

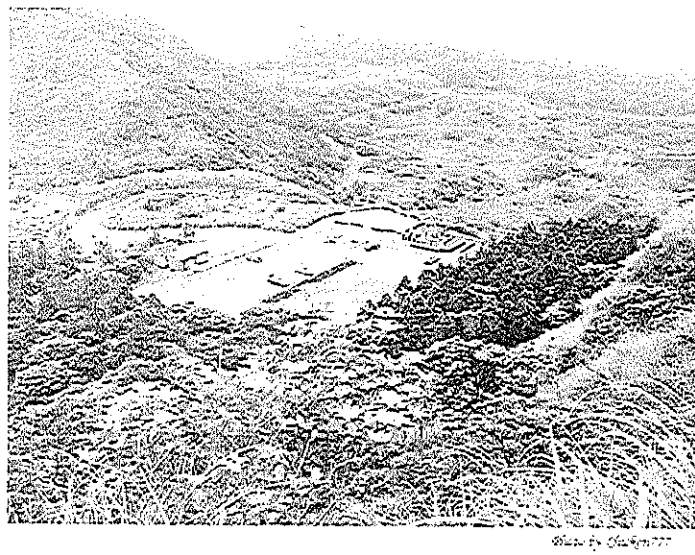
停車者行為分類

作者Melissa Bean Sterzick

從嬰兒變成有認知那天起，他們就開始把他們周遭的人和事加以分類。嬰兒最先學會的事情之一是男性與女性之區別。很快的，不管是好是壞，他們學會外面有很多人，以及有很多方法來為他們貼上標籤。雖然執著於刻板印象、或依小細節把人們分類絕對不是個好主意，但我偶爾還是會這樣做。而停車習慣是一個很容易，大多時候又無害的分類工具。我對停車習慣的研究是仍在進展中的作品，但這是我至今已經發現到的：

漫無目標的停車客只會在汽車停車場四處遊盪而內心毫無計畫，沒有任何種類之時

間限制概念，還有對於他們周遭的汽車與行人有很少自覺。他們可能或者沒有在講行動電話，但不管怎樣就是不能集中足夠的注意程度，來駛向車道停進一個空車位。他們經常會開過許多完全適合的停車位，以尋找一個能合乎某種神秘準據的。有意思的是，我們沒有人會承認自己是漫無目標的停車客，但是我們認識他們很多人他們是當我們位於乘客座時，在停車的那些人。



過份挑剔的停車客是那些視他們的車如新生兒般嬌貴的人。他們不會把它包在粉紅小毯中，但他們會花很長時間確保它停在他們所能找到的最安全車位中。這些是會把他們的黑色蘭羅佛車側向斜停在三個車位，好讓任何其他車子都不會靠近到5呎之內的人。這些是有非常特別停車需求的人：不停在樹下、不靠近有任何類型損壞的車（因為開爛

車的人不太在乎他們是否撞壞你的車，我說的對嗎？）。

懶惰停車客是繞圈等待，並會為了最靠近他們目的地入口的車位而無所不為。老天爺不會要他們多走20步路

。他們經常吃速食並帶一罐汽泡飲品，穿有鬆緊腰帶的褲子及羊毛靴或魔術帶鞋。他們願意花比停很遠用走路還要多出10分鐘的時間，尋找前排的車位。我猜他們車裡裝滿了速食包裝紙和舊報紙。平心而論，有時我也是個懶惰停車客。我不喝汽泡飲品或穿鬆緊腰帶，而且我的車裝滿瓶裝礦泉水和雜糧條，沒有垃圾。只是有時候當想到要護送我的兩個小孩穿越繁忙的停車場時太費勁。我儘

可能用較久的時間尋找靠近的車位，以確保我們可以全身而退的回家。

我的小孩是穿魔術帶鞋。

惡劣停車客是那些像兀鷹般開車繞行的人準備好要搶進別人打算停的車位樂於擠出動作稍慢的駕駛人，並對差點撞上滿載購物車和推車的老者面不改色。這些是會遭人叫罵、比中指、輪胎被放氣、和偶爾遭換胎鐵棒痛扁的人。我不鼓勵暴力，而且在開車（以及停車）時我試著不比手指，但惡劣停車客一定真的渴求被罵，而我肩頭上的小魔鬼想要看到他們在違反一般儀節時被叫到櫃前。

我喜歡自認為是幸運停車客。我不是永遠能找到我要的車位，但我總是能找到車位。有些日子我毫不費事就找到好車位正好靠近成蔭的樹下，卻不會有樹汁滴到我車頂上。其他日子

我計算機率並開往後排，在那兒找到個好車位並做些運動走路，以及躲開我曾提過的那些其他停車客。我最喜歡的車位是停車碼錶時鐘上還剩90分鐘的我甚至不需要尋找零錢像贏到彩券一樣！

最近，我前往一家地方農家市場，而有至少八輛其他汽車試著擠進一家壅塞的50個車位停車場，我發現我正處於理想位置來停進靠近我需要前往之入口的一個車位。當然，它剛好在一輛「爛」車旁，但我不需要輾過任何人就能停進去，而我對於這點感到蠻高興的。

