

—Lifting the 'Vale—

Wrecking Havoc

We've all had our little off-the-record fender benders, but a recent confab at the coffee shop yielded some anecdotes that made me smile.

Mayor Dick led off with his story of parking his company car across the end of his driveway (since he was only going to be home for a minute.)

His mistake was going to the bathroom. It was from the bathroom window that he witnessed his lovely wife T-boning his spiffy new company car with their very own family car. She logically explained that all she did was raise the garage door and back the car out like she always did. Why would anyone park across the driveway anyhow?

The other night a mental picture of hearing him yelling a warning from the bathroom window crossed my mind causing me to laugh out loud. The Wife wondered what was so funny, but I couldn't answer because we have experienced similar circumstances right here on our own compound.

We were both leaving the house at the same time and both had boarded our two separate vehicles. Being the gentleman that I am; and more truthfully, afraid that I might not be able to get out of the driveway in time to avoid being hit by my own wife, I let her go first.

As I watched her backing out the driveway, I was horrified to see that she was angling in a trajectory so as to perfectly nail our garbage can innocently awaiting the week's pickup. My frantic hollering and gesturing was to no avail, so I madly honked the horn as I helplessly

watched her zero in on the plastic statue of innocence. Wham, and the telltale bobbing of the headlights told me there had been contact.

As The Wife pulled forward and I climbed out of my truck, I realized that all my horn honking did nothing to warn The Wife of the impending collision, but did very successfully alert all the neighbors to look out their windows in time to witness the brutal blindside attack of car versus disposal container.

The damage? Big irreparable dent in The Wife's ego. Small dent in her new car, and zero damage to the big green perpetrator who had the audacity to stand anywhere near our driveway. (I did point out the tire track on the lawn and wonder where that came from, but didn't press the issue in light of her highly emotional condition.)

Bill, the Brit, said that he had done something that would top any of our stories and put us to shame. He blamed it on the ubiquitous serious senior syndrome.

But first he softened us with his traumatic tale of woe involving his Pinto and a Lumber delivery truck.

Bill was innocently awaiting the green light at an intersection behind a lumber delivery truck, which for no apparent reason suddenly began to back up. Bill began beeping his cute little bitty car horn, and the truck just continued backing until it came to rest up and over the hood of his car, flattening his front tires, crushing the hood and roof of his car.

As the truck pulled away, unaware of anything, Bill and his squashed car sat in the middle of the road looking like a swatted fly upon the window.

Bill's real story was his admission of his senior moment which allowed him to back his wife's car out of the garage, and then proceed to back his own car directly into his wife's car, totally forgetting that it was there.

He coyly remarked that she wasn't really very happy.

As a child I witnessed my mother performing an equal deed.

We lived out on a farm with a very long drive and were saying our goodbyes to some visitors who were parked by our house in the driveway. Suddenly my mother remembered that the store was about to close and she had to run into town. She left us talking to our visitors in their car and ran up to the barn and got our car and proceeded to back right into their car, causing us to all scatter, wondering how that could have happened.

I closed out the coffee shop tales by telling about my secretary's story of backing out of her garage forgetting to open the garage door. Right through the door, stuck in the middle. She couldn't go forward, backward, or even get out of her car. Even worse, according to her report, was the fact that she had left a pan on the stove, and that was the reason for being in such a hurry in the first place.

Oops.

Northern California Blues Festival

June 21 & 22

Fair Oaks Park, Fair Oaks, CA

Free with Military ID

The Northern California Blues Festival brings together some of the hottest music ever played under the shade of old oak trees in beautiful Fair Oaks Park including music by Elvin Bishop, Maria Muldaur, Mighty Mike Schermer, Mick Martin and more great talent. Proceeds benefit "Through the Mind", a non-profit providing alternative mental health care to America's returning war veterans.

Pancake Breakfast by Orangevale Grange #354.

Classic Car Show - 11:30 AM - 6:00 PM

Saturday, June 21 - Gate Opens at 11:00 AM

12:00-1:00	Equinox
1:30-2:30	Lee Bootz and the Southside Shuffle
3:00-4:00	Steve Foster Band
4:30-5:45	Delta Wires
6:15-7:30	Mighty Mike Schermer
8:00-9:30	Elvin Bishop

Sunday, June 22 - Gate Opens at 10:45 AM

Pancake Breakfast - 8:30 AM - 10:30 AM

11:30-12:15	Jeff Watson Band
12:45-1:45	Strictly for Kicks
2:15-3:15	Sacramento Blues Revue
3:45-4:45	Mick Martin
5:15-6:45	Maria Muldaur



MONSTER MINI GOLF

We Cost less than the Movies!
and we're more fun!

18 Holes of Indoor Glow-in-the-Dark Monster themed Mini Golf, 2 Amazing Private Party Rooms, Great Games & More!

July Special!
Wear Red, White & Blue any day in July and be entered to Win River Cats tickets!

Monster Mini Golf is Fun for all Ages!
Plus: We have 2 Very Posh Private Party Rooms, Great for Birthdays, Field Trips or Corporate Events! Bring a Friend, Bring the Family, or bring the entire team!

Stella Skellarella says, Get out of the HEAT!
Tuesday Special, 18 holes of Mini Golf for only \$5!
Reg Price \$5.50-\$7.50 Coupon can not be combined with any other offer

12401 Folsom Blvd. Rancho Cordova, CA 95742
(in the Nimbus Winery, Next to the Old Spaghetti Factory)
ph: 916-294-0000 or monsterminigolf.com

Always open to the public...year round Open Tues - Sun & Mon Holidays