

# Traffic, I'm in no rush.

*by* J. LaRoche

"This traffic is horrible." Why do I say that everyday knowing it's always horrible at 5 o'clock. The radio never plays anything good. The show I like comes on at 2pm and finishes up the same time I leave work. Classic.

The car in front of me rides its brakes. I keep my distance. I bet someone got into a fender bender with no damage and everyone is rubbernecking to hopefully catch a glimpse of fire, destruction, dead bodies spewed on the highway, with cops on the scene trying to keep order.

I start laughing cause the douchebag in the car to my left is freaking out. The fast lane is moving to slow for him. People must be merging up ahead. He's looking around frantically as if he was racing for the pole position. He finally sees his moment and cuts over in my lane right in front of me. I keep calm, I saw it coming. Not worried about him, worried about my car. I just spent too much money to having the timing belt replaced to have this jerk off take out my driver's side fender. This guy is in way too much of a hurry.

I finally come up to what was causing all the traffic to crawl. Just like a thought. Two guys are yelling at each other and pointing to bumpers that are clearly not damaged. One of the guys grabs he's lower back. Faker.

My exit is approaching, I hit my blinker. At the bottom of the off-ramp the light is green. I make left and pass back under the freeway. Timing for these street lights boggles my mind at this time of day. They are more useless than helpful at times. When the off-ramp's light is green the next light is always red leaving myself and others caught in the box. "It is what it is," I say to myself since there's nothing I can do about it now. Thankfully I don't see a cop anywhere today.

A few blocks down lights are flashing as police officer has someone pulled over. The speed limit is 35mph. I'm never in a rush on this open stretch of road, too many kids live and play near this street. I hear that young punks sometimes race on this street at night. That's just stupid. As I come up on the police car I glance over. Mr. In-A-Hurry is being handed a ticket for what I'm guessing is for speeding. What was the point of being in a hurry now.

