

## WoMan Chronicles #27

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Friday, 28 November 2003

"Will find nice, sensible boyfriend to go out with and won't continue to form romantic attachments to any of the following: alcoholics, workaholics, commitmentphobics, peeping toms, megalomaniacs, emotional fuckwits or perverts."

~Bridget Jones Diary There exists on the forehead of every unsuspecting male a flashing billboard that serves as fair warning to any woman approaching the busy, male-dominated interchange. A signal like a bumblebee-hued pedestrian crossing sign, those aiming to take the plunge into couplehood are clued in to just what make and model is about to zoom across their path. Like any gasoline-powered vehicle, the male gives off early indications as to the recall factor prior to purchase. Just as the lone Yugo sitting on the back of the lot reeks of poor running capability, these signs specify whether or not the approaching male will sometime in the future need to be returned for replacement of worn parts due to slow performance, premature oil leakage, or the secretion of some foul odor. This pre-purchase warning clause is a truly important enhancement in the Male Automobile manufacturing label, as unfortunately there is no lemon law return policy for men.

If men were to be sold at some corner used car lot run by an upstanding salesman named Honest Sal, there would indeed be certain qualities to avoid in a final purchase decision. There are just certain flaws which a quick kick of the tire can reveal, and a woman's eye can spot a mile away. The make and model of a man you see, is quite critical to his desirability factor. If your hood stands too long to fit into her garage, do you think she's even going to think about a test drive? The question remains, just what sort of automobiles won't be the highly sought-after variety -- and are you one of them? Soon to be placed on a recall list near you: The Commitmentphobe - This is the male whose make and model change so fast he cannot possibly be pegged as any one type. One day he's displayed in the Chevy showroom, the next he's a Honda. The commitmentphobe cannot bring himself to settle on any one automobile for a sustained period of time, stating that he's reserving himself for a driver like Charlize Theron or Catherine Zeta-Jones to take the wheel. Actually, this make and model is probably best suited for the 'actor' variety, as I can think of no other vehicle that changes drivers with a more persistent 100 mph fervor. The Sexually Suspicious - Please move right past the baby blue or violet colored VW Bug...especially if he's placed a pansy in that little in-dash vase. Oh and the cheetah striped seat covers are in no way indicative of a manly demeanor by the way. This stud's looking for another stud to take the wheel and unless the female is seeking out a shopping buddy or help in differentiating between ecru and eggshell, she's definitely going to move on to a less 'colorful' model. Oh and for some odd reason, I've been forewarned about the Jetta variety, although I'm yet to be convinced. El Cheapo - Ah yes, this here is where we come back to the Yugo, Ford Pinto, beat up ol' Camino, or any other 'on its last leg' vehicle. Luckily with this type of catch, the car may never be seen due to its being deemed a road hazard by the Department of Motor Vehicles. In this case, the lucky female in this guy's life will be the one doing the driving, not to mention paying for dinners, the movies, or any other outing he believes a frivolous expenditure. The Womanizer - Yes, the bright purple pimp mobile, otherwise known as the sex-o-matic van may look tempting, but believe me, that plush velvet interior has endured one too many turns about the cul-de-sac d'amour. The female who gets behind this wheel is in for the ride of her life all right, but she can forget about taking a spin around the block more than once a week. Unfortunately the personalized plate on this car changes with each new day and in most instances the drivers are clueless that they're actually sharing ownership with six other parties. Mr. Neglectful - "Do you hear that kitten purr?" he'll ask. This car is candy apple smokin' red, vintage, and the only thing worthy of extended devotion or attention in its owner's eyes. The '57 Chevy, or '67 Mustang is a classic all right and women will immediately take the back seat to its perfection. This man will love his car above his woman no matter how bright and shiny she glistens when wet. Mr. Married - The mini-van, station wagon, or any model Volvo will be avoided at all costs, unless he can prove the he indeed totes about underprivileged children from the local receiving home or belongs to some rock band which requires the covered transporting capabilities found in this type of transportation. Oh, and even with the proof, we'll still want to check that ring finger for remnants of a tan line. Boring Boris - The toot of his horn is enough to send the entire tri-state area into a fit of narcolepsy. She'll more than likely pass by this vehicle quite often without ever once stopping to take a second look. He's the one she tailgates on the freeway as he slows to a 45-mph crawl in the fast lane. Unless it's fully suped up and bares bright neon stickers across its rear window and a giant extraterrestrial tracking device (er...spoiler) on its backside, this car is the four door Honda Accord. It's reliable, never shifts into a impassioned high gear zoom, and gets sensible gas mileage. It's altogether, well, let's just say it's everything it says it is. There will definitely be no restricted U-turns or red light running made in this vehicle. One plus: her mom will love your look and feel. Driving without Brains - This make and model is hard not to notice. He's the one that runs over her in his monster truck. Yeah, you know, the one with the gun rack on the back. He does hold some hard to beat records however. As the only student ever to repeat the 12th grade 5 times over he's a hard one to forget. How could she not recognize the guy that sat next to her, her younger sister, and the baby brother 5 years her junior in Algebra class. Mama's Boy - You won't see him out too often, as he has to be parked in the garage by 9PM each night. Yeah the Hummer looks cool, and makes her feel like Arnold's latest dish, but he only looks like this because his mom wanted him to be the safest all terrain vehicle on the road. Oh, and she'll more than likely be stuck riding cab style. Mom always gets the front passenger seat in this road monster. And lastly there's The Addict - This guy in no one model alone but takes different form with the changing of the winds. He'll spend whatever cash he has on a model upgrade and take up every open spot on the lot. Yes, he always looks good, but good luck putting a finger on his make. Even he can't remember what his latest emblem reads. Yes boys, if any one of these cars sounds a little too familiar, you may yourself want to check into

a trade-in. There's a lot to be said for the normal mid-sized pick-up truck, well unless it's pulling a trailer of cows to slaughter, that is. You know, perhaps my best advice is simply to make sure you don't put your vehicle up for sale at Honest Sal's Used Car Lot. Any guy who has to proclaim himself honest is just begging to take you for a ride anyhow. Not to mention that he'll probably talk his way under your gal's hood way before you have a chance to even rev your engine anyway.