One day, we take a trip, maybe to Cuba, maybe to Capri, and we come alive in ways we did not know we could. We become the women we have always wanted to be, always known we were: beautiful, sensuous, glowing, and vibrating with sexual energy. Like wilted flowers living in cracks of cement, we are transplanted into a lush tropical jungle and watered with the attentions of hot-blooded men who think we are beautiful, even if we don't fit the image of a magazine. We are seduced and intoxicated, awash in a cascade of pheromones as powerful and persuasive as any opiate. Like travelers in a dry desert, we do not believe we are seeing only a mirage; we believe we have arrived at the oasis. Only when we endeavor to bring the oasis home do we realize it was only a mirage and cannot sustain itself. Then, it evaporates before our eyes. We think we can transplant hot, tropically grown men and that the cold, harsh environment we plant them into will not reject them. But what is the true success rate of these transplants?