Return an item? Do I have to?

Tlike to think I'm a fairly typical sort of guy, and with that comes a few fairly typical L'guy attitudes'.

Let me explain.

Not too much really fazes me. I don't get upset about having to drag the garbage to the dump, nor do I mind having to run to the rescue of any of the females in the house, when they have car problems.

Hell, I don't even mind doing my own ironing— in fact I prefer ironing my own shirts so they're done to my liking.

But PULEEEEZE, don't ask me to return something to the store.

I'm not sure why, but I'd probably enjoy a root canal more than facing someone at the courtesy desk. It's one of my little phobias.

Recently I purchased eight batteries for my radio at my desk. Standing at the display, I silently asked myself what size batteries I needed. I knew it required eight of them, but the size escaped me.

"Does it take C cells? Or Ds?"

I looked at the D cells. They looked too big to fit into the little door on the back of the unit.

So I grabbed eight C cells.

As you can guess... it required Ds.

Typically, I got a knot in my gut thinking about facing a store clerk to return those eight batteries. How could I, an intelligent male adult, justify being a total idiot by picking up eight batteries in the wrong size?

I mentally searched the office and my home, trying to think of another toy, appliance or even flashlight that required C cells.

No such luck. I had to return them.

I think it must be a guy thing, cuz I can't recall, throughout my entire life, knowing one woman who would shy away from returning any item to a store.

As I drove back to the mall, I was plagued with another scenario I experienced a few months back, while I was at a local store, and a lady returned two items.

TED BIT **Ted Brown**

"These are junk," she'd said to the lady in customer service, "I want to return them."

"Oh?" said the nice lady who was in charge, "How long have you had them?"

"Two months," she snapped back. "Gawd! Two months!" I thought to myself. I wouldn't have the nerve to return them after two days. But she did, and the customer service lady wrote up the paperwork, and took them back.

(Of course, after the customer left, she mentioned to a co-worker how 'that woman had SOME nerve, and after two months...')

That thought consumed me as I walked into the store with my errant eight C cells.

"Uh... ahem, I was wondering if I could return these batteries," I began, the nervousness taking over.

My mind was racing as the sweat trickled down my temples. I was on the verge of blurting out. "My daughter picked them up and they were the wrong size—she got C cells, but she needed Ds."

But there was no need.

"That's no problem sir," she smiled after I explained, "Let me get you eight D cells, and we can simply exchange them."

Magic! I didn't have to produce a sales receipt and 10 pieces of ID to make the exchange.

I admit, I was relieved to be through my personal hell. And as I drove away from the mall, one thought kept echoing through my mind.

"Next time remember you idiot! It's D cells!!!"











