

FROM WHERE I SIT

JOHN COONEY

Car Wars!

My wife's not a good passenger. She never has been. Oh, I love her dearly and I'd rather travel with her than travel alone. But she can't help herself. She has to tell me how to drive – like she's an AA instructor or something. And we often end up calling each other names ...

It's got worse in recent years, because there are now two women with me whenever I'm out in the car: my wife – and Lulu.

Who's Lulu, you ask?

Well, several Christmases ago my kids gave me a GPS navigating gadget, a little satellite-linked street-map thing that sits up on the dashboard. And inside this thingy lives a lady with an English accent who talks to me and helps me find my way around unfamiliar suburbs and streets.

We call her Lulu. She's nice – sometimes nicer than my wife. And she's become a really good friend. But the other day something went wrong. Lulu got her wires crossed – and my wife and I nearly got divorced.

We were heading, you see, across the city – for a birthday lunch with friends. And I got us safely along the motorway without endangering my driving instructor's life or earning any demerit points.

But, as we neared our destination, she asked, "Do you know where you're going?"

I said: "I think so ..."

And she said: "Well, last time you got lost. Maybe we should use Lulu."



So we plugged Lulu in and turned Lulu on. And the conversation thereafter went something like this ...

Lulu: "Go three kilometres, then exit left ..."

Wife: "Did you hear what she said?"

Me: "Of course I did."

Wife: "The radio's so loud I'm surprised you can hear anything."

Me: "It's MY car. And YOU don't need to turn the radio down, thank you very much!"

Wife: "No need to be grumpy. It's not MY fault you're deaf."

Me: "I'm NOT grumpy! And I'm NOT deaf! I just wish you wouldn't NAG."

Wife: "I wasn't nagging. But you're in the wrong lane. If you don't get over you'll miss the turnoff."

HE ATE SO MUCH ON CHRISTMAS DAY HE DECIDED TO QUIT COLD TURKEY.

Me: "I CAN'T get over – there's a truck in the way."

Lulu: "Exit left, then turn right ..."

Wife: "WAIT! you're not going to make it! You've left it too LATE!"

Lulu: "Exit left! Exit left!"

Me: "Shut up, Lulu!"

Wife: "LOOK OUT ...! YOU CAN'T ...! OH, MY GOSH, YOU NEARLY HIT THAT CAR!"

Me: "WHAT car? He was MILES away ..."

Wife: "You never even SAW him!"

Me: "Oh, rubbish! Of COURSE I saw him!"

Wife: "LIAR! You could've KILLED ME!"

Lulu: "Turn right at the intersection! Turn right ..."

Me: "Shut UP, Lulu! I KNOW where we are. And we're going LEFT!"

Wife: "Just do what SHE SAYS!"

Me: "No, I won't! She's taking us the wrong way."

Lulu: "Recalculating ..."

Wife: "The lights are green. You can go."

Me: "Who's driving: ME OR YOU?"

Wife: "And you forgot to use your indicator – again!"

Lulu: "Recalculating ..."

Wife: "Where on EARTH are you taking us?"

Me: "I think this is the road we want."

Wife: "It's a dead-end – you STUPID, STUPID MAN!"

Me: "Well, you're a STUPID, STUPID WOMAN!"

Lulu: "Enter roundabout and take the third exit ..."

Me: "And YOU'RE STUPID, TOO, LULU! There IS no roundabout!"

Wife: "Don't blame her! YOU'RE the one who got us lost!"

Me: "I'M not lost. LULU is! We'll just try this street here. Now, what address was that restaurant?"

Wife: "I don't know and I don't care! After being SHOUTED at for three hours I don't even want to GO! Just take me home."

Lulu: "Congratulations! Your destination is on the left ..."

Me: "See, Darling – I TOLD you I'd find it!"



JUST TO REASSURE YOU ... GRAPEVINE'S EDITOR AND WIFE PARKED, KISSED AND MADE UP, PUT A SMILE ON THEIR FACES, AND HAD A JOLLY GOOD TIME AT THE PARTY. LULU, HOWEVER, HAD TO STAY IN THE CAR.

THORT



Instead of having "answers" on a maths test, they should just call them "impressions," and if you got a different "impression," so what? Can't we all be brothers?
(Jack Handey)