

2020 Honda Fit Owners Manual
by
Spencer Turrubiarte



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 **DANGER** You **WILL** be **KILLED** or **SERIOUSLY HURT** if you don't follow instructions.

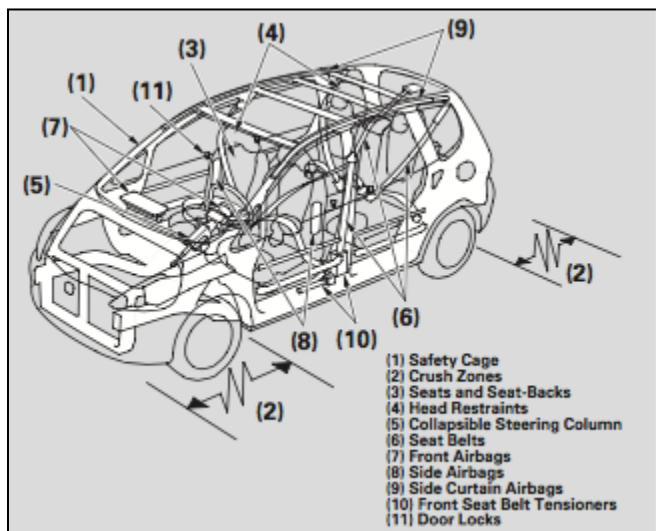
This owner's manual should be considered a permanent part of the vehicle and should remain with the vehicle when it is sold.

Images throughout this owner's manual represent features and equipment that are available on some, but not all, models. Your particular model may not have some of these premium features and that's ok. You shouldn't obsess over features someone else's vehicle may have that yours lacks, because that comes off tacky. The Fit is Honda's smallest vehicle model in the Honda catalogue, but most girls actually like guys with smaller vehicles, because it's way more about what the guy does with the vehicle rather than the size of the vehicle. This owner's manual is for vehicles sold in the United States and Canada.

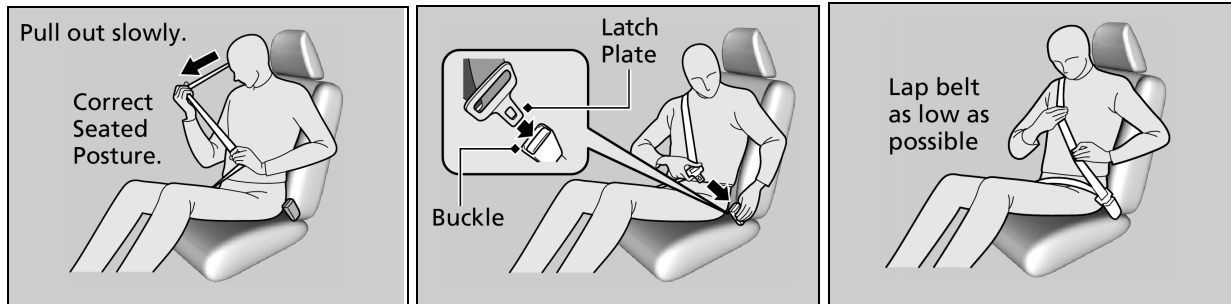
The information and specifications included in this publication were in effect at the time of approval for printing and also at a time when you were in love. Honda Motor Co., Ltd.

reserves the right, however, to discontinue or change specifications or design at any time without notice and without incurring any obligation. Essentially, Honda Motor Co., Ltd reserves the right to change, just like her.

Important Safety Precautions



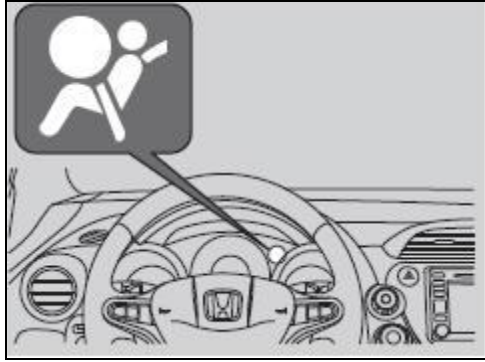
■ Seat Belts



Seat belts are the single most effective safety device because they keep you connected to the vehicle so that you can take advantage of many built-in safety features. They also help keep you from being thrown against the inside of the vehicle, against any passengers, or out of the vehicle. When worn *properly*, seat belts also keep your body properly positioned in a crash so that you can take full advantage of the additional protection provided by the airbags.

You're going to fall in love with a girl who seldom wears her seat belt, and wears incorrectly when so. This girl knows exactly what she wants in life, down to choosing the guaranteed comfort of not wearing a seatbelt over the slight probability of a crash happening. Once her mind is made up she lives in the confidence of her choices, and for a while she'll choose you.

■ Air Bags



Be aware of airbag hazards. While airbags can save lives, they can cause serious or fatal injuries to occupants who sit too close to them, or are not properly restrained. Infants, young children, and short kings (*men 5'9 and below*) are at the greatest risk of the impact danger.

The two of you existed as more than a risk of impact. In one another's proximity it was guaranteed. Together you will collide and create a careless but gorgeous dent in each other's life.

