

The More-Than-Epic Reason T.J. Doesn't Drive

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by [togapika](#)

Summary

Ever wonder why exactly it is TJ doesn't drive? Well I did, and now I wonder no longer!
Includes one OC, who is "just some guy"

“Well, as long as we’re on this long stretch of highway with nothing to see or do, you might as well do something to keep me entertained, at least. I mean, it’s not that I mind driving -“

“Well, that’s a relief!”

“- but I could use something more motivating than yet *another* rendition of Bittersweet Symphony from the iPod.”

“Okay, sure. What did you have in mind?”

“How about some kind of story? You know, something interesting.”

“Eh. I don’t have that many good stories. I mean, I can think of one. It’s not THAT great of a story, but I guess I can tell you.”

“Well, let’s start with that. What’s it about?”

“Um. Let’s just say it’s the reason I don’t drive.”

“Seriously? And it’s not that great of a story? What kind of incident that was big enough to make you swear off driving unless absolutely necessary wouldn’t be a great story?”

“...well, it started when I was heading home from the grocery store. I had just recently acquired a new car; a sporty thing with plenty of zip to it, and I fully intended to put it through its paces. Anyways, I’m driving down the highway, and I’m not only going fast, but also passing all of those annoying old ladies who drive more slowly than should be humanly possible.”

“Whoa! What did you hit????”

“What? Nothing! Don’t try and skip ahead! I’m the one telling the story here, remember?”

“Sorry. Please continue, Oh Great One.”

“Hey, I like that! You really should call me that more often.”

“Yeah. Right. That’ll happen.”

“Well, you should. So, where was I? Oh yeah - I was speeding down the highway, nary a care in the world, perfectly happy. So of course this is right about the time a state trooper gets on my tail and decides to pull me over.”

“Uh-oh. Don’t tell me you freaked out.”

“I wouldn’t exactly say I was freaking out at that point. But the car was new and I really couldn’t afford to get any sort of ticket, so it was a pretty bad situation for me. Now normally I could just try and bribe the guy or something -“

“You’re kidding, right??”

“Does it matter? Anyway, having just recently bought the car, I was a bit strapped for cash. But I really, really don’t want a ticket, so I’m looking around to see what I have with me while the cop’s getting out of his car, and I happen to light upon the groceries I’d grabbed at the store earlier that day. So I’m searching through my bags, and I didn’t manage to find anything that I thought a cop would like. But I *did* manage to find the family-sized bottle of pancake syrup I’d picked up - I had fully intended to make the most deliciously disgusting, gross, and unhealthy pancakes that I could, complete with copious amounts of syrup. “

“And this helped you with the cop how - oh. Oh, God.”

“Yeah, so anyways I wait until he gets close to my car, and pop the cap on that sucker and just start downing it.”

“You’re crazy! And the cop, what’d he do?”

“Mostly he just stood there and stared at me for the longest time, like he wasn’t sure what he was seeing. So after, I dunno, three minutes or so of this, he gets this call on his radio or whatever, something about a GTA in progress that he need to intercept.”

“So, what? He just left??”

“Nah. He looked me straight in the eye, said, ‘Don’t ever let me catch you driving again,’ and then he walked off. “

“And this made you stop driving?”

“Well, it also helped that I wasn’t the best driver to start with. Along with the fact that I was sick as a dog and suffering ten kinds of hallucinations from drinking so much pancake syrup at one time, especially since it wasn’t the light kind, and so was basically pure sugar in liquid form...”

Amal chuckled to himself as T.J. looked out through the windshield, his eyes not focusing on anything, but instead staring off into the distance, recalling another time...

“Anyways, B-Rye -“

“B-Rye? Is that actually any easier to say than Brian?”

“Nah. But it sounds so much cooler, doesn’t it? Kinda like the nickname of some musician or famous guy. B-Rye.”

“B-Rye. Okay, I guess you have a point.”

“Of course I do. But I digress. So, I will once again reiterate that at this point I was severely inebriated, and in no position to be making rational choices. And you also need to understand that when I am very drunk, I can’t always focus properly or see things completely clearly. So when I decided to go cow tipping I should have been able to tell the difference between a cow and a bull, ‘cuz that’s pretty basic stuff, right? But in my heavily drunken state, that was not the case. And just to ensure that you never make the same mistake I did, I will also tell

you that while a cow may tolerate strange behavior, up to and including tipping and mooing at them like a jackass, a bull will not do so. So the next thing I know, I'm running for my life as a thousand pound engine of destruction is attempting to chase me down and release his aggression through who knows what means... probably something involving my behind and his horns."

"Whoa! How did you escape with your behind intact?"

"At first I thought I could jump the fence and blow raspberries at him from the other side. But that feeling lasted only for as long as it took him to crash through the fence, at which point I hightailed it to the car and jumped inside."

"Were you alone?"

Not exactly. My designated driver friend Steve had decided to take a nap in the car, after decrying my plan of cow-tipping as a ludicrous stunt brought on by the consumption of one too many shots of Captain Morgan Private Stock. He wasn't asleep for long after that, though.

"Now, some cars are pretty sturdy, especially when you start talking about SUVs and trucks and the like. But the car we were riding in was not such a piece of machinery. So it felt like the end of the world when that steer crashed into the back of the car, horns first."

"Yikes, that sounds really harsh!"

Yeah, it was. People kept telling me after that how lucky we were that the bull gave up, because it could've crushed our car if it had kept going. It didn't, though. I guess it hurt its head. And afterward... well, it's not as if you can exactly tell people that the reason you don't drive is due to the fact that each and every time you feel even a small bump while driving, you have to pull over and wait for the shakes to subside. It's just easier to not drive anymore...."

"Is that really how it happened, man? Seriously?"

"What? Hm? Oh, um, sorry, Amal. Just thinking."

"No, it's cool. But is that really why you won't drive anymore? I mean, a story like that... it sounds like something out of a TV show. Or some crazy comedy movie."

"Yeah maybe. But, hey, even if it isn't true, it's a good story, isn't it?"

"You're not going to give me a straight answer, are you, T.J.?"

"...nah, I don't think so. Not today."

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