

# Mears Transportation Review: The Taxi of Death!

I have had numerous moments of terror while being transported in a ride for hire but nothing, NOTHING compares to this spine-chilling hell ride!

My wife and I had just arrived at the Orlando International Airport to begin our month long honeymoon. It was late and we were tired, but still filled with excitement for the adventure that awaited us. We approached the service counter for Mears Transportation and were greeted by an elderly man with a surly demeanor. Begrudgingly he asked how he could help us. After a brief exchange of the name a location of our hotel he inquired about round trip tickets for the shuttle. I started to explain that we would be vacationing for a month and would need to be picked up from a different hotel on our return trip.



In a grumbled elevated voice he barked at us, "I don't have time for this!"

He printed out our 1 way tickets and ignored any further questions we had. Maybe he had Halitosis and didn't want to talk to us. Maybe he had an itch he couldn't scratch. Maybe his shoes were too tight. We all have bad days and I was willing to give him a pass. But what came next was no simple disregard of charm.

Outside we waited for our