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I **broke up** with my boyfriend last month. We had **gone out** for a year and I was ready to **settle down**. But, I could tell that he still wanted to **play the field** before getting married. I don't think Don ever **cheated on** me, but I finally realized that he wasn't **the marrying type**.

My friend Sheila was **thrilled** to hear that we had **split up**. She never liked Don and she was anxious **to set me up with** some of her single friends. I told her that I didn't want to go on any **blind dates**. But, she kept telling me about this guy Alan. She thought he was my **soul mate** and she was sure that he would be my **Mr. Right**. According to Sheila, he was **good looking**, he had a **good sense of humor**, he was **bright** and **witty**, and was **kind** and **considerate**. In the end, I told Sheila to give him my **number**. He called and we agreed to meet for coffee.

I walked into the cafe and looked around. I saw a **nice looking** guy sitting by himself near the window.

Lucy: Hi, are you Alan?

Alan: Yeah. **You must be** Lucy.

Lucy: Did you have trouble finding the cafe

Alan: No, I've actually been here before. I'm really glad you could make it. Sheila has been telling me all about you.

Lucy: Well, Sheila likes to play **matchmaker**. But, it's nice to meet you, too.

Alan: To tell the truth, I'm not **big on** blind dates.

Lucy: Yeah, me neither. But, I'm glad I came.

Alan: Yes, so am I.