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Road Trip to Nowhere You Intended



Imagine you're driving along the highway, chewing on some Twizzlers, and being on your way to your cousin's place in the Midwest. You've punched the address into the GPS, and all is going well. Well, no. After all, a road trip wouldn't be a summer staple without a GPS giving wrong directions.

One hour goes by, and your Twizzlers are gone. Three hours go by, and the radio hits static. Five hours go by, and the silence, hunger, and lack of company are all starting to get to you. Your eyes are getting heavier as the sun dips below the horizon on some back road to nowhere. Your thoughts begin to wander, and your body slips into the lightness that comes just before sleep. "In three miles, make a right," the grating voice on the GPS wakes you in to alertness. Damn, that was close.

You follow the directions that the lovely Gina (the name you decided to give your GPS in your sugar high state) has given you, and you continue along yet another back road. You look down and notice your fuel tank is running kind of low. "Kind of low" in the same way Fred Phelps is kind of racist. You search on the GPS for the nearest gas station, which, thankfully, is just a few more miles down the road. You stop, fill up with fuel for you and the car, and quickly get back on the road before this simple stop turns into a scene from *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*.

You can feel yourself getting tired again, so you turn on the radio to static. You open the windows, which works for a bit, but your body gets used to the wind whipping, and your eyes droop again. "In point three miles, make a right," the GPS seems to have amazing timing.

"In point three miles, make a right," you repeat to the machine. You're looking up ahead to see where to make the turn, and notice that you're on a straightaway.

"In five hundred feet, make a right." But there is no right. So, you keep going straight. The GPS sounds again, "Recalculating. In five miles, make a U-turn."

"A U-turn? No way!"

"Yes, in four point nine miles, make a U-turn."

"Did vou just answer me?"

Silence

"In four miles, make a U-turn."

"All right, I got it already!"

"You didn't listen to me last time."

You start to wonder whether or not the GPS is actually talking to you or if the loneliness of the drive is getting to you. It starts again with directions, "In two point five miles, make a U-turn."

"The last time there was no turn, so there better be a turn this time."

"In one mile, make a U-turn." A mile passes, but there is no place to turn around. You defy the GPS a second time and follow the straightaway. "Recalculating. In one mile, turn right."

"There are no turns on this road, Gina!"

Tweets



The Black Sheep@BlackSheep_UF
The internet is an inescapable pit 2h
of sadness, so here's a ton of gifs &
pictures of puppies:

http://t.co/9InTtcHdfB http://t.co/1FRxeEaac9



The Black Sheep @BlackSheep_UF #ClassOf2018 dudes: Looking up 11 Aug girls' emails on Blackboard then adding them on Facebook sounds tempting, but...don't: http://t.co/xwLLtvzYbA

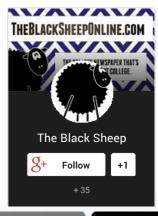


The Black Sheep@BlackSheep_UF
1st teaser for Better Call Saul, 11 Aug
rare celebrity audition tapes, and
more recapped in today's Black
Sheep Big 3! http://t.co/hk71kCuvQV



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- "In point nine miles, turn right."
- "I'm not turning when there's no place to turn!"
- "Listen to me!"
- "No!"
- "In point seven miles, turn right."
- "No, I won't do it!"
- "Yes, you will."
- "No, I won't, because you're wrong!"
- "I do not like this tone."
- "Too bad."
- "In point four miles, turn right."
- "You can keep saying it all you want, but I'm not going to do it."
- "In point three miles, turn right."

You start to contemplate the validity of Gina's directions, given how adamant she has become that you make this turn.

- "In point one mile, turn right."
- "Okay, Gina. I'll give it a shot."
- "Turn right." You turn right, right in to grass.

You calm down and search for the nearest motel on your GPS. "In three miles, turn left on to Mill Pond Road. Destination will be on the right."

Oh, GPS, you're at it again. Time to call your cousin to say you won't make it.

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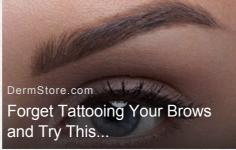


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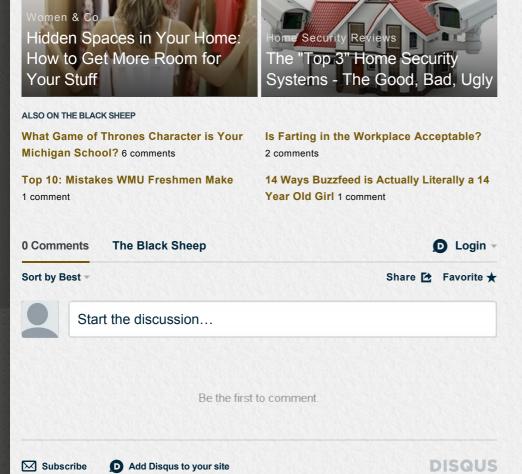
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