

## The Other Woman in Your Life

Who is she? What is her name? I know you have one in your life. In this day and age, we all do.

Our friend or fiend is Miss Marple, so named because she takes information from her community and surroundings to guide you. You may know her better as a GPS. Miss Marple has a distinctive voice, and she doesn't speak Southern.

She only knows HUGH-stone and not HOUSE-tun Street. Loganville is LOG-und-ville. VI-enna is VE-inna. Now, you know as well as I do that her pronunciation is just not right.

I have wanted to rip her wires out more than once when she has taken me around the world to get to where I wanted to be. Why can't she just use streets AND expressways to get you there in the most efficient way?

A friend of ours has Plain Jane because her voice is so flat. Plain Jane's favorite saying is "Make a legal U-turn." It might be that our friend misses a lot of the turns. Regardless, riding with him and Plain Jane can cause one very quietly to lose one's mind.

I must tell you that Miss Marple has been called some other names when I have been alone in the car. On those days when I am running the latest, behind a traffic slow down, and I hit every red light, Miss Marple tries to take me to the moon and back. I might say to her in my calmest, most soothing voice "Oh, shoot, Miss Marple. There must be a better way. Dang it, even I know a way that is better than what you are taking me, dear Miss Marple." Well, I might not have said it quite like that.

You know, I think she can really understand. And I am sure she retaliates by creating new ways of getting to places. The more aggravated you become, the more turns and twists in your directions she makes. Really. Pay attention next time. When you put in fastest time, see if you don't end up in the worst traffic jam on the expressway. Tell her you want the shortest distance and I bet you go ten miles out of your way. There is never a most direct route.

If I take a different way than Miss Marple wants me to drive, she demands that I turn somewhere and then turn again and then turn again. She gets really aggravated and demanding. You know, now that I think of it, she does have something of a hateful voice.

I was coming home from the far side of Dacula (DACK-you-LAH). Miss Marple and I had a gentle conversation about how she just possibly had made a mistake. I knew enough to know that Snellville was not in the direction of Buford (BUFF-ford). When I saw the road sign indicating I was entering Carl, Georgia--CARL? I knew I was in trouble. Where in blue blazes is CARL, Georgia? All I knew was I was in Carl, and Miss Marple had me under her control. I knew of no way home, and that meant, she was in charge. I swear she snickered. By the way, Carl is the only name she pronounced correctly.

I pulled over on this wild goose chase and hit the home button again. She brought up a completely different map this time. Following her directions, I went down every pig path and side road. I had to do several legal and illegal U-turns. Eventually, I got home. The trip should have taken 30 to 45 minutes. Two and half hours. Snell was about to call the state patrol because, of course, my phone couldn't get a signal for 97 percent of the time on my journey to nowhere.

We recently stopped at the Georgia Welcome Center where I got a paper Georgia and an Atlanta paper map. I will learn how to refold them, and they will always be in the car. I may do no more than slap Miss Marple with the maps, but I will feel more comfortable with some old-fashioned technology that doesn't talk back