



## THE WAY WE WERE

This undated photo shows boaters enjoying Fairy Lake in front of the Aquatic Club Boathouse. The boathouse was situated near present day Cameron Street.

EHS photo

### OPINION

# WHEN THINGS GO 'HONK' - ALL NIGHT LONG

CAR HORN WENT EVERY 15 MINUTES, WRITES TED BROWN



**TED BROWN**  
Column

The Sidekick and I experienced a sleep shattering assault on our night's slumber.

Our neighbours' car alarm went off repeatedly.

And the worst part? They were on vacation - three hours away.

Now I will admit - earlier during the day that alarm went off once, while I was working in the shed. My F150 has done that same thing a couple times and seemed to get over it. I knew they were away, and there was nothing I could do. So, I chose to ignore it. It stopped after a few minutes. I did check to see if the car was open, but it was locked.

And since it had

stopped, I never gave it another thought.

Until 1:30 a.m., when the horn shattered the night's silence with a blaring "honk, honk, honk" attack.

It stopped. I lay there in the dark, listening, hoping it was an isolated incident, like earlier in the day.

But 15 minutes later, it was back.

By now, The Sidekick was wide-awake.

"What's causing it?" she asked through sleepy eyes.

"I have no idea," I replied.

"Can't you stop it?" she asked.

At that moment, it stopped again.

Hmm, I considered dis-

connecting the battery in the car to disable the alarm.

I did have a key to the house, but at 2 a.m., I didn't feel like entering it in the dark, to try to find the keys to the car, then disconnect the battery.

As we discussed the possible "fixes" to the problem, the horn continued to go off, every 15 minutes. By now, The Sidekick had also observed that with each alarm, it blared 40 times.

We weren't amused.

After an hour of hoping the next blast would be the last, The Sidekick made a suggestion.

"Why don't we close up all the windows in the bedroom, turn on the air-conditioner, set the fan on high, and turn on the mu-

sic?" she suggested. "Hopefully, that will drown out the horn."

At that point I'd listen to any suggestion, so we closed up the bedroom like she suggested.

Interestingly, unless I really concentrated on listening for the horn, I could hardly hear it. For the most part, it was inaudible.

We finally drifted off to sleep.

At 7 a.m. I woke up and shut down the air conditioning and music.

I listened - silence.

Since it was morning, The Sidekick texted our neighbours to tell them what their car had been up to all night. We also asked where they kept their spare keys, so I could disable the alarm.

In minutes, we received our reply.

"We have both sets of keys with us," was the an-

swer.

By this time, I was hoping the battery on the damn car was flat from blaring all night - 40 times, every 15 minutes.

We decided to ride out the next 24 hours to see what happened.

Later that evening, a car pulled into the yard.

It was one of our neighbours' friends who had spent the weekend with them at their cottage. They were driving home this way, so they brought us the key to the car - just in case it did it again.

The car has not misbehaved again.

But I can tell ya, there's a feeling of power, knowing I held the key to disable that damn horn at a moment's notice.

*Ted Brown is a freelance journalist for the IFP. He can be contacted at tedbit@hotmail.com.*

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