



*Humor Prose and Satire Contest Winner*

# WHY I NEED TO BE THE NEXT BACHELORETTE

by ELEANOR DAWSON-MOORE

I've been fighting tooth and nail for love for a long time, and I'm pretty sure only one arena will grant me love at this point: reality television. 25 men competing to be my husband over the course of 6-9 weeks. Petty, clingy, sassy men picking catfights and saying things like *Can I steal you for a sec?* and *I love you* just weeks in. Red flags don't concern me, I've always thought the color was the new black anyway. The thought alone would bring tears to my eyes, but I've already done my makeup, so we're not going to waste time with the theatrics—I'll save those for the show. Consider this, ABC, as my formal plea. I worry it is my last hope at my ripe age of 20. I dreamt last week I found a grey hair, which in woman years means my time is rapidly depleting.

*The Bachelorette*<sup>1</sup>: you cover passion, star-crossed lovers, and drama, of course—all of my favorite things. First off, as a feminist, I'm always in favor of a woman's right to choose. Besides that, and in more relevant matters, the show contains everything a girl

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1. *The Bachelorette*, seasons 1-20, created by Mike Fleiss, aired 2003-2024, on ABC, Hulu.



needs to really kick start a romance: pretty dresses, drunk tears, a person confusing your name with somebody that looks nothing like you.

I've been preparing myself for you, the gauntlet. Modern dating has sharpened me to a tack. I yearn for nothing but the honor of facing your trials and tribulations. I ran cross country as a middle schooler, and despite the inherent hell that is tweens in gym shorts, one run has reigned supreme over them all: Romance. I consider it to be the marathon of my life. Long. Painful. Sweaty. People tell me it's meant to feel euphoric, etc.

But your show breaks love into scenes: digestible moments mostly suitable for a national audience. You make love sprint, but a finish line is promised. Just the thought that I could be granted admission to your holy white picket gates is enough.

So, which mysterious shadowy council am I pleading with? The Holy Trinity: Claire Freeland, Jason Ehrlich, and Bennett Graebner. I'd tell you my name, but that's not what's important. Here's what is: I'm a poet, and will recite sonnets if given too much wine. You should expect me to base the date challenges on the parameters of iambic pentameter, or like how many lines are in each section of a haiku. Gotta throw the Chads a softball. Best of all, because of my poetic inclinations, and luckily for you and viewers everywhere: I'm a bit of an emotional wreck, which everybody knows makes for great television. Think Tyra's "We were all rooting for you," speech.<sup>2</sup> Any time a *Vanderpump* threw a cocktail.<sup>3</sup>

Additionally, I have an extensive wardrobe. In short bursts, thrift shopping is moderately less expensive than therapy. This means that I don't even mind that you expect all contestants to supply their own clothing and beauty products. I'm a prepared girl. In fact, I can tell you confidently I could already supply my own wedding dress and bridal shot glasses—I use them for my morning collagen because I am a beautiful bouncy ray of light perfect for your Hallmark fantasy, promise. I even have my great grandmother's ring, I just need the husband. I just need someone to supply the candidates.

2. *America's Next Top Model*, Cycle 4, episode 7, "The Girl Who Pushes Tyra Over The Edge," produced by Tyra Banks, aired April 13, 2005, on UPN, Hulu.

3. *Vanderpump Rules*, seasons 1-11, produced by Alex Baskin, Bill Langworthy, Jen McClure-Metz, Natalie Neurauter, Douglass Ross, Greg Stewart, Ken Todd, Lisa Vanderpump, aired 2013-2024, on Bravo, Peacock.



Empirically speaking, I cannot be trusted to conduct the process alone.

I've lent my First Impression, and subsequently Second and Third impression roses to poor matches in the past. I vetted them all meticulously, weighing the pros and cons of their Tinder bios with a near academic tenacity. To my surprise, all so far have failed to advance to anywhere near a final round. I had such high hopes for them. I've begun to realize that these failed matches and I share one striking similarity—we are both lost causes in love. ABC, this is why I need your expertise.

The following serves as anecdotal evidence I hope will stir you.

Exhibit A: Suitor Number One said his favorite book was *The Great Gatsby* but failed to know the author was F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Exhibit B: Suitor Number Two tried to perform the Kylie Jenner lip challenge instead of gifting me my well-deserved princess kiss. At least I had free lip injections for a few days.

Exhibit C: Suitor Number Three worked with me at a Mexican restaurant in high school. I had harbored a secret crush on him all summer until he asked me one day if I ever wanted kids. I said no, and he told me that made sense because it would only ruin my figure. I was 17.

But if a man is going to mess up my makeup and wrinkle my dress and pester me about kids I'm never gonna have, I want to at least tape a few confessionals. Dear God, please let them be for *The Bachelorette* and not *Too Hot To Handle*. I'd win the money but would remain poor in terms of romantic inclinations. Please, as an act of philanthropy, consider me your lost but admirable case in love.

Sincerely,

A Hopeless Romantic That Looks Really Good in a  
Cocktail Dress 

