

YESSIRREE

There's nothing like it: going to pick up the new car from the dealer, and walking down the row upon row of shiny new automobiles, smelling the leather on the expensive ones and admiring your bent reflection on the curving chrome; getting the driving instructions for this particular model from the salesman who's all smiles after the difficult gestation period of the sale now brought into fruition – then turning the ignition key for the first time and hearing the tailpipe symphony, your horses waking up and settling to a flawless idle; moving slowly, slowly and majestically out of the wide doors into the sunlight, feeling everyone's eyes on your shiny new car; navigating the first turn and enjoying the steering and the automatic transmission and the two-range climate control, then switching into the fast lane to speed up to the traffic and having everyone make room for this new entry into the world of automotive touring, and passing the geeky-looking guy in an ancient French excuse of a car; taking a quick glance over to see his wife who weighs a ton open her mouth and ask her hubby, "Hey, look at that beauty of a new car, when will we get our new car, you never could buy a new car like that guy..." while speeding away from the losers, catching their sad reflection in all three rear mirrors in sequence, but not caring a bit for their pitiful lives; then moving off the highway and slowing down to show off the car to the people in the suburb, and letting them see the car for a long time while cruising up the street that connects to the one your house is on, but turning onto it you see something closing in fast from the right side, and steering left quick to avoid the object, probably a kid since it's bigger than a cat and cats rarely wear Hilfiger, but being too close to the vehicle parked on the curb, and getting just one quick glance of the three-point star within a circle and understanding it's a Mercedes a split second before the new car ploughs into its rear; and then seeing three things at once, the cloud of steam from the broken radiator, the unidentifiable back of the guy fleeing from the scene, and the wife and kids coming round the house to admire the new car.

Yessirree. Nothing even comes close.