

THE
ENQUIRER
Cincinnati.Com

■ YOUR VOICE: DAVID WOLFFORD

A rebate for a six-pack of beer, a bunch of roses and thou

Surely my last Valentine's Day experience will guide me this year.

On my way home from work last Feb. 14, I dropped into the local supermarket's flower boutique only to find slim pickings. I grabbed a dozen roses and stood in line noticing a unique scene. We, the procrastinating class of careless beaus, have a common bond. We understand true love and the discomforts of the couch, but we fail to plan carefully.

Though none of us knew each other, and no one said a word, we all snickered and grinned at one another fully understanding the predicament we faced. It's the same bond that cements friendly students, unbeknownst to



each other, in an after-school detention.

If we were the troublesome school kids, the female attendants were the irritated detention monitors.

These poor ladies were spent, overworked and underpaid during the waning hours of the Valentine's Day rush. Their disgust for insincere hubbies and boyfriends shone through; especially when one customer demanded the cashier break up a dozen so he could buy just an individual rose.

I suddenly felt like a big spender. As I approached the counter, a \$5 rebate offer for Miller High Life caught my eye. I was a bit confused. Did I need to buy a 12-pack today to get the rebate?

Want your voice here?

Send your column or proposed topic, 300 words or fewer, along with a photo of yourself, to assistant editorial editor Ray Cooklis at rooklis@enquirer.com, or to letters@enquirer.com, "Your Voice" in subject line.

What was the connection between beer and flowers on Feb. 14? So I asked the same cashier, "Do I need to buy the beer with the roses to get the rebate?" She replied, "No. No. It's just a simple \$5 rebate on the flowers. It's a good deal if you're good at rebates," she sighed. "But most men can't handle rebates. They just give 'em to their wives and say, 'Honey, can you handle this?'"

I took her words to heart.

I grabbed the rebate slip, put it with my receipt, and with flowers and chocolates in hand, headed home for my valentine.

I've thought much about the experience over the last year. And this Valentine's Day I'll take a lesson from the clerk. I will approach things differently. Care and attention are necessary with true love and cherished evenings. Last year I failed. This time, I'll place the receipt and rebate offer in the Valentine's Day card and make sure my wife takes care of it. And I might just buy that attendant a rose, or beer, as well.

David Wolfford is a high school teacher, and a loving husband 364 days a year.