

I got my driver's license... ladies
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Come one, come all. Enjoy the freakshow! Check this out: a 20-year-old who just got his license.

For the record, I did not get a license to wed (I'm still working on the John Krasinski haircut), a patent license (my Shit-Where-You-Eat toilet-kitchen chair idea will be on hold for another year), or even a license to kill (insert witty James Bond comment that hasn't already been made a hundred times).

No, I just got my driver's license. That's right, despite everyone's best efforts, I actually got a license before my brother, four years my junior. Finally, he is not better than me in EVERY conceivable way. I have a leg up.

...and a foot down on the pedal. Trust me, it's hard not ending every sentence with a Demetri Martin-like "...ladies." Do I really expect comments like, "I never really noticed how attractive you are until I saw you driving your mom's station wagon"? Well... yes, but that's hardly the point.

The simple fact is this: chicks dig dudes with wheels, and if not wheels, then licenses. It's like an aphrodisiac, even more so than green M&M's and—yes—afros. And, seeing as how I am allergic to Marshall Mathers and the only thing I pick on my head is my nose (er... I mean, license, ladies. License), I have to rely on my right—nay, responsibility—to drive an automobile.

I apologize for saying "nay." Seriously, who says "nay" anymore? If you answer with "nay is for horses," I will punch you ovaries. And if you don't have ovaries, you'll wish you did.

What's with all this anger towards my fellow man, you may be asking. I know, it's not the Christian thing to do. And please keep in mind that I never want to put down anyone's religion. Seriously, whatever you believe in is fine by me, and I fully support the freedom of religion. I am somewhat religious myself; I just have a hard time fitting into a specific one. It's just that when other people feel the need to convert others to their "superior" belief system, I get peeved. So, I apologize if I offend anyone with stating my

own beliefs, because I know that religion can be a touchy subject. And some religions are more touchy than others... (har har).

I apologize for saying “peeved.” Seriously, who says— right, old people.

So with that disclaimer in mind, let me tell you a story about my recent road test, which I was extremely nervous for, by the way. My Test Instigating Man (I’ll call him... TIM?) met me in the parking lot of a church, which was cool, as they have a lot of open space on a Wednesday, mid-morning/noon. I did surprisingly well on the parking shiznit, and for the last damn time, I did not “park it like it was hot,” no matter how many times the pigs tried to “get at me.”

Snoop Dogg reference, what what?!

Then, on the road, probably to keep me at ease, TIM started asking me questions about myself and somehow landed on the summer camp I work at, where I got a lot of driving experience (ahem... cough cough... and got pulled over for going 25 under the speed limit) and I explained that it was a Christian/adventure camp, even though I am not exclusively a Christian.

It is at that point that John Madden (I’d even take Frank Caliendo) should have frozen time, drawn a thick white circle around my head and announced, “Now, this is where he makes the mistake, which he shouldn’t have made.”

TIM told me to make a turn at the light, and then began to explain, in detail, the difference between a spirit and a soul, which is... fine; I’ll take it. According to TIM (and many others, I’m sure), the souls and spirits exist inside bodies for short periods of time and live forever, after the bodies have died. While this reminded me of an episode of Are You Afraid of the Dark? I saw many years ago, I allowed TIM to continue.

His next move was to tell me to change lanes.

Then, he went on to explain, again in great detail, about how when he was my age (when apparently every life-altering occurrence happens for Baby Boomers dispensing advice), he was in a very bad place and he was getting into some pretty rough spots. But, luckily, Jesus found him, like a game of Guess Who.

With each word he spoke, my grip on the wheel (at ten and two, obviously) grew tighter and tighter, worried that underneath his clipboard was a pocket bible with

highlighted passages about driving or parking in the eyes of the Lord (Ford, chapter 19, verse 10).

“Go straight past the Dairy Queen.”

As I sat there, keeping my eyes fixed on the road, muttering the occasional “okay” or “gotcha,” TIM could not pick up on my uncomfortable shifting and awkward glances at the clock. While he was hoping that I was thinking “I should probably Wikipedia this Jesus fella when I get home,” I was really repeating in my mind “Where the hell’s that church?!”

Finally, the conversation reached the pinnacle, right after taking a right off the expressway. After telling me that Christianity shouldn’t be about rules like “no drinking” or “no smoking” or “no looking at pretty girls” (verbatim, I swear), he told me that Christianity is actually about one thing. Me, being an open guy who wanted some word in edgewise, lengthwise, even pennywise, was about to answer, “Loving each other.” If I had said this, John Madden would have appeared again, I’m sure, pointing out my error. No, the answer—according to TIM—was “everyone’s relationship with Jesus.”

Almost blowing through a stop sign, I pondered about what a relationship with Jesus would mean for me. And, thus far, this is what I’ve come with: awkward bi-monthly IMs back-and-forth and sending a card for Christmas, which conveniently doubles as a birthday card.

This raises a lot of questions that I will not get into right now, like how good Jesus is at instant messaging.

Anyways, as we pulled back into the church, ironically my savior from Jesus, I breathed a sigh of relief, which TIM interpreted as my happiness of passing the road test.

Now, I will not call this guy a religious nutjob by any stretch, having seen far too many of them preaching at college, surrounded by a lot of people who seem like me: angry at all the hate being spouted from supposed teachers of love.

And as exasperating an experience that was, I’m happy it happened. The guy was nice, and the fact the I was wearing a Michigan Conference UCC shirt probably didn’t hurt, as he wrote on my certificate that I passed.

So now I’m free, right? Not free in the religious sense; there I still need to be saved, I guess. I am free in the sense that I have this little thing that looks... exactly like

my State ID. Whatever, I got my license and I already see the girls lining up outside the window. It's okay ladies, no need to go single-file; a crowd formation is quite acceptable. Enjoy the freakshow.

But before I tend to you, I need to reply to this text I just got.

Who the hell is... "JC888"?