

## "The Big Gulper"

If the road to Hell is paved with good intentions, then why do you need a 4-wheel drive? You don't. Especially here in the city. The City of Angels, that is.

Statistics show that most SUV drivers rarely use the 180 cubic feet of room given to them to haul passengers, much less, cargo. SUVs get horrible gas mileage. Rarely fit into parking spots. And cost a pretty penny at the car wash. So why buy these mammoth monsters? Beats me. I don't own one. I frolic around town in an eight-year-old sedan. Being the non-SUV owner that I am, it wouldn't be fair to answer that question on their behalf. So I'll answer it on my own.

I'm the ex-girlfriend of the ex-boyfriend who had one. In the four years that we dated, he went from a sports car to an SUV to another SUV. None were practical picks in my opinion. Turns out, neither was he.

Slim Slimy was his name. Or at least that's what my best friend calls him. The Ex definitely didn't buy an SUV to compensate for a petite package. That was just fine. And he definitely wasn't the manly-man type who hauled lumber or gardening material back from Home Depot. Slim Slimy must have been driven to drive an SUV for one reason, and one reason only. He needed room to haul around his overly inflated ego.

The crank of the key seemed to make Slim Slimy feel omnipotent. When cruising down the road, if he wanted in a lane, he went. Didn't matter if there was room for his truck or not. He constantly took two parking spots instead of one, regardless of how few were left for everyone else. In the many hours I spent riding shotgun in his Chevy, I realized that not only was Slim Slimy a bona fide brat, so were all owners of gas-guzzling giants.

Last Christmas a Ford Expedition stole what was to be my parking spot at the Galleria. As I patiently waited for a car to reverse and exit, the Expedition hopped the wheel stop and pulled in the

wrong way. Sure I yelled. Honked. And thought about running over the tubby twerps. But did I? Not on purpose anyway.

And then there was the time my neighbor backed his SUV into my car and smashed the right tail light. Did I see him do it? No. Did I have sufficient evidence that he did? More than enough. Did he own up to it? Ha. The police said to forget about it. Not to piss him off. That that was the least amount of damage he could do. Forget about a hit and run? Oh sure. No problem. Memory erased. Who needed that hundred bucks it took to fix something I didn't break in the first place?

Do I think SUV's make people mean? Absolutely not. These people suck to start with. It's just that these monstrous mounds of metal make it easier for them to be that way. Oh sure, there are times I think about selling my Maxima and getting an SUV. I'd buy it for the room though. All 180 cubic feet of it. Unlike the others, I'd be carting cargo. Like Shrek or Godzilla. In hopes that I ran into one of the three mentioned above. And I mean that literally.