

You Gotta Laugh.....

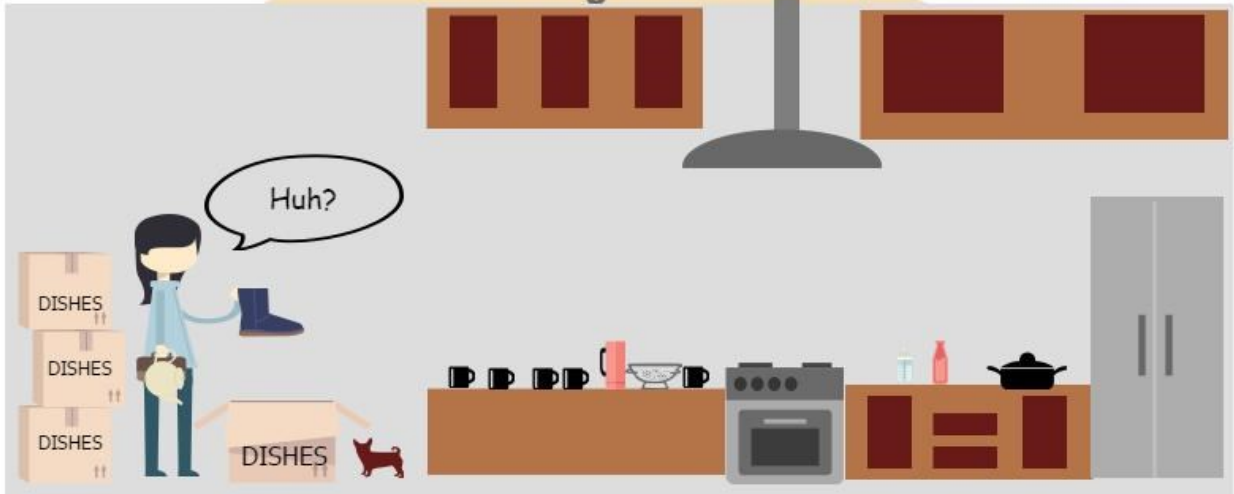
Funny PCS Stories that  
we had to share!



Photo credit: [Kaspars Grinvalds](#)@Dollar Photo Club

# PCS Stories

Shocking, but true!



If you've ever completed a military move, then you probably have your own "war story" of some...*unique* [occurrence](#)! While some stories are truly stranger than fiction, we hope you'll enjoy these funny PCS stories from the staff and writers of MilitaryByOwner Advertising!

**From Mary Eckberg, MBO Staff Writer**

### **A Bed of...?**

As newlyweds, my husband and I were caught up in the excitement of our first military move and didn't research what we should expect our moving crew to do to protect our goods. As our moving van became filled to the brim, the packing crew had not plastic wrapped or placed our mattress in a box. It was simply the last thing shoved onto the truck before they drove away. When the moving van arrived at our destination, the first thing the crew did was take our mattress out and lay it out on the front lawn, right on the grass.



Photo credit: Flickr user [Erich Ferdinand](#)

The adjoining neighbors had just watered the lawn, so not only was our mattress now a giant sponge, soaking up sprinkler water, but throughout the course of the long day, it became a refuge for a variety of ants and chiggers. When I came around the corner of the front yard and found where our mattress had been tossed, I startled a bird nesting in the tree overhead and it pooped down on to it. Lovely. Needless to say, our first purchase at our new assignment was a new mattress!

### **Kitschy Kitchen Woes**

With frequent moves, it's often difficult to set a decorating style for your abode. But with our move to California, I was excited to deck out the kitchen in retro 1950s diner décor. The inspiration for this decorating idea came from a 50s Formica table with shiny chrome trim that I had recently inherited from my grandparents. Due to a mix-up with delivery timing, our goods were transferred into storage crates and delivered to us at a





later date. Our seasoned military friends had cringed when we mentioned the word “storage,” and we soon knew why.

When the delivery truck finally arrived, everything that had previously been packed with care had now been crushed together into giant wooden storage crates. Apparently, instead of taking five minutes to unscrew the legs, thus making the table flat to fit in a condensed space, the workers who’d placed our items into the storage crates simply tore the table legs

apart from the unit. It must have been like break-

ing crab legs at Red Lobster. It was painfully obvious what had happened to my table as one of the loose table legs had a triangle-sized piece of Formica hanging off the end of it. I wanted to cry, but my boiling anger prevented my tears!



