My Long History of Oh, No's

By Hap Hansen

"Oh, no!" Every one of us has used those two powerful words on many occasions, especially when something or somebody had gone frightfully wrong. "Oh, no! What happened? How could they do this to me? Where did I go wrong?"

Let me begin with my long history of "Oh, no's." I vividly recall, when I was a youngster, my Mother chasing me with a big stick! "Oh, no!" I knew I had sinned in some way and I also knew that I would probably have sore cheeks for some period of time. In those long-ago days, a 'pop' on the butt with a stick was not considered to be cruel, or even child abuse. It was simply my Mother's way of saying, "You better mind me!"

When I turned age 18, I recall getting a letter from the County Draft Board telling me I was next in line to be drafted into the Army. "Oh, no!"

You may recall my true story of some weeks ago where I recalled the situation where my wife and I were in a period of intimacy many years ago. Suddenly, the bedroom door burst open, our three-year-old son climbed up on the bed, jumped straight on my back and said, "Oh boy, Dad, we got Mom down now!" I still remember the two words spoken simultaneously by my wife and me, "Oh, no!"

Some of us may have had a situation after attending a party and imbibing a few drinks. We were driving home, probably erratically, and we saw those flashing red lights in the rear-view mirror. "Oh, no!" Or perhaps you were on an airliner with a window seat and you suddenly notice smoke and fire erupting from the jet engine right outside your window. "Oh, no!"

Finally, I am a political Independent, about as 'middle-of-the-road' as one can get. I never argue politics because no one ever wins. No matter what is argued, Conservatives will remain Conservative and Liberals will remain Liberal. But I can imagine that about two a.m. on the day after the Presidential Election, Clinton followers were saying, "Oh, no!" And Trump followers were saying, "What?"