

IF YOU DID SOMETHING EMBARRASSING, MAYBE THIS WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER

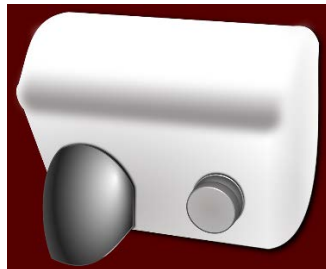
Have you ever felt super confident and maybe let it go to your head, to have something happen that knocks you down to reality? Here are just a few of mine.

BABY LAWYER EMBARRASSMENT

As a baby lawyer, I got hired as the local counsel in Galveston on an important case. I was there to be the local navigator of the court, so to speak, because the lawyers were from out of town and not familiar with the judge or the court. I was feeling pretty important. There used to be a style, (thank goodness--no longer), of something called a "skort". It was culottes or shorts but there was a flap in the front and a flap in the back so that it looked like a skirt. Therefore the name, short plus skirt equals skort. In those days, female lawyers didn't wear culottes or anything remotely like shorts to court. This dumb idea of a skort was a way to wear shorts and still meet the dress code of a skirt.



Before the hearing started, I left the out-of-town lawyers in the courthouse hallway, while I made a quick dash into the bathroom. I guess I was in a rush or maybe just because I hadn't worn that skort before but what happened is this---the flap in the back fell into the commode and got soaking wet. I had not done my business yet so it wasn't pee but still. Now the back of my skort was soaking wet. Of course, there was no dryer in the bathroom to dry your hands. If there had been maybe I could have backed up to the dryer in an attempt to dry my backside. But OH NO, only paper towels, and paper towels were incapable of drying that big wet flap. Since I had lawyers waiting outside, and the hearing was about to start, I had no choice but to exit with a big wet patch on my rear.



Holy shit! Disaster! Panic! Adrenal and fight or flight were never designed for this. What to do? I decided that my only option was to try to walk in such a way to keep my backside from their view. I don't know if you can visualize but you walk very oddly when you are trying to do this. It is more of a sideways serpentine walk, not normal by any stretch of the imagination. How in the world was I going to approach the Judge and not expose the fact that the back of my skirt was soaking wet? News flash Carla, you aren't going to be able to do this.

The rest is a miserable blur. No one said anything. I guess they just assumed I had a problem. No surprise they didn't hire me again. I went home afterwards and threw that stupid skirt in the trash. If it happened today I would just admit it. But then, I was a baby lawyer trying my best to be accomplished. Instead of admitting my boo-boo, I looked and acted like a person that was either a nut or needed medical assistance. Embarrassment 101.

LETTING IT GO TO MY HEAD EMBARRASSMENT

I was at the Houston International Festival with friends and was stopped by a reporter. The Houston Chronicle used to have a weekly feature where they would stop someone on the street and take their picture and ask them about their fashion style. This day the reporter stopped me and asked me about my outfit. In those days, I went to work as a baby lawyer in button down shirts and suits with little bow ties, like Houston's former mayor, Kathy Whitmire. To be asked about my style, was mind blowing. My casual sporty outfit was noticed by a reporter! Wow oh Wow. I was going to be in the newspaper. I was a celebrity!!!



I couldn't shut up about that interview. My friends listened and were tolerant but I am sure they were getting very tired of hearing me brag and act so important. Later, they got their chance to bring me down from my celebrity high.

It happened when I had to make a pit stop at the port-a-potty. (If you notice a trend here with bathrooms, keep it to yourself.) After I came out, unbeknownst to me, I had a long piece of toilet paper stuck to one of my shoes. As I walked, the toilet paper trailed behind me. Of course, I thought I was getting looks because I was a style celebrity. My friends managed to contain their laughter and didn't tell me. They let this continue until I finally realized I was sporting a long piece of toilet paper that by this time was awful dirty from being dragged on the ground.



So.....if you have an embarrassing moment, maybe this will make you feel better because as we all know “Misery Loves Company.” In future newsletters, I will share more embarrassing baby lawyer experiences but I am not going to share my current ones. Too embarrassing.

