

# Another one bites the Impala!

A post from Kelli-

You guessed it! The world is down one deer thanks to me...and it's idea to run out into the road while I was driving. About 2 weeks ago, I was scheduled to work the weekend, but got a phone call at 5 telling me that I was going to be on call.

After a bit of discussion, we discovered that there had been an error in getting some previous call written down, so I actually wasn't going to be on call because there were others who had less call than me and since it was mandatory call and I had already met part of my hours. Long story short-NO CALL!

That was no biggie to me. While I appreciate the occasional possibility of call, I really love my job, so going to work and doing what I love is actually quite the bonus.

I hopped...or walked...into the shower and got ready. With a bit of extra time to spare, I decided to leave a bit early and hit up McDonalds before work for an ever wonderful Bacon, Egg, and Cheese Biscuit and a large Real Fruit Smoothie-Or RFS as I like to call it. It was a bit foggy out when I left the house, but since we live in a valley, I never quite know what it's like once I get out of the valley. This particular morning, it ended up being super foggy everywhere. I drove past my usual turn off for work and the next thing I knew, a big ole buck jumped right out in front of me! The minute I saw it, I knew I was going to hit it. I didn't have time to look and see if there was anyone next to me to see if I could change lanes or swerve, so BAM! I was able to keep driving, pulled over in the McDonalds parking lot to check out the damage. I knew that I needed to call the insurance, so there was no way I was going to be able to grab my McDonalds breakfast of champions! I drove back to the hospital to really check out the damage and call my insurance.

This is what greeted me—



I didn't think it looked too bad at first, but then kept looking closer...



And it continued—



After I got to work, I went to pull my insurance cards and they were no where to be found. I googled the number, gave them a call, and found out that they weren't able to locate my policy. They could see the policy for Jason's vehicles and my old policy, but not this one. So my stomach dropped a bit.

The lady I talked to was very nice and said that it might be best to call back when I had my policy number. I hung up and headed into work while checking my bank account—They had been taking money out, so it had to be going somewhere!

While I was walking into work, a lady who works in housekeeping pointed out a few deer close to the hospital and told me how precious it was—and it is...until they grow up and decided to run into my car—TWICE IN A YEAR!

I ended up working my shift, going home and calling in. Turns out once I had my policy number they were able to locate it.

My deductible is only \$250.00, so that's not too bad. I have taken it in to get an estimate which was approved. Now I just need Jason to call in and get his brakes fixed in his truck so that I'll have something to drive for a few days while mine is in the shop. Unlike Jason, I don't like driving vehicles that don't have complete brake lines...

