

The Lady Killer

I frequently traveled to La Jolla, California to visit the libraries on the University of California campus to copy journal articles for my research. On one trip my wife, Jeannette, and my grandson, Carter, accompanied me. They waited in the library parking lot shaded by Eucalyptus trees.

In the parking lot where my wife and grandson waited, construction workers were replacing some sidewalks that had been uprooted by the trees. They were using heavy equipment and jack hammers to rip up the old sidewalks. My three-year old grandson who loved trucks, tractors, and construction equipment, watched with Jeannette for almost an hour in rapt attention while I was in the library. But, after the thirty-minute drive from our home in Santee and an hour-long wait in La Jolla, he needed a bathroom break.

Jeannette found a campus toilet near the parking lot and took Carter into the women's restroom with her. When he was washing his hands at the sink, two beautiful colleague coeds entered the restroom. Apparently, the water in the building nearby where they worked was shut off and they were forced to use the toilets near the parking lot.

Carter watched the women enter, comb their hair, and fix their makeup, and initiated a conversation with the beautiful ladies. They thought he was cute and responded to his overtures with smiles and some stories. As they turned to leave the room he looked up at one of the women and asked, "Could I have your phone number?" Both women broke out in laughter and one of them responded, "Sure, I'll give you mine." She pulled out a pen and a slip of paper, wrote down a number, and handed it to him.

Now, several questions come to mind. Did the beautiful coed write her real number on the slip of paper? Did Lady Killer Carter ever try calling the phone number? And, finally, does Carter still have that number in his wallet today?