

Diamonds are a Guy's Best Friend

Dale Easley's blog

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My teenage daughter recently rode home from Phantom of the Opera with a male high school friend. At midnight, I got a text that his car had slid off the road into a snowbank, was stuck, and that the police had arrived. As I awaited further word of the situation, I envisioned the following conversation that I should have had with him earlier that night:

"Mr. Burger," I began. "You'll be bringing my daughter home from the play late tonight."

"Yes, sir," he replied. His look had a bit more of that teen-age male bravado than I cared for.

"That means that you will be responsible for her safety," I said.

"No problem, sir. I know what I'm doing."

"Before you go, let me tell you a bit about my profession," I said.

He looked a bit confused but nodded.

"I am a geologist. Do you know anything about geology?" I asked.

"Not much," he replied.

"One of the ways rocks form is through metamorphosis with extreme pressure. For example, if I were to squeeze your testicles, the first stage would be excruciating pain. In stage two, they would be converted into tiny little lumps of coal. And finally, if I squeezed long and hard enough they would be converted into diamonds. However, no matter how perfect those tiny little diamond testicles became, they could not possibly be as valuable as my daughter. Do I make myself clear?" I asked.

"Crystal clear," he gulped.

"Enjoy the play."