WHY IS MY CAR TRYING TO DRIVE ME CRAZY?

What is it with all the beeping? You can’t even drive anymore without your car beeping at you. I know it is supposed to help you drive, but enough already. There is so much noise, why does my Car have to fuss at me with those beeps if I get too close to something? The worst is when I stop. If I stop my Car, put it in park, then open the door, my Car screams at me with loud obnoxious beeping. Stop it Car! I know I need to turn off the motor. Why can’t I open the door and then turn off the motor? Does my Car think I am going to get out without turning off the motor? Ok maybe I have, but only a couple of times. Does my Car think I am stupid?

And another thing, I know this is trashy but I have given up fixing the dings in the sides of my Car. I know that the minute I get it repaired—which always seems to cost $1000, someone will see my Car and think, “That Car doesn’t have a ding in the door. I need to park next to it so when I open my door I can wop it good and hard and give it a nice little ding!” To everyone out there that is waiting to put a ding in my freshly repaired Car, you can just forget it! It isn’t repaired. Your ding won’t be the first ding and it won’t be the last.

My last Car had a hard time turning into my garage in the townhouse I used to own. Ok, it was a tight fit. It was a two-car garage, one bay was for my Car and one bay was for the Party Lounge. The Party Lounge side of the garage had a big gold velour couch I bought from Salvation Army. (I did have to steam clean it.) It also had super tacky/wonderful red velvet shade lamps that I found in a junk/antique shop. The lamps allegedly came from a funeral home. They had plastic red prisms hanging from the lamps.
and the red velvet shades had gold brocade at the bottom of the shades. The lamps came with little round tables that also had red plastic prisms and were a sight to see. (Very Classy if I do say so myself! Kitschy would be more accurate.) It was a statement.

The Party Lounge had a shag rug and a swag light from the 50s that was all plastic and bumpy. The swag light hung over a coffee table. The coffee table had a marble top on a metal base that used to hold a baby bathtub. (Hard to visualize but it worked). I also had a disco ball on the ceiling that would rotate when the garage door opened. A jam box completed the look along with a light-up sign that said “Party Lounge” (courtesy of Target and probably intended for dorm rooms) and my collection of 1950s orange vases. (Some of those more than 100 orange vases are now above the cabinets in the kitchen in my office.)

I don’t know why I have always enjoyed hanging out in garages. To complete the look in the bay where I parked by car, I put down linoleum that imitated a parquet floor. This was the dance floor in case you are wondering. I could pull out the car, open the garage door and the Party Lounge was in business. This was several years ago in case you are wondering.

Because one side was taken up with the Party Lounge, I had a tight curve to pull in my car. It was the tight curve and had zero to do with my driving. It was the tight curve that caused the driver front panel of my Car to come in contact with the side of the garage. It wasn’t a big dent, but it was a dent and after I fixed it a couple of times, I realized that
my Car and the garage were going to keep kissing each other and there was nothing I could do about it. Luckily this was in the past. My present Car doesn’t care to kiss the garage in my present townhouse.

My Car does have another annoying habit. It seems to always be full of stuff. Where does all this stuff, paper, files, boxes come from? Surely it has nothing with me. I feel like a pack mule trying to get it all out of my Car.

And my last complaint about my Car is a big one and it applies to the car manufacturers. Why in the hell are you designing cars with the seat within centimeters of the center console? If you drop something between the seat and the console, you are out of luck. (I wanted to write something stronger about this situation but refrained). There is no human hand small enough to reach down and retrieve the missing item that has fallen between them. I know my missing credit card is down there and believe me moving the seat back doesn’t work. My Car has it now and it isn’t letting go. I wonder what else it has confiscated and is hoarding in that spot. I know my Car is trying to drive me crazy.