

Summer Romance
Anna Turner
Amusement Editor
For Amusement
Run Date: 1 July 2010

Ah.

Summer love.

Every year we all look forward to those three months that bring with their hot days and scorching sun the promise of a whirlwind romance that may or may not turn into something more.

News flash: It never turns into something more. September comes along and is all, “Hey, I’m going to make your life suck and completely destroy your summer love.” God. September is such a skank.

Now that your spring fling is officially over (how much Coldstone have you consumed in consolation? Two for Tuesdays are the best cure for a broken heart—and yes, both of the two in “Two for Tuesdays” are for me. So, it’s more Two for Anna-days) you’re back on the market, and what better way to celebrate your new single-dom than by entering another doomed seasonal relationship?

If you’re picky and don’t want to settle for just any summer romance, you need to go to the place where your type of guy/girl looks for his/her type of girl/guy—hopefully you fit that mold.

Maybe you like the emos, check out a concert.

Skinny jeans, deep Vs, emollets (the emo version of a mullet), converse sneakers, and lots of bracelets: if these things get you all hot and bothered, start buying up concert tickets now because your summer love is currently making a collection of all TicketMaster has to offer. Your emo lover is just one whiny jam band away, so put up with the “my dad hates me” lyrics of that stupid punk rock band (whatever happened to good music? I blame Miley Cyrus) until your beanie cap sweetheart finds their way into your warm and welcoming embrace.

Are toga parties more your scene? Go to the beach to find your Greek god/goddess.

Some frat boy jocks or bikini-digging sorostitutes don’t get enough of Panama City or Daytona over Spring Break, so they head down for a victory lap over summer vacation, their fathers kindly paying for hotel and keg fees. If you’re unwilling to date anything other than a Greek, looks like the beach is the place for you to find your summer love. I’m not saying that all Greeks are drunken whores who spend their summer in waterfront hotels—some of them live in their family’s vacation homes.

How about a nice Italian boy or girl? Head over to the boardwalk.

There’s only one type of hottie that matters at the Boardwalk: Guidos and guidettes. GTLB is the new GTL: Gym, tan, laundry, boardwalk. Hitting the planks in their Ed Hardy gear, these Italian juiceheads are snookin’ for love, and they know just wear to find it: Under the boardwalk (woah woah woah). So if you want some lasagna lovin’, get your hair gelled, your muscles buffed, and your bod spray-tanned and head over to the walk of boards ... or should I say UNDER to the walk of boards ...

Big into geeks? The librizzle is your best bet.

If plaid jumpers, bifocal lenses, paper cuts, and head gear turns you on, then it’s time you start turning pages. Mozy on in to the local geek haven, the library, grab the nearest book (you’ve picked up a picture book about the French Renaissance, good choice) and pop a squat in the moldy armchair by the window. Open up to the page about Renaissance fashion (their hair was stupid back then), letting your eyes roam from a paragraph on aprons to the library’s selection of mates. Good thing is, I can guarantee everyone in there will be single, so no worries there.

Are carnies what you dream about at night? Get prepped for a day at the fair.

that fall apart as soon as your beloved carnie hits the green button. Not only are their braided goatees, prison tats, and tobacco-stained smiles heart-stopping, they can get you elephant ears FO' FREE.

Have you ever seen the door-to-door evangelicals and stopped for a double-take? Then church retreats are your summer love destination.

Want to be a virgin forever? So do these guys! If you don't have a Bible and church hymnal on hand, be sure to pick one up on your way to this weekend's Christian Awakening Retreat. If you want to snag a man or woman with Christian values, you better be ready to pray, sing, pray, cry, pray, talk about Jesus, pray, pray, pray, and pray. There's plenty of room for love in there, so long as it's love between you and the almighty ...



**All materials copyright and
exclusively owned by Anna
Turner and Snobster Media
LLC.**

**Our Media is Better Than
Your Media.**