

ODDS & ENDS



By Jon Guttormsson, Mascot Columnist

Just had a real good idea — I'll rename this column "Odds and Whatever".

Or maybe even "Odds and Nuts".

There — that last one would probably be the most descriptive.

Anyhooo— I had an interesting experience last Monday. I had an MRI.

Don't ask me whatever that stands for — maybe Medical Reflections are Interesting, or Maybe Really Interesting, I have no idea.

How many of you good readers ever had that done?

You lay on that skinny cot, which barely has enough room for you, much less your arms? Then they slide you into this long tube, much like a metal cigar case?

I have a cousin that told me an MRI is okay, if you like culverts.

Myself, I have never gotten very intimate with any culverts, so I let that one pass.

By the way, my cousin is "nuttier" than I am, which may be hard to believe.

So, back to my little tale of life in a culvert — or MRI machine.

After the attendant gets you registered into the medical system, which proved to be a challenge for her. You see, we got off to a bad start when she asked me what my name was and I responded that I didn't know.

"You don't know what your name is"? she asked.

"Oh sure", I said, my last name is Guttormsson, which should be in your computer since I've been here before, but you have to be able to spell it first, to find it in your computer, so why not give it a shot?"

That got me a really strange look. "You spell it", she said, "I would have no idea how to start".

"Try a 'G,' I replied". Then a "U", then throw on a couple of "T"s, and let's see what the computer brings up".

"Hey," she said "you're in here". The readout says David Guttormsson. Is that you"?

"Yes and no", I said. "Depends on where you are. If I'm at home, that's wrong, because there they call me Jon and lots of times something worse."

"We won't go into that", she said. "What's your Social Security number?"

"Beats me," I answered. "Never could remember the darn thing, and I don't carry my card around".

"But, wait a minute, I have a number right here for the Mayo clinic, which I think is where we're at, unless I took a wrong turn somewhere".

By this time she was getting just a wee bit exasperated, which I could tell because she kept threatening to throw a pencil at me — dead give-away.

"Let's run that number through and see what we get", she finally said.

"Yes", she hollered, "here you are —and your name is David Guttormsson — says so right here on this computer screen".

"Thank you", I answered. "I'll try to remember that —unless it's too late, which it probably is".

I think that she was really glad to see me walk down the hall and out of her sight.

Hey! I never did get to the MRI machine experience —maybe next week.