



Jeff
MENEEL
REALTOR®
818.606.7996
jeffm@troop.com

*"This isn't
just business...
It's personal"*

THE STORY OF BETH AND TIM - a real estate saga Chapter 2 - Moments later

Previously on **THE STORY OF BETH AND TIM:**

Our realtor meets Beth and Tim, both divorced with one kid each, who are looking for a house. Our realtor likes food. When we last saw him, he was about to buy a black & white cookie.

Today's story takes place between 10am and 11am. Actually, that's not true. I just love the show "24."

...and that's when it happened! The waitress that had served Beth, Tim and myself came running over. "I'm glad I caught you. I think you left me too much money," she said nearly out of breath. Here's my feelings about waitresses: no matter what their attitude is, no matter how old they are, no matter if they're beautiful or have broken cigarette-stained teeth – they are all angels. Because they are the bringers of food. I love food so I love anyone who brings it to me. Based on this, I over-tip. Always have, always will. Now, I've been dirt-poor, comfortably rich, then poor again. Doesn't matter. I always tip big. I want my waitresses happy. Now of course the same goes for waiters, but I'm a guy so I prefer to talk about waitresses.

Anyway, I smiled my best smile and told her there was no



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mistake. I turned back to the black & white cookie. My heart skipped a beat as I looked at it. I was about to order it from the cashier when the waitress grabbed my arm, forcing me to look at her and said, "You left \$50 for a \$15 check." Now my mother didn't raise no fool. Well, actually she did: My brother. Obviously I had meant to leave a 20. Still a good tip, I may add. So, now here I am with this dilemma: Do I leave a \$35 tip? Hell no! First of all, I'll look stupid, something I try to avoid. Do I take back the 50 and give her a 20 in its stead? Hell no again! That's awkward and embarrassing for both of us. Now we realtors run into these kinds of dilemmas all day long. And any realtor worth his salt (note to self: buy hot pretzel later) has a bag-full of solutions to any problem. So here's what I do: I smile even bigger and say, "Listen Darlin', I'm a realtor." Now, she probably already knows this because I'm wearing my real estate jacket, my real estate tie, my real estate name badge and a 4-leaf clover pin that says, "I'm Irish and I'm a realtor." I'm not Irish, but I don't mind if people think I am. I mean, who doesn't love the Irish? Maybe the Brits but I'm not working in England, so who cares? Anyway, I follow up by pulling out five of my business cards and handing them to her. I say, "Over the next week, if you hear any of your customers even mention the word 'house' – and I don't care if they're talking about the TV show – hand them one of my cards. Okay?" Before she can answer I go back to the only reason I'm living right now: to get that black & white cookie before anyone else does.

...to be continued



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