



# Marry for money, not love



PAUL KNOECHEL

*“The point is, love is a tricky thing to find—and even when you do find it, it’s difficult to realize. Maybe that’s why there are so many divorces: it’s just a bunch of people that got the signals wrong. On the other hand, if you’re marrying someone for political gain, that’s pretty easy to gauge.”*

Over the past several years, I’ve received no less than six marriage proposal rejections. That’s right, count ‘em: six—a statistic that manages to be both impressive and depressing in the same stride. Depressing in the fact that I’ve been dealt the harshest rejection anyone can receive six times over, but impressive when you consider that I’ve only had three serious girlfriends.

But generally, it really sucks: trying to get your money back from the gumball machine, having wasted an entire evening getting the wrinkles out of my good tuxedo-print T-shirt, hearing over and over again that a muffler shop just isn’t a very romantic location for a proposal—these things take their toll on a guy. Luckily, I’ve pinpointed my fatal flaw in the whole messy process: this whole time, I’ve been operating under the assumption that you should be marrying someone that you love, rather than trying to wed for personal gain.

It’s not such a hard thing to consider. I mean, when you’re looking for “love,” you have to find someone that you like a whole lot, somebody that you can hang out with and talk with all the time, someone that will

love you for who you are and not go off on you for trying to run a little “business” out of your shared apartment just because there are “laws” against the ranching of spider monkey meat.

The point is, love is a tricky thing to find—and even when you do find it, it’s difficult to realize. Maybe that’s why there are so many divorces: it’s just a bunch of people that got the signals wrong. On the other hand, if you’re marrying someone for political gain, that’s pretty easy to gauge.

If they have members of Parliament over for dinner regularly, or if they keep a big box of compromising sexual photos of themselves tucked away somewhere, then this is the person for you.

If you’re looking to marry for money, it’s all about snooping through some of their old tax returns to know if this is Mr or Mrs Right. And if you just need someone healthy to complement your genetic material so that your legacy can live on after you die, just steal some medical files with family history in them and you can completely avoid great-auntie Sue’s repeated suggestions that you’d just be better off “keeping it in the family.”

Now, this isn’t to say that I’m against the idea of love in general. It’s a great thing that allows you to feel a true togetherness with another human being and gives you the perfect excuse to go ahead and break a decency law or twelve. But perhaps it would exist best outside the constraints of marriage.

You go and marry your rich partner, but on the side, you find someone you love and meet in a motel once a week. The best part is that there wouldn’t be any sneaking around, because your marriage partner would be doing the same thing. Everyone knows the score and plays the game accordingly. The two of you would just use each other to move towards whatever end you’re trying to accomplish, but outside of that, your life would be your own. No more ball-and-chain marriages, but instead, just stepping stones to cross that river of life.

It’s a modest proposal, and one that deserves some thought on your part. Me, I’ve got a reservation at the Jiffy Lube for my date with a lady that’s duller than hammer, a border-line racist (in the sense that she would stand at the border and shout slurs), and has a big inheritance coming to her one day.

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