

## My Life as a Car

I am a car.

I have no personality of my own.  
I am forced to express the moods of my drivers.  
I provide protection for them and as a result  
I am also forced to take unnecessary risks.  
They sometimes do awful things they ordinarily  
would not do without me there to protect them.  
They break laws right and left, no pun intended.



They usually sneak through caution lights,  
and sometimes even red lights and stop signs.  
I have to hold my breath as most of the time it is  
I who gets hurt and occasionally it is both of us.

Courtesy seems to be totally forgotten, for  
a gentlemen who will open a lady's door  
will run the same lady into a ditch, just to  
get where he is going five seconds sooner.

Sometimes, if I have a premonition of an accident,  
I will try to break down, or at least get a flat tire,  
so as to cause a delay. It's not always easy to do as  
they are making us better and better these days.

I also have to worry about my driver using a cell phone.  
My worse yet concern is texting, which gets really scary.  
Being owned by a reckless driver is no picnic, but I much  
prefer it to being forced into the hectic life of a rental car.

Growing obsolete is nothing to look forward to in any event.  
In addition to being allowed to deteriorate, we usually end  
up in some country where there are no paved roads and  
everyone is aspiring to be a New York City cab driver.

It is no fun not to be loved like we used to be....