

Drama Outside the Bar

A friend shared the following story with me. It is alleged to be a true account, occurring in a Southern county where drunk driving is considered a sport.

A routine police patrol car parked outside a bar. After the last call, the officer noticed a man leaving the bar, apparently so intoxicated he could barely walk. The man stumbled around the parking lot for a few minutes, with the officer quietly observing. After what seemed an eternity in which he tried his keys on five different vehicles, the man managed to find his car and fall into it.

He sat there for a few minutes as a number of other patrons left the bar and drove off. Finally, he started the car, switched the wipers on and off – although it was a dry summer evening – flicked the blinkers on and off a couple of times, honked the horn and then switched on the lights. He moved the vehicle forward a few inches, reversed a short distance, and then remained still for a few more minutes as some more of the patrons' vehicles departed.

At last, when his was the only car left in the parking lot, he pulled out and drove slowly down the road.

The police officer, after waiting and watching patiently all this time, now started his patrol car, put on the flashing lights, promptly pulled the man over and administered a breathalyzer test.

To the officer's amazement, the breathalyzer indicated no evidence that the man had consumed any alcohol at all. Dumbfounded, the officer said, "I'll have to ask you to accompany me to the police station. This breathalyzer equipment must be broken."

"I doubt it," said the truly proud Redneck. "Tonight, I'm the designated decoy."

While we may chuckle at this creative thinking and surprise ending, what we don't know – as Paul Harvey would say – is the rest of the story. How many of those patrons who had been drinking, to the point of impairment of judgment, made it home safely? Did one or more accidents claim the life of a college student or a pregnant woman or someone's grandfather?

Drinking and driving is not a game. It is as serious as recklessly waving a loaded and cocked gun. The victim could be any one of us, or someone dear to us. It happens too, too often.

--Beecher Hunter