

Forum

Confessions of a road-rager

By Melissa Starr
GUEST WRITER

A vast wave of stupidity has washed over the Greensboro area. I have watched and waited all year, hoping it would ebb, but, sadly, it appears to have strengthened. Driving, people, driving. Didn't the rest of Greensboro learn how to do this in 10th grade? Has everyone else just forgotten? Or have they all come down with a contagious case of stupidity? In order to help you all avoid the Specter of Impending Wreckage who sits shotty with these people, I've identified some of the main trouble-makers below.

There are several types of bad drivers here. We shall start with the bane of all young drivers everywhere, the elderly.

The traditional "Blue-Haired Woman" floors it to pull out in front of you, and then proceeds to go 10 miles per hour. It turns out she didn't intend to pull out in front of you, but she can only see a half inch over the steering wheel. After passing her, you look back in the rear-view and realize the only thing you can see behind the wheel of her car are two sets of withered old knuckles and six inches of blue beehive.

Her husband, "Little Old Maniac," travels at about 35 mph, and tries to switch lanes in to 65 mph traffic in his 1937 Buick Century. Since he is driving a land yacht, it's impossible to keep him from edging over from lane to lane, causing four-car pile ups behind him.

Their son is "Mid-life Crisis Man" who owns a red 2000 Cobra (which he only settled for because his wife nixed the mo-

torcycle), but refuses to go any faster than a perilous 55 mph. At stoplights, he has a tendency to slam on breaks and to stop about 400 yards behind the car in front of him, because scratching the paint on his little red hard-on would give him a second heart-attack. Look out, ladies, he will give you that "I-think-I'm-cool-and-I-know-you-want-me" look if he's stopped beside you. It's best to make sure your windows are rolled up.

His wife, "Cell-phone Lady," drives a 1993 Maxima and doesn't really care that the rest of her family is switching lanes and slamming on breaks

in front of her because she never really sees any of them. She's too busy making business transactions from her car, or more likely calling Big Wanda for her next hair appointment.

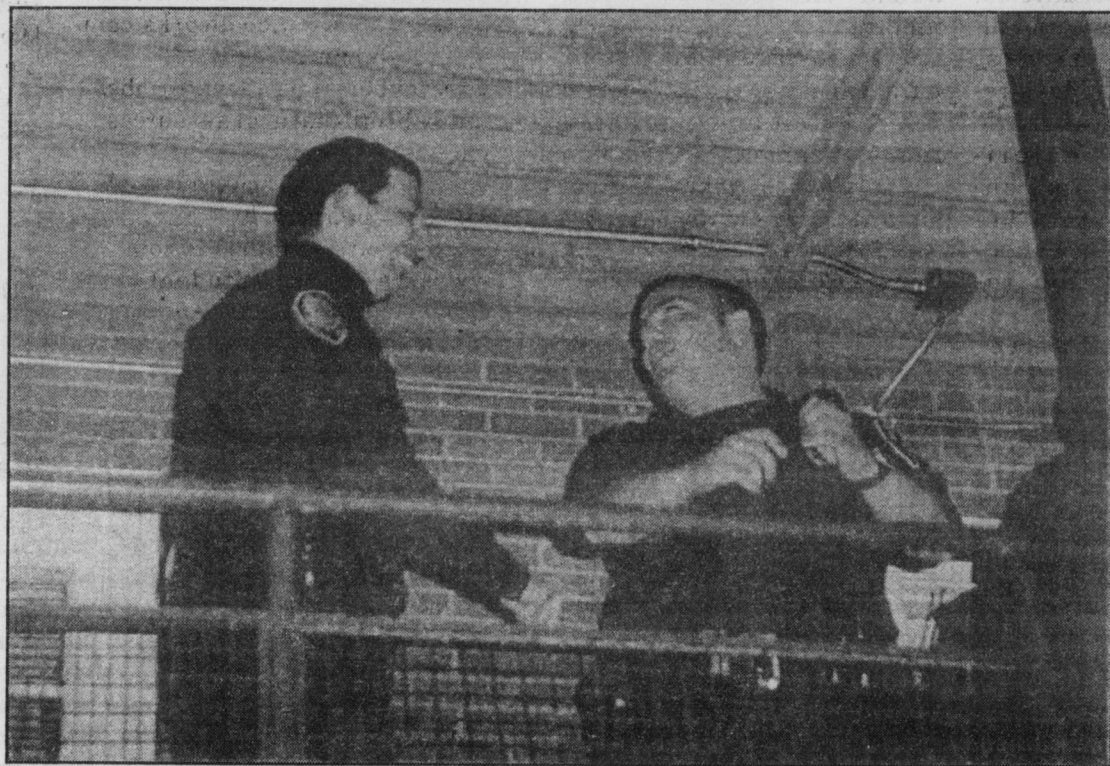
Racing past you is her son, "Obnoxious Teen," in a 1972 Pinto which he had a huge new sound system put into. The tiny car convulses to his blaring bass as he proceeds to go 90 mph through school zones and then run six red lights in a row. Like a chip off the old block, he slams on breaks at the sight of a cop, because if he gets another ticket, dad's head might explode.

Mid-Life Crisis Man's sis-

ter is "SUV Lady." She has a giant tank-like vehicle and a demolition derby ambition. If she gets the chance, she will crush your tiny car into a tin can. She like to ride on your bumper because, clearly, her SUV is far larger than your tiny auto and thus deserves to take up the entire road. She has been considering getting "Gravedigger" airbrushed on to the side of her SUV and entering the next monster truck rally.

And finally, unrelated to this troubled family, is "Guilford Student." Guilford Student wheels around in a 1960 Volkswagen Beetle covered with various bumper stickers (i.e. "Friends Don't Let Friends Eat Friends: Vegetarians of America" and the like). Guilford Student frequently pulls over to the side of the road and stops 5 o'clock traffic to help lost squirrels cross four-lane roads. Guilford Student's car is always packed with five friends and their respective bongos. If you're riding behind the car you'll probably detect a funny smell that doesn't seem like exhaust fumes. Just when you think you're catching on, Guilford Student will slam on breaks, leap from the car and attempt to resuscitate roadkill.

If you spy any of these individuals while out for a drive, it would be in your car's best interest to pull in to the nearest Harris Teeter and wait them out. Although waiting them out may prove difficult, since there are roughly 100,000 of these people. On second thought, just get one of your friends to drive you around. Then look in to the auto insurance business. It could be a very lucrative career.



Letter to the Editor: Police at Serendipity

I am writing in response to a statement that Dawn Watkins made regarding the police presence at Serendipity. While it is true that the number of officers did not change from previous years, the role that they played was drastically different.

All responsibility for the Gestapo like tactics employed during Serendipity falls upon the shoulders of the new coordinator of student activities, Leslie Moss. Speaking from my personal experience, working with Leslie in my role as the V/P of Student Union, if she remains part of our "community," then students being accosted and ha-

rassed will be the norm.

Leslie Moss does not understand this college as we do nor does she understand why it is something a little different and more than a little special. Her ideas and goals are fit for a giant, impersonal, institution like Wake Forest or the University of Georgia, but not Guilford College!!!

-- Dain Roose-Snyder