

BACK TO BACK

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In the early eighties, I was into dune buggies. Actually we had two sandrails, but this story is not really about them. Our family was all at the dunes, having fun. Later on we needed some more fuel, so my son and I went to town to get it.

On our way back to the dunes, we had Lake Michigan on one side of the road and a lot of walkers on the side we were on. All of a sudden, this full size Buick full of guys was coming straight towards us. I told my son to hang on! Turns out, the guy driving was trying to change tapes in his tape player when he crossed the centerline.

The Buick took us almost head on. The first thing my son said was he felt like kicking some butt. I told him that some of the passengers in the other car were already hurting. I'd seen one run by our car, while holding a shirt to his face, and it was already covered with blood.

I told my son to go tackle him so we could get him help. It turned out the guy had a mouth full of braces and when he hit the windshield with his face, he was cut up on the inside of his mouth as well as on the outside.

The accident ruined me even thinking about going back out to the dunes. My wife and I decided that we'd take one of the sandrails home with us and try to get our Thunderbird into a body shop. We lived about two hundred miles from the dunes, and on our return trip we had time to think about all the fun we were now going to miss out on with our family.



A friend of ours, who owns a body shop, said he could get our car right in, but did not know how soon he could have the replacement parts. So we rented a new Ford Fairmont to use while the T-Bird was laid up. I got this bright idea that I could put a temporary trailer hitch on the car we had just rented, and we could hook up the sandrail again and go back to the dunes.

A neighbor helped me rig up a hitch that I would be able to take back off again. However, it took a lot longer than we expected with the wiring for trailer lights and everything. I asked my wife if she minded driving while I took a short nap.

I had not even closed my eyes, when a car pulled right out in front of my wife. We'd only gone about ten miles when this happened. We were hit on the front fender on my side and with that we were sliding sideways going off the opposite side of the road, and now headed for a tree that I was sure would end up where I was sitting.

While all this was happening, I remember thinking about the small print on the rented car contract

that said the deductible was \$500.

My wife's head hit the windshield; I ended up with some broken ribs. We both had to get out on the driver's side. I remember my wife could not find her glasses, but when I slid over to get out, I found them sticking in the rubber that holds the windshield in place. My wife had to go to the hospital for stitches. The rented car was a total wreck, but we were both every lucky to be a live and with two accidents back to back, we now decided for sure we were not going back to the dunes. Instead we went to a lake, and sat in it, hoping it would help take away some of our aches and pains.

We were both very lucky that we had not been killed. The other drivers were at fault, so we did not have to pay the deductible; and even the repairs to our sandrail were covered under insurance.

