

‘Nice’ Guys Aren’t Nice

By Annabel Fedcesin

Let me get started on the “I’m a nice guy” statement. If you really were a nice guy, you wouldn’t need to state it all the time. ‘Nice Guys’ are a pandemic in the past 6 years that I have unfortunately become victim to. The type of men who claim that they only want to shower a girl in love and respect but the second she says “Sorry. I’m just not into you.” he turns around and says something along the lines of “Whatever, you slut. You just want an asshole who will treat you wrong. You’re a fat pig. Nice guys like me” or “I would have *blah blah blah hypocritical bullshit*.” These guys unfortunately usually start out as a really good friend but often end up being somewhat of a neckbeard, incel who expects to be gifted sex because of X amount of time of complements and friendship.

Or dick pics. “Oh, I’m sorry. You’ve exposed yourself to me? What a treat! I clearly have to send one back and reward such a valiant effort!” Get over yourself, dickhead. I know what I’m worth and it isn’t some poorly lit, creepily posed, “Oh no, did you just see my junk?” picture that I never asked for. As a little tip, ladies, if a guy sends you a dick pic, send a dick pic back. There’s plenty on the internet. It will definitely kill his mood if he’s straight and has no sense of humour. And guys, as a little tip too, after years of accidentally seeing my brother’s tinder messages from girls, I can tell you that women are more likely to send videos and pictures if you don’t ask for them and are just a good bloke who can take a joke. But on that, we don’t owe you shit. You don’t need to see that, and we don’t need to send it. If it works out between us, you’ll see it in due time. Just remember some people are asexual or sexually uncomfortable.

Don’t get me wrong. This isn’t an anti-male piece. I have a lovely boyfriend who is actually a genuinely nice person. I love my brother and my dad, many uncles and guy friends. Real nice guys do exist. But somewhere along the way a subgroup of men has arisen after they mistakenly misunderstood the correlation of friendliness and attraction to mean a causation with dating and sex. Do we as women really have to guard ourselves from saying the ‘wrong’ thing? Do we have to be an asshole to keep guys like this away and risk that dreaded B word? Because we’re a Bitch if we say no to dating you anyway. And we’re a Bitch if we break up with you. So, do we have to accept it and be a Bitch to every guy we meet in the off chance he’s a self-proclaimed ‘Nice Guy’? I don’t want to be a prick. My MO is always that of the sweet and caring friend, but how many more guys saying “now we sleep together” will it take before I break and just go full asshole 24/7? If I just throw away my morals and sleep with this dude so he leaves me alone, I’m a slut. If I turn him down again, I’m a selfish pig.

Furthermore, why is it that we always have to be called fat pigs when we do something ‘wrong’? Screw you, buddy! I’m god damn beautiful, fat and all! I love my body and you calling me overweight, or some sort of animal does nothing to change that. If you came to me to flirt with and hopefully date me but you’re calling me a fat pig, then what does that say about your self image and standards? I know I’m great, but you should really work on you if you think you’re only worth dating a fat pig. Just saying.