

[HOME](#)

Follow Me

## Leading up to Sunday.

PUBLISHED on FEB 8TH, 2010 by EBERJEY GIRL

Incredibly busy week ahead. Presenting the results of my department's last three major projects to my boss, my boss's boss, and my boss's boss's boss at the executive meeting on Wednesday. More importantly, getting a facial on Tuesday, a mani/pedi on Thursday, and a blowout on Saturday morning. Ok, my nonchalant attitude towards my pending presentation is perhaps a tad exaggerated. In fact, it's all an act. I haven't slept soundly in three days and I get nauseous every time I review my notes. Which I do every fifteen minutes. But, I'll be fine...just fine...everything's fine. And it will NOT be a complete disaster and I will NOT get fired and Colby and Sophia will not laugh and point at me as I'm escorted out of the building by security.

Seriously, what kind of company schedules a big, terrifying meeting the week of Valentine's Day? It's inhumane, I tell you. Cruel and unusual, to say the least.

[Continue Reading](#)

[Comment On This Post](#)

Eberjey  
swimwear  
detailing, z  
bodies.

Email us: i



## Date for Valentine's Day.

PUBLISHED on FEB 1ST, 2010 by EBERJEY GIRL

Can't even explain how good it feels to have a Valentine's date locked in so early in the month. I'm not too proud to admit that it's been a while since things have played out so nicely. And lest you

our pima g  
rider bikini  
sellers! [http](#)  
ABOUT 3 HO



think I'm one of those girls who just can't exist without a man, I swear, I'm not! It's just that on this particular holiday, I do like to have a date. Particularly one I actually like quite a bit. Yes, I did the asking, and Colby did the accepting, and then I did the blushing and he did the smiling, and all was right with the world.

And, to reiterate, I'm feeling good. Great, actually. I do feel I should mention two things I learned today, however. First, I learned about Busy Season. Busy Season is when accountants are working frantically night and day in preparation for April 15th. In all my romantic plotting over the last few weeks chasing "that-cute-guy-from-accounting," I'd sort of forgotten what accountants actually do. The second thing I learned today was

that not all accountants are cute guys in charcoal suits and well-shined snaffle-bit shoes. Some accountants are slinky, green-eyed redheads in three-inch heels and too-tight, in my opinion, sweaters. Their names are Sophia and the sight of them perched on the corner of your Valentine's desk is enough to knock the wind right out of you.

But honest, I'm not jealous. Who cares that Colby and Sophia will be locked in the office together until midnight every night for the next two months? Not me. Really. But there's no harm in investing in a little insurance, right? By which I mean, the [Warm at Heart Chemise](#) in hot (and I do mean HOT) pink. Just the thing to be wearing over coffee at my place on Sunday morning. (Psst... looking for something to wear to breakfast yourself? Just order any chemise by Feb. 10 and use discount code SECRET15 to receive 15% off your order! But don't tell anyone—this offer is only for my inner circle. What are friends for?) Now who's afraid of the big bad Sophia?

[Continue Reading](#)

[Comment On This Post](#)

eberjey mei

code mdayl

<http://dld.l>

ABOUT 3 HO

no more bo

ballerina sl

#fashion

ABOUT 4 HO

still looking

intro

<http://dld.l>

ABOUT

mem

site-v

<http://dld.l>

ABOUT

memorial d

<http://dld.l>

ABOUT 5 HO



## Monday Morning.

PUBLISHED on JAN 25TH, 2010 by [EBERJEY GIRL](#)

A lot can happen in a week. For example, you can get caught in the elevator at work making out with that cute guy from accounting. (By Olivia, from human resources, no less, but she swore she wouldn't tell a soul.). You can accidentally agree to spend a weekend at Aunt Dorothea's house next month taking care of her two angst-ridden Pekingese while she's snow-shoeing around one of the Great Lakes (what's so great about it, anyway?) And you can spend one of the most romantic

Copyright © 2010

evenings ever dining at a private table in a candlelit wine-cellar, drinking champagne and nibbling amuse bouche with a totally gorgeous chef (I mean, they should give this guy his own cooking show already), only to discover, after the last bit of bittersweet chocolate sauce has been spooned away, that afore mentioned hot chef is not the man of your dreams, love at first sight gift from the New Year's Eve gods that you'd imagined—he's just a really good kisser.

To be honest, when I suddenly realized that Steven was about as dull as he was good-looking, it was almost a relief. Because at least now I didn't have to worry about making up my mind any more. I was never really the Marcia type anyway. I went home feeling all aflutter. Excited about now being able to begin a real relationship—possibly—with Colby. About working up the nerve to ask HIM out for Valentine's Day. And about the possibility that maybe I'd be able to wrangle myself some company for my weekend with the Pekingese (no sense wasting my [Cote d'Azur PJ](#) on a couple of squashed-faced pooches, after all). I don't think I'd ever looked so forward to a Monday morning before!



