

## **Clueless, But With a Laser Like Focus**

I was at the Solon Dairy Queen recently for my usual Thursday evening Blizzard (Georgia Mud Fudge), when I began thinking about the young woman waiting on me. She didn't look familiar, and I wondered what the employee turnover was in that business and whether or not this might be her first day on the job.

When I placed my order, she smiled at me and asked in a small-town-nice tone, "Is that the only thing you like here?" Startled, all I could do was say yes and wonder exactly how many times she has taken my order in the past. For all I know she has waited on me every Thursday for five years and I've never noticed.

I'm told that alcohol may have an effect on perceptions. I drank a couple of LuAnn's margaritas for the first time at our UI football Minnesota game tailgate, and belatedly discovered that she evidently measures the tequila with a milk pail and the margarita mix with an eye dropper. I had a great time during the game and I'm told I was highly entertaining, but I have also been informed that I owe several people in section 107 an apology. You know who you are.

LuAnn has always said I'm one of the least perceptive people on the planet. Last week I came home after work and walked past seven big pots of mums next to our back door that she had just bought. I asked her why her Trailblazer was in the driveway and couldn't figure out what she was talking about when she explained she had been "unloading."

A couple of years ago I backed out of our garage directly into her truck (again parked in the driveway) which I had walked completely around only seconds before so I could get into the garage in the first place.

LuAnn uses the word "clueless," but I prefer to believe that I have such a laser-like focus on whatever random act I'm performing at the moment that I'm able to block out all other extraneous input.

As bad as she thinks I am, I feel I compare favorably to my brother-in-law who was once on a prescription medication that required a nightly dose. Every night

he would stumble into the kitchen in the dark and wash down a pill. One morning he discovered he had taken one of the cat's de-worming pills. On two consecutive nights.

Part of my communication difficulties with LuAnn stems from the agreement we have that if one of us speaks more than three consecutive sentences without drawing a breath, the other can stop listening without penalty. Actually, it's more of an understanding than an agreement. Now that I think about it, I'm not sure I ever informed her about this understanding at all.

Last week she was well past three sentences into a communication with me when I accidentally picked up on the words "Breast Awareness Month." I'm sure she meant Breast *Cancer* Awareness Month, but I couldn't help thinking about what an easy cause it would be to promote. Among men, anyway.

Not to minimize the importance of this month's actual namesake, I must admit that most of the men I know consider every month to be Breast Awareness Month and making it official would be somewhat redundant.

Anyway, the earth continues to rotate on its axis and life goes on, not that I'd notice if it didn't. I'm doing my best to address my shortcomings and become more aware of the world around me, but it seems that some moles won't stay whacked.

*Writers Group member Dave Parsons whacks most of his moles at the business he co-owns on the Coralville Strip.*