

WHY THIS CLIENT DIDN'T WANT ME AS THEIR AGENT

OR

The American Family Imprinted Blue Comb

I was a new agent and almost all of my appointments were at the client's house. The district manager that hired me insisted on following three rules:

1. Always wear a suit! If it was 100 degrees in the shade, it didn't matter.
2. Always go to the insured's (or prospective insured's) home for appointments. Insured's love house calls
3. Always work half days. This means 12 hours!

So, keeping these rules in mind, I was walking to the prospective insured's house at 2:00 PM on the hottest day of the year in my three piece suit. It was also a very windy day and my comb-over hair had been rearranged in every possible configuration atop my brain locker. To compound this problem, because I was dressed like I was a pall bearer at a funeral and sweating like a butcher, my sweat soaked hair froze at the position where the Wind God's had decided it should be. And of course, there were still remnants of my morning bath of hair spray lurking in this matted mess which cemented the different hair configurations into permanency. As I reached the front door of the house and reached for the door bell, I caught a glimpse of my newfound image in the glass storm door. I swore I saw the *Joker* that has been so prominently displayed in thousands of decks of Bicycle playing cards over the decades.

I tried to pull back my pointer finger before it made contact with the doorbell so I could take a couple of minutes to rearrange the bird's nest balancing on my head. But alas, my finger had a mind of its own. I heard the chimes of the doorbell echoing throughout the foyer. I was afraid to set my briefcase down in the midst of this worsening hurricane so I held it between my legs. With increasing panic I searched the designated American Family imprinted blue comb storage area, also called my right back pocket. It wasn't there! As I heard footsteps approaching the door from the inside, I finally located the comb in the secondary American Family imprinted blue comb storage area, also called my left back pocket. In the

few seconds I had available, a new comb-over had to be accomplished that normally takes at least 10 minutes on a good day in non-hurricane like conditions!

As I was furiously trying to reconfigure my *Joker* hairdo to a *Donald Trump Special*, the occupant of this new “house of horrors” pulled open the inside door and pushed open the storm door to allow my entry. As the storm door left the friendly confines of the door frame, The Wind Gods hurled it at me, striking the briefcase that was precariously lodged between my kneecaps causing me to do a new dance step called the “Two Step Tango Pirouette Hop” before I plunged off the stoop and fell into the tulip patch. I quickly recovered, picked up my briefcase and introduced myself as if nothing happened, hoping they would think I did this comedy act as a matter of routine for all my out of office insurance appointment guests.

As I finally entered their house and started into my insurance presentation, I noticed that my prospective client was looking at me in a way that I have never been looked at before (at least that I know of). Later, after I left their house, returned to my car and looked in the mirror, I saw why. There, imbedded in my hair was my American Family imprinted blue comb. It was abandoned mid-stroke in my haste to selfishly take measures to prevent permanent injury and unforgettable embarrassment to my newly appointed ACP agent body as the storm door slammed into me.

I know you are all wondering, and the answer is “No, they decided not to entrust their insurance portfolio to me that day.”

I can't imagine why?!