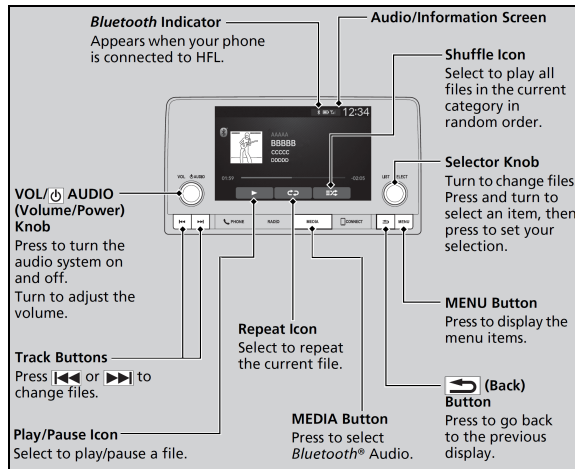
It was the early days of summer when you first saw her. You caught a glimpse of her walking past your bungalow to your neighbor's. You momentarily averted your eyes from the TV to give her passing a double take. She was the All-American dream girl, long brown hair in jean shorts with a tank top and no bra. No bra was needed, they defied Newton's laws. You heard her before you saw her. Birkenstocks dragging so loudly car alarms were going off. You imagined her pulling up the concrete in her path. She never picked up her feet which created a California cool demeanor, no urgency whatsoever. The first day you saw her, and everyday that followed, she seemed to always have freshly sun kissed skin.

That first day specifically, she seemed to be carrying the entire season of summer with her. You had to meet her.

She continued to visit your complex, and the dragging of her feet outside your window would become an alarm of hope, the possibility of meeting her. And like every car crash scheduled by fate, the two of you finally collide unexpectedly, never seeing it coming but always wondering if it would ever happen to you.

Moments before you crashed into each other's lives you were simply two individuals living lives that lead towards two different destinations. This crash made both of you so malleable to each other that you both forgot the original destinations from before because before didn't matter. You were now both going the same way. That first interaction left the two of you questioning when you'd see each other again, the need to see each other again. Like the two parties in a crash you exchanged info as the law requires, and like the two random parties that bump cars, you now had a stranger's phone number and belonged in their life, just a little.

■ Car Speakers / BlueTooth



The 2020 Honda Fit is equipped with highly capable systems. All models are equipped with a 160-watt audio system with four speakers, a USB Audio Interface in the front of the shifter, a 5-inch color LCD screen and Bluetooth compatibility.

To sync your mobile device to the Bluetooth HandsfreeLink select your device from the options listed on the multimedia screen. On your mobile device, select HandsFreeLink from the Bluetooth menu. The two will now begin pairing. Your mobile device and Honda multimedia system are now connected via Bluetooth and HandsFreeLink.

You met, obtained her phone number, asked her out, took her on a date, weren't sure if it was actually a date, went on a second date, clarified that these were in fact dates, but even then it all still seemed surreal.

On the first long drive you took together, she synced her iPhone to your bluetooth system. This gave you tangible evidence that you weren't dreaming, it was all real. Her iPhone was

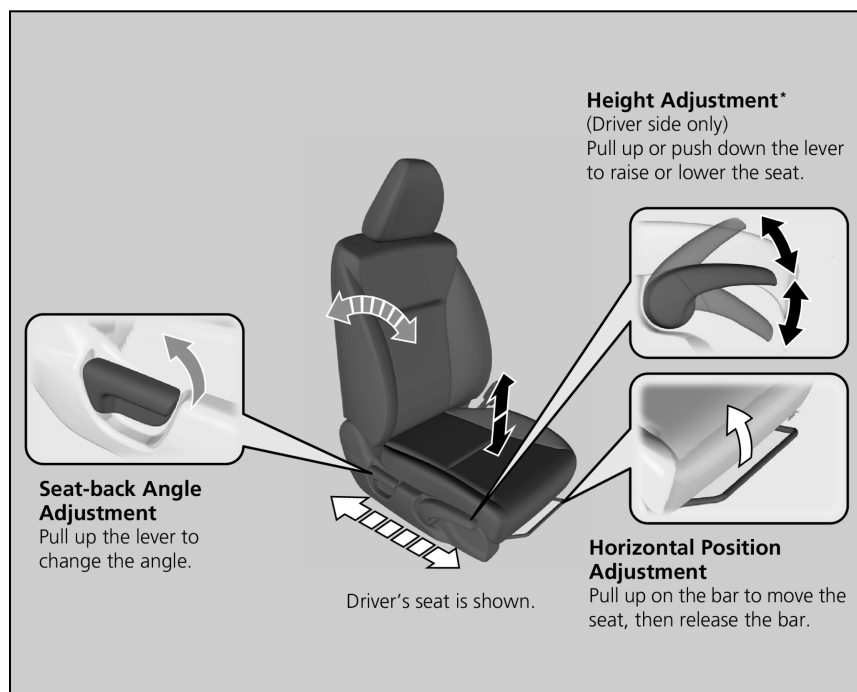
saved in your bluetooth settings, and you could go to those settings on the display screen anytime to remind yourself of that reality.

You both became comfortable with the reality of dating, so much so the two of you became inseparable. Sleep patterns were destroyed with night after night of endless evening chats that ushered in the morning. Scrambled, she would rush off to work minutes after waking up, always leaving something behind on accident. A sock left on the floor, an earring on the bed, a hair tie on your nightstand or the slightest trace of her perfume floating when you woke up.

Her physical beauty was beyond obvious even to the harshest critic, but every second you're able to spend with her you begin to see beauties that can only be experienced from being close to her. You're a kind boy, and she is a kind girl. You didn't realize how attractive kindness was until you saw the way she carried it. The two of you were blending, and at this pace it felt like in due time you were on track to exist as one human.

In these early days, your jokes clinged to her toothy smile. She has the Grand Canyon of smiles, a truly Julia Roberts' caliber smile. Your sense of humor and her laugh felt like they've met over lifetimes, a perfectly orchestrated volley of jokes to laughs. You knew from the first night on, you'd need her smile in your life in whatever way life allowed, though waiting for her to be exactly what you want could ruin you.

