



Jeff
MENELL
 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 5 – Only Minutes Later

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

As you'll recall (and if you do, you have an amazing memory, since it's been months! I couldn't even remember my wife's birthday this year - that was a fun day in my house, let me tell you - but I remember what I had for lunch on April 6, 1997! It was tuna on rye toast. So good! Wow, that was an early digression, even for me), I was bringing Beth and Tim into their dream house. Seconds away from a happy ending for all of us. I genuinely feed off the enjoyment of my clients when I find them THE house. (Speaking of "Feed," it's almost time for lunch, which today will be at Redballs Rock and Roll Pizza in Woodland Hills. Great pizza and meatball wedges. Darn! I should never write these things when I'm hungry. But then I'd never write. Hmmmmm. Dilemma. Oh well...). And that's when Tim dropped the bombshell...right on Beth's foot. I remember thinking it was weird that Tim was carrying a bombshell in the first place, but one thing you learn as a realtor is that all clients have a crazy side. Apparently this bombshell had sentimental value. See, Tim's Dad volunteered to serve his country during WWII. But they wouldn't take him. Something to do with five other brothers already in the service. Tim claims Spielberg made a movie about this, but Tim is a compulsive liar. No proof, just suspicions. Anyway, since Tim's



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dad was about the only guy in town NOT fighting in the war, he had his pick of the ladies and he started dating gorgeous Sally Edmunds. That's right, she was a bombshell. They got married, had Tim, and now Tim carries this around to remember his mom, who lives about a block and a half away. And this, my friends, is not even close to being the weirdest real estate story I could tell you. Welcome to my world.

Anyway, the dropped bombshell broke Beth's foot. You would have thought she was giving birth to Dumbo the way she was screaming. Being a full-service realtor I drove her and Tim to the hospital, where six hours later, a 14-year-old-looking intern gave Beth some Tylenol, then put a cast on the still-screaming (I'm not kidding. I was going to strangle her but then I remembered my fear of prison) Beth. Meanwhile, Tim had been uncharacteristically silent since the incident. It's possible I just couldn't hear him over Beth's shrills, but I'm pretty sure he didn't say anything. At my first opportunity, I pulled him aside and asked what was wrong. You're not going to believe what he told me...

TO BE CONTINUED...

Chapter 6 coming soon! Hope you're enjoying this story.
By the way, I'm never too busy for your referrals.
Have a great day!

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