

# Carspotting



While most of his mates were dedicated railfans who spent their leisure time spotting trains, Dante Dinklaker preferred to observe cars. *All* cars, not just the vintage or the modified or the exotic ones. For his training period, he picked a corner in East Blammo that featured a small traffic flow (ADT = <100) where he stood, notepad in hand, and marked down the make and model of each car that passed by. Dante's eyes were as sharp as clown talons and he improved rapidly. Within a month, he was ready to tackle the intersection of Broad and LummoX in downtown Calamityville. The traffic there was fast and furious, but Dante thought he was up to the challenge. And his carspotting numbers did rise rapidly until he was identifying nearly a hundred vehicles a minute. Unfortunately, the one car that he *didn't* spot was the one that changed lanes at precisely the wrong moment and bore down upon the defenseless lad at 30 mph, car-*splat!*