

Remember, I was only trying to replace our basement fridge. That's it.

A while back I strolled into an appliance store looking for a fridge that would fit down our narrow basement stairs. Innocently, I had just begun rolling a snowball of hell. After settling on a modest Frigidaire, we set the delivery date of Saturday, April 2nd in the afternoon. You remember last Saturday don't ya? The freak snowstorm and all. Ya, well that's when all the fun began.

The large delivery truck arrived on the dot and the movers wasted no time in assessing the situation. After a quick measurement we concluded that for the fridge to make it down the stairs, the stairwell door would have to be de-hinged and the fridge and my stairwell would need to be dismantled. They began taking the fridge apart while I ran to the workshop for the pry bar. That's a lesson for the future. Anytime a pry bar has to be brought in to the program, only bad things can happen. Knowing this, my wife packed up the dogs in a panic and bolted for Toronto.

Ok, so at this point our once quaint house now looked like the early stages of a good old-fashioned razing. Fridge parts strewn all over the kitchen floor, furniture everywhere, a wooden door leaning against the bathroom wall and a bunch of 1885 tongue and groove shelving wrenched out of its happy place. The work paid off though, and these magician movers were able to get that damn thing downstairs with hardly a scratch. The old fridge was removed, we shared a coke and they were on their way.

Earlier in the day I had taken a test run up to my turnaround area and the ground seemed fine. But my Dodge Ram was hardly the weight of a 30-foot International Harvester moving truck now was it! Within seconds the truck was axle deep in mud and going nowhere. We're about 2 hours into this little fridge drop off, I'm now late for a function in Toronto and the Yellow Pages are open to the "Towing" section. Super.

After settling on one of many monosyllabic, first name towing companies I called to describe the lay of the land. Due to the now limited turn around options, my instructions clearly stated for them to back down the lane when arriving

Jeff Lumby's view from the country

You kiss your mother with that mouth?

at our address. I think I said it three times, so needless to say I was thrilled to see headlights approaching half hour later.



"What part of 'back down the laneway' didn't you understand?" I said. "It's okay, I'll just turn around here." By, here, he meant on our tiny parking pad. You guessed it, within 15 seconds the tow truck was also stuck. I was now having an out of body experience, because being in my body, at this point, had really lost its zeal. The downstairs fridge hadn't been plugged in yet, but there were plenty cold ones in the upstairs icebox. So while Mario Andretti called for backup I went inside for a frothy one.

