

Luke Soup

Doing something

by Luke Anderson

I just finished reading a book. I read the whole thing! I know what you're thinking, "whoop-dee-doo buddy". Well, my friends, there was a time when this four-wheeled writer wouldn't be caught dead in a bookstore for fear of falling asleep in the middle of an aisle. In high school English classes I always chose to read the books with the least amount of pages no matter what they were about, and usually skipped a few chapters in between. If I were only able to write a book report about the latest edition of Auto Trader maybe my English mark would have been a little better. As many would attest I was definitely not one you'd catch sitting down for long.

The book that I just finished reading is called It's Not What Happens to You, It's What You Do About It, and is written by W. Mitchell. I couldn't help but think about this book on a recent excursion to see a at The play Horseshoe a little while ago. Accompanied by a few good friends of mine we made a point of getting to the venue in good time in order to get a decent spot to catch the show. After some pub grub and a tall glass of the Horseshoe's finest a lengthy lineup had formed at the ticket booth.

we conveniently melted ourselves into it without confrontation. Just beyond the ticket booth three steps separated the front bar area from the rear concert area but not to fear, a phone call I had made earlier that day confirmed that a guy by the name of Tyrone would be more than happy to bring the ramp out. Much like some of the other ramps that I have used Tyrone's ramp looked like it had been around the world and back. He assured me that "it's all good bro" as it creaked, groaned and sagged a bit while I ascended... nothing like a trip up a rickety ramp to get the old heart pumpin".

We set ourselves up at a table not too far from the stage and assumed that we would be able to have a good view for the show. We sat comfortably chatting and anxiously anticipating the arrival of the opening act. After a little while, however, people started standing in front of the stage and it didn't take too long before the whole area in front was filled. By the time the opening band came on I was straining to look through a mob of dancing fans to get a look at the performers. reasoned with myself, was expecting some angry "here I am with my buds listening to some good everyone was very polite

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to properly see them was not such a big deal.

The opening band finished up and some guys onstage prepared the instruments and sound system for the main act. The crowd in front of the stage held their territory as my thoughts of making it up to the front faded away. The performer that we were so looking forward to seeing was an Australian famous for playing the guitar and didgeridoo (a Australian instrument) at the same time. Unlike the other band I really wanted to see this guy play. He got started and the area in front of me really packed up to the point where I couldn't see a thing. In fact I was staring directly at the back of the tallest guy in the entire place!

I was truly disappointed. After half a dozen songs I couldn't take it anymore, I wouldn't let this ruin my night out. I yelled out "OK, that's enough... who wants to be my plow!?" A friend who was sitting with me eagerly jumped at the opportunity and we quickly employed our plow technique. Margo walked in front of me tapping people's shoulders to get their attention and politely asked them to make way. I looks but thankfully

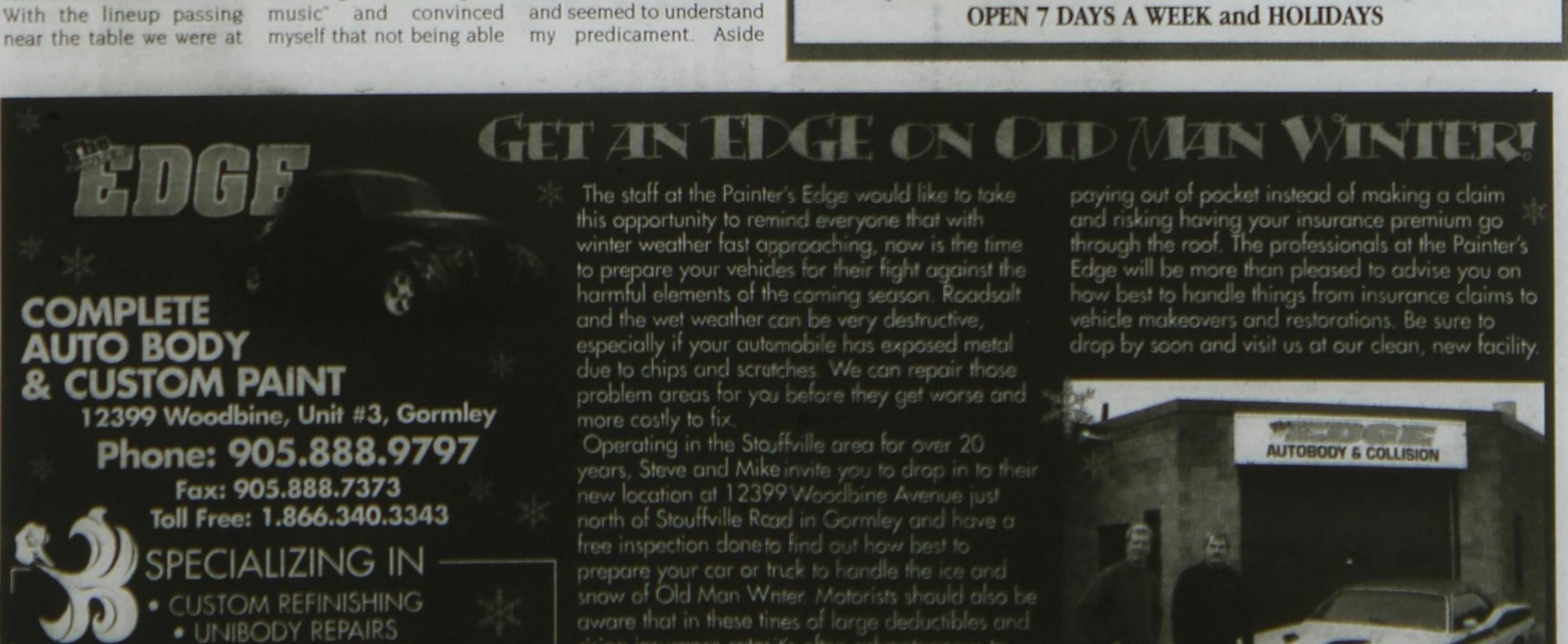
from running over three or four feet the journey to the front was smooth and successful, we made it right to the stage! Taking in the concert from right in front of the stage for the last half of the show was a different totally experience, one that I will not forget.

Situations, predicaments, encounters and tall guys that block your view, some of life's circumstances that provoke us "to do something about it" and make our lives much more interesting.









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