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## **Don't Beautiful Barbara Things**



**Don't wait around wishing and dreaming. My lovely wife waiting for Garrett at his 7th grade birthday party at Six Flags over Texas in 2015.**

I had a shack of a rental property on the most prestigious street in a really affluent, never-going-to-go-backwards-in-value, town of Southlake, Texas. The challenge was my lot was shaped like the state of Oklahoma put on its side. So the panhandle (skinny part) located on that great street called White Chapel. The wider part was farther away from the street. The shack of a house I called the Unabomber Shack, brought in a modest amount of rent, but it was truly a land play with its wooded 1.4 acres. So having this quirky shaped lot made me want to buy some land from my neighbors to create a better shaped lot. Striking out with the two neighbors that could make Oklahoma look like Kansas and square the lot up I looked to my neighbor to the left, my last chance... Barbara! Barbara was my last chance and after striking out with the two other neighbors I knew I HAD to make it work with Barbara (If you are expecting a happy ending, eliminate that thought from your mind now). So Barbara was a career flight attendant in the golden age of flying. She went through a divorce two decades ago and stayed in shape by gardening every day! She had more than three acres of land and being over 65 I'm thinking that she would welcome the opportunity to make some money and lower her property to take care of. I mean a nice little payday by selling off a slice of her property would really help with a flight attendant pension...right?! WRONG. And not only wrong but because this was my last chance to get more land on a great street in a great town, guess what I did?

I took over a year and half of visiting with her talking to her before I declared my intentions. All the while dreaming of the big house I would build and spread out nicely on the extra acre that I was going to buy at a fair price from Barbara. Just like the guy that's scared to put his arm around the girl in the theater he starts, stops, acts like he's yawning, it took an eternity for me to make Barbara an offer. All the while not taking the obvious clues (and you call yourself a salesman?) that her yard is her life! Her yard is literally keeping her fit, so trying to buy a piece of it was like cutting off an arm but giving her a \$100K for it! The day came when I gave Barbara a written offer to show her I was serious. I had been dreaming about this for 500 days so I really knew what I wanted to say and how I wanted to say it! Did Barbara get worked

up when she got my offer?! You bet she did!! She was speechless... no literally wouldn't return my calls! Barbara was so insulted by my offer both monetarily and that I was coveting her land for the last 500 days, that she made it clear the price would be double before she would EVEN consider. Sooo.... I never bought the land. Promptly put my lot up for sale since I was land-locked and Oklahoma shaped lots aren't the most desirable shape.

Fortunately, made a 75% profit, still a great street and an even better town. The lesson to learn is don't "beautiful Barbara" a situation. To this day when I catch myself stalling, wishing, dreaming and hoping someone will accept an offer that I haven't presented, I immediately pull my head out of the clouds and make an offer, make the call and stop "Beautiful Barbara-ing it."