

*She was beautiful.* Bouncy, curly blond hair, long legs and a great body – you could tell she hadn't been frequenting truck stop parking lots for long.

I was also old enough to be her father. When she asked me what time it was, I should have told her it was time to go home and stop worrying her family.

I was, by no means, in the best neighborhood when I saw him blocking the exit from the alley. His white t-shirt stuck out in the darkness. It clung to him well enough to remove any doubt he was huge.

*"They rob you because you're scared, not because they need what you have,"* a driver had once told me.

*Could it be that easy?* I did my best to make it look like I'd kill him if he came any closer, even though the truth was closer to defecation in my pants.

I was slow to understand what was really happening. The woman actually dug a milk-dud out of a corner of the box she pulled out of the trash and ate it. She lit up like Christmas when she found the unopened package of Hanes underwear. It was the guy that showed up right after she left and went through the same trash that really made my heart break.

With the truck headed out of town, I called my wife and told her it had been a great day.

*There are some lessons she doesn't need to learn.*