



They swarm the city like angry wasps at the first tolls of an internal “Parking Ban” bell in their tiny pre-programmed skull structures. They move with a focused fervency, eager to bring the stung blood of an infant child back to their Queen. A slovenly, greasy, sweaty facsimile of the title character in the original “Porky’s” film, but with far less charisma as well as teeth, he suckles that local life blood with glee as each filthy bug hands it to him.

Their clubhouse, windowless and reeking of motor oil and used hard liquor, is where the driving swarm all kick up a ruckus when the bank accounts have been charged and the sun has come out. Heroic war tales of “lifting” cars, their slang for pulling an empty vehicle onto the hook, dominate the conversation.

“That Asian guy and his wife!” one cackles, as the others buzz with familiarity at a tale obviously often told. “Her, pregnant and holding a kid,” the story continued, “Him, holding the other kid and shaking that \$20 in the snow!”

The rest of the story seemed instinctual to the entire hive. The driver gassing his wrecker and spraying the family with snow, the extra special joy they took towing this car first at the slightest sign of a weather disturbance, and their hysterics at mocking the man’s accent even when his car had been wrongfully towed.

Each time it snowed that man’s face changed. He’d begun by desperately trying to barter with a thoughtless predator and slowly he’d evolved with each snowfall through anger and dismay to an eventual slow tortured surrender. He had another winter going, another snowstorm coming, another mouth to feed.

And the antennae on those drivers just zoned in on a car that’s been on Highland Avenue in Somerville for ten minutes with his hazards blinking. Snow Emergency.