

Man Drive Car

Contributed by This Is Mark
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I depend on alcohol to have a really good time. I've openly admitted, as a heterosexual man, that I quite fancy Brad Pitt. I've even stolen money from my mum's purse. I'm comfortable enough with who I am to admit these too you today, but they do not compare with what I am about to say …

I … hate … driving.

Now to the rational (i.e. women) this may have seemed a bit of an anti-climax but let me assure you ladies every bloke who just read that will be writhing and squirming in their seat, feeling a lot more uncomfortable than they did two minutes ago.

For you see, in prehistoric times, men and women were hairier, thicker but above all, were equal. However something happened that tipped the scales forever - the invention of the wheel. This single act triggered the brain of man to take an evolutionary leap forward, and open up the 'patronising lobe'. This in fact turned out to be the completion of man's evolution. The brain of women continued to evolve into a far more complex organ but whilst man had the wheel, which eventually evolved into car, the 'patronising lobe' remained strong and healthy and although very much a 'one trick pony' allowed man to become the dominant species.

So you can see now that admitting I don't like to drive is rejecting the very foundations of which mans' empire has been built. Over time men have conceded that women are right about pretty much everything but the car is man's last haven; it isn't a driver's seat - it's a throne.

But I have to be honest with myself. I don't like to drive. I find it very boring. I find myself realising that, whilst driving 75 mph on the motorway, I haven't really been paying as much attention as I should have (very much like that feeling when your ears unexpectedly pop and you wonder how long you have actually been deaf for). I look in my rear view mirror at people in the back seat with their Nintendo DS or their Rubiks cube (just to make it relevant to you older guys) and feel a twinge of jealousy as I go back to reading 'wide load' for the four hundredth time.

So it may be like beheading the Queen and admitting to the French they were right all along but I'm going to say it anyway - I'd much, much rather be a passenger.