*[Continue Reading](#)*

*[Comment On This Post](#)*

## One big Whirlwind!

PUBLISHED on JAN 18TH, 2010 by [EBERJEY GIRL](#)

Yes, yes, I'm finally one of those girls who can complain that her life is one big whirlwind! And in case you were worrying that I'm just two-timing my way to a big, dramatic, tearful scene, you can relax. Here's what happened. Colby and I have been having ourselves a fine old time with workweek lunch dates, and we spent the better part of this weekend together as well. Of course, but of course, sometime during all this, I knew that I had to fess up, and quietly explained that I was very casually dating someone. Well, I did a lot of sputtering and er-in and um-ing, about how it was nothing serious, I may have even said something about Marcia, and finally Colby put me out of my misery by saying he totally understood. Just as I started to wonder, why isn't he jealous?, he said, "Of course I'm completely jealous and plan to win out in the end." So, naturally, I'm now leaning towards the Colby side of things, and even went ahead and ordered myself a little celebratory post-holiday gift, (the [Colette Bralet](#) and [Boythong Set](#), because it's bound to come in handy).



Not quite ready to be rid of Steven, though. First off, he's a chef, and, if you've never dated a chef, and I never had, let me tell you, it's worth the effort. I say effort, because they work these very strange hours, and so are usually asleep when you're awake and vice versa. But I say worth it, because, well, they know all these OTHER chefs, so when they take you dinner, you get special tables and special dishes that aren't on the menu, and the chef comes out to say hi and everyone around you wonders if you're some kind of celebrity. And it's excellent! Also, I didn't feel quite ready to even mention Colby to Steven, and I think that might be meaningful in some way. I have to figure out what this reluctance means exactly before I do anything drastic. Right?

[Continue Reading](#)

[Comment On This Post](#)



## Those Three Little Words.

PUBLISHED on JAN 14TH, 2010 by EBERJEY GIRL



### Those Three Little Words

Those three little words. You know them well. But perhaps never have they been such heaven to my ears. "Marcia, Marcia, Marcia!" I admit I was a little confused at first. I'd just told Tatiana, BFF extraordinaire (BFFE, if you will), about the past week. During said week I'd had dinner twice and lunch thrice with Colby, plus dinner and a movie with Steven (the Midnight Kisser). Anyway, when I wound up my tale of woe with, "I feel so guilty, but I really can't decide," and she proclaimed "Marcia, Marcia Marcia!", I thought maybe the half-a-mimosa had gone to her head.

"Huh?" I asked.

"Look to Marcia," Tatiana said. "She dated a different boy every day of the week, and did she beat herself up about it?" Not usually, I thought. "In fact," she went on, "it was perfectly acceptable, and going steady was something that required your parents' permission." I sipped my own mimosa. I wasn't sure exactly where Tots was going with this, but I was feeling better already. "What I'm

saying,” she finally explained, “Is that maybe you just aren’t ready to go steady. That’s no crime, is it?”

“No,” I agreed, “but what do I say?”

“Well, that could be a problem,” Tots admitted. She paused, then suggested I avoid lying, but simply keep mum unless asked a direct question. And by then, I’d probably have made up my mind.

“I feel a hundred times less guilty,” I said.

“That’s what girls’ brunch is for,” Tots said. “And I’m not just telling you what you want to hear because Brian loved that Christmas present so much.”

I smiled. Both Tots and her hubby had thanked me profusely for that [Hard Candy chemise](#). Apparently it had been just the thing for lounging around the hotel room on their winter get-away. Ah well, so what if it had influenced her advice just a little? I raised my glass. “To Marcia!”

“To Marcia!” Tots agreed.

---

[Continue Reading](#)

[Comment On This Post](#)



Follow Me

## Back to work.

PUBLISHED on JAN 4TH, 2010 by [EBERJEY GIRL](#)

Shiny, happy new year. Shiny, nerve-wracking new workweek. With my new-year’s-kiss practically still tingling on my lips, I’d convinced myself that when I saw Colby, fresh from his winter break in Des Moines, I’d realize that the whole thing had been nothing more than a light office crush induced by panic at not having a date for the 31st. That bringing a girl chicken soup when she’s sick doesn’t necessarily mean you’re like, the sweetest guy on the planet. And that maybe all that kiss meant was that he was a really, really good kisser. Then he walked in, with his cute little accountant-guy glasses, and his cute little accountant-guy briefcase, and my heart fluttered. I really appreciated the chocolate-peppermint latte he brought me, too. I mean, how’d he know that’s my favorite? It’s like, he just gets me and I’ve really only known him for a couple of weeks, when it comes right down to it. He winked at me and slipped away to his desk in a “let’s not turn ourselves into the office’s hot gossip but let’s totally catch up later” sort of way. Leaving me to ponder one of the most perplexing questions you’re ever likely to encounter first thing on a Monday morning: is it tacky to sip one man’s latte while responding to another man’s good-morning email?

[Continue Reading](#)[Comment On This Post](#)

## Happy New Year!

PUBLISHED on JAN 2ND, 2010 by EBERJEY GIRL



Ten! Nine! Eight! Well, you know the rest. Which brings us to Happy New Year! Which it most certainly is. Albeit, confusing. And just a teensy, weensy bit problematic. And yes, we're only two days in. But hang with me, it will all make sense in a moment. Sort of. I think. I spent a week home in bed, that much you know. There was some light texting with Colby, resulting in his surprise arrival on Saturday afternoon bearing chicken soup. Still in the can, mind you, but he totally heated it up for me. Anyway, how happy was I that I'd actually showered and put on my [Prima Ballerina PJs](#) about an hour earlier? Extremely. Imagine the horror had he discovered me in some ratty old boxers and a Rick Springfield tee shirt. I shudder to think.

