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Why it is best to eat on time!

I spent many hours searching for that perfect home for my buyers. It has been a very frustrating 3 weeks working with them to say the least but I finally found the perfect home for them and they made an offer. When I called the listing agent, I was told that 3 other agents were also bringing in an offer and the offer presentation to the elderly owners was at 7:00 pm. Could this really be happening? Could I have spent 3 overly busy weeks with very picky buyers only to be beat out at the last minute? Fortunately my buyers really liked the house and I was able to convince them to pay \$10,100 above the asking price. (We figured that someone would likely pay \$10,000 more so the added \$100 should do the trick for them to be the successful bidder)

At 7:00 pm I arrived at the seller's home to present my offer. 5 other vehicles were parked outside the house, including their car and their agent's car, all of which pretty much took up all the available spaces on this beautiful cul-de-sac. When I entered, I was told that my offer was the last one to arrive, so I would have to wait my turn. It had been a long day, and I had missed lunch, and dinner too. My stomach was rumbling and it was a bit embarrassing, so I started nibbling on the bowl of almonds on the coffee table. None of the other agents sitting with me had any – I guess they had already eaten, but I didn't care – I was famished. I wasn't paying too much attention as the other agents and I chatted about various things, and one by one they were called to the den to present their offers, while their replacement took the vacant space on the couch or easy chair.

Eventually, it was my turn, and by this time I had devoured the entire bowl, and my noisy stomach was gone. I was feeling a little embarrassed having eaten all of them, but I concluded that this is why they were there in the first place. Soon after entering the den and wanting to make the best impression for my buyers, I apologized to the elderly wife for eating all of their almonds.

She gave me the sweetest smile and immediately I knew I was safe. She ever so kindly said.

“Oh that's ok dear, Henry doesn't like them, but he loves to suck the chocolate off them”

I made the sale!