumb, one that doesn't charm you with sweet talk, one that's not witty or funny. Those are the most dangerous. You never know these days. It's better to have something that no one else wants. Something that no one will steal. Something that's only yours. A really, truly ugly one.

And then, all of a sudden, someone answered the ad. He sent me a message without a photo, but he promised me an enormous nose and crooked teeth, a crossed eye, and an emerging bald spot. I couldn't resist. I answered him that yes, we could see each other, even though I was still afraid that he would be brilliant or fun. That wouldn't work for me at all. No one else had responded. People have their self-esteem up in the clouds: no one is ugly.

That night we saw each other. I recognized him instantly, undoubtedly with that nose the size of an eggplant in the middle of his face, one pupil that wandered around his left eye while the other one watched the door, anxious to see me come in. I approached him smiling. I told him my name and kissed him on both cheeks. While we talked I looked at that mouth full of randomly scattered teeth, teeth that looked like they were trying to escape from his gums in a stampede. That mouth that smiled at me, that seemed to like me, that wanted to devour me. He hadn't lied, he was absolutely horrible. Maybe we could be happy together.