■ Adjusting Seats



Both driver and passenger seats are able to adjust to the rider's preference and needed position. Adjust the driver's seat-back to a comfortable, upright position, leaving ample

space between your chest and the airbag cover in the center of the steering wheel. The front seat passenger should also adjust their seat-back to a comfortable, upright position.

Adjustments in relationships can be painful at times, but necessary often. An unbreakable bond was forged in the early careless nights and the beginning months, but reality kicked in. Things were still exciting but you lost your priority spot in her life. Sleep patterns, work, seeing friends and life in general was prioritized and you half heartedly agree with her that responsibility and balance should be reintroduced into whatever this relationship was. You wanted to be priority again and insecurities were your first thought that caused this very normal and responsible adjustment.

Time passed and you're seeing her a bit less. Maybe things went a little too fast in the beginning? Maybe she was over it? Maybe she's busy? Maybe it was actually a dream? A fear begins to creep in. Over time you realize that even as much as you cherish her smile, you fear losing it more.

The fear of losing her becomes great friends with your physical insecurities. The organic flow you had with her was becoming closer to calculated chess moves. You develop an array of social and physical currency equations in your mind to confirm that y'all in fact can be together, it does make sense.

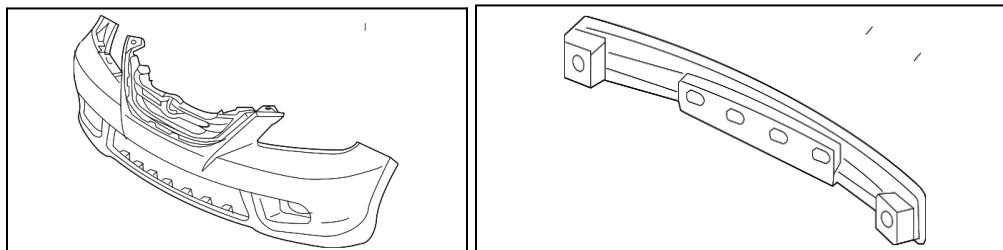
Seat Height Adjustment, *driver seat only*, pull up or push down the lever to raise or lower the seat. Being a 5'9" guy dating a girl that's 5'8" is brave and noble. Elevating your seat height creates a confident illusion presenting you closer to 6ft tall while she sits in her lower passenger seat. There is no guarantee, but this height adjustment may be able to extinguish any physical insecurities lingering, at least while in the Honda Fit.

Her usual type clears 6'1 and has reached up to 6'7 which is impressive, strictly on a physiological stance. But where hope is found, hope blossoms. You have across the board average physical attributes, but combined with your sharp comedy it puts you in what you believe to be a worthy echelon.

You sadly account for any piece of worth you believe can barter for a love that was already shown to you.

Things are still great when you're together but you're now living life days at a time in anticipation for mere moments with her. She can tell, and thus begins a slight unraveling. The two of you began to blend as you lost yourself in her, you began to fade.

■ Car Bumpers / Front & Rear



The 2020 Honda fit comes equipped with a front and rear bumper. The front and rear bumper absorb impact from collisions and should never be removed or altered. These bumpers will also serve as a canvas showcasing her chaotic grace. The two of you are a year and a half into an undefined relationship, along with friends and family cautiously but kindly letting both of you know this relationship might be best put in the past.

Every time she'd visit your place, she'd park behind you, carelessly kissing your bumper with hers. Her car's white paint appeared more and more on your gray bumper. You thought if the two of you ever got married you'd need to bite the bullet and buy a white car. Things were clunky but there is still a soothing breath when you're together.

At this point you adapted to the new role in her life. You're not quite top priority but she makes you feel like the most important person when it's your turn. There is a weight between the two of you both good and bad. The relationship develops into a classic on and off again cycle. Absolute bliss followed by devastation followed by hope, followed by absolute bliss followed by devastation followed by hope, followed by absolute bliss followed by devastation followed by hope followed by absolute bliss followed by devastation followed by hope followed by absolute bliss followed by devastation followed by hope followed by absolute bliss.

When you'd arrive at the hopeful stage, you'd begin talking after a while of radio silence. You'd reach the point where you both missed each other dearly and wanted to install one another back into your lives, a rebirth. With the start of a new attempt to try again, the white paint marks on your bumper were her reminder that it was all just a matter of time before both of you could be carefree in the blissful stage of the cycle, laughing, kissing, living.

For a while the marks on your bumper are categorized with the lovely reminders of you and her belonging to one another again, along with her phone tied to your car bluetooth, or her hair ties on your nightstand. Every day that passed came closer to exiting the hopeful and blissful stages as you both tread into the devastating phase. Things for some reason start slipping again, you belong a little less to one another, and each day another lovely reminder becomes scar tissue. That is until things reach the top of the cycle, then you begin again hurt and hopeful, absolute bliss.

The marks on your bumper were ultimately an inevitable reminder, both good and bad, of what will happen tomorrow, the day after, and the day after that because you'd choose an up and down with her every time.

