

A Motorcycle With No One On It

(LETTER WRITER #1 *approaches* SUGAR.)

LETTER WRITER #1. Dear Sugar,

I'm middle-aged, married and crushing on a friend. And it's full-blown, just like in high school, sweaty palms, distracted, giddy, the whole shebang. If we'd met at a different time we'd probably be together.

We spend hours talking. We're never bored. We can't stop smiling around each other. We really like each other. So far it has gone no farther than flirting. We've never kissed. We've never crossed a physical boundary. But we *really* like each other.

My question isn't what should I do - I'm pretty clear I should behave and I want to behave, I really want to - but what should I do?

Signed,
Crushed

SUGAR. Dear Crushed,

That's...basically every middle-aged married person. X is married to Y but wants to fuck Z.

Because Z is new and is never going to bitch at you for forgetting to take out the trash. Z doesn't even care that you were late, 'cause Z doesn't wear a watch.

Z is like a motorcycle with no one on it. Dazzling. Going nowhere.

Signed,
Sugar

The Truth That Lives There

LETTER WRITER #2. Dear Sugar,

The thought of staying in my marriage makes me feel panicky and claustrophobic. My wife and I have some things in common, but I don't feel like those are enough. I find myself fantasizing about dating other people. I'm afraid I will get more bored as time goes on. I'm also afraid that there is no one better out there for me that I should be grateful for what I have.

LETTER WRITER #3. Dear Sugar,

I want to leave my marriage but I don't want to embarrass her, I'm terrified of hurting her. She has been so good to me and I consider her my best friend. I think I love her but I'm not in love with her.

LETTER WRITER #1. Dear Sugar,

I feel trapped and like I'm hiding the real me. I don't blame him for my discontent. But I never wanted to get married and now I don't know how to stop this charade. I want out, but how?

LETTER WRITER #3. Signed,
Afraid to Leave

LETTER WRITER #2. Signed,
I Can't Do This

LETTER WRITER #1. Signed,
How Can I Hurt Him?

SUGAR. Dear All of Us Who Want to Please,

There was nothing wrong with my first husband. He wasn't perfect, but he was pretty close. I met him a month after I turned nineteen and I married him on a rash and romantic impulse a month before I turned twenty.

But there was in me an awful thing, from almost the very beginning: a small, clear voice that would not, no matter what I did, would not stop saying *go*.