

Another Perspective

Written by Lori Pankonin, The Imperial Republican

Admitting mistakes might draw entertaining feedback

I had to get something in the mail one day so I dashed out the back door to head to the post office. Although my destination was just a block and a half away, every minute counted and I didn't want to miss the mail truck.

Realizing that my husband had left town in my vehicle, I jumped in his pickup and headed down the alley on my post office quest. I dropped my mail in the slot inside and realized there were others pushing the deadline as they stood in line. Whew. I made it.

Out I went and jumped back in the pickup. I thought it was odd when I saw the veterinary book in the door pocket. Hmm? Why would Russ be reading that? He reads several trade magazines and newspapers but doesn't very often have a book close at hand.

I began to back out and wondered when Russ put that big tool box in the back of his pickup. Where have I been?

Oh my gosh!! That wasn't his tool box. That wasn't his vet book. I was in the wrong pickup. Holy cow. It soon dawned on me that among those standing in line inside was none other than Dave, the veterinarian. I was in his pickup and had started to drive away.

Looking around, I wondered if anyone noticed. Should I discretely get out and move to the next pickup? How odd would that look if someone was watching? I went inside to ask Dave if that was his red pickup. Maybe when I asked he wondered if I had run into it or something. In that case, it was probably great news to know that all I had done was try to take it.

When I told my husband the story, he wondered how in the world I got them confused. One was a Ford and the other a Chevy. One had two doors, the other four. One had the big silver tool box in the back. But they were both red. And they were both in front of the post office with keys in them. That was enough for me.

Another Perspective

Written by Lori Pankonin, The Imperial Republican

So why would I want to admit such a faux pas mistake? Well sometimes when you tell about your rather stupid actions, it encourages conversation from others that becomes entertaining.

Like Jason. The story reminded him of the time his Dad was visiting and took his vehicle to get something at the local convenience store, returning shortly thereafter. Jason looked out and questioned several times who was parked in front of his house. His dad finally questioned his question as that was his vehicle. What?

You see, Jason's dad went in the store to get his newspaper, coffee or whatever he was after and came out and got in the wrong vehicle. So Jason's vehicle was still running at the store after several hours.

I guess I didn't ask for the rest of that story to learn if a stolen vehicle had been reported. What a kick!

I was headed out to my vehicle when I realized someone else was headed in the same direction. Her friend was about to get in the passenger side. Brenda then admitted that she had done that once before.

You see, we both drive black Suburbans and we were parked on the same block. One day she actually got in my Suburban and started it. Ironically, we also carry the same blue cell phone so she felt right at home when she saw my phone on the console.

But then she noticed other unfamiliar surroundings, turned the vehicle off and escaped unnoticed. She found it in herself to confess and I told her my red pickup story.

If you just admit some of your not-so-bright acts, others relax and tell their stories. And it gets pretty entertaining.

Another Perspective

Written by Lori Pankonin, The Imperial Republican

What's your story?