

The Epitome of Stupid

By Laura FANNING

Last June I decided to make the big decision to buy a new vehicle for the very, very, very, first time in my life. I spent hours trying to decide what kind of vehicle I wanted, but also what kind of vehicle would be the most practical for my lifestyle. Since I have two school-aged boys that are both involved in hockey and other extra curricular activities, and I myself compete in western riding, I figured the most appropriate choice would be a new SUV.

The problem was, when I figured out the cost of gas with the added cost of my payment, I couldn't afford one. My only other option was a van. I had sworn all my life that I would never drive a van, and every time I considered it my first instinct was that my life would be officially all downhill from there. I dug my heels and was determined to never drive a "losermobile."

Unfortunately, when my truck broke down yet again, practicality finally won out over my desire to be "cool," and



yes, I bought a van. After driving the van for awhile I had to admit that I quite liked it. It was more comfortable than my old Ford Explorer, was cheaper on gas, and actually had more room.

So far as I could see the only change in my "status" was that rather than being the designated driver for a bunch of drunks, I was now the official designated driver for people ages ten and under. That was ok, I tried to convince myself, I was simply "maturing."

Getting to the point of this article I must first explain that I am a firm believer in signs. I uprooted my whole family three and half years ago, sold my home, quit my job, and moved across the country based on a sign. Most people say that I am slightly crazy when I tell them that me, my six-year-old, my fifteen-month-old and my dog, camped across the country and sort of

ended up here.

Yet, after successfully completing my honours degree (in May), buying my own home, and enjoying both working and living in PEI, I think I can confidently say that following that sign was a good decision. My problem is that I have been given several negative signs about my van, especially lately.

Not three months after I bought it I walked out of Southport Home Hardware and someone had re-ended it and pushed in the entire back door. Two weeks later it was tarred by highways, who generously agreed to pay to have it cleaned. Less than a month after that it was tarred again. I was too embarrassed to call highways

again and cleaned it myself.

The final straw happened last week. I was parked in the lot by the classroom complex and walked out only to find that someone had hit my van again. The difference this time was that they were literally still parked up my proverbial ass!

I couldn't believe my eyes, not only had they indented my bumper but they hadn't even had the intelligence to back up or move their car. Do you think someone is trying to tell me something? That's fine I thought. I called security who took all the particulars, and I drove off to do my errands, thinking to myself what kind of idiot doesn't notice when they hit another vehicle? Apparently, this is a stupid question.

When I came back that same afternoon for German I parked in the same lot. An hour later I came out only to discover another vehicle in the same position up the ass of my nice, new, beautiful blue LOSER MOBILE!!! What, am I a target now? I don't think it is very funny. I don't like these signs and whoever is sending them should stop. I am not a geek, and besides the person who hit my van is an Ignoramus: A person who's both stupid and an asshole. So THERE!!

Oh and by the way... enjoy the pictures of your car, maybe next time you decide to pick on those who are less "cool" than yourself you will think twice before you target the News Editor of the paper!

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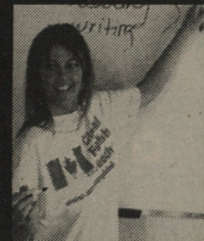


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Each year the Washington Post's Style Invitational asks readers to take any word from the dictionary, alter it by adding, subtracting, or changing only one letter and supply a new definition. Here are the 2002 winners:

Intaxication: Euphoria at getting a tax refund, which lasts until you realize it was your money to start with.

Reintarnation: Coming back to life as a hillbilly.

Foreplay: Any misrepresentation about yourself for the purpose of getting laid.

Giraffiti: Vandalism painted very, very high.

Sarchasm: The gulf between the author of sarcastic wit and the person who doesn't get it.

Inoculatte: To take coffee intravenously when you are running late.

Hipatitis: Terminal Coolness

Osteopornosis: A degenerate disease. (This one got extra credit).

Karmageddon: It's like, when everybody is sending off all these really bad vibes, right? And then, like, the Earth explodes and it's like, a serious bummer.

Glibido: All talk and no action.

Dopeler Effect: The tendency of stupid ideas to seem smarter when they come at you rapidly.

And the winner:

Ignoramus: A person who's both stupid and an asshole.