

It's All Relative

By Cindy Peters

Once I heard this really goofy true story experienced by the beloved comic Carol Burnett that I think bears repeating:

It was 1960 and Carol Burnett needed to make it home from her last matinee of "Mattress." There was a terrible blizzard roaring through the streets of New York City. After leaving the subway Carol barely made it home with the unrelenting wind and mountains of snow drifts.

Once she arrived home, she was so grateful to be home but frozen to the bone. She could not wait to take a hot shower and warm up. However, it was very strange that her female terrier had not greeted her at the door as she normally did. Then, in the living room she saw her beloved dog lying on the floor with a cord wrapped around her tiny body and a lamp overturned. The dog's eyes were glazed open and she had a faint heartbeat. It appeared that her pup had received a horrible electric shock.

Carol quickly called the Veterinarian. The Vet told her to spoon-feed her dog some Coca-Cola, which she promptly did. Then Carol put her coat on, wrapped up the dog in a warm blanket and dragged through blocks of snow to reach the Vet's office. By the time she arrived it was 12:30 am and no sign of light in the office. Across the street Carol noticed a local bar which was still open.

Carol was desperate for warmth and entered the bar. It was dark inside, but the bartender decided to stay open rather than go out and face the howling blizzard. The bar held the smell of stale beer and peanuts and one obligatory drunk sitting on a stool resting his head on the counter. Carol needed to warm up and promptly ordered a double whiskey. The drunk suddenly woke up and yelled, "Me too."

The pup was now nestled against Carol's chest inside her coat. Then as Carol held the glass of whiskey to her chest the pup began to lap up some of it from her glass with her tiny red tongue making slurping noises. The drunk stared at Carol through his booze-filled eyes, viewing a strange fuzzy woman with a black fuzzy head coming out of her chest lapping up a hefty dose of Jim Beam. The drunk paled and quickly stumbled out the door into the blizzard.

Just then Carol noticed the light come on at the Vet's office across the street. Carol raced her pup off to the Vet. The Vet promptly gave the pup an injection and raved about his success as the pup responded nicely with a wagging tail. Carol thanked the Vet profusely for coming out in the storm to treat her half-dead dog. Then the good doctor announced, "Well, I guess it was the Coca-Cola that did it."

Carol never mentioned the other possibility.