

Line Dancing.

Ranted by Rick Astley

In his role as Newsletter Editor, I'm sure Dale has a folder in his computer marked, "Only Use if Desperate", so if you're reading this then it's a sure bet that he was having a tough time filling half a page and thought this article might be marginally better than having you stare at a white space. I don't blame him for filing it there, sometimes writing things down helps a person get something off their chest and put things in perspective and in my case, if my scribbles have a tenuous connection to MGs, I'll send them to our editor. So here it is, straight off my chest where it's been ticking me off.

Like most of us, I don't buy everything for my MG from a specialist source. Instead, for spark plugs, oil, cleaning supplies and a few other things, I go to a regular auto supply store. When I say I go to the store, that's exactly what I do. I get in the car, drive there, consume costly gas, park, enter the store, find what I want and line-up to pay. Eventually, I find myself at the front of the queue, or at least that's where I think I am. However, just as I get there the phone invariably rings, and the clerk who is supposed to be attending to me, picks it up! I then have to wait — and wait — while someone who just telephonically jumped the line, takes 5 minutes discussing what part best suits his needs, whether or not they have it in stock and if not, when can they get it and for how much.

Now just maybe the guy calling-in has crawled from under his car that he requires to travel to work the next day — otherwise he won't get paid — and must call around because he's desperate. But probably not. In my mind at least, I always picture he-who-just-butted-in as someone lounging back in his Lazy-Boy, which was probably aptly named just for him, with a beer in one hand and a TV remote in the other while he talks on a Bluetooth thingy that he has stuck in his hairy ear.

I suppose there are people who like to wait in line, no doubt they're the same people who, when asked their preference when booking a flight, choose the middle seat. Unfortunately, whether it's at our border crossings or in a store, I seem to have perfected the art of choosing the slowest line. That wouldn't be so bad if I wasn't certain that the people who are moving faster than me have smug looks on their faces, but since I only ever see the backs of their heads, I can never be too sure of that.

Now take a look in a mirror. Do you have a smug look on your face? Are you sitting in a Lazy-Boy? Yes? So it was you who called AutoZone last Saturday afternoon!