

You Know You're A Drag Racing Addict If ...

With several pages of this issue dedicated to lists, the *ND* staff decided to add another list to the mix with this oldest of goodie. Many readers have probably seen this list before, but at the season beginning, we thought you'd enjoy checking it out again, so here are the signs you may be a drag racing addict.

You can't remember your spouse's birthday, but you know the e.t. and speed records in every Professional class.

You know more about a driver's career than his wife does.

You catch yourself saying, "I wish stoplights would flash yellow before they turn green. That way, I could get a better reaction time."

After one pass around the yard on your lawn mower, you read the plug and "fatten 'er up".

You have a shift light in your minivan.

You take your helmet along when you go to buy new eyeglasses or check out cars.

Instead of pictures in your wallet, you have time slips.

You use 10w40 engine oil for bath oil.

You put a 60-foot launch pad in your backyard instead of a pool.

You send a monthly letter to the city council asking it to move the traffic lights to street level because looking up is messing up your reaction time.

While you're squirting dish soap in the sink, you're thinking about priming the injector.

You call the freeway off-ramp the "shutdown area."

You have enough spare parts to build another car.

When something falls off of your car, you wonder how much weight you just saved.

When someone asks you weight, you tell them the weight of your car with and without a driver.

You refer to a "diaper" as an absorbent blanket used to contain oil and parts in case of a blown engine, not something you put on a baby even though they both contain similar stuff.

Your wife and kids report you missing 23 times a year.

You have two dogs at home named "Snake" and "Mongoose."

You want to have kids just so you can run a Jr. Dragster.

When introducing your family, you refer to them as your crewmembers.

You talk in your sleep, and your wife wakes you up in the middle of the night and wants to know who Shirley and Connie are.

You use the emergency brake handle as the "hand brake" while inching up at a stoplight, pretending you're staging.

After your garage door opens, you "stage" and wait on the Tree before pulling out.

Your Internet homepage is set at NHRA.com.

"Going to the lanes" means getting ready to race, not going to roll some stupid heavy ball down a wood floor to knock down pins.

You don't know Richard Nixon was from Yorba Linda, Calif., but you do know John Force is.

You'll spend \$300 for a single slick, but you won't spend more than \$150 for all four new tires on your commuter.

You honk and give a thumbs-up to any other car on the road sporting an NHRA member sticker.

You drive 350 miles to your sister's just because there is a dragstrip 20 miles from her house.

More than one racer supply store recognizes your voice and greets you by name when you call.

You save broken car parts as "mementos."

You refer to a cold day as "fast air."

During the off-season, you sit in the race car making engine sounds and pretend to shift gears.

You know that breakout refers to a car running quicker than its dial time; it's not a prison escape.

You think the purpose of wings is to prevent flight.