Do you hate cars? I hate cars. Cars are stupid. You’re probably wondering to yourself, “Man what’s this guy’s deal with cars?” Well let me learn ya a thing or two about cars.

When’s the last time you have a good time a car? Not a “fine” time, or a regularly time, or just any old time, but a *GOOD* time? Exactly, you can’t remember. Cars are a model of mundanity. Our ruts and routines became so insufferable that we had to invent shiny metal tents to keep us from offing ourselves. You don’t get in a car to have fun; you get in a car because you have to. Except for joy rides, but that’s an exception and there’s an exception to everything.

Cars cost money. Forever. You think you’re done spending money on the fucking thing when you buy it? No sir, they never stop costing you money. Gas, insurance, plates, and god forbid you ram yours into someone else’s. You think the first thing that goes through your mind after a traffic accident is *fuck am I okay, is the other person alright?* Fuck now, it’s *god damn it this is going to cost me so much money.* Sometimes, you wish the crash *had* killed you.

Cars drive people apart. The mere invention of the car implies the formation of large distances. The world is more isolated than ever, and these stupid lead cows are the thing to blame. Not just cars, but airplanes and buses. In tin can you can hop in that moves, it’s garbage. A true craftsman, a true master of the fates, can make things work where he’s at, and who he’s with. To *seek* a better life elsewhere is to admit to yourself that your current life is unsought. *ALL* of life is unsought.