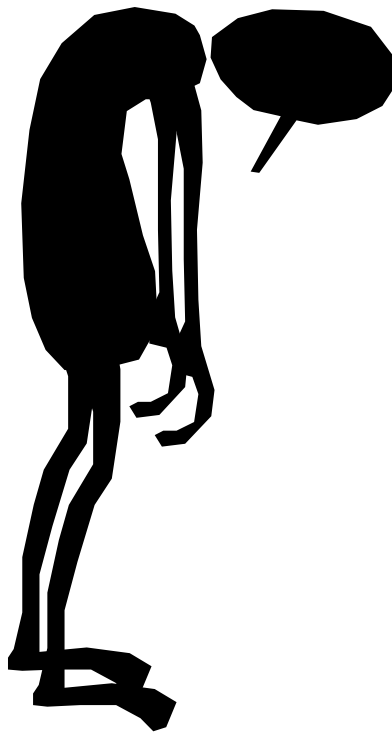


My Only Crime Was Being Born
An Autobiography, Volume 1



By Jeffee

My Only Crime Was Being Born!!

Volume 1, An Autobiography

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Smashwords Edition (Ebook Versions)

ISBN 978-0-9837308-0-4

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Dedication

To my wonderful honey - bunny (alias lovely wife Judy) - read her wonderful letters and you'll see why this book is dedicated to her.

Also dedicated to Friday, the 13th the first day of life long ago in a far away galaxy... (Only Friday the 13th that year!)

About the Author

I have always liked to write. I actually had my first published article in *Railroad Model Craftsman* magazine in July, 1965 when I was 18 years old. You could look it up. Reading and writing have been my two passions most of my life since with my wonderful Asperger's Syndrome I wasn't exactly a social butterfly; I was more like a social caterpillar, unfortunately I haven't got into the butterfly phase even to this day.

So I spent most of my life alone reading books. I didn't have computers to play with in the old days but now my computer is definitely my best friend as I don't have any close friends around here in San Antonio unfortunately. I've have had some great friends of my life but unfortunately they're all gone right now. You'll read about some of them in this book. I firmly believe you gotta go with the flow and play the cards life deals you.

You'll see from reading this book that I spent the first 12 years of school going to "wonderful" Catholic schools, St. Paul's grade school and Don Bosco High School. Then I finally escaped the Catholic school system and had a wonderful time going to school at the University of Arizona, some of the best years of my life. I graduated from the University of Arizona in 1969 (technically 1970) because I couldn't pass this damn required Spanish class and I finally figured out by taking it correspondence-style the grade wouldn't hurt me and I could pass it and be on my way. I actually graduated in January 1970 while I was attending the University of Arizona law school.

After three semesters of law school my law school career ended, and then since I'm still a college junkie, I took many classes at Pima Community College mainly to make G.I. bill money. And then you'll see later on when my baseball system didn't work out and I was living in Las Vegas, I finally did a smart thing and went back to school at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas and got an accounting degree. With that accounting degree I was finally able to get real employment and a real job gave me a chance to actually bring my wonderful fiancée Judy from Hong Kong to the United States and get married. That was the best decision of my life and probably the only reason I'm still here today to write this and give it to you.

So read this book and weep or laugh or cry or say thank God I didn't lived most of his life and all of them will be correct. Like I said, I'm a writing junkie so this book which is over 250 pages; God knows how many pages the book is gonna be when it goes e-book style. I can't figure that crap out but Volume 1, yes I said Volume 1; I've already written volume 2. I'm in the process of editing it so if you like this you probably will like Volume 2 too!

Authors Acknowledgments

First of all I'd like to thank SmashWords for giving budding authors like myself a chance to get e-book published. And they let you do it for free which is well within my budget. And I'll thank anybody else from Kindle to Apple that I can figure out how to put my e-book on.

Of course I can't ignore my wonderful wife Judy. Again she rates more than just being listed in the dedication. The only really good overall sections of this book are her wonderful love letters over a span of many years that through some miracle led us to get together and for me to have her as my wife.

And then like I used to tell my friend Steve who was very religious, hey Steve, the Bible would really be boring without some good villains like Herod, Pontius Pilate, Goliath, and the Pharaohs etc. So I want to thank all the "villains", mean people, nasty people, who contributed so many pages to this book. They made my life miserable then but also they could turn around and make me a few bucks now if you buy my book at the cheap price of \$1.99 that I'm offering it at. Wouldn't that be sweet revenge on all those people?