■ Steering Wheel

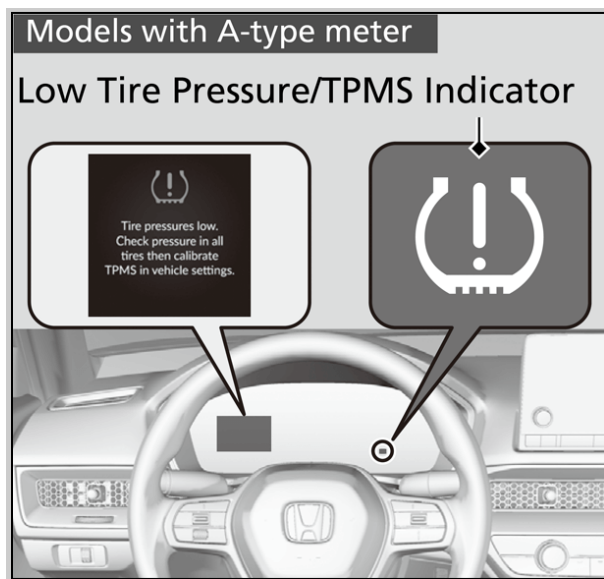


The steering wheel height and distance from your body can be adjusted so that you can comfortably grip the steering wheel in an appropriate driving posture. Adjusting the steering wheel position while driving may cause you to lose control of the vehicle and be seriously injured in a crash. Adjust the steering wheel only when the vehicle is stopped.

You'd each allow the other to steer the relationship in the direction needed for themselves, and the other would volley, steering the relationship back the other direction. The back and forth was beginning to take its toll but the ups cast a shadow over the downs, making you wonder if it was really ever that bad. When things were bad you wondered if things were ever really that good, but when things were great you didn't think at all.

On paper the relationship didn't look great, but that isn't how it was in reality. You both offered something to one another that was beautiful and necessary to your lives at the time. You were a source of joy to each other, but at an exhausting cost to your well beings. Joy is hard to find and you both couldn't let go, but also couldn't surrender to the sacrifices demanded to make this work.

■ Low Tire Pressure



Low Tire Pressure/TPMS Indicator comes on and stays on when: One or more tires' pressures are determined to be significantly low, or the system has not been calibrated.

The off and ons were now black and white. You'd date for around three months almost exactly, followed by a similar time frame of not talking after a breakup. During the times you were together there were moments of heaven you'll never forget. These moments all included two constants.

Constant one, at some point during the day a low tire pressure light was displayed, and constant two, these were all days she fully chose you.

In this relationship lots of time was spent on the road, and naturally the low tire pressure indicator appeared here and there. Three specific times it showed up on days that have been filed away as some of your richest memories.

These days helped articulate the magic of the relationship when the rest of the world couldn't understand it. You'd often be questioned why you'd wait around for her, and without being able to explain, you'd replay these days.

The first time the low tire pressure light appeared on the dash, her favorite, was when you both took a trip to Austin, Texas together on a whim. You had broken up two months prior, but slowly began communicating again. You took a hike with her and her friends to make things look casual as you both discreetly ushered each other back into your lives. Neither of you wanted to hear the unsolicited advice from friends and family that it was a bad idea, and you both didn't. A few weeks later you found yourselves together on a plane on a weekday night headed south.

The trip started timid, knees accidentally bumping turned into fingers intertwining on purpose, leading to the final form of letting down all guards to indulge in each other.

To pass time on the plane you both play a game where you take turns pouring water from a bottle into the other's mouth until the person almost spits it out, a flirtatious water boarding game. You're both cackling and becoming the couple you can't help but hate in public. During one of her turns she continued pouring the water into your mouth and poured some on your lap to make it look like you peed your pants, to get even you poured it on her boobs. During the romantic horseplay one of her boobs fell out of her top, which was pretty common with her. She didn't notice until your blushing face pointed it out to her.

You hadn't seen her naked in the two months since breaking up. Two months prior it was the norm for the both of you to be close with no clothes. It was bashfully odd seeing her bare breast out in the open. It felt like watching a sex scene in a rated R movie with your parents, a bit forbidden.

Airplanes usually made your palms sweat and have your mind replaying different plane crash scenarios on loop, but near her you felt peace because even a plane crash with her would still grant your ultimate wish of being with her. Being apart from each other, even when you were dating for some reason seemed to unravel everything, like the relationship could only breathe when you were both physically near each other. On the plane you both

reached a balance, a calm, a love you both had to travel hundreds of miles to acknowledge.

The formal reasoning behind the Austin trip was to see Vampire Weekend play a show outside of Austin. Before the concert the venue allowed ticket holders to float a spring fed river around the venue until showtime.

You headed to the venue grounds about an hour outside of Austin at a tourist's pace. No car windows are big enough to allow you to take in the Hill County's beauty in full. You arrived at the destination late but figured it wouldn't be an issue since the river wasn't going anywhere, but were surprised when an employee informed you both that you had missed the cut off time to float the river by an hour. As if that blow wasn't enough, the employee informed you that the music wouldn't start for another four hours, that you wouldn't be able to leave the venue grounds and regain entry, and on top of it all it was over one hundred degrees. These circumstances alone would have been enough to destroy a relationship sight unseen, but you were both unphased and laughed on the half mile walk back to the rental car.

The parking lot was makeshift in the middle of a giant field, trying to find your white rental car in the sea of white cars. You found your rental and climbed in, assessing each other's moods. You both laugh at the situation and jokingly blame each other for the delays

leading up to now. The bummer of missing floating the river faded and you were both laughing until you tried to start the car and the key wouldn't turn.

You look at each other and realize this could actually be a disaster and create the first real fight or obstacle you couldn't tackle together. With the car not starting the heat became noticeable and seemingly amplified. You panicked thinking of how you'd fix the problem, but know you are the furthest thing from a car mechanic. You pause to think of how you'd word "we're screwed," when you see a pair of flip flops on the passenger side floor board you don't recognize.

