

# WARNING! Crossovers May Cause The Following Side Effects



I just bought something at REI for the first time, but let me backtrack. Not too long ago I got tired of holding my breath over every pothole and worrying if I was going to scrape my car's guts out on a poorly designed parking deck exit. This led to me trading my daily driver car for a 4wheel drive crossover.

Up to that point, SUV and crossover were dirty words to me. I yelled up at them with disgust, "you should've just gotten a wagon!" As time passed though, I realized that trying to maneuver my precious car through a city designed to break all that I loved wasn't as fun as I wanted to believe. On a country road, with beautiful pothole-free tarmac, you'd never catch me in one of these wagons-on-stilts. Sadly, the countryside is full of mouth breathers and my office isn't located there. Alas, I find my daily driver is the same choice as many yoga pants moms.

It's not all gloom though. I actually love driving the logical little crossover, but it's come with some unforeseen side effects. I'm not sure if most drivers behind the wheel of a 4wheel drive suffer all of these effects, but let me go over what I'm experiencing.

The first thing was a desire to get an older, more rugged true SUV. Screw luxury and carpet. One day I woke up and old 4runners, vintage Broncos, and Jeeps made all the sense in the world. Now that I've had a vehicle that doesn't feel like it needs to be babied and could handle a scratch or two, I wanted more. I lust for something that would look great with mud splashed across the side. I need a vehicle I can spray out with a hose. This actually leads to the next symptom and why I found myself in REI.

Out of nowhere I have the desire to go out into nature. I'd been camping before I climbed behind the wheel of my semi-capable crossover and never really enjoyed it. Now that I feel I can drive into the woods, I want to. I want to rumble over rocks and grass, catch fish in a river, and build a fire. I just bought a waterproof jacket I didn't need and found myself having conversations with the friendly staff at REI about bear mace.

Maybe it's some weird result of too much time in a digital world, or maybe it's just great lifestyle advertising. Either way, something in me has changed and I'm trying to fight it. I want to throw away my phone and get a vehicle with the same accoutrements as a propane stove. I have a craving for trucker hats with nature brands on them. I want to put stickers on my back window. I want to buy a cooler that will keep ice for weeks because I need that kind of ice retention, damn it. What's happening to me? Is this normal? I'm not a bro, I swear!

I didn't buy a Wrangler. I bought something most people use in the suburbs to go pick up fancy dog food. Now I think it's the reason I just Googled "Moab". Please, has anyone else found a simple crossover to be his or her gateway drug into being outdoorsy?