

DOUBLE TROUBLE

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When we still had our 1969 Pontiac Bonneville convertible, we took it to Detroit for the Woodward Dream Cruise. My brother rode shotgun and our wives rode in the back. We cruised the full length of Woodward Ave. several times, of course driving with the top down. One area had bleachers set up for people to sit on. This was near a traffic light, and every time we drove past all the people would yell, trying to get you to do a burn out. There were lots of police, most of them on



bicycles because there were so many cars the police could still keep up with you on a bike. We all decided that we would make one more loop around, and then call it a day. I'd been watching out for the police, and by the time I drove up to the light where all the people sat on the bleachers there were no police in sight. I was a couple cars back from the light when it turned red; everyone at the curb was yelling again "do a burn out!"

I had already been planning to replace the tires on the Bonneville, so when the light turned green I put my foot on the brake and the other one on the accelerator. By the time the car in front of me had pulled away from the light, the tires on the Bonneville were "lit up big time!" You could hardly see the people at the curb anymore for all the smoke! I took my foot off the brake and just cruised up to the car in front of me like nothing had ever happened.

Then Rosemarie starts yelling that the car was on fire! She said she could smell wires burning. I told her no, what she smelled was the tires. She told me not to ever do that again! Even with the top down, you could not drive fast enough to suck the smell out of the car, while still on Woodward Ave; and believe me I heard about it! We went back to my brother's house and changed our clothes, because now Rosemarie and I had a wedding to go to which was about a hundred miles away. When we left my brother's place, the sun was out so we left with the top still down. We had probably only gone about ten miles when it started to look like rain. Rose asked me if I thought maybe we'd better stop and put the top up. I told her that we might be going around the storm and that we probably didn't have any extra time to stop.

We hadn't gone probably a couple more miles down the road then the clouds opened up. Now I remind you we were dressed up to go to a wedding, and by the time I stopped under an overpass to put the top up, we were both drenched! Needless to say I was even in more trouble this time than I'd been earlier in the day. Some days you just can't win! Try and stay out of trouble! I think maybe it's too late for me to change!