You asked her if they belonged to her and she said no. You both looked around the vehicle and realized you had been sitting in a strangers car for five minutes and laughed some more. Something about her presence made life appetizing on life's terms.

There was now only three hours and fifty minutes left until the concert started and you both found yourself lost in conversation

After finding the correct vehicle you both sit in it for four hours with the car airconditioning doing the best it could. It was hot and a bit uncomfortable but the two of you found yourself in the heaven that was the conversation. You couldn't imagine a better destination than one near her.

The sun began to set as the car conversation reached its end. You made your way back to the stage area and watched your favorite band. You both do the couples concert sway dance and things are too good. You feel like at any moment life is going to realize it gave you something too good and would soon want it back.

The day was perfect. You were both spent, and now driving back to the hotel in Austin. The huge Texas sky was gently asleep, but those big Texas stars were wide awake. The road felt so small, and its black top asphalt blended with the night sky. No man made light in sight besides your headlights, creating a floating feeling. You imagine this is what it would feel like on the way to heaven but you were already there. She slept peacefully in the passenger seat holding your arm. The low tire pressure icon shined on the dashboard.

You both slept in the next morning, the last day of the trip. You woke up about fifteen minutes before she did and you sat in silence just taking it all in. You knew it will all be gone more than likely when you return to Los Angeles or in the near future, because for some reason that's how this relationship worked.

The flight home was leaving in a few hours and both of you were looking for a sweet way to kiss Austin goodbye before heading out.

You drove past a music venue, The Ballroom, and it seemed to have people inside so you both decided to check it out. It was a Monday at 1 p.m. in Austin so naturally people were at the bar.

You both grabbed frozen margaritas and made your way to the empty ballroom floor.

There were a few high-top tables scattered around the dance floor and you took the table center stage. A slowly spinning disco ball hovered over the two of you. The room was romantically dim, and each rotation of the disco ball illuminated her face and you couldn't help wondering how her face was so perfect. The room was spinning at a perfect pace to match the perfect buzz you'd both found.

You held hands over the table, sipping, then took turns taking pictures of each other. You both knew darn well the photos would never make it to an Instagram post, much less a story but you'd both have them for yourselves. She asked you what it was like to be funny on stage and you didn't know how to explain it. You asked her what it was like to be Jewish and she didn't know how to explain it either. You were very different people and loved trying to know more and more about each other. There was obvious romance between you but there was a bigger curiosity, something that transcended a relationship. You'd dive into each other with obsessive inquiry. Moments like this made you want nothing more in life to just sit with her for eternity on a porch somewhere, asking the endless questions.

You got a second round of margs and sat back down. You didn't say anything, the shared gaze and smile said enough. Your minds processing what to do with each other, and how you'd both figure into each other's lives when you returned home. The short silence was interrupted by a band coming on stage to sound check for their show later that night. The band was Arcy Drive, you had never heard of them but she was a big fan.

The band performed multiple songs just for the two of you, they played into it and turned their soundcheck into a favorite memory.. Moments like this seemed to find her and you loved being able to enjoy them by association. Everything was just right near her. She was like Goldilochs, if the perfect bowl of porridge and the perfect bed sought her.

The flight was approaching, the band left and you both took a moment to take in what would be a favorite memory spent together. You drove to the airport, back to reality, with the low tire pressure light on the rental car dash. You poured water into each other's mouths on the plane.

The second low tire pressure appearance, and the mutual favorite, was when you both spent the day in Malibu with a few of her friends. The day started and ended with one long laugh together. The company you were with blurred into the background, a bit rude on both of your ends.

There was a feeling throughout the day that never left your memory. The entire day was surrounded by the beautiful Malibu coast, a sunset so gorgeous it seemed to be showing

off, and the endless Topanga canyons. The surrounding natural beauty somehow felt like an extension of her.

You all had dinner at Chalada, a Thai restaurant overlooking the beach, a Malibu staple. The food was fine but the evening was unforgettable. It was so simple, and that's when things were the best for you both, when it was effortless, natural, when you both let go as you did the day in Malibu. You both tried to recall why this day was so special, but could never pin an exact reason down. Eventually you don't need to question the day, as there is no need to make the simplicity of something more complex than it was. It reflected the effortlessness in your love.

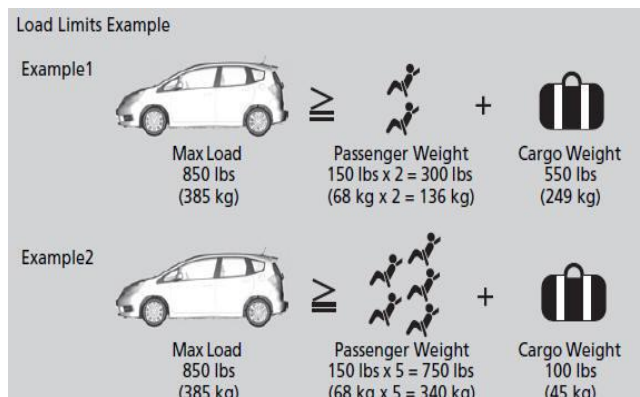
On the drive back into the city you realized her friend's low tire pressure light was on but you forgot to tell her because you were preoccupied with simple love.

The last low tire pressure moment, your favorite, was when you drove her to a doctor appointment, it wasn't a routine doctor appointment. It was a potential cancer scare. She came over unrelated but you could see something was on her mind. Worry was foreign to her beauty and you could immediately see it on her face. She opened up to you about the scare and asked you to go to the appointment with her. Out of all the days spent with her, you cherished this one the most. All the other times it was easy to laugh and enjoy each other's company, but that day she chose you because she was uncertain about what life was going to bring her. It was the first time she came to you fragile, knowing the day might shatter her, but confident you'd catch every piece if it did.

