

Dude, I'm from AT&T

My family and I moved over this last month to a new house. For reasons only known by the old owners, there was no phone service at the house.

(...I see you nodding off...I am going somewhere with this story—promise.)

After arranging for AT &T to come by and fix the problem, I let the security gate know. Like many Orange Countians, I live in a gated community. Ours is one of the more rigorous and nosy of the security gates. These guys mean business with their handheld computers and video of every car that comes and goes.

We Irvine-ites take our unauthorized vehicles extremely seriously and don't take kindly to the "pop-in." In fact, the unexpected visitor can unavoidably have their hopes of a happy surprise dashed by a phone call to the "resident" to get clearance. Sweet flowers or a friendly note to tape on the door? You're not on our "permanent entry list?" Forget about it. A call has to be made.

That's where AT&T comes in. I needed them to get our phone up and ringing. What if I miss a call I desperately need to screen? Seriously, my iPhone can't do EVERYTHING.

At the very last possible minute of their window of time, AT&T shows up at my door. I open it with my usual housewife smile.

"I almost didn't make it in," he gasps. His AT&T embossed polo still soaked with sweat from the interrogation.

"Why, what happened? I told the gate you were coming," I tell him, hoping to distance myself as much as possible from the oppressors.

"The guard said he didn't have a record I was coming and then

tried several times to call you, but it just rang and rang...," he explains, now gaining his composure after a few sips of the Diet Coke I always offer.

"They tried to call me on my home phone?" I say, realizing I'm setting him up for his quote of the day.

"Yeah, I told him three times, 'Dude, I'm from AT&T, she doesn't have a phone yet,'" he now obviously feels better exposing the guard as the corporate crony that he is.

"Then he just said, 'Go ahead. You're not a terrorist, I guess. You have AT&T on the truck and your shirt,'" the AT&T guy finishes with a half smile.

Now, there are just so many things in that sentence that are begging for me to comment...Is that what they're looking for? Terrorists who are trying to infiltrate our kiddie pools? And if so, at least he knows a terrorist would NEVER think or have the ability to have a truck AND a shirt with AT&T splashed on it. Terrorists? Really?

I'm just happy for them to keep the random solicitor away and European laundry service pamphlets off my front door.