I want to give a special knowledge man to Mark Twain, one of the greatest and my most favorite author for inspiring me to even write this autobiography. I read Mark Twain's autobiography that just came out recently and I urge you to read it. Mark came up with the great idea of just dictating his book to stenographers and then they took their notes and typed up what he had said and gave it to him for editing. And Mark came up with the brilliant idea to just talk about whatever interested him in no particular chronological order. I thought that was a brilliant way to do an autobiography and that's exactly the way I did mine so thank you Mark

And finally I acknowledge to everyone who can relate to this book that I'm very sorry you can relate to this book.

Other Books I've Written

- *I Guarantee You Will Buy Low Sell High and Make Money or Here Are the Customer Yachts* (actually sold a few copies!)
- *My Only Crime Was Being Born - Volume 2* (still editing)
- *The Official Handbook of the Smart Wing* (still editing)

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Chapter 1

Jeff Tries to Get a Government Driver's License

I have to drive out to Randolph Air Force base to get some help with a web page I have to use to manage self-inspection checklists. And I will have to go out to Randolph AFB to get my fingerprints taken for my security clearance. I actually had to remove my wedding ring and my father's diamond ring to make the fingerprint people happy. As is usual in the gov, the office that does fingerprints is only open 8:00 AM to 10:30 AM and I can't go until I get some sort of blessing from somebody on a piece of paper – you don't just drop in!

It would be nice if I could drop in because I'll be at Randolph AFB for my web page help. So instead of killing two birds with one stone, I get to kill lots of my gas making two trips out to Randolph. We gov employees are entitled to a thing called "local mileage". They pay you 50 cents a mile for every mile you drive away from your own base (my own is Ft. Sam Houston).

Unfortunately the gov makes it nigh on impossible to collect local mileage. You have to go through this horribly difficult website called DTS – Defense Travel Service – it's really hard to get local mileage. So I came up with a new plan. I'll use a GSA (General Services Administration) car. Ft. Sam Houston rents lots of GSA vehicles for gov folk to drive around in. I have never driven a GSA vehicle and basically ate the cost of the gas driving everywhere for my job. I decided no more.

So I called up our Directorate of Logistics (DOL) (I still call every directory by their Army name because I can't remember what the new Air Force names are for all the directories – naturally the Army and Air Force can't call a spade a spade – Air Force says it's a digging utensil and the Army calls it a shovel.

The DOL told me I needed a government driver's license – naturally having a really good Texas driver's license that lets me drive every vehicle in Texas except for GSA vehicles isn't good enough. So dumbly I asked "How do I get a government driver's license?" DOL said I have to take the Army Accident Prevention Course on an Army website. DOL faxed me a sheet with the URL for the website.

So I went to the website. It was a secure website – one that has the "S" after the http. I tried to get in. The site immediately threw me a roadblock – I had to give the site my Army Knowledge Online (AKO) login and password. AKO is like a bad version of Facebook. I never use AKO and I always logged in to AKO using my Computer Access Card (CAC) by typing in a 6-digit pin number. Naturally the Army Learning Management School website where the accident prevention course lives wouldn't accept a CAC-login; it wanted my old login and password.

I actually thought I had them because I had written down their dumb password (has to be at least 8 characters, one capital, one small letter, some numbers, some special characters, the kitchen sink – they make it really easy to remember your password – NOT!!) So I tried to login. I hadn't written my login down, always used one of three logins so I thought no sweat. Well sweat! First try didn't work, second login and password didn't work and strike three called, the third login and password didn't work.

I'm a glutton for punishment (if you're are a masochist, working for the government is for you!) so I logged back in to AKO using my CAC card because the help person told me I could log in to the Army Learning Management site through AKO without using a password.

So once I got in, I searched AKO for the Accident Prevention Course and I got some hits. Yea, I thought I succeeded – wrong weedhopper! I went to one of the sites listed in AKO and found it was list of 16 soldiers from some unit that had passed the accident prevention course and they were so proud they posted their certificates of completion. I was tempted to print one of their certificates and try to put my name on it.

I searched some other postings on AKO and all the postings were by a unit or soldier and there was no way in hell I was going to get in to the Army Learning Management School site using AKO. I was "Learning" that Army Management" didn't want to make it easy to get into their site.

I'm a masochist so I opted for more pain. I went to the password change web page on AKO and changed my password – that will get them! It got me, not them. After changing my password successfully I tried again to get in the Army Learning Management School website. I tried one login with the new password, strike one; I tried the second login with new password, strike 2, and then I tried the third login with the new password, strike 3 – game, set match to Army Learning Management School!!

