

## Why 'Lost' is Like a Bad Relationship

As we near the fall, with its turning leaves, back to school and new television line ups, I muse upon a mystery that I have yet to solve.

Lost.

No, I don't mean that *I'm* lost. I mean, Lost. The TV show. A TV show I've tried to get into. Mostly because whenever I talk to an avid fan, it's like my life isn't worth living unless I tune in.

The thing is, from the outside, fans of Lost sound like people in bad relationships. Always waiting for the scraps that are thrown their way, reminiscing about the "good times" – like, remember when they opened the hatch? Do you remember how wild that was? It's like when some guy is sitting around with his buddies, harkening back to that time his girlfriend gave him a blow job in the movie theater. That *one* time. His buddies trying not to notice that these two have been dating for a few years, and that blow job – well, it's ancient history now.

And then they wait. And wait. Through weeks and weeks of nothing. No, it's worse than nothing. It's as if Lost is toying with these people. Like when you walk past a park with your boyfriend: children are at play, you're holding hands, I imagine ice cream cones – and a child frolics by, pigtails and overalls making the memory seem almost Rockwell-ian. And your boyfriend looks at you, and says, "I'd love to have kids some day." Just like that. "I'd love to have kids some day." It's that memory that replays in your head while he seems genuinely puzzled why you might have a problem with his ex-girlfriend still calling.

I've allowed myself to be preached at by these "Losties" – I really have. No, I can't imagine why Kate would choose what's his name over the other guy. I also can't fathom why that same love triangle schtick never gets old despite being used in every single narrative for the last 10,000 years. Although, the addition of polar bears on a desert island sure is a twist on the old classic.

I know. It's those quiet moments that you share with Lost that keep you coming back for more. Those moments on the couch when it's just you two and things finally make sense. You've placed an old face or put together some numbers that turn out to be your old locker combination. I get it. You're like puzzle pieces, you and Lost. Soul mates, if you will.

And all relationships have their own hurdles.

Your love may be misunderstood. You may have to work a little harder. Sure, Lost can be unavailable at times – downright frigid even. But, when you start to weaken, you must stay strong and know that soon, maybe even before it's final sixth season in 2010, if you're lucky, you'll know, or still care for that matter, what the fuck is going on.

Because I certainly don't.