

I've mentioned this one before, in passing. You may recall that when Lisa flew down from New York to live with me, I was on this island; it was at the very start of Bush II's Gulf War in the spring of 2003 (but Lisa's presence or non-presence at the psychotherapy symposium was what was *really* important). As related way back in Part One, she was to arrive in San Jose a day before I did and spend the night there, waiting for me. Here's her little beaut of a story from then and it surely goes to her not being able to keep her trap shut about her horrendous doings; still more salting the mine. While in Atlanta between flights, she told me, she was at an airport bookstore, and there was this guy, a surfer, perusing a travel guide to Costa Rica. She approached him (sound familiar?) and struck up a conversation about restaurants in San Jose; did he know of any good ones? He suggested one, Indo grub and good. He knew San Jose, been on surf trips to CR before, and was on Lisa's flight.

As you may recall, I was unable to reach Lisa in her hotel room that night; I called and called, until around midnight, when, here on this island, I passed out. I did reach her in her room the next morning. Lisa said she was in her room after dinner at about eight and I must have been calling the wrong room or the phone didn't work, either one.

Right. Still more phone bullshit.

Being a naturally curious type, I wanted to know it went with the surfer in the Atlanta airport bookstore. He was just a scruffy surfer, Lisa said, wearing shorts and Rainbow sandals. Did he hit on her? No, Lisa assured me, adding that she never interacted with him again after the restaurant inquiry.

Let's try to picture this, Put Ourselves In The Scruffy Surfer's Place. A foxy babe *approaches you* in an airport bookstore, inquires about restaurants in the city you're both

heading for solo on the same flight, and you don't suggest dinner that night at the restaurant you're recommending? I mean the foxy babe is creating an opening in the reef a cruise ship could navigate on autopilot and you don't go for it? If you're too stupid to ask her out then and there, you don't even think to do it at baggage claim upon arrival, having had 4 hours to think it over in-flight? Or waiting at baggage or at customs you don't even talk to the foxy babe who approached you, see what's up with her, maybe suggest you share a taxi into town? This is what Lisa is claiming.

Hey, dude, whaddare ya, a fucking fag?

And speaking of salting the mine, how about the Rainbow sandals detail? I'm an observant type but during a brief gab in a bookstore I'm not apt to notice, let alone remember, the *brand* of sandals someone's wearing. (Rainbow sandals are not distinctive and their name tag is tiny.) I might, however, remember this after a fuckfest with the sandal-wearer, the sandal-wearer now sliding them back on, along with the shorts (and surfy t-shirt, no doubt).

But the phone bullshit is the real giveaway, no? What are the odds that I called the wrong room a half dozen times that night then the right one the next morning, or the phone was defective then started working fine again come daylight?

Armed with all our horrendous knowledge, what are the odds that Lisa did *not* fuck that surfer from the Atlanta airport bookstore?

You tell me.

And might this be what Lisa was referring to with her "I recently did something dumb and out of control" while drunk blurt, which was issued a couple months after the night in question?

But there's an aspect that worsens this, if possible. Lisa read Part One of this narrative on the flight, the Atlanta-San Jose leg, she told me. (I'd emailed it to her from this island back then.) You know, wherein I assert that my worst nightmare is being in love with someone who is *dishonest*, and then go on about how Lisa is "at heart a good and honest person."

So, again, it appears there's some nice symmetry in how Lisa started and then ended our life in paradise, aside from the fuckfesting with her ex and the New Years Eve Guy and lying about it all in the very beginning, as warm up, and then all that came since.