

Car No. 13



What? Number 13? *Again?! Norman* cursed his seemingly endless string of bad luck. Here he was, applying for a commercial driver's license for the eighth time. And for the eighth time in a row, he'd drawn number 13 as the vehicle in which to perform the required driving maneuvers. Normally, he wasn't superstitious. But he never drove so poorly as when he was behind the wheel of car 13. The steering was vague, the brakes were unreliable, the vehicle didn't even have a working windshield wiper, and he inevitably failed the "Change a Tire in Five Minutes" part of the test because he could never find any tire to change! With a sense of foreboding, Norman climbed behind the wheel as the CDL inspector haughtily approached him. Abruptly, Norman's sense of foreboding turned into enmity, and he tromped on the accelerator pedal. Once the inspector was history, Norman turned his wrath on the other drivers on the CDL circuit, crashing higgledy-piggledy into them, one after another after another. True, Norman never did get a commercial driver's license, however he did stumble into a potentially better career as a road rage consultant.