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Professional Driver

I'm a driver. Professional Driver. I pick up, drop off.

What makes me a professional driver, you say?

I dunno. It's not only the bucks. Maybe it's my skill. You know. Gentle braking. Let me let you in on a secret on how to stop. At the very last second, let up on the brake. That's it. Smooth as a baby's butt.

Also, I'm a good conversationalist. You know, I know stuff. Been on the planet a few years. Who am I kiddin'? A few decades. Ok, lots of decades.

So, when a rider brings up a topic, I can usually comment on it, commiserate, share my experience, sincerely compliment them on their accomplishments. Had some impressive riders. PhD woman lookin' at how environment affects us on the cellular level. A guy studyin' wind turbines. A woman who coaches doctors in the operating room on how to manipulate spine implant machinery. Of course, the every-day Joes have their stories too; going to work, tryin' to make ends meet. Just like you and me.

Then, when they ask what I've done.... whoa, my background gets them impressed for sure. Restorative justice and how it repairs the harm and so the kid is less likely to repeat. Running rites of passage weekends for teenage boys. By the time I'm finished they think I'm a saint, know what I mean? One time it got me a ten-dollar tip. Then throw in I'm writing a historical novel. None of that dime novel stuff. You can imagine how impressed they are. Not tootin' my horn or anythin'. Just saying.

Almost all my passengers are polite, though a couple of rides had to cross-ventilate with the windows down to remove the smell of unwashed human, or alcohol infused human, or smoke

infused human. And this was drivin' in the winter when temps were in the 20's. You gotta do what you gotta do to make it pleasant for the next ride, and for me. Know what I mean?

Traffic you say? All the I's are over-crowded, even in the middle of the day! I-25, I-225, I-270, I-70, I-76. You name it, you come to a stop. Except your E-470. Costs a few bucks, but the rider pays. Problem though, if ain't got a ride out-a DIA, I have to eat the toll to dead-head back.

Close calls? Yea, had a few close calls. Took my eye off the road a little too long and almost hit someone. Then almost missed a turn and had to swerve back onto the Interstate. You know, it happens.

Best trips? To the airport. Straight shot, you know what I mean? The distance means more bucks. Can't play my tunes, but the scenery can't be beat.

Well, that's what its like being a professional driver. Not bad, you know, and I can put up with the hand cramps and prostate issues. Plus, I look good in my chauffeur's cap.