Anyway. I'd like to say one thing led to another, but mainly my still red, stuffy nose led to nothing but some Rudolph jokes, holding hands during Who Wants to be a Millionaire, and us both falling asleep on my couch until my cold-induced (I swear) snoring woke him up at 2:00 am-ish. Oh, did I mention that's when he told me he was leaving for some far-off, frozen locale (aka, his parents' house in Des Moines) on Monday morning? And that he wasn't coming back until, GET THIS, January 3rd? THIRD, did you hear me? And that he really, really wished he wasn't going so that he



could kiss me at midnight to ring in the New Year? As my mind raced around my contacts list to try and think of one girlfriend who didn't have a date lined up for New Year's, or, even a date that wouldn't mind a third-wheel for the evening, he did it. Risked catching my rotten cold by giving me this perfectly delicious kiss. Have you ever had that kind of kiss where you feel like, whoa, THIS is what kissing is supposed to feel like, THIS is what they mean by "weak in the knees," THIS is what they mean by, "this is the first moment of the rest of your life?" Well, I never had, in all my years of kissing. And that's exactly, but EXACTLY what Colby's kiss was.

So, how odd that a mere week and a half later, at the stroke of midnight, I should be feeling those same EXACT feelings all over again upon being kissed by some other guy entirely? Talk about coincidence.

---

*[Continue Reading](#)*

*[Comment On This Post](#)*



Follow Me

## Ah, Modern Love!

PUBLISHED on DEC 21ST, 2009 by EBERJEY GIRL

Ah, Modern Love. Don't get excited, it's not what you think. I'm referring to my favorite pj set. Which is just about the only upside to this rotten cold that's had me housebound for the last few days—at least I'm wearing something comfy. If only tissues were as soft, maybe my nose wouldn't be red enough to guide Santa's sleigh through the blizzard of the century. And just when things were progressing so nicely!

A) I found out CGfA's name (Colby. Very cute-accounting-ish, don't you think?).

B) We had lunch.

C) We flirted but not in a "be-totally-embarrassed-the-next-day" sort of way at the company holiday party.

D) We had dinner. On a Saturday night!

E) I went without my coat so I could show off my totally cool outfit and pretended not to be freezing all night, then woke up with a temperature of 102.

F) I'm now losing precious time, stuck home in bed. But, at least I've got these cuddly, feel-good pj's to cheer me up. At least a little.



[Continue Reading](#)[Comment On This Post](#)

## Great Googily Moogily

PUBLISHED on DEC 18TH, 2009 by EBERJEY GIRL

Great googily moogily. Can a grown-up woman use that phrase? Can I even call myself a grown-up woman? At this point, I'm not so sure. Here's how the great soda-machine-bump-in went down. I spot him turning into the lunch room. I wait a decent interval (aka, 3.7 seconds). I smooth charcoal skirt and stride after him. As I wait for him to turn from the machine, all my carefully-planned witty banter evaporates. He retrieves his can of lemon-lime, nods almost imperceptibly as he passes by, and is about to leave the room when in a stroke of what I like to call genius but what most would call absurd childishness, I drop my over-stuffed, conveniently open change purse to the floor. As ten thousand coins scatter across the linoleum, he turns. What choice does he have but to spend the next ten minutes on his hands and knees helping me gather up all those nickels and dimes? I wonder if he sees through my little ploy. Perhaps not at first, no. But, when I forget I was supposed to be buying soda and simply follow him out the door sans beverage, I'm pretty sure he cops on. Oh well. T'is the season to be jolly and all that jazz.

[Continue Reading](#)[Comment On This Post](#)

Follow Me

## One Week Gone.

PUBLISHED on DEC 15TH, 2009 by EBERJEY GIRL

One week gone. Completely fruitless. With only two weeks left, I'm no closer to my goal. Well, not exactly true. At least I've come to a very important decision. Yes, I've definitely decided: I officially have a crush on that cute guy from accounting.

Why, why must there always be a cute guy in accounting? It's so cliché. And so inappropriate. And so, here I go. The plan? Quite lame, actually, but probably my best bet, considering I only have three weeks left to find true love. Or, at least, to find a date for New Year's Eve. Anyway, I'm going to oh-so-casually bump into him at the soda machine, and oh-so casually charm him with my witty banter. The rest is up to him. I mean, I can't do ALL the work.





I'll wear my new [Lady Godiva cami and undies](#), for a secret boost of confidence under my charcoal pencil skirt suit. Oh, and maybe I'll do a little research and actually find out his name before my attack, er, approach. Here goes nothin'. Or everything, depending on how it all turns out. Wish me luck!

[Continue Reading](#)

[Comment On This Post](#)



Follow Me

[PREVIOUS](#)

[1](#)

[2](#)

[3](#)

[NEXT](#)