[photo credit](#) Flickr user [Maegan Tintari](#)

### **Sometimes You Just Have to Laugh**

When my husband purchased a large wooden desk for our home office, I decided to surprise him and return to the furniture store and add to the order a matching barrister bookcase. He was beyond thrilled. His many books and binders fit perfectly behind the sliding glass shelves of the bookcase, and the combo of the two new pieces made our den look so “grown up”!

When our movers arrived, they carefully wrapped the bookcase in sturdy blankets and loaded it onto the truck. When our goods arrived at our destination, I was not present in the room when the moving crew worker unwrapped the bookcase. But it did not take a rocket scientist to later figure out what had happened! A boot shaped hole had been kicked in the bottom pane of glass of the bookcase.

When confronted, the worker repeated, “Was like dis! Was like dis!” in frantic broken English. When the damage was brought to the attention of the lead member of the moving crew, his slow Southern drawl response was, “Well, you’re gonna to need to remove that jagged glass... because that’s a safety hazard. But now you have easy access to that lower shelf”!

True story! It’s a good thing we can look back on it now and laugh!





Photo credit: [Connie Wade](#)/Dollar Photo Club

**From Jen McDonald, MBO Content Editor**

### **Have Injuries, Will Travel**

Right before we were due to board a flight to Guam from Florida, our oldest son threw himself into catching a Frisbee at the park (because you have to give it your all, you know) and fractured his hand. I daresay he was actually a little proud of this fingertip to elbow cast! Several years later, his brother tried to beat him by spraining his ankle before we moved to Germany. By then 6'3", it was a very painful and unwieldy move for a teenager navigating the terminal and airplane on crutches!

### **Nothing to See Back Here**

On our way to North Dakota from Guam (a 20-hour flight by the time it was all said and done with layovers), our third child became airsick. That leg of the trip found us on a small flight with a group of soldiers about to deploy. They'd been joking and rowdy until they heard the unmistakable sounds of a small child losing her cookies, but what put it over the top was the sympathy puking from her younger sister preceded by shrieking, "Ohhhhhh gross!! I'm-gonna-be-sick-I'm-gonna-be-sick!" I've never seen a group of people get so dead silent so quickly. As we landed and they quickly rose to exit the by then foul-smelling plane, one nice young soldier turned to me and said, "I'm so sorry, ma'am." *Me too, young man, me too.*

### **You Do What You Have to Do**

With four kids, our moves in country have included my husband and I each driving a vehicle, usually towing something. On one move with two squirmy toddlers, I ended up passing a giant bag of Skittles to them in the back seat as I navigated toll roads and traffic through somewhere in middle America. One blessed hour of silence later, we rolled into the rest stop and my husband was surprised to greet two rainbow-colored but happy little ones. Sometimes a big bag of candy is the ticket!



## You Packed *What...Where??*

Some strange things have happened during pack out which we don't find until we unpack boxes at the other end. In order of weirdness:

- 1) Unpacking a box that had been in storage for 6 months, at which point it was quite aromatic, and finding an open bottle of Tabasco sauce at the bottom, along with a half-eaten sandwich which had seen better days. No one in our family eats Tabasco...
- 2) A Snickers bar with one bite out of it. (Oh, what a waste!!)
- 3) As the movers unloaded our giant bookshelf we used to store board games, little game pieces began falling out of the bottom of it. Apparently, the movers on the packing end had simply wrapped the entire shelf in brown paper, rather than go to the trouble of packing each game, before sticking it on a ship about to cross the Pacific!
- 4) I cried when I saw that the movers had set my husband's 35 and 50 lb. weight sets in the bottom of our antique German china cabinet. Yes, there was damage. As my husband was TDY, the poor movers on the receiving end felt so bad for me and one patted my shoulder awkwardly as I cried (they'd had nothing to do with it!).



photo credit: [oldmn](#)@Dollar Photo Club

## We've Changed Our Mind

While my husband was deployed to Afghanistan, I packed out, shipped our vehicles, and dealt with the myriad paperwork alone in Germany. After several days of packing out, I exhaustedly stood in the doorway watching the last moving truck trundle down the street. I kid you not, the phone rang at that moment and on the other end was my husband...telling me that our orders had completely changed and he was being assigned to a different base. For a split second, I envisioned myself running after the truck and waving them down. Not that it would have helped, but it seemed reasonable for a moment! I couldn't believe I had to do all the paperwork again, reroute the vehicle, and figure out who to notify. The whole scenario ended up with me at the transportation management office, POA and paperwork in hand and a little overwhelmed, desperately (and kindly, I hope!) asking for help. And it all worked out. The military takes care of its own!

