

Julia,

So I'm writing you a real letter. I have a lot to tell you but I doubt I have enough time. In about an hour, I plan on taking my first country dance lesson.

This last weekend, I invited Doug to my place to watch Alias. Those viewings mean a lot to me.

Doug, however, is not quite the guy I want to be with. I believe he understands that, although he has been as good a friend as when I first met him. It still bugs me that he has a dog and I suggested that I go down to Denver to watch Alias there because he could walk his dog, giving us more time to hang out.

After several episodes, Doug said he wanted to return home.

He hesitated and I asked him why he wanted to go. He said he wanted

to go cruising. I replied that that would be fun and that he should invite me along. He seemed to hesitate again so I suggested we go to a club called the factory of Dreams. But then I said maybe not because I considered that he might not ^{want} me to be there while he was cruising. He reassured me that he did.

So we left for the club from Boulder. It's located about half an hour south of Boulder in Denver. Doug then seemed more anxious as we reached Denver and I asked him what he was thinking. He said he was concerned about his dog, Molly. In fact, that's what he was really worried about. I knew it.

"Doug, why didn't you just say so in Boulder? I need not have come." He said he did want to come or go to Dream, but he

had to walk his dog first. He told me he'd drop me off at the club first, then go home, and walk Molly. I told him I'd come along, but he said he wanted to shower and get ready so I agreed.

He dropped me off and gave me ten dollars because I had no money to get in. And then he left. "You'll be back" I asked but he did not return.

Later, I listened to him apologize for not returning because he went to a friend's house instead. An hour or so after he left, I realized I knew he was not returning. I can't explain the feeling. Rationally, it did not make sense. He was always considerate and thoughtful in the past. But something was different about his behavior. Ultimately, it made perfect sense that Doug would not return. He was not really interested in cruising, not with me at least, and I really wanted him to hang out with me.

So much fun is had when I'm just dancing with friends oblivious to others. I could not be oblivious to others and drink, dance, and enjoy myself. I walked several times around the club putting myself on display and feeling bad when no one came to talk to me. There were many attractive guys, some I had seen generally at other clubs and bars. I saw two guys about my age, one with a shaved head; another dressed preppy and short. I didn't notice their size, hair, or dress, at first. It was their feet, the way they lifted them. Whereas most people's dance moves don't involve much leg lifting, these guys were kicking and bouncing off the floor like it or they were on fire. I watched them delighted and envious from a conspicuous corner less than five feet away. They couldn't have noticed me they were so involved in their hopping. It reminded me of a time I danced with Bill (a former member of the fraternity) at a club called the fox hole. Bill and I were being playful on the dance.

floor together alone. He said ok, we would play a game. We would try to out-dance one-another, dancing one ridiculous move per person. First, he would dance, then I would try to be more ridiculous than him. He won and I laughed.

I miss Bill. His wife, Neon, and he are having another child. Ander, short for Alexander, is now two.

Back to Dream... I never spoke to those two guys although I wanted to. I would have gone up to them and said "hey guys, can I join you?" Better I didn't, because they would have felt needlessly uncomfortable.

Later, a guy who just moved from D.C. to Denver saw me yawning and said it was too early for that, or something like that. I didn't find him very attractive and I guessed he was around 35 or 40 years old. Still, I asked him if he would dance and he agreed although he was still sweating from the last dance.

The music was good eighties pop.

He didn't try to touch me and I was glad and thankful to him for that. But another guy tried to grab both of us a different moment and I had to dance evasively for a couple of minutes. I don't remember the name of the guy with whom I danced. Maybe I didn't ask. You know me. That is (in case you forgot or I didn't tell you) I don't ask a guy his name unless he asks or offers first. It didn't matter; this guy was checking out other guys while we were dancing - he told me - and left after a few dances.

I remained on the dance floor a little longer alone. Another couple of guys danced with me but they quickly lost interest. After a while, I walked around looking for Doug, feeling rejected.

I looked for a corner of the room I could stand in that was good for watching people and not too conspicuous. I ended up choosing the corner of another bar.

Someone came up to me, asked me if I would dance with his friend, and I agreed without having met his friend. I asked him (I don't remember his name unfortunately) if he wouldn't mind dancing in the room where they played the good eighties. He said sure.

He was a cute black guy and a very fun dancer. I've got a good impression of how he used his arms, like an air plane with a broken wing fighting turbulence. He only danced one dance with me before taking off. Still, I didn't follow or ask him to stay. I didn't see him the rest of the night, but the club was really crowded.

I stayed alone on the dance floor this time and made myself enjoy the moments by myself. I really enjoyed dancing to the music. Still, I wished I had a group of good friends to dance foolishly and fun with.

I saw this attractive fellow dancing alone near me. I wanted to dance with him and get to know him, he danced so blissfully and content, at least it looked like it to me. When they played Janet Jackson, he closed his eyes, tilted his head back and sang along to verses he knew well. I enjoyed watching him. An unknown girl and her male friend ruined my plan to approach him, maybe for the better.

I later saw him snacking on fruit at the bar and told him I saw him dancing to Janet. My pick up lines really aren't worth mentioning. He introduced himself as Josh, a graduate economic student at DU. We chatted a little and then I suggested we go

to dance in the other room. He joined me. It was nice meeting him, really nice, but too nice because I sensed I was already forming expectations about him, about us dating, me showing him off to Opie and Jason, etc. I know that's really a base sort of fantasy and I know it's bad to form such solid expectations so quickly. I was already jealous that random guys were checking him out. At least 3 different guys wanted his attention and I'm sure he didn't know any of them. He told me he came there alone.

Then I did what I rarely ever do but maybe should consider doing more often. I asked him for his number. He said sure and asked me if I had a pen. I didn't so we asked the bartenders if they had one. They didn't.