

## HELP! MY BOYFRIEND ONLY DRINKS CHEAP BEER

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You can tell a lot about a person by what they choose to drink. But you can tell a heck of a lot more about the person wasting time judging someone's else [cocktail](#) preference. This was a life epiphany that dawned on me a few years ago after I'd been dating a guy off and on for about two years. Let's call him Mr. Corona and Grenadine, or CG for short.

CG would order his signature drink at every single outing we went to – five-star restaurants, whiskey bars, heck, even ale houses where they had hundreds of other [beer](#) choices. It irked me every time that he wouldn't try something new, even when I or even *the bartender* suggested it. I mean, who wants a supermarket special when you can get an around-the-world beer flight? Well, CG did. He wanted a Corona and Grenadine and had no qualms about ordering it, despite the momentary look of horror on my face. Needless to say, we broke up. And for a time, I'd cite his crap-beer ordering habit as one of the central reasons we weren't destined to be. I mean, seriously, how embarrassingly crass could you be? But after a while, it hit me like a bad hangover: The problem wasn't him, or even his drinking. *I* had actually been the crass one in the relationship.

While someone was spending time with me – talking to me, attempting to get to know me, taking me out to fun places to eat and drink – I was busy judging him for ordering something he simply enjoyed. That is uber-level Petty Betty status.

The truth is, CG and I didn't fit. I realized that way before he did, but I was too immature to say what needed to be said. His love for Corona and Grenadine never had anything to do with it. Honestly, he could have been sipping on 100-year-old aged whiskey flown by private jet from the rolling hills of Ireland and I would have probably found it embarrassing – embarrassingly pretentious. 'Cause I was just being petty!

The fact that his drink choice bothered me was a sign that I was looking for things to be bothered by, so I wouldn't have to woman-up and be honest with him. It's a lot easier to think of someone as embarrassing than to admit you're being a coward.

I'm happy to say that I've matured a lot since dating CG and am forever grateful for the hard lesson I learned about myself. I'm no longer afraid to say when something isn't working. I've stopped seeking out non-existent character flaws in others to hide behind. Honesty in relationships and with myself has become my policy in life and is one of the qualities my husband says he loves most about me. I take pride in that self-growth.

So, if you're finding yourself utterly annoyed or embarrassed by the drink that your boyfriend/girlfriend orders, just have a sip of wine and take a deep breath. It may be your time to look in the mirror and call BS on the Petty Betty or Petty Pete staring back at you.