

Pontiac 6000



Here we have it: the biggest piece of junk I have ever owned. Introducing the 1988-ish (I can't remember exactly) Pontiac 6000 wagon. What a pile of crap. With a substantial 6-cylinder under the hood, the horsepower was undermined by a chassis that weighed as much as a dying sun. As George Carlin said once about the warranty on his fictional '78 Ford Piece of Crap: "If it breaks in half, you get to keep both halves!" Speaking of which, this is the only car I have ever, ever seen on which the brake rotor split straight through the cooling veins – into left and right disks! If you wonder what that feels like, the moment you push the brake pedal you feel it go nearly to the floor. This is followed by a loud clunk, and your wheel immediately locks up. Good times.

My fondest memory of this car was using it to escort wide load semis. During one trip into Michigan it began to overheat, despite the switch I added to the dash to run the radiator cooling fans. I pulled over by a lake to let it cool and to refill the radiator when I noticed I couldn't get the key out of the ignition. Not only that, I couldn't get the ignition to turn one way or the other no matter how much I jiggled and forced it. Luckily, a utility worker with a truck full of tools was parked nearby on break and I borrowed a hammer. I took about 10 minutes of screaming and bludgeoning, parts-a-flyin', to shatter the steering column. That had the secondary effects of causing a family to gather their children from the lake and of emptying the parking lot. Again, I cannot remember whatever became of this car. In my dreams, I packed it with C-4 and detonated it while shoving it off a cliff.