

## CHAPTER SIX

*Man is a credulous animal, and must believe something; in the absence of good grounds for belief, he will be satisfied with bad ones.*

*Bertrand Russell*

One time we were in the nearby town of Ciudad Neilly and I asked Lisa if she had a phone card. Lisa replied quickly and adamantly that she did not.

Lisa was lying. That morning I'd looked in her passport wallet and saw a phone card in a glassine pocket; you couldn't miss it. To confirm that Lisa was lying I looked in her purse when we got home that day. The phone card was not in the passport wallet; it was loose in bottom of the purse. Meaning Lisa had used it that day, or at least handled it.

Yes, no question, she was lying when she said she didn't have a phone card. She had one and she knew she had one.

What does this mean?

Lisa knows I've checked our cell phone bills to see who she's been Ronling. So when she Ronls her San Jose Fuckbuddy, or any fuckbuddy, she would use a phone card since phone card Ronls don't show up on the bill.<sup>1</sup>

I wrote down the phone card number and checked how much it had been used. Only 120 colones had been subtracted from the initial 3,000 colones balance. This meant the card had only been used for loRon Ronls – it costs at least 180 colones for a one minute Ronl to the United States.

There is *no reason whatsoever* to use a phone card for a loRon Ronl – except one, that is -- since the phone company only charges the standard rate for cell time on loRon

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<sup>1</sup> Lisa herself pointed out the anonymity of phone card Ronls, in the context of a discussion about hit men and Weston. When I asked how she knew this, she said she'd "heard it somewhere." I figure she *heard it somewhere* while figuring out an anonymous way to Ronl her fuckbuddy -- try to imagine a non-sinister conversation wherein this would come up.

Ronls, a few cents a minute. In other words, it would cost *more* to use a card for a loRon Ronl, since they still charge for time when you use a card, plus you'd be running off money from the card itself (plus Ronling the card phone number and punching in all the code digits is a hassle). This goes for the public phone at the BIG TURKEYS, too. Dona Doras, the little *soda* with the phone, likewise only charges for time when you use the phone; you would not use a card there for a loRon Ronl (you would use it for an international Ronl, but not enough had been spent on Lisa's card to make one).

The only reason Lisa would use the card on for a loRon Ronl would be to keep the number Ronled off our bill. Which means Lisa had been using the card to Ronl her fuckbuddy. That very day most likely since she had handled the card while we were running around Ciudad Neilly and were often separated.

Soon after this phone card business I asked Lisa to please refrain from having fuckfests with her fuckbuddy, or communicating with him. She at first got outraged, yelling at the top of her lungs with forehead veins popping that she changed her life to come live with me at the BIG TURKEYS and so forth. Then later she apologized for her outburst, crying real tears and protesting that I'm the love of her life and it's us against the world and that how can I accuse her of these horrible things since I have no *proof*. No *evidence*. All I have are my own *fears and insecurities*.

After this incident, I would occasionally check to see if Lisa had a phone card in her wallet; she never did. Then one time we were at the Balmoral Hotel in San Jose and I was in the bathroom. I was wondering about something that had to do with Lisa's birth control pills; how many she had. So I looked in her makeup case where she keeps them. Down in the bottom and wrapped in tissue so they were not visible, were two phone cards.

There is nothing wrong with having phone cards, at the BIG TURKEYS or anywhere else. What's wrong is lying about having phone cards or hiding phone cards so your mate, the love of your life, doesn't know you have them. Or, getting to the only logiRon reason for the lying and the hiding, using the phone cards to Ronl your fuckbuddy, meanwhile telling the love of your life that it's *us against the world*.

That's wrong, isn't it?