

An Ode to an Older Car

This 1985 Toyota MR2 gets 30 mpg and is still running fine. It deserves some recognition.

In a sea of larger, seemingly much more imposing cars the 1988 MR2 sticks out like a sore thumb hitchhiking back to a time only recently forgotten, the bike rack, a flag it waives unabashed, with a youthful vigor that contradicts it's retro style.

The car shouts "I'm over here!" with unequivocal confidence in the otherwise quiet graveyard of larger but comparatively complacent and submissive automobiles.

It's ready. It's waiting. It's beckoning. It needs to be driven. Stepping into this car gives one the feeling of transformation to an unbridled state of mind. This car is not



controlled by the driver any more than the driver is controlled by the car. Instead a symbiotic relationship is formed where the driver intuitively understands the need to get squirrely on every single corner with little regard to speed or traction.

While not particularly powerful or commanding, persuasiveness is unquestionably one of the prevailing virtues of the MR2. Driving with pure abandonment of any consideration towards opinions of onlookers, this vehicle long ago put away any pretense of shame or self-consciousness.

After the ride, upon exiting, with no remorse, this car tosses you out awkwardly, pouts, taps, and hisses relentless with indignation. It will not rest for long.