

Assignment Title: Humorous Anecdote

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Several years ago, my mother came from Virginia to visit me during the summer months to help with my children. This was a common occurrence; she would often visit when my children were out of school because I couldn't afford day camps and childcare when school was out of session.

Usually I would take a week of vacation while my mother was in town so I could drive her around town to all her favorite places – Charlies Hot Dog Stand, the bagel shop, the pizzeria, and the local diner to name a few. My mother use to live in my town so she had friends and my siblings to visit as well and I gladly drove her wherever she wanted to go.

The main reason why I drove her around was because I didn't like for her or anyone else to drive my car. She had a valid license – I just had this thing about lending out my car.

One Saturday my husband and I were going out for a few hours and my mother asked if she could borrow my car to go to the mall. I told her that we wouldn't be out long, and I would take her when we returned. She replied that she didn't want to wait, and she was just going to be about an hour or so. I hemmed and hawed – until my husband finally said “Cheryl just let her use the car, the mall is only a short distance from our home and it's going to be fine. I relented and let her take the car to the mall.

As expected, my mother was in the mall for less than an hour. When she exited out the mall, she couldn't find the car and became frantic. She looked up and down the aisle where she believed she had parked and then she returned to the mall entrance and stood there wringing her hands.

After a few minutes a security guard walked up to her and asked “Ma'am are you okay? Do you need some help? She responded “I can't find daughter's car! She didn't want me to drive it and now I can't find it! She is going to have a fit... I can't call her and tell her that her car was stolen”.

The security office asked her “are you sure that you parked on this side of the mall?” Could you have parked somewhere else?” She responded that she was sure she parked in this area – because this is where we usually park when we go to the mall, “but it's possible that I parked somewhere else.”

The security guard told her to wait near the doors that he would call the other security guards to drive around the parking long and look for the car – he asked her “what kind of car do you have?”

She replied I have a 2000 silver Buick LaSabre and she provided the plate number.

The security team spread out around the mall on foot and driving for about 45 minutes, then the officer returned and said “Ma’am, we didn’t find a silver LaSabre with the plate number that you provided. If you come with me to the security office, we can call you daughter and the police so that you can make a report. I am sure that your daughter won’t blame you and she will be very understanding.”

My mother replied why are you looking for a 2006 silver LaSabre, my daughter’s car is a white Chevy Barretta? My LaSabre is in my driveway in Virginia.

The officer looked puzzled and confused at my mother and stated “Ma’am you told us that the car we were looking for is a 2006 Silver LaSabre. To which she responded – “you asked me what kind of car you have, not what kind of car I were you driving. I have a 2006 Silver LaSabre, but I am driving a Chevy Barretta.

The officer really didn’t know what to say and was even more surprised when my mother said very cheerfully – “Oh, look over there – that’s my daughters’ car! Thank you, officer, you have a good day” and proceeded to walk away, get in the car, and drive away. She even waved at him as she drove past.