

## Let's Not Shake On It!

*Jamie Whitling is an agent with RE/MAX Realty Professionals in Greenville, South Carolina. She gets to hold over her sister and fellow Realtor Christi Dennison (see her story, "The Evil Eye"), that she was the first sibling to get a story included here. After having children, Jamie returned to selling real estate in South Carolina.*

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Jamie was out showing property with an older client, Richard, who was looking for the perfect new home for his impending retirement. They were just leaving a community under construction where they had looked at a partially finished spec home.

Richard glanced around as they walked to Jamie's car and noticed a portable toilet nearby for construction workers to use. Telling Jamie he would be right back, he headed over to use it. Jamie turned to walk to the car when suddenly, she heard a loud thump.

Jamie turned to discover the portable toilet lying in the road, door side down.

She yelled to Richard, "Are you alright?"

He replied that he was, but he needed her help to get out. Jamie, a petite woman, had no idea what she could do. She offered to call 9-1-1 but he refused. Richard asked her to try to roll the unit over so he could get out. Jamie put her small might behind the unit and tried to flip it over so the door could be

opened. As she tried to push it, Jamie looked down and noticed it leaking all over the road.

Richard pushed from the inside at the same time. With one final push, she successfully moved the portable bathroom enough to make a difference. Richard hopped out—covered in both chemical and human waste. Even his shoes were soaked. Jamie searched in vain for a nearby garden hose or faucet.

Unfortunately, now they had to get back into Jamie’s car! Luckily, she had a blanket in her trunk to cover the passenger seat before he sat down. The smell was, predictably, completely revolting. Jamie rushed to return to her office so he could get in his own car and go home to get cleaned up. The office, however, was nearly half an hour away. Undoubtedly, it was the longest half hour of Jamie’s life!

As Jamie recalled, she was literally gagging from the smell inside the car as they headed back. As she concentrated on driving (or anything but the horrible stench), Richard announced, “Hey, would you like to see where I used to live? Turn here.”

She could not believe he was thinking about anything except how quickly he could get in a shower. Jamie tried to protest, but made the turn as requested. After they drove by the house where he had once lived, she high-tailed it back to the office.

After she dropped him off—minus a handshake—Jamie drove to the nearest dumpster and threw away the blanket. Her next stop was a professional car detailer.

When she retold this story, Jamie had her office manager crying from laughter. Many other agents and friends have also enjoyed hearing the tale. At least one of them has taken it a step further as Jamie has gotten a few crank calls.

“Help! I can’t get out of this porta potty!” 