Dot: Okay, so I know this person, nice person, presentable person, attractive person. A fun guy. I'm picking up signals. He sits next to me. He tells me a few jokes. Suggests movies, a hockey game—the Oilers versus the Canucks. The guy is talking my language, right? So my mind starts asking me questions. Is this the start of something? What is it the start of? How much do I like this guy? Can this guy kiss? Is he too cute? If I lay this guy, call him Fred, if I lay Fred where will it lead? Will I have to quit smoking? Eat sushi? What if Fred falls more in love with me than me with him? What if I fall more in love with him than he with me? What if it ends in divorce? How am I going to support two kids as a single mother? Who will ever want to sleep with me once I've gained forty pounds after two kids? This will never work. Huh. Some weirdo Fred, thinking I'd let him ruin my life.