Jeffee decided it would be easier to eat the gas costs than try to outwit the Army and actually use their website – what a pain!

So I go out to Randolph AFB tomorrow to get help with the website because the boss who assigned me the website gave me no help and I don't have a clue on what to do.

The security clearance guy, Ed called me today because I forgot to sign one of the signature forms and of course the fingerprint guys at Randolph AFB can't take my fingerprints unless every t is crossed and I dotted! So I gave Ed my cell phone number and told him to please call me at Randolph tomorrow if I can get my fingerprints done.

If he doesn't call tomorrow morning then I have to make another trip out to Randolph on my gas with no reimbursement possible. And get this, I had to print a sheet of fingerprint instruction, alternately between black and flaming red to warn the fingerprintee of all the special rules that apply. Like don't just drop in, like sign our clipboard after you enter and you must have all rings and jewelry removed. Like the graffiti I saw over 40 years ago at the University of Arizona Newman Center (Catholic Student Center) – "Life is a poop sandwich and every day you take a bite", well I got to eat the whole sandwich today, not just a bite!

Today the sandwich was half the S word and half roast beef. I went out to Randolph Air Force Base to complete my security questionnaire by giving them fingerprints. I'm getting ahead of myself; I'll come back to that.

I actually went out to Randolph early in the morning to meet with Jim who was going to help me with this spreadsheet and website that I'm supposed to populate with all the units at Fort Sam Houston, Randolph Air Force Base, and Lackland Air Force Base and then once all the units were listed on this website somehow or other I was supposed to figure out the self – inspection checklists that applied to those units, post those checklist to the website so that all of the units out there could go to the website and see which checklist applied to them and then they would fill out the checklist and let us know whether they comply or didn't comply to the question in the checklist.

So early in the morning as I told Jim I'd meet him around 7:30 or so I drive to Randolph Air Force Base from my house. Jim gave me very good directions. He wrote the directions and he actually included an aerial photo of the area near his building. So far so good.

So I proceeded down 1604, the highway that runs east to Randolph Air Force Base. I got off at Pat Booker Road and then headed towards Randolph Air Force Base. Pat Booker Road was directly in front of the main gate of Randolph Air Force Base. But of course I wasn't supposed to go to the main gate, I was supposed to go to the south gate. Of course I am a real novice around Randolph Air Force Base because I hardly ever go to it so I really don't know my way around Randolph Air Force Base. Later on when I got a map, I could see that learning to drive on Randolph Air Force Base would be a lot harder than learning to drive at Fort Sam Houston because Randolph Air Force Base basically consists of a bunch little circles everywhere. There's hardly any which would call main roads like I have at Fort Sam Houston so it's harder to learn.

So if it's harder to learn, it's a lot harder to find any building you are trying to find. So like I said I came to the main gate at Randolph Air Force Base and I know I'm supposed to go to the south gate so I turned right on this road that parallels Randolph Air Force Base and drove south. I drove south about a quarter of a mile and came to what I thought was the south gate. I drive into the "South" gate and I'm driving down the road and of course I'm very observant and I read my

instructions from Jim and he said after I went into Randolph Air Force Base I would be on Golf road and then follow the directions from there.

So I'm driving down this road and of course I'm looking around. I'm glancing at instructions quickly and trying to figure out where to turn next when I noticed that the road I'm on is not Golf road but it's some road called 3rd Road West. I immediately know I'm in trouble; I did something wrong but I at this point I don't even know what it is.

After I driven on this road maybe about a mile I noticed the security police station. I figured if anybody knows their way around the base it should be the security police so I stopped in there and asked for directions. They were very nice and told me to turn on this road turn, on that road and so I went back to my car and tried to follow their directions. Once again I got hopelessly lost and I'm driving around looking at this picture, looking at the streets I'm supposed to be close to – one of them was Southwest Thruway and I think another one was First Street so I'm looking for either one of the streets hoping I just get lucky and stumble on the building am trying to find.

While I'm driving and driving around for like half an hour and finally I actually get on Golf road that I was the one I was supposed to be on in the first place. And when I got The Golf road, Jim said don't turn right because that will take you to the golf course, turn left so I'm driving on and on and naturally the first thing I come to is I'm smack dab right in the middle of the golf course so I know I made a wrong turn somewhere.

