

## Just Following Instructions

Wayne Carlton lumbered along the sidewalk paralleling main street, halfway home, mumbling as he plodded through the light drizzle. "I was just following instructions. He had no right. I'm not drunk."

Carlton found it ironic that cars whizzed by him. "Whizzing by," he said aloud. "I was just following instructions," he said louder.

The bartender, Pat, had known Carlton for ages. "Give me your keys, Wayne," he had said.

"What? Why? I'm OK," Carlton had responded.

"No you're not. You're hammered. I won't let you kill somebody on the way home from my bar."

"I'm not hammered. Just a little buzz, that's all. I'm not giving you my keys."

"Wayne, give me the keys. Would you like Sean to help you find them?"

Sean McAleenan stood nearby, smiling. Pat's bouncer always smiled. Carlton knew not to challenge the ex-Ranger. "Aw c'mon, Pat. It's raining and it's a long walk," Carlton said instead.

"It's ten minutes, and the rain stopped half an hour ago.

What makes you think I'm not fit to drive?" Carlton had persisted.

"What you did in my restroom for starters," Pat had replied.

I told him I was just following instructions, Carlton thought. It wasn't my fault he put out such a confusing sign.

"What instructions might those be?" Pat had asked.

"Your sign said 'Caution Wet Floor,'" Carlton had responded, "so I did."

Carlton plodded on through the drizzle. "I am not drunk! I was just following instructions!" he shouted at the cars whizzing by.