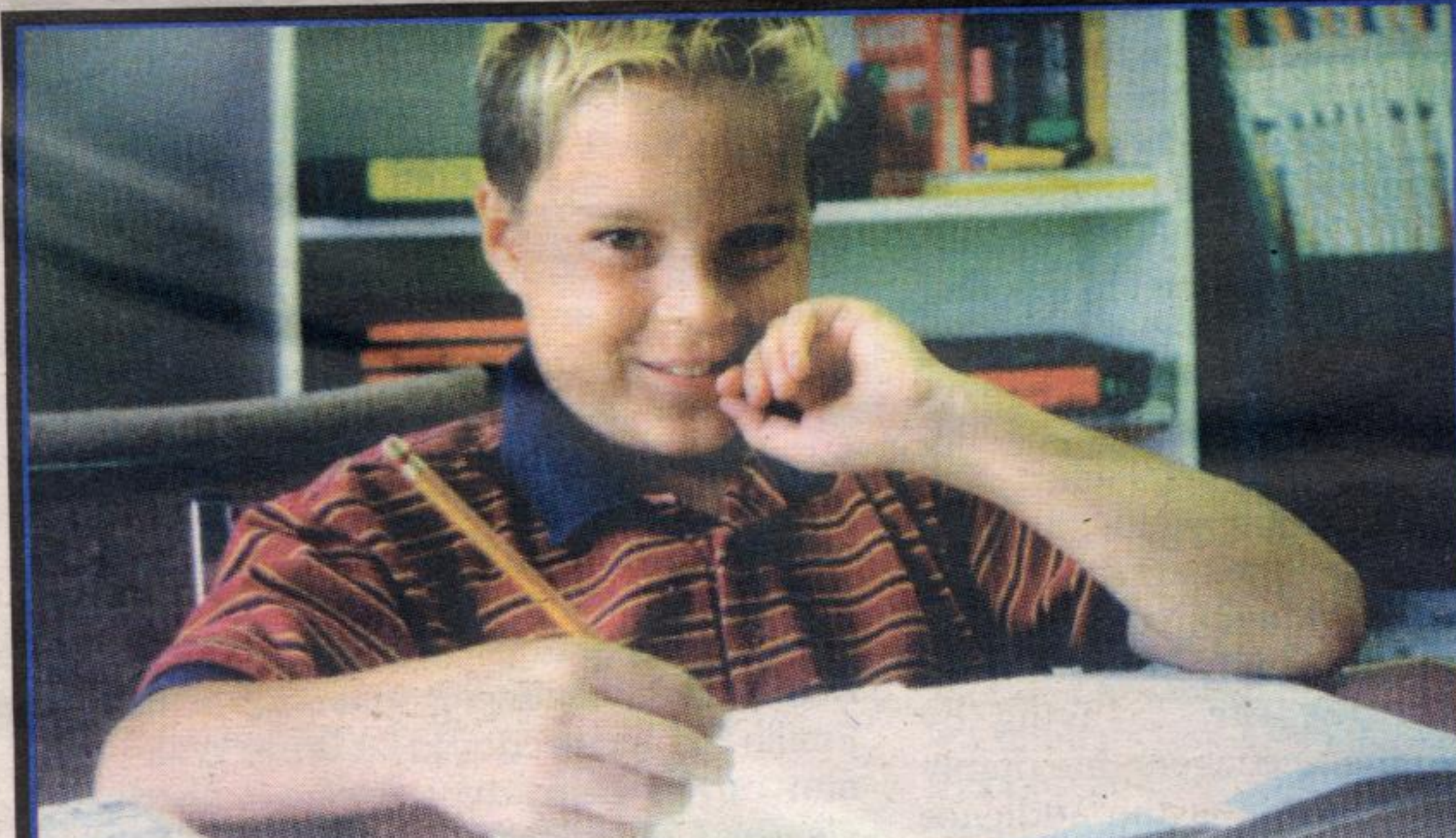
In the time it took the second tow truck to arrive, the message was conveyed that the owner of the house wasn't all smiles and chuckles. But instead of apologizing for the situation and the new look of my property, the owner of the towing company came out swinging. I said, "So how are you going to do this?" He said, "I'm gonna f#@%ing do what I f+*&^ing have to do to get that truck out, so why don't you just f off and go sit in the house." Soooo, I guess you won't be staying for dinner then.

You know, in retrospect, I don't believe he was trying to insult me, I just think it was the extent of his vocabulary. Well, when in f#@%ing Rome. "I'm not gonna f!@\$ing sit by and watch you carve up the rest of the f&*%\$ing property so I'm not going any f%#@\$ing where." They had to pull the truck out sideways and in the process ripped out the 6 X 6 beam we used to landscape the parking pad. Where's that beer fridge?

There were now 5 guys and 3 trucks outside my house. Not really what I had in mind when I cracked open the eyelids a few hours earlier. Thank God there was enough brain and engine power to free the Moving truck from the mud without further incident. Then one after the other they began filing off the property, the moving truck left going backwards.

At the end of the day I felt bad for the movers who probably weren't able to finish their deliveries. The tow truck company, on the other hand. Well let's just say I have lots of pictures to relive the fun of the day anytime I want.

All was not lost though. On the way into Toronto I stopped off at Tim's for a large regular. I rolled up the rim and won a muffin.



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