With the itinerary of the day being heavier than usual, it took a moment on the ride to the oncologist to warm up. You drove across town and by the time you arrived there was already a new inside joke to look back on in the future. The cold waiting room wasn't used to the warmth you both brought.

After the appointment you shared forty dollar chicken strips at Erewhon, laughing and in the moment. She felt better together, and you did too. The scare turned out to be just that, a scare. As you drove back with the low tire pressure light on that day you felt anything in the world that could potentially harm either of you would always just be a scare when you're together. You considered never checking the tire pressure because you liked the way things went when that light was present.

■ Maximum Load Limit



The maximum load for your vehicle is 850 lbs (385 kg). See the Tire and Loading Information label attached to the driver's door jam. Be very conscious of the maximum load limit.

The relationship had gone on for close to three years at this point. The off and on cycle had finally reached its limit and it was undeniable.

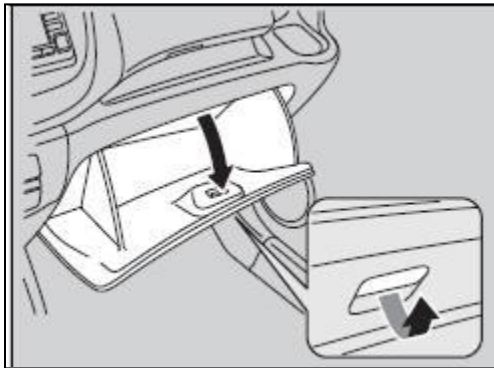
For three years now you bent a knee to the calling of this on and off again cycle. You experienced your highest highs and lowest lows, and you are quite certain the same went for her. You put the relationship through extreme stress, pushing limits each time you'd get back together just to have it released and waste you both. Where there is no bend a break is inevitable, and neither could fully bend for the other. There were many issues, and many reasons, but it took an off and on cycle of six total times to understand your limits.

You got into a fight at a Dodger game during the third inning, this was possibly the first actual fight the two of you had. The feeling was so foreign and what's funny is looking back you're not sure exactly what happened, it was more of an accumulation of unaddressed issues that weren't going to work. The frustrations and unresolved issues poured out through the vessel of the confrontational moment. It was your greatest fear to know it was over.

Three years of trying to make something work spilled out within minutes at a baseball game. An undeniable reality that neither of you can afford to continue this labor of love. It would be too painful to restart once again.

This breaking point makes you both understand it will never work and you both have to stop giving into the temporary bliss of forgetting the world and diving into each other because it was both wasting you away. It was time to surrender.

■ Glove Box



Located below the passenger side airbag is the glove box compartment. This owners manual should always remain in the glove box along with optional emergency situation items and personal belongings.

After the final breakup time didn't seem to exist. Months passed and you couldn't recall a single memory since the separation.

The glovebox became a tomb for her Aquaphor™ Lip Balm she kept as a backup. Sharp turns made the Aquaphor lip balm rattle and the sound allowed feelings of the past to return.

The sound of her lip balm rattling allowed the memories of her to feel more real. The sliding lip balm makes it feel like she's still in your world, your physical world. Hearing it slide around creates an echo, with each pulse bringing back another memory. Starting with the lip balm, you remember her lips, remember the first kiss, naked bodies. You miss it all, her Republica Sailing Day perfume, constantly injuring her foot and wearing a comically large boot, spilling drinks quite often, how she'd bounce up and down when she's eating something good, being a year round Birkenstock wearer, rearranging her room five times a year, tons of pillows on her bed even though when she actually sleeps she doesn't use a pillow, no bras ever, exchanging songs, cracking jokes that feel surgically made for her, her pouring water on you during a flight.

Almost a year had passed since the end of the relationship, and you spent the holidays home in Texas. You'd been drinking pretty heavily since the end of the relationship, but you were gradually taking your drinking career from the minors to the big leagues. Some would say heavy drinking is allotted during the holidays, but you didn't plan on cutting back after the Christmas lights came down.

You returned to Los Angeles after the new year and when you attempted to start your Honda Fit the car battery was completely dead. The universe couldn't have made a more obtuse metaphor for your current state.

You walked to an autozone and bought a new battery. You half ass'ly installed it and threw the old battery on the passenger side floor board without a care.

Within a month returning to Los Angeles, you had crawled far enough into the bottle to the point you couldn't make it out. Friends didn't hear from you and were concerned. The previous year your drinking was getting out of hand but still mildly accepted. Whispers around town were that you were digressing into a drunk, and they were accurate. Your social circle was beginning to acknowledge your struggles, but was already aware. You thought you hid this well, but when you're close to someone like you were with her you can't hide these monumental problems.

The drinking took its toll on the relationship. She was an angel and never spoke ill of the issue. In fact it would have been a lot easier to explain the constant off and on cycles, why things would abruptly end or why things couldn't just stay good, but she never did. She spared your name in grace and a loving way when you didn't deserve it, which made

her even harder to stop loving. She would return each cycle with faith that maybe this time you'd have a grip on things, only to disappoint her in due time like clock work. You'll never hear a more heartbreaking sentence from a girl you love than, *"I thought I could spend my life with you but I am too scared of what your drinking will look like down the road."* Drinking was a big issue in the relationship, often triggered by one of the many breakups, which you drank to avoid feeling the pain. It became a vicious cycle, and when she was gone for good the drinking part of the cycle seemed to be the only part left. The only answer you had to deal with the loss was killing off one more beer, then a few more until it puts your consciousness to sleep.

