

# **You Know You've Been Flying Too Much When...**

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You pull out of your driveway and start to drive with your car centered on the dashed line.

You spend so much time scanning for (airplane) traffic when driving that you forget there's a truck coming toward you.

You pull into the parking lot and start turning off the radios, electrical equipment, and saying where's the dang mixture?

You use your car's parking break just before reaching your destination.

You roll down the window and shout "CLEAR!" before starting your car.

You brake through left turns and accelerate through right turns.

You get really nervous about the skids around corners.

You drive home from work—you start sequencing cars for the approach at a four way stop sign.

You drive into a fog bank and immediately start to stare at the dashboard.

When it's raining or foggy you stare at your car's dashboard.

You start logging the odometer readings on your car.

You are lost in a strange city and you let go of the wheel and get out your map without pulling over or stopping.

You tell the cop who pulled you over that you are allowed to go up to 250 below 10,000'.

As you're merging onto the highway, you pull back on the wheel and don't get airborne. In panic, you abort the takeoff, and hit the brakes. (This drives the guy in close trail with you crazy).

You get out of your car and start looking for the tiedown ropes.