

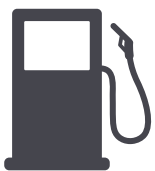


NOTHING GOOD EVER HAPPENS AT NIGHT...

Celebrating our 20 years in Business | 20 years of Stories

This year I've decided to share some stories about our 20 years in Business. I have written about working late in our office: running posters, meeting with clients or just driving around looking at property we didn't have time to look at during the day. Well, this month's story is about one of those late nights and this one sure proves the old adage, "Nothing good ever happens at night!"

Everyone that knows me knows I love snow, or maybe better put, how I love when it is s-n-o-w-i-n-g! Forget the slushy stuff afterwards! Well, one winter night when Gavin was still young enough to be in a pumpkin seat (everything relates to the age of our children, doesn't it?), we set out for a drive in the fresh, falling snow to look at a new build. We buckled Gavin in the Tahoe and got the little guy all cozy for a late night drive. We headed out and realized we were low on gas and better stop at the gas station before they closed.



As Scott was out pumping gas, I noticed there were two other cars around us - one gentleman was also getting gas and the other car was empty as the occupants must have gone into Gas station. The

gentleman that had been gassing up returned abruptly from inside and I saw him say something to Scott as he kept moving rapidly towards his own car.



Scott immediately put the nozzle back onto the pump and got back into our SUV. As he was telling me the words that were exchanged outside, he backed us up to the next lot and started dialing 911. The conversations joined as the dispatcher was now on the line and hearing how the man had asked

Scott to call the police because Gas station was about to be robbed at gunpoint and he didn't have his cell phone... He told Scott he was getting out of there and that we should too!

While Scott was still on with the 911 dispatcher explaining all of this, 2 police cars rolled in followed shortly by a State Trooper and then several Sheriff's Officers. We watched as the officers went into the convenient store with guns drawn, because 911 told us to stay right where we were. We could barely see as hands went up above some aisles - we were told they brought the men to the floor - while

more officers rushed through the front door of the small building. An officer eventually exited.

The officer walked right over to Scott's driver's side window and asked us questions - one of which was, why did we call in saying the Gas station was going to be robbed? Scott told the officer exactly how this all happened and what the man had asked us to do.

By that time, there was a 2nd officer at our vehicle listening to our answers. The officers then told us the two individuals in question were NOT armed and did not appear to be robbing Gas station. They went on to say the gas station attendant was pretty shaken up, too. We just apologized and felt so stupid as we drove off with McMichael Realty plastered all over the side of our vehicle. It was a proud moment for us!

It kept snowing and was getting pretty deep as we drove around, looked at the new build and then drove a few backroads. We decided to check on the office to spread some ice melt in front before going home.



We had just left the office to head home when we could see a car pulled diagonally across the road, blocking it - the car was on fire!!! The flames were shooting out of the engine from the already raised hood...it was quite startling. Scott kept driving towards the car to help and right before we reached the car - he stopped.

It was them - it was the car from Gas station - it was the two men that didn't rob gas station!!!

By now the flames were getting bigger and the two men were out of the car frantically throwing snow onto the fire. I said that we needed to get out and help, but Scott said, "Are you out of your mind, I am not going near them tonight."

So there we sat, car on fire, 2 men rushing around throwing snow on it with our headlights lighting the whole mess up. We talked about just turning around and leaving, but would that be kind of like leaving the scene of an accident? We had to do the only thing we knew to do - we had to call 9-1-1 AGAIN!



Yes, the call went just like you can imagine it going. Scott told the 911 dispatcher who he was, again, and that we ran into the same men that were going to rob Gas station and now their car is on fire.

The dispatcher told us to wait right there - **AGAIN!**

The same officers arrived - **AGAIN!**

The officers put the fire out and saw us and came over to question us - **AGAIN!**



HOME

They looked at us like they didn't believe us. About what? I do not know. We told them what had happened and then told them we were just going straight home, we promised!

All of you are going to think we are just crazy. After reading these monthly stories from our 20 years in business, and after remembering all of these stories and sharing them with all of you... it does sound crazy!