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Labels for Parkers

By Melissa Bean Sterzick

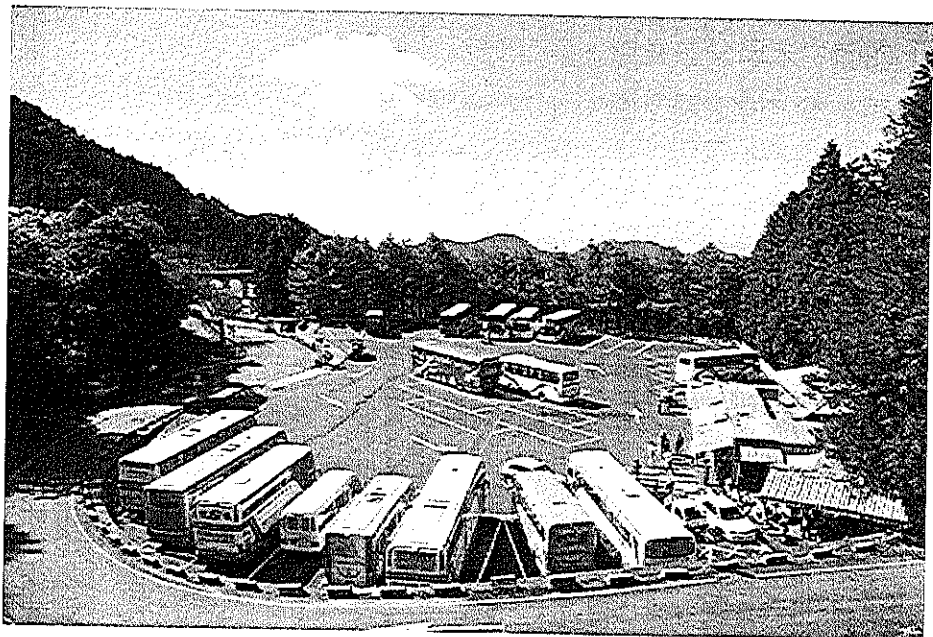
FROM THE DAY INFANTS BECOME COGNIZANT, THEY BEGIN to categorise the people and things around them. One of the first things children learn is to distinguish between male and female. Pretty soon, for better or worse, they learn that there are lots of people out there and lots of ways to label them. While it's never a good idea to buy into stereotypes or to categorise people based on trivialities, I occasionally do it anyway. And parking habits are a very easy, mostly harmless categorising tool. My study of parking habits is a work in progress, but this is what I have come up with so far:

The Aimless Parkers just wander in and around a carpark with no plan in mind, no sense of any kind of time constraint, and very little awareness of the cars and pedestrians around them. They may or may not be on a mobile phone, but either way cannot summon an attention span long enough to steer toward an aisle and into an available spot. Often they will pass up several perfectly adequate parking spots in search of one that meets some mysterious criteria. Interesting enough, none of us would ever admit to being an Aimless Parker, but we know a lot of them—they are the people parking the car when we are in the passenger seat.

Overly Selective Parkers are people who think their car is as precious as a newborn baby. They don't leave it wrapped in a

snuggly pink blanket, but they do go to great lengths to ensure that it is parked in the safest place they can find. These are the people who angle their black Range Rovers sideways into three spots so no other car can get closer than 5 feet. These are the people with very specific parking needs: not under a tree, and not within spitting distance of a car with any kind of damage (because people who drive beat-up cars don't care much if they beat up your car, am I right?).

Lazy Parkers are the people who circle and wait and will do anything for a spot close to the entrance of their destination.



Heaven forbid they should walk 20 extra steps. They often are eating fast food and carrying a can of fizzy drink, wearing elastic-waistband pants and ugg boots or Velcro shoes. They spend 10 more minutes searching for a front-row spot than it would take them to park in Timbuktu and walk. I imagine their cars are full of fast-food wrappers and old newspapers. To be fair, sometimes I am a Lazy Parker. I don't drink fizzy or wear elastic waistbands, and my car is full of

bottled water and muesli bars, not trash.

There just are days when the thought of escorting my two small children through a busy parking lot is too taxing. I search as long as it takes to get close so I know we will go home with all our limbs. My children wear Velcro shoes.

Mean Parkers are the people who drive around like vultures - ready to zip into a spot in front of its rightful owner - happy to



edge out a slower driver and unfazed by a near-miss with a loaded shopping trolley and its elderly navigator. These are the people who get yelled at, shot at with obscene finger gestures, have their tyres let down, and occasionally beaten with a tyre iron. I don't encourage violence, and I try to keep my fingers to myself when I drive (and park), but Mean Parkers must really crave abuse, and the little devil on my shoulder likes to see them called to the table when they violate the laws of common courtesy.

I am what I like to think of as a Lucky Parker. I don't always find the spot I want, but I always find a spot. Some days I get a good one without even trying-right up close under a shady tree that doesn't drop goo on my roof. Other days I calculate the odds and head for the back row where I find a great spot and get a little exercise walking and dodging those other parkers I mentioned. My favorite spots are the metered ones with 90 minutes still left on the clock - I don't even have to look for change - it's like winning the lottery!

Recently, I went to a local farmers market and, with at least eight other cars

trying to get into a packed 50-car lot, I found myself in perfect position for a space right near the entrance where I needed to be. Of course, it was next to a 'beat-up', but I didn't have to run over anyone to get to it and I felt pretty happy about that.