

MY EMBARRASSING MOMENT ON A HOTEL LUGGAGE RACK

First I have to ask myself why I am even writing about this embarrassing experience. But I am, so here goes. When I was in my twenties, I wanted to take my sister on a trip to Mexico. My sister, Kimla, is 12 years younger and my Mother was terrified that I would lead my sister astray. I usually stayed in a little Mexican hotel on the water in Puerto Vallarta. My Mother decided that if I was going to risk my sister's life, I could at least take her to a nice hotel.

Mother paid for our room in a big touristy hotel. I was appalled when we got there and saw the huge marble lobby. Even more upsetting was the TV in the room, something my little Mexican hotel would never have.



It turned out that my friend, Jimmy Windmiller, was also in Puerto Vallarta with some of his friends. I was determined to impress my sister on our first trip together. I decided we would get together with Jimmy since he knew the hot spots in Puerto Vallarta. We started out at the beach then moved to bar hopping.

Kimla, a much wiser even though younger person, was more judicious about consuming margaritas. In those days, I was not known for having good judgment in that regard. The afternoon was progressing nicely until Kimla and Jimmy noticed I was missing. They discovered me on the floor. I looked like a puddle on the floor next to the barstool.



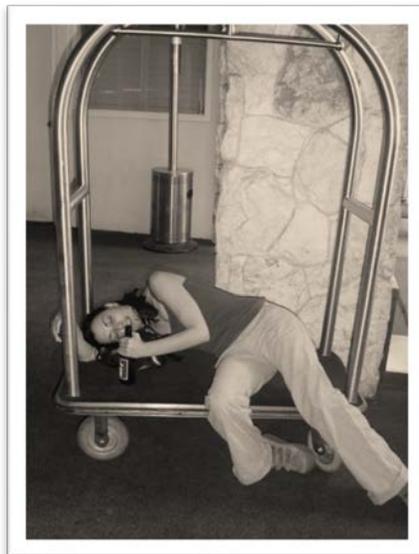
In my defense, I could never combine the sun with booze so I will blame that combo on my slide off the barstool rather than the amount of tequila consumed.



My presence on the floor quickly put an end to the fun that Kimla and Jimmy were having. They hailed a cab and got me into it. The cab driver was cussing in Spanish when he had to pull over for me to puke on the side of the road. The word Borracho was constantly repeated.



The cab deposited us at the fancy hotel. Jimmy and Kimla told the hotel bellman that I was ill. Since I was out to the world, and having no other means to transport me across the vast marble lobby, they placed me on a luggage rack.



Needless to say my quest to impress my baby sister was blown up when she experienced me on a luggage rack. I am glad cell phones were in their infancy and videoing capability was nonexistent. Thank You God.

Jimmy and Kimla watched as the bellhop pushed me on the luggage rack up to our room. I was left on the bed out to the world.



Jimmy and Kimla went out and had a great time, I learned later. When Kimla returned to the room, hours later, I woke up and according to her, said “OK I am ready to go out.” Kimla, rolled her eyes, and informed me that it was 3:00am and that I had been out for hours.



To sum it up, she wasn't impressed. The good news is that I decided that there was no reason in the future to impress my sister since I had already been there, not done that. The double good news is that Kimla forgave me and we are best friends today.

I wish I could say that this is my only embarrassing moment but that would not be true. The first occurred when I was in the 7th grade and got my Mother's metal teasing comb stuck in my hair. Since the comb was metal, it couldn't be broken to remove it from my head. Therefore, my hair had to be cut to the scalp in order to remove the comb. This left me with a bunch of short frizzy hair in the middle of my hairline. This was not a good look in the 70s and was a crisis for a female 7th grader.

I have more embarrassing moments but I am going to stop and not embarrass myself further. Maybe I will have the nerve to relate more in another blog. Maybe.