So I keep driving and driving and finally I drive past a sign that says Relocation Assistance Center. The first time I drove past about a block him and I said we don't be stupid, if anybody probably knows their way around the post that can help you it would be the Relocation Assistance Center.

So I parked my car in their parking lot and go to the front door and it's locked but I guess I making some noise caused this very nice lady to open the door although it was early and she was super nice to help me. She came up with a great idea I didn't even think of. She said why don't we call Jim and have him drive over here and then you can follow him to his building. I love that lady what a bright thinker! I always get so emotional (that darn and Asperger's Syndrome you know). I don't think straight in these situations. Of course that was the obvious thing to do.

So she called Jim and he answers the phone and very nicely says he'll drive over and find me and I can follow them back. So Jim arrives in his truck about 5 minutes later. I follow him back to his office which was like 2 minutes away from where I was. I was very close but I didn't know it.

So I go in and talk with Jim and he gives me a lot of help on my unit spreadsheet for self inspection checklists. He whips around the computer because he's a information technology

person so his job is to work big time with computers for the whole base, the servers to the databases, so he knows stuff I could only dream of knowing and he was very, very helpful.

So I got done with Jim and then I remember I talked with Ed yesterday and had said don't go to the fingerprint center at Randolph Air Force Base unless I tell you it's okay because I just can't drop in and get my fingerprints taken. So after I get done with Jim I get back to my car around 9:30 and I note the fingerprint place stays opened till 10:30 and I give Ed a call. I get very lucky and Ed answers the phone and tells me yes Jeffee you can go over right now and get your fingerprints done.

And now I have a map of the base so I look at where I am after I get done with Jim and I can easily figure out that the building I need to go to for the fingerprints was right next to the security police building I stopped that about an hour earlier trying to get directions. So I get back to my car. I know exactly what road to take and I get right there in the building. It jumps out and bites me so that worked out really well.

But again read the title of my book and you'll see strange things happened to me that just don't seem to happen other people. You would think taking somebody's fingerprints would be a routine operation that would take like 5 minutes to go in there and give them my fingerprints. Aell if you thought that, you'd be mistaken because getting my fingerprints was a real adventure that took somewhere between half an hour and 45 minutes but who's counting.

This is high-tech fingerprinting; not-your-old roll your fingers in the ink like when you get arrested. Instead of a piece of paper to put your fingerprints on ; you put your hand on this little glass thing and immediately your fingerprints show up on this computer screen and then the fingerprint machine grades your fingerprint. The very nice lady had a good sense of humor because I was very sarcastic with her but she laughed and enjoyed it. She said that you had to get a passing score of 60 from the fingerprint machine before your fingerprint was considered taken.

She very nicely took my right hand and placed it on the little piece of glass lighting up my fingers the way the machine likes it and so I thought okay, the machine will take my fingerprints the first time. I was wrong. Before we got done 30 or 45 minutes later she had placed my hand on that machine about 100 times and the machine kept rejecting my fingerprints for whatever reason.

The nice lady told me don't be so tense because the machine gives you a low score if you're tense and not calm and relaxed. I'm thinking of myself why this is a psychic fingerprint machine that reads your moods and it won't accept your fingerprint if you're tense now and you are standing in an awkward position. It's hard for your arm to be relaxed in an awkward position so I'm trying to think good thoughts – Ommmm, practice yoga or whatever it takes to get the fingerprints taken. I wanted to get done because I did have a luncheon date at 11 :30 and didn't

want to spend hours try to give her my fingerprints. The lady was very patient; I tried to be patient we kept going on and on and on and finally she said after like 45 minutes that she had nine good fingerprints and the only one that wasn't good was one of my pinkies. She said okay I and I will just put a note down here that we had trouble getting your pinky fingerprint – believe it or not. You see this couldn't be fiction because nobody could make a fiction as good as the truth.

So finally I get done at the fingerprint place. I was so happy because now I wouldn't have to make a second trip to Randolph eating the cost of my own gas since like I explained earlier it is absolutely impossible to get paid local mileage the way the system is set up and it just wasn't worth the hassle so I was very happy to be done with that.

And now I'm back on the road that I came in the first time and now I know I'm heading towards the west gate which is the gate I wanted to leave the base so I can go back to Fort Sam Houston and then as I'm driving down the road what do I see but the PX Complex which has the Starbucks where my wife happened to be working that morning.