## From Christy Shields, Customer Service

### A Pox Be on You

Traveling from Fort Bragg, NC to Fort Irwin, CA--a quick 2,500 mile jaunt. My husband and I did a partial DITY. We had our van with a topper, and a UHaul truck towing a boat. We were traveling with our huge Rottweiler and three kids, ages 1, 3, and 5, who all happened to have a raging case of chicken pox (the kids, not the dog). Their faces were so misshapen that we couldn't take them into any eating establishments. I remember standing in a parking lot in Texas somewhere – hot as hades, dog panting, the whole family licking drippy, sticky, ice-cream cones....there was a moment of silence, and then my husband and I began laughing hysterically, unable to stop, because, I mean, what else can you do?

### Not Juice in This Cup



Photo credit: [Minerva Studio](#)/Dollar Photo Club

While PCSing across country with three little boys and a dog, my husband and I each drove a vehicle. These were long hard days. We still have fond memories of finally getting the kids to sleep and then slinking into the hotel bathroom where one of us would sit on the toilet seat, the other on the bathtub edge and toast with a glass of cheap wine. I don't think I've tasted such sweet wine since...

### You Can't Make This Stuff Up

During one move, I ended up taking a long cross country flight with two bottle-drinking little ones. Barely making it to the airport on time, my sister had dropped me and all my baby accoutrements at the airport curbside. On her way home, she happened to glance to the side and her stomach dropped as she noticed my cool little travel pack loaded with 6 baby bottles...

On our last PCS move, our movers were so diligent that they packed a nearly empty carton of milk! When I pulled it out of our dish pack on the other end, I started humming the song, "Things That Make You Go, *Hmmm.*"

Driving cross country, days on end, I can say without a doubt that my kids know every iteration of the "Diarrhea Song."



## Just One of the Kids

PCSing in the days before there were as many “pet-friendly” hotels had its challenges. My husband and I were caught sneaking our massive Rottweiler into our hotel room when we thought nobody was looking. As hotel management was lecturing us, our big Rottie stepped up to the man, sat on his foot, then leaned against him, pressing his head up for a pet. Management told us to sleep well, he hadn’t seen a thing.



From Karina Gafford,  
MBO Staff Writer

### Where Are You?

It was a Tuesday at 10 a.m., and I was enjoying a quiet cup of coffee at home when the phone rang.

"Are you sitting down?" my husband asked from the other end of the line.

"Yes..." I replied hesitantly.

"We have orders to Florida..." he, too, sounded hesitant.

"Great!"

"I need to report there in 10 days."

"What?!?!?!?"

Apparently someone forgot to notify him! He found out he needed to report in when the person he was replacing called wondering why he hadn't checked in with him yet. This insanely short turnaround PCS could have ended so much worse, but we put a process in place and somehow listed our home, found a property manager, found tenants, held a garage sale, packed up, and made it Florida just in time. We checked into a hotel room and I proceeded to sleep for the next two days!



## The Best Laid Plans

We were so excited to actually have six months to plan our PCS. My husband was selected for a school,

so we had a firm start date and location for a change. We requested and received school housing on base because it was for a short duration and we wanted the experience of living on base. We scheduled our move. We found a property manager and tenants quickly. Everything was going great.

Two days before our packers were to arrive, we received a phone call saying that they wouldn't be able to make it. We were at Shaw AFB in South Carolina and were PCSing out right when Third Army from Atlanta was completing a BRAC into the base. Apparently, all of the movers and moving trucks in the area were indisposed because they were in Atlanta! The movers--the ones we had scheduled over two months prior--informed us that they would not be available for 3 weeks!

Unfortunately, our new tenants were scheduled to move in five days later, and we had a vacation booked a day after that. To make matters worse, my husband had a back injury and I had a neck injury. Neither of us could actually move any of our furniture! Disaster! If not for my husband's office mates bending over backwards (sometimes literally), there is no way that we would have made it out of that house in time.

## Never Mind

About six weeks before our scheduled PCS to Okinawa and four months into our dog's quarantine period, and about one week before we had intended to put our car on the Pacific-bound ship, my husband received an email. Apparently, the multitude of shots we had all received (including the dog) and the job resignation letter I had submitted were unnecessary. A "must fill" position came available about then 30 miles away from the assignment he was in at the time. Bummer!

