Double Standard Essay, Research Paper

Double Standard

As a traffic engineer, I am obviously more qualified to be operating a moving vehicle than anyone else on the road. After all, I know the proper term for those little sparkly things that they glue to the pavement: bidirectional amber reflectorized pavement markers. Since I am such a qualified driver, I become extraordinarily irritated with the ignorance of other drivers. There are three primary sources of my aggravation: people who drive beside me, people who drive behind me, and people who drive in front of me.

First there are the idiots who drive beside me. They never know where they are going. Each time that I inadvertently miss my turn, some moron is in the left lane looking for street numbers and blocking me from making a U-turn. Such behavior is revolting. More importantly, it is dangerous. It always seems that the same loathsome fool is in my way when, due to a minor distraction, I change lanes without looking. I would think that he would remember me and get out of my way. Doesn’t he realize that I am an important person with important appointments to keep?

Even more loathsome than the rocket scientists who drive beside me are the would-be jet pilots who drive behind me. If they think that riding my bumper is going to speed me up, they have a lot to learn. If I need to look for street numbers, they will simply have to be patient. And when I lock up my brakes and squeal across three lanes of traffic as I locate the number I’m looking for, they had better be paying attention. I am much too busy to worry about them. It’s not my fault that they are in such a hurry. They should have left earlier.

Those who drive beside me and those who drive behind me are truly irritating, but the most vile drivers of all are those who drive in front of me. Women are the worst. When I am running late for class, I don’t have time to wait for some bimbo to finish putting on her eye liner after the traffic signal has turned green. She should have done her makeup at home. The same blonde (They are always blonde!) stops at yellow lights, too. I think she only stops so she can primp in the mirror. One day when one of these bimbos stopped and my left leg was caught in the steering wheel as I put on my pantyhose, I almost hit her. Another day, I was putting on my jacket when another stupid blonde stopped. How was I supposed to get my car out of gear when I had both arms tied up in my jacket sleeves? She made me stall my vehicle. When will the ignorant nitwits learn?

I cannot believe how careless and rude other drivers are. If they don’t change soon, I will have to throw away my blow dryer (which plugs into the cigarette lighter) and keep a closer eye on them.