So I decided I earned a little bit of a break. So I parked in the PX parking lot and headed in to the Starbucks to get a cup of coffee served by my wife. Things just go differently for me than for normal people. As I'm walking in to the PX area I see about five or six police cars and a fire truck right out front of the entrance to the PX. I'm thinking what the heck; is there like a fire or some alarm went off it? Am I even able to get into the PX and see my wife?

I pushed the door open to let me into the food court area that's inside Mall area. I was able to push the door open and as soon as I walk in the door I looked to my right and here's a lady sitting on the floor with her hands behind her and I'm thinking she must be handcuffed and there is a policeman directly behind her kind of holding her arms behind her. There are like five or six other police standing around and talking the woman who was just sitting there to completely calm and quiet and I have no idea what the hell is going on.

So I just walked past her sitting on the floor and nobody stopped me. I figure maybe she was shoplifting; she obviously did something that drew her to the attention of the police at Randolph Air Force Base so she was not going to be where she wanted to be in a few minutes. She was probably going to jail or something.

So I walked into the Starbucks and there's my wife very surprised that I showed up around I think quarter after 10 or something like that and I ordered the coffee my wife recommended. And they had a little sample cup of something with coconut whipped cream on top. It was cold and very good so I took one of those so finally my day at Randolph had come to an end and I had a nice cuppa coffee before I headed back to Fort Sam Houston.

Of course my hassles weren't over yet. I'm driving back to Fort Sam Houston on Interstate 35 driving south The first exit you could take that would get you into Fort Sam Houston is called

Binz Engleman, it is right near the Brooks Army Medical Hospital. Of course I'm too dumb to take that exit and I continued driving on Interstate 35 to Walters exit which is maybe 2 miles away a little closer to my office. Going to the Walters exit was a big mistake. I get on Walters Road outside Fort Sam Houston and is a huge line maybe half a mile long that is not moving at all and I have no idea why. I sat in a line for like 20 or 30 minutes. Some people got so tired of it they just made a U-turn and tried to find another gate. After waiting there 30 minutes, I was just about ready to make the U-turn myself and the line started moving.

Later I found out they had a detour just past the gate because they were doing construction work trying to widen the entrance at my boss because Fort Sam Houston has a lot more people after we had all these new buildings because we added a bunch of medical facilities and other buildings for functions that other bases lost and Fort Sam Houston gained. So after I got in the gate my life went back to its normal self. Or so I thought.

And then it another typical example of the title of my book. I put up with lots of construction noise for over a month. The noise was very loud and was an orchestra composed of jackhammers, drills, hammers, and who knows what. I actually got in trouble because I let my temper get the best of me one day after I've been listening to this noise for hours I walked outside.

Who do I happen to run into but the foreman of the construction crew. I told him what I thought of all the noise and how the noise is making me and other people on the first floor sick and why couldn't they do the jackhammering after four o'clock or on weekends? With my typical luck, the foreman immediately ratted me to the boss of my building. Then my boss told me that Jeffee is not authorized to talk to the foreman about the noise so I'm just like the mushroom; supposed to sit there and listen to the noise forever because I have no rights.

So I'm sitting at my desk working in the afternoon when I see this e-mail message. This message is from somebody important in our Building 143. The e-mail lets everybody leave at 2:00 PM in building 143. Because of the construction in the basement, they have to shut off the electricity and water tomorrow Friday at two o'clock and everybody gets to go home early on administrative leave because of the shutdown of the electricity and water.

Naturally tomorrow, Friday is my day off. Elsewhere in volume 1 or volume 2 of my bio, I tell you about the extra hour I worked because of daylight savings at the casino and then I got fired just before I would've worked one hour less when the daylight savings change came six months later. I thought again I'm getting the same raw end of the deal.

So I kidded my boss my boss and said to my boss can I take my two hours of administrative leave next Friday when I'm going to be working? Believe it or not my luck actually changed because a little while later my boss walked into my office and said hey Jeff you can leave at two

o'clock instead of your normal three o'clock to make up for not getting any of the admin leave tomorrow on Friday. My boss is a really great guy and I really appreciated that.

About 10 minutes before two o'clock I still wasn't done with the fingerprint process because after the lady finally, patiently got my fingerprints; she initialed the piece of paper I had brought her. She told me to bring back the initialed piece of paper and give it back to Ed in the trailers when I got back to Fort Sam Houston. So I drove over to the trailers, parked in the new parking lot that was just built and headed for Ed's desk. And he wasn't there so I just left it on his desk and got to come home early. It was nice driving on Highway 281 early because there wasn't much traffic I was a pretty pleasant ride so my day ended on a high note.

Chapter 2

Jeff buys the Nissan after Coming Back from Germany in 1994

Here's a dumb ass thing I did. For whatever reason, I don't know what possessed me to do it to this day; as soon as I got back to San Antonio Texas in April, 1994 from Germany I, I decided to buy this old Nissan Maxima that had 103,000 miles on it. I found the ad in the San Antonio Express News classifieds section; called up the person and I bought the car. Basically without ever getting it mechanically checked or anything like that, I think I paid about \$3,200 for the car.

I still had these visions I was going to get my big malpractice settlement because this Doctor at the Landstuhl Army Hospital had lost my lab results and when he operated on me for prostate cancer and he removed my prostate, he caused me to receive two additional hernia operations and a lot of pain.

The first thing I had done when I came back was by a motorcycle. I had vowed I was going to get the motorcycle of my dreams that I never had before in my life and even though I am in my middle 40s, I didn't care and I immediately went out to the local Yamaha motorcycle shop and bought a beautiful Yamaha Virago 750cc motorcycle that I enjoyed for many, many years. I even talked my friend John who took me over there in his car to buy at the smaller 500cc Yamaha Virago and for couple months while my wife and daughter was still in Germany, I had the greatest time running around the hill country of San Antonio on our motorcycles. We had a great time.

Unfortunately my wife did not wind up driving the Nissan Maxima and I wound up driving the Nissan Maxima. My wife talked me into buying her a nice Ford Explorer that was the worst cornering vehicle I ever drove in my life. The least little bit of water on the road and you felt the thing was gonna tip over on its side but I didn't get to drive it much.

Of course, you buy a car with 103,000 miles on it and you haven't gotten a mechanical inspection, suddenly things start breaking and you need repairs. I made the mistake of bringing it to this little hole in the wall garage on Thousand Oaks near 281 that was run by some very nice mechanics right next to this big huge high-rise Frost office building. Frost Bank hated that little hole in the wall slum-looking repair facility that was just merely a bunch of garage doors that would open or close. It always had a bunch of junked vehicles in the parking lot right in front of it which was right next to the Frost Bank building.

The mechanics were very nice but at one point I brought my car in there and I swear to God, my car sat there for four months during the winter without being repaired. It became a running joke; I would go over there every week or two and the guy was real nice but always came up with

some excuse why my car wasn't repaired. I can't remember what was wrong with it; something or other with the engine but he could never get it repaired.

So naturally I drove my motorcycle to work which was a good 13 miles and back. Then I was stupid enough to ride that motorcycle on the highway, our local highway 281 on my way to work. I still remember one time when I was driving home from work and I almost got to my exit off of highway 281 when I hear this noise and I looked behind me and find that my rear license plate had blown off my motorcycle and fallen on the highway. I wasn't going to go back and pick it up. I guess I just didn't check the tightness the license plate screws enough. The bike vibrates a lot so the license plate and screws basically vibrated right off the motorcycle; after that I checked the nuts every now and then to see if there was still tight.

So I had to drive my motorcycle all winter that year and for once I did get lucky because that was one of the warmest winters on record and I didn't have to suffer from extreme cold that I would've had to suffer with most other places in the country but I was in San Antonio so I got lucky this time. But that doesn't mean I didn't get wiped out by the weather now and then. I had saddlebags on my motorcycle and did have a raincoat in a slicker kind of thing I could put on and I can tell you several times driving home; I was driving that motorcycle in the pouring rain and God was smiling on me because I never did lose control of the bike and have it you know go down with me on it even though I was driving in pouring rain. A motorcycle isn't the most stable thing in the world with two wheels so I did get lucky in that regard.

I remember nursing that Nissan Maxima for five years and for about the last two years or so I had no air conditioning which is awful in an oven of heat like San Antonio has so basically I tried to keep my windows down and of course not only did the car not have air conditioning but the radio didn't work either so I got to be miserable for several years in a crappy car that I never should've bought.

I finally sold it just before I went back to Germany after owning it for five years; I believe for like \$800 and I was happy to get that. I did remember I had this great little Bowie knife I bought at a pawn shop when I got rid of this room heater unit. I had a basically traded the guy for this heater which I didn't room either I didn't need in San Antonio for this knife and naturally when I sold the car I forgot all about the Bowie knife I had stashed under the driver seat you until a day or two later and go oh poop, I lost my nice Bowie knife.

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