

# Fan CRAZY!!!

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I just got out of the car and heard that the Detroit Pistons were ahead of the Orlando Magic 2-0 in the playoffs. Honestly, I don't really have time to watch many sports and am not a sports fanatic. I'm not opposed to watching sports—I just don't have time. So... I'm listening to the announcement highlights of the game and it triggers for me a memory of when my brother, Jason, his wife Kathy, and Mike (my husband) and I went to a Detroit Pistons game. Now, maybe I live inside a box, but I have never been to a pro-game before this time. Jason had 4 free tickets that were courtside, so I figured, "Why not?" That night, we headed to Detroit, went out to eat and proceeded to be seated 4 rows back from the court where the basketball hoop was and where the Pistons ran out from their locker room. (See, I'm probably not even using the right terminology to explain everything!) Besides this being the one and only professional basketball game that I've been to, there were a few things that I'll always remember. Looking back on them now, they seem so childish but I'll tell you them anyway!

The game begins with the Pistons running out on the floor. Because of our seating, we were able to "touch the hands of the almighty Pistons." What a crazy fan thing to do. My only thought after that was, "Wow, I just touched over a million dollars!"

The game begins and we're seated as follows: me, Mike, Jason, and Kathy. Every couple of minutes, I'm making comments to Mike (who is trying to watch the game) about, "You know, the court doesn't look as big as it does on T.V." and "I really thought the basketball hoop was higher than that. It doesn't look like it's that hard to make a basket." Ironically, I just get done making these comments to Mike and my brother on the other side of him is saying the exact same thing. Mike is looking at us, and comments that he can definitely tell we came from the same family. The game was great and the Pistons won. Later, we got to go back and try and be crazed fans again and get signatures. Most of the players flew by. I did get Prince's signature for my son-so that was cool! Here's the ending of the story. We finally leave to go back home and have to stop at the gas station for gas and snacks. Who do we see there? Chauncey Billups! Jason politely asks if he would be willing to get a picture of him with Kathy. Truthfully, he said no but later changed his mind and said O.K. Unfortunately for us, all the shots that we took at the game, drained the battery and the shot that would have been something to hang up, wasn't so because we couldn't take the picture. I did go one other time to a hockey game. Now, I know nothing about hockey (although I should with the wonderful Detroit Red Wings). Mike and I are with some friends who are avid hockey junkies. So of course, I'm asking all kinds of questions. Mainly, "What did he do to land in the penalty box?" What's cool about these games is the excitement from the event. At this hockey event, the coaches were so riled up that they were thrown out of the game. Don't know everything that happened-all I know is that by the end of the night, I was screaming things too and lost my voice! It was one of the funnest nights that I had at a game! So what's the moral of this story and how does it apply to real estate? It doesn't. But because it's my newsletter you get to hear about all my wonderful tales and this is what I wanted to write about this time! Hope you enjoyed it and remember... if you know anyone that is buying or selling, I LOVE referrals!