

Want to Drive Like a Retard? Come to Australia!

Shôn Ellerton, January 28, 2024

Australians need to stop taking it up the arse when it comes to fighting back against ever-increasing draconian road speed limits.



Being refreshed from a vigorous morning workout, I walk through the Perspex security gates at Mitsubishi Motors Australia Headquarters in Adelaide. In front of me is a giant LED screen showing endless looped videos of shiny, oversized and brutish SUVs kicking up dust on some remote Australian dirt road. Roll on to the latest pickup, or ute if you're an Aussie, which sits precariously perched on top of a seaside cliff along with, what I assume to be your average Australian family, enjoying a picnic near the edge. Then cut frame to some compact hybrid electric vehicle zipping away along some lonely road clearly exceeding the speed limit. We have some roughened up looking Australian celebrity, a guy by the name of [Russell Coight](#), a wiry fella dressed up in outback fashion not unlike Indiana Jones, fiddling around with the tyres and inspecting the engine under the bonnet. Hired by Mitsubishi to represent that eternally adventurous male figure to fit with the company's motif that '*adventure is built in the DNA of every Australian*'.

If only this was true. The reality is far from Mitsubishi's vision of being free and carefree behind the wheel of a rugged all-terrain vehicle chewing endless miles of near-empty road in a bliss of serendipity. The reality is more in line with a series of TV advertising by Volkswagen back in the early 2000s. In one advert, there is a traffic jam with no car on the move. In the midst of all these vehicles, there is a quite ordinary looking Volkswagen Passat occupied by a young couple listening to the radio not looking terribly perturbed by the traffic. I guess those who wrote the advert were trying to convey that, despite being utterly helpless in

a traffic jam, at least the car offered some level of comfort and support. This is often the reality for many of us commuting to work.

Now you may be thinking, especially of you who have never lived in Australia, that Australia looks like the perfect paradise to drive. All those empty roads in wide open spaces and wide suburban roads with sparse traffic conditions. We must, of course, exclude Sydney and Melbourne, both big cities with insufficient road infrastructure to support its dense traffic conditions. Unfortunately, however, Australia has lost its sense of adventure because of its obsession on imposing more and more draconian speed restrictions on its citizenry. I'll leave out the Northern Territory which still holds on a little to its larrikin-like nature on being somewhat more lax on road restrictions.

Australia, quite contrary to what I envisaged it to be from my youth in distant Colorado, is a country infested with overpowering police, moaning minnies who want to spoil your fun because it might be a little teeny weeny bit dangerous, and worst of all, those who'd rather have a dildo shoved up their backside than make a little a noise and put up a fight. Because many Australians love to take it up the backside rather than make an issue and stand up for their rights. The Hitlerian police control and the people's love for Dan Andrews, the then premier, during Melbourne's pandemic lockdown is testimony to this. The Canadians are probably not dissimilar in this regard with pretty-boy Trudeau at the helm. Australians and Canadians are far more prone to be more English biased than American. Americans are often the butt of a joke or two down at the boozier but at least they can fight. And although there are many fine qualities with the English, the reluctance to fight back authority when it has crossed the boundary of what should be deemed as acceptable is not one of them. The appeal to subservience at the drop of the hat with that typical [mustn't grumble](#) mentality. It only makes the masses weaker and the authorities stronger.

The Australians, in general, just don't get this, but as usual, and let me be clear on this, I *am* generalising.

Let's get back to driving on the road. The average Australian with a stomach force-fed with state-owned media news, will applaud and hold with high respect how safe our roads are. More speed cameras. Lower and lower speed limits. More speed bumps. More useless right-turn red arrow lights that operate at *all* hours of the day and night despite there being no traffic. More dumb-ass police officers with frankly, nothing better to do, than hide behind roadside bushes along the

safest and widest tracts of suburban road. And worst of all, the spineless cowards contracted out by the police department in unmarked cars taking sneaky photos of offenders that might be going a few kilometres over the speed limit.

