

4th August, 2008

DRIVING ME CRAZY

DEAR DIARY, what happens to people when they get behind the wheel of a car? As soon as someone gets into the driving seat, they think it's their cue to go crazy. People want to murder you just to get two cars in front. What's this thing about having to get ahead of someone when that someone got ahead of you and then you in turn spend half of your journey racing to make sure you get in front of them again! It's really juvenile.

I work unsociable hours so I'm lucky enough to drive when the roads are fairly empty, but as much as it's quiet outside rush hour, people take more chances. When I'm on the road, there are more people driving under the influence of alcohol; these are mostly people who have miles of road ahead of them but insist on crawling along at a conspicuous 27 miles per hour! There must be a fair amount of drivers under the influence of drugs too because I see some crazy hallucinogenic driving like they're trying to follow the yellow-brick road; and where are the police when this is going on? They want to stop me for a faulty light and have me standing in the rain with my just relaxed hair but they're nowhere to be seen when some nutter's flying down the wrong side of the road.

About a month ago, I'm sure murder was about to be committed on me by a car, full to the brim of highly testosteroneed boys. Their Range Rover's mission that night was to kill me by running me off the road because they pulled up on my left in order to cut in just before a bus lane and I wasn't in the mood to play dodgems with them but they oh-so wanted to play dodgems with me. The driver of the Range Rover was about the age of an embryo sitting on cushions in his mum's car and his jeering passengers wanted to see me carried away on a stretcher. Their car was weaving this way and that and when they were behind me, they were right up close and flashing their lights. As they turned off in another direction, they were hanging their heads out of the window shouting and giving me the finger. Underdeveloped wankers!

This car madness has a lot to do with the fact that people are not confronted or do not create a confrontation face-to-face. Everyone does the finger, blows their horn, flash their lights and let their windows down just low enough to shout expletives, but no one's in any real danger of a punch up. Being in the car is like hiding behind your mum's apron strings. People shout f*** you and then disappear into traffic.

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Another strange thing; road rage. This is when you *are* in danger of a punch up. But why would a grown man or woman want to fight because of a driving altercation? Why do people get so upset as if their life is in danger or someone violated their mother? Why do people's blood boil when everyone knows that the world is full of crazy and crazy's allowed to pass their driving test so you're going to get a certain amount of crazy from motorists. That's just life.

There are a lot of people who drive but are just not good at it and people should make allowances for that. There are people who dance who are not that good at it but they still shake a leg when they hear music. There are those who have sex and are not that good at it, but they still manage to get a leg over and even make babies. People cook all the time and their food tastes like sh** so it stands to reason that people drive all the time but are just not that good at it.

Also, every group gets singled out. Women can't drive. Young people drive too fast. Old people drive too slow. Men are too aggressive. Everyone points the finger at everyone else but everyone thinks that they're the exception. My brother who's a driving instructor says in his experience, women don't know their left from their right so they're bound to be a little inferior on the road! This is out of the mouth of an instructor! Jesus.

Something that makes me laugh is the car head-to-head. When two people are driving down a narrow road and neither one of them wants to move over and they end up directly facing one another for the longest five minutes of their life. Ignitions are switched off and people get out their newspapers or fold their arms and like a two year old say I'm not moving and then traffic builds up and car horns blow but someone has to back down. Men normally fall for this one or masculine women with hairs on their chest. It's the game of the first one to back down is a big girl's blouse and I'm the winner if I wait until you submit!

I've also noticed recently passengers getting into a rage on behalf of the driver. Some woman was swearing at me on behalf of her driver. I assume he was her husband because he gave me that look of "I can't take her anywhere".

Something else which irritates me is people who lose the ability to say thank you. You give way to someone out of the kindness of motoring and they drive straight past you or you stop at a pedestrian crossing and the person crossing looks at you as if they want to say you're damn right to stop. Driving could be so much more pleasant if people were kinder.

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My journey feels good when people are kind enough to give way, say thank you, drive nicely and not try to run you off the road.

But no, instead we have people who don't understand the concept of the indicator! They're an essential non-verbal form of communication, understood by motorists and non-motorists alike. What's the point of not using it? Are people just too selfish or they can't be bothered or the indicator's too far; it's on the floor on the passenger side and it's operated by pressing a key-pad that gives you an electric shock and then you have to remember a six digit code that changes every time you get into the car. NO! The indicator is an inch away from your finger-tips. Is it too difficult to flick it up or down?

People are just like big babies in cars. Boo-hoo-hoo, you cut me up so I'm going to get in front of you and drive at 20 miles per hour just to p*ss you off.

Boo-hoo-hoo, you flashed me so I'm going to allow you to get in front of me and I'm going to blind you with my high beam.

Boo-hoo-hoo, you made me slam on my brakes so I'm going to cuss you from London to Brighton.

Also, kind men turn into ignorant monsters when it comes to women drivers. Some of the offensive things I've been called by a man; it's just no way to speak to a lady. I was called a f***** c*** several years ago by someone who didn't understand "give way" and I was called a monkey and told to go back to where I come from by a man who didn't know how to use a roundabout. Also, my car was punched – now that's a measured dose of madness – by a cyclist. I'm not sure which one of his laws I violated but he felt the need to punch my car. How rude! One of these days some crazy motorist who's been following me will turn up at my office to start a new job in my department and I'd be the one responsible for being his buddy for a week to show him the ropes. I show him the ropes alright. Or maybe I should be the surgeon performing his vasectomy. Then we'd see how many octaves he can scream the words f***** c****!

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