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My first impression of Alexander was that he was much older than me. In fact, he was 32, but I thought he was older. But when we started talking, I really liked him. He was extroverted and funny, and he had a very good sense of humor. He works for a TV station, and he told me a lot of good stories about his work. He was also interested in the same things as me – art and music, and we talked a lot about that. Physically he wasn't really my type. It's hard to say why. He was tall and dark and very good-looking, and he had a nice smile but there just wasn't any chemistry between us. I could imagine going to a concert or the theater with him, but as a friend. Sorry Mom, but no.

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When I first saw Oliver I thought he looked warm and friendly, and more attractive than Alexander. He was tall with short blond hair, and he had amazing blue eyes, kind of like the actor Ryan Gosling. He was kind of shy and quiet at first but when we started talking he relaxed, and we found we had a lot of things in common – we both like books and movies. He was generous, too – he wanted to pay for everything. I really enjoyed the evening. When it was time to go, he asked for my phone number and said he wanted to meet again. We walked out of the restaurant and went to look for a taxi. And then something happened, and I knew that

it was impossible for me to go out with him. He said “Finally!” and took out a pack of cigarettes. That was it. I could never have a boyfriend who was a smoker. I think maybe for my next date I’m going to choose the man myself. I don’t think another person can really choose a partner for you.