Then we have the real traffic disrupters. The police themselves. Those living in Australia have, no doubt, come across a jam in the middle of the night only to find out that a whole convoy of police cars, lights a-flashing, have created a bottleneck to randomly pick on a driver who might be a little over his alcohol limit. I have *never* seen this happen in the United States. Sure, if you get involved in an accident and *then* agree to be breath-tested for alcohol, that's one thing, but to randomly pull up any driver and force them to blow in a bag is fucking ridiculous. But here's the most irksome thing of it all. The brainwashed ABC-news-fed wowsers will come out and say, along with a little whiney voice. *'Well, it's very good for the police to protect us like this, and, by the way, can I have it up the arse now please?'*

Where I live, in Adelaide, driving isn't really a pleasure at all knowing that some ass-wipe cop will be lurking in the bushes to relieve you of a few hundred bucks and add a few more penalty points to your licence. Oh yes! They'll put the fear of God into you if you even think of contemplating of taking them to court, because, in nearly all cases, you will lose. And it's your own damned fault because you don't really care who's elected. You see, that's the other thing that really bewilders me. The nonchalance of so many Australians to show one iota of interest in politics. *'Yeah. Don't give a shit, mate. They're all shite!'* Yep, that attitude will get you nowhere fast. But that's what they do! *'Oh yeah! Trump's an idiot. He's going to blow up the world half the chance! Why would you even think of voting for him?'* My response is fair in saying that what Australians need is for a strong leader who'd prefer to take the bull by the balls rather than take it up the arse by a progressive-leaning dildo.

By now, you might have deduced that I might be leaning in the way of a little rant here and there, but let's make one thing clear. If you want to be a little part of that adventurous DNA of that ole' fashioned Aussie, you need to push back and fight. When you see a new speed camera being installed, think of how effective an acetylene blowtorch could be. I've never committed the act of vandalising a speed camera, but golly, how I raise my support and gratitude to those who made that maverick move to do so. As for those spineless cowards who curl up in darkness in their unmarked cars taking snappy photos of so-called dangerous villains cruising a few miles faster than the speed limit? They need to be cast out into the

real world to learn the art of survival, because they're all scum and have no concept of what is really wrong and what is not. Perhaps being witness to some vicious shootout resulting in some real nasty injuries or even, just getting hit in the eye at the local bar might wake their sorry asses that there're more important things to worry about than the occasional motorist going a few miles faster than they should have. These sorry-asses have all had cushy lives and think they're tough with that all that power invested in them by pointing little radar guns at unsuspecting speeders.

But, hooray! I do have some good things to say. The skill, logic, and courtesy, of Californian drivers. They're a lot of things about California I don't like, that's for sure. But heck. They can drive.

In suburban San Jose, there was a fairly busy road and I made a faint gesture as a pedestrian that I wanted to get to the other side. As if by some psychic bond, the driver of the car coming my way, stopped to let me walk to the other side. Miraculously, the driver of the car on the opposite side did the same. Try this game in Australia, you'd not nearly get run over, but be given a hurl of abuse by the tosspot driving the car and should you be really unlucky, a cop would have booked you for creating a traffic obstruction.

And Californian drivers don't dilly and dally about either. Knowing full well that Americans don't take that kindly to speed cameras being erected, because, well, Americans don't like to take the dildo up the ass, they tend to drive accordingly to the conditions of the road. And let me tell you, the road conditions in many of the US states are far more varied than those in Australia. Black ice. Severe blizzards. Torrential hail and rain, although, granted, we get those in Australia as well. In good road conditions, despite the limit being 65 mph or 75 mph or so, it's often that the *average* speed everyone goes is around 80 to 85. The cops don't give a shit. Remember all those southern states where the local sheriff hides behind the billboards clocking speeders with a radar gun?

Well, guess what folks?

All those fuckers have moved to Australia forcing most of the population to drive like a bunch of retards because they have completely de-tuned their skills in the art of driving for fear of losing their licences.

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