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Friends Don't.....

Written By: Harry Gribnitz

It was Janet's freshman year at SMU. As a 17 year old, walk-on, she was just happy to be a part of the team. The older players had taken her under their wing and accepted her as a part of the woman's basketball program. Just being a part of the team at a Southwest Conference university was enough for now. The fourth game of the young season was her first real opportunity to contribute. Inserted in the last few seconds of the first half she hit a long three pointer to put the Mustangs ahead at halftime. With that added momentum, the starters played well in the second half building a substantial lead. It presented an opportunity for a couple of minutes of "garbage time" for the bench at the end of the game. Another "three", a couple of assists and a steal made it a fun evening for the young freshman. Her roommate, Laura, had also contributed with a basket and three rebounds.

Laura and Janet were thrilled when two of the seniors invited them to go out after the game to eat. I drove home from the game very pleased with how well they seemed to be fitting into the team. A couple hours after the game, I received a call from Janet. The two older girls had a couple of drinks at diner and she was concerned about riding back to campus in their car. She asked me to drive to the restaurant in North Dallas to take her back to campus. On the way traffic was slow (actually not unusual for evening on the LBJ Freeway). The two DPS cars with lights flashing and sirens blaring racing down the shoulder, sent a chill up my spin. My head swirled with the worst of thoughts. I just wanted to pull onto the shoulder and race with them.

After what seemed like a lifetime (actually about 20 minutes), I exited the freeway and headed toward the restaurant. As I pulled into the restaurant parking lot, I was thrilled to see the two freshmen sitting on a curb in the parking lot. As I got out of the car and walked toward them, I noticed the two seniors sitting across from them looking very unhappy. As I got closer, I noticed both Janet and Laura had some scrapes and bruises that look more like the aftermath of a fight than the floor burns and bumps from the basketball. I gave her a hug and asked what had happened. She opened her hand to reveal a set of car keys and said "Friends don't let friends drive drunk."

Thanks,

*Harry Gribnitz
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