



I lost it back in *grad school*, to a guy who dumped me.

Right, well, near as the scientists on this side I've chatted up can figure, each of us is basically a snapshot of our own exact *midpoints*.

Something about the half-lives of massless particles and whatnot.



No.

Obviously, the results aren't always ideal, but I'd say it usually works out better for us than the boys.

No, I... I just turned 43, and for the first time in my life, I finally *like* the way I look.



Looked.

Trust me, you have nothing to worry about.

Nobody over here cares about appearances.



We're too busy watching what's going on over there.

But, how are we supposed to help?

What do you mean?

There must be some *reason* we're still here. Like, what are the *rules*?

Oh, the rules. Well, you know that Demi Moore movie?

*Indecent Proposal*?

What? No, the one with the ghosts.

*Ghost*?

That's the one.

Okay, I've seen *Ghost*.

Terrific.

Because this is pretty much the opposite.

