

Modern Car Problems

by Aaron Sabatine

Sitting in the car, John had the urge to kill himself. Just a thought, flashing suddenly:

Kill Yourself.

But John could not kill himself. He couldn't control the car that was driving him home to his family. He couldn't open the door, or even take off his seat belt, except if the car detected an emergency.

This feeling of being trapped is common in the human race. The loss of control in a perfectly automated environment.

"Someone wake me up!" John yelled.

Silence, but for the almost imperceptible hum of electric motors. Another flash: *Death is the only true freedom.*

"Someone tell me this is a nightmare!"

No one answered. The dirty clouds crawled above, stagnant. John kicked the thick glass roof, his foot glancing off the dashboard. The car beeped, and a tiny needle poked through the seat and injected him with a sedative.

