

## Right is Wrong, Left is Right

For many years, I was an official for the Swedish Road Racing Championships. After one event, I was in a hurry to get home, because I'd promised my then husband I'd be home no later than eight o'clock that particular Sunday evening.

So, between the last two races I packed my tent and my backpack and loaded them on to my bike, so I could get out of there as quickly as possible. When the last race was over I ran for my bike and was out of the area before anybody had time to blink.

I went through the first crossroads and got to the second. I knew I had to turn, but had forgotten in which direction. So... my non-existent sense of direction took over. It said right, but that was wrong. I was supposed to go left ... that would be right. So I went right and started my journey home. I thought. I arrived at a small town I'd never heard of, but continued anyway. That was my first mistake.

The road was getting smaller and smaller, and suddenly the asphalt was gone. I found myself on a tiny gravel road. But did I turn around to take a safer way? No way! Second mistake.

I continued on and found to my horror that even this road was getting smaller. It was now a cow path, without any chance to turn. It was so bad that I had to put my feet down because I couldn't drive fast enough to keep the bike straight.

Then suddenly, without warning, I was on asphalt again, but without knowing where the heck I was. So I had a bright idea. No, it was not to ask anyone for directions. I was in the middle of nowhere, and there was not a person in sight. Instead I decided to just drive on until I got to a place that I knew. I mean, Sweden is not THAT big. Third mistake.

It felt like I'd been driving for hours (which I probably had) when I saw a sign for a town I recognised just 20 miles ahead. From there it was easy to find my way and soon I was home. At 11.30pm.

My then husband must have seen me coming, because when I entered the flat, he was sitting there, looking calm, with the newspaper - which he was holding upside down. To be kind, you could say that he was slightly annoyed. He didn't believe me, of course. Going the wrong way? Yeah, right! I'm not even sure I would swallow a story like that. We worked out later that I'd driven about 70 miles instead of a more direct 25.

On the following Wednesday, I went to my club and heard someone call out:

" Hey! You were in a hurry last Sunday weren't you?"

Blast! I tried to look as dignified as I possibly could and said:

"yyyeeees?"

"So... why were you passing my house at quarter past eleven?"

Blast again! The bike I had then had its own special sound so.... no point in hiding anything.

A few months later it was time for the club's annual meeting. Among other things, they were giving out prizes for best driver, best achievement and so on. Then, the chairman raised his voice and said:

" And for this year we have a new category!"

Aahh, we thought, at last, something new.

"Longest drive for the shortest distance."

No, no, no! Crap! Of course it was for me. With a face red as Santa's jacket I received this "prize" and thought: map, map, you need to buy a map.

The next year, after I was at the same race track, I arrived at that particular crossroads on the way home. I saw a big neon green arrow pointing left that said:

" This way home! Don't remove until Renee has left".

I still have it.

I learned a few things this day

1. Always have a G. P. S. or at least a M. A. P
2. Ask for directions.
3. NO sense of direction means that you probably see more of your country than others do.