Days turned to weeks and the dead battery seemed to stare at you each time you got into the car. There was a residue contaminating your car, and in your permanent hungover haze you weren't sure where it was coming from. A residue would get on your hands, clothes and items set on the passenger side. An obvious realization occurs when you've noticed holes in your clothes, holes in bags set on the floorboard, and most embarrassingly when you dropped part of a donut on the floor board, ate it and had a panic attack because you realized battery acid was on the donut and had been wearing away at your belongings since placing the battery on the passenger floorboard.

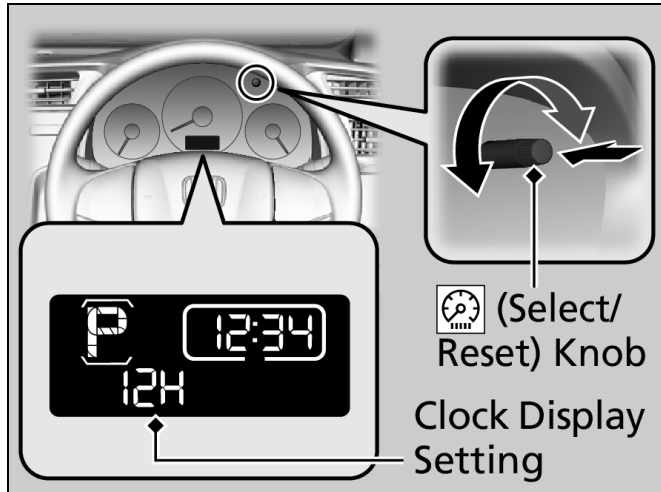
The acid was eating into your life in a parallel with the alcohol. You tried to keep afloat but alcohol was burning holes into your life more obvious than the battery acid on your clothes, unable to keep hidden anymore. You were drowning. You'd start to drink on a Monday and wake up on a Thursday. Your acid of choice became comfortable as top priority leaving you unable to function.

Days became labors, just getting out of bed would be an accomplishment, even if it meant a trip to the liquor store and back to the house. The acid had washed over your life and you couldn't quite find or really remember the happy person you were when you were with her. You couldn't find yourself at all, because this was a familiar torture you'd put yourself in long before you knew her. You were living in your greatest fear, a life where you'd have to become comfortable in your own skin, a life without a girl you could place all your security in.

Months of drinking heavily passed and with help you are able to bring yourself to a baseline of getting by. You slightly heal your reputation, and are able to mend some relationships. You're able to contain your drinking to one or two heavy goes per month, which simultaneously felt like a miracle and failure.

The months turned into a year. You were doing ok, but there was never really a stretch of consistent time when your eyes weren't ringed with a red glow. The bottle lost its tight grip on you and you're able to catch your breath, but a grip is still there. You're making progress, and consistently feel a foreign feeling you'll later understand as hope.

Clock Adjustment



Press and hold the “menu/clock” button. Turn the selector to change hours. Press the knob to switch to minus and turn it once again to toggle through the minutes. Click set when you’re done.

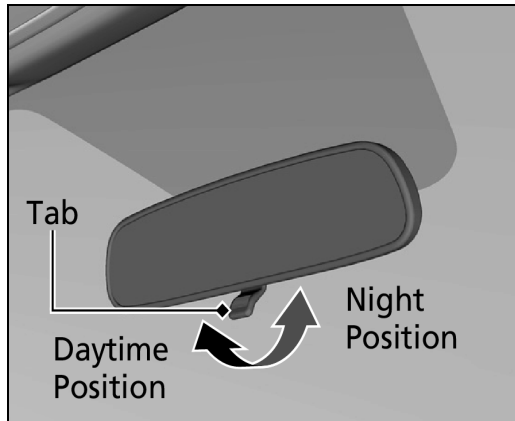
It takes a full year to find a semblance of yourself again. These semblances feel like a carbon copy of yourself at most, but each copy becomes a bit more in focus of a clear depiction of you. It’s hard to grasp the concept that for years you were best friends, then lovers, then strangers and now just memories. You think of her everyday and keep her in an area of your heart that is tucked away. You don’t visit this area of your heart often but you’re always conscious of its presence.

Daylight savings once again happens, fall back this time, and you take the time to adjust the clock in your Honda Fit. As you’re winding the clock backwards to the correct time you imagine winding it further and further back. You imagine time obeying your fingers,

allowing you to travel back to the best times with her and a healthy version of you. You're back in the car with her road tripping through the desert doing ungodly acts on the road, she's constantly spilling coffee all over your passenger side door, you're taking her to a foot doctor appointment smiling at her boot brace, you're driving across Los Angeles in a rainstorm at 11pm returning a demon possessed cat she impulsively adopted one night when the original plans for the evening were seeing a movie, sunset drives to the Dodger games (even the bad game), so much laughing and talking, the car ride where you dared each other to try not to talk for one straight minute to see what it felt like and the silence said I love you louder than you ever verbally had, you see her sitting with her legs hiked up in the passenger seat, her putting her Aquaphor lip balm in your glove box for future use, each bump from her car behind you when she parked, driving the dark winding road through Malibu canyon to a foraged dinner your pallet couldn't handle but she just smiled and didn't judge, hands timidly holding each other over the middle console between driver and passenger seats, always aware of the weight that each hand hold could be the last, finding her hairs in your car but not removing them because each strand is a pleasant reminder that she's out there somewhere being everything you love.

You find the correct time and set the clock.

Rearview Mirror



Adjust the angle of the rearview mirror when you are sitting in the correct driving position. The 2020 Honda Fit offers Day and Night positions to adjust to the lighting needs.

She emailed you on Christmas Day. It had been well over a year and some change but it had felt like an eternity since the last time you both spoke. The time passed since the breakup felt like it belonged to another lifetime, but the painful memories reminded you they belonged in this one.

Receiving her email on Christmas day allowed you to take a self inventory since the previous Christmas you returned to your dead car battery. You're able to see progress and the many ways time allowed you to heal. Drinking was something of the past now, but at the time there wasn't a day your belly didn't carry it. The carbon copies of yourself finally combined to embody someone you were proud to look at anytime you caught his reflection.

Reading her email brought you joy imagining her taking the time to sit down, type the email, and remember you. Receiving the email on Christmas day felt nothing short of a Christmas miracle even though she was Jewish. You created a gmail folder just for it, titled "Christmas Miracle." You thought it could be a new holiday tradition rereading the email every Christmas .

There was never a short conversation between the two of you, so naturally the email was lengthy, but lovely. It was simply put that what was shared between the two of you was very special, she'd always cherish it, that there were obvious issues that were never resolved and quite often overlooked, but in the end it was a love that most may never experience even in multiple lifetimes.

You respond within minutes and there's a familiar back and forth. After a few days of correspondence, with caution, you both decide to have dinner together, mainly for closure but mostly for pleasure.

The day comes when you're supposed to meet each other for dinner that evening. You're both filled with angst during the day, typing texts about rainchecking but deleting, asking each other if you should actually meet up again after all this time or let lying dogs lay?

The weather that day was horrendous, the worst Los Angeles wild fires of your time had broken out and you both wondered if it was because you were talking again? You decided

to still meet, at a random Indian restaurant about halfway distance between both your places.

You arrived first, looking out the restaurant entrance window waiting for her arrival. She pulled into the parking lot in a new car, a gray Mini Cooper. Your car paints matched now and maybe she wanted to meet letting you know things would finally work out because of the matching paint colors.

She walked towards you with the Los Angeles sky literally burning behind her. Gusts of wind ruined everyone's hair outside that day, but with her the gusts gave a runway element.

You forgot the feeling of seeing her walk your way, remembering the first time you saw her walking past your bungalow only dreaming that one day she would purposely be walking in your direction. As she got closer you feel that everything about her was memorable, the girl can't help it, especially her entrances. Interior designers would sit baffled designing a room, but if she walked in they would all agree that she was the final and perfect touch to any room. Your favorite entrance of hers was when she came to visit you at the diner you were working at years ago. She came in naturally turning heads but for a different reason this once. Her headphones accidentally unplugged from her phone and the music she was listening to was surrounding her, but she had no idea. Everyone in

the diner turned and looked at this beautiful girl being followed by a realtime soundtrack, it was her world and everyone loved being in it.

She entered the restaurant, and you both laughed and hugged each other, you can't believe you're so close to her once again.

After the hug she gives you that grand canyon smile, but for the first time you weren't sure if you'd be able to fill it.

The restaurant staff looked confused to see you both enter the restaurant. Most Los Angelenos were preparing for Armageddon as the entire city was slowly burning. Without a worry you both took a booth in the back and settled in.

One hour passed, mainly discussing the harder not fun issues. Your drinking, drunk texting one of her friends, being an ass etc. It's not one-sided though, and you're able to express feeling kept at bay, how you felt you were kept under the heating lamp until called by her, feeling like sometimes she made you feel comfortable just to have the rug pulled out from under you.

Four hours passed. The staff was pacing around waiting for you to leave. They had left the check on the table but you didn't have time to let them know that the two of you meeting was rarer than an eclipse and there was so much still left to discuss, but as you both learned time and time again there would never be enough time to satisfy a conversation between the two of you.

You spent the last hour of the dinner reminiscing and laughing at the highlight reel from the past and you were both happy.

The fires had eaten into the Palisades and Altadena, destroying many homes already. There was a new fire approaching your neighborhoods, and her roommate was texting her worried. You were both in the same gaze that found you in the Austin ballroom. You wondered what she would look like when she was one hundred and smiled.. You would have let the fire take everything as long as it would give you more of this moment.

It was time, and you both exited the restaurant. There you both stood in the parking lot delaying the goodbye. The Hollywood Hills were smoking and the sky was orange. She asked what cologne I was wearing, you asked her if she got shorter. Neither of you could think of any more questions to ask without outwardly admitting you didn't want to say goodbye. Goodbye was finally said, and you got into your Honda Fit.

You sat in the driver's seat and watched her walk away in the rearview mirror, your eyes welled as she got smaller and smaller in the rearview mirror. She finally walks until she is out of sight but you can't take your eyes off the rearview mirror, because that's where she exists now. You know you can't look back on her forever, but there's no harm in holding on to her last exit of your life.

The next day you found out Chalada, the Thai restaurant in Malibu, had burned down in the fires. It was like fate was erasing the physical landmarks of the relationship to further strengthen the rest of the world's argument that what you had was only in your heads, maybe it was. Chalada burning down didn't phase you because there was never a place that defined the relationship, and no time that captured the relationship, because she was the place, and she was the time. She was the destination, the journey, the present, the past, the daydream combination of it all, life.

She was a Jewish Jersey girl, you were a simple Texas boy, you both lived in NYC for the same years and never crossed paths, then she moved to Texas and you never crossed paths, then you both moved to Los Angeles, then she walked past your bungalow and then you drove around in a Honda Fit together for some time. Life, unlike the 2020 HONDA FIT, wasn't meant to be perfect... but sometimes with her, it was exactly that.

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