

## It Never Fails

It happens to us all. You go through work with only minor mishaps here and there. For the most part, you enjoy your job and most of the people you deal with. And then there's that one person. The person who seems to perk you up and make you feel better about working on the days that they're around. The chemistry seems to be a little better and the atmosphere is more relaxed and friendly.

Yet as fate would have it, it seems that when you really botch things up, it's inevitably on that person's shift. You don't mean to screw things up on their time, but for reasons only a psychiatrist would care to explore, it never fails - when the gears come apart, it always seems to be when they're on.

I have a pair of ambulance drivers that fit this picture very nicely. We have an ambulance service that we use to go to various hospitals, homes and scenes to pick up bodies that need to come to our facility. It's a good group of people and I generally enjoy working with all the different teams that come through my doors. But I seem to have a better rapport with these two particular attendants.

Yet on those few occasions when I've really screwed things up, it's been on those nights when these two were on.

On one occasion, I sent them to the scene of a death before anyone else was called. In cases of death, the ambulance is the last people that you call. They are much too busy to be sitting around at a scene while they wait for all the investigators to finish their work. I did not make many points on that evening.

Another time, I sent these two folks to the wrong hospital! You can imagine how empty I felt when they called me from the hospital and told me that the hospital had never heard of the guy. I instantly realized that I had sent them to the hospital of the doctor that I had just been talking to, instead of the one that had the body - which, of course, was quite a distance from where they were.

There was no way of talking my way out of this one. OOOOPS! was about the best I could come up with.

As you might expect, both these incidents came on busy nights when they did not need any added problems.

Fortunately, the good chemistry between us got me out of the dog house in appreciably short time, and most of our other dealings have been trouble free. The point is that when I've blown a case, it's always been with them.

A good sense of humor is a vital part of any job and my friends have learned to laugh at these occasions with me. The chemistry is still good. The atmosphere is still relaxed.

For me, I felt terrible on those nights that I made life so difficult for them. They are the last people that I would want to make life miserable for and I certainly hope that I never travel down that road again with them.

But we all have those people in our work place. We only want to enjoy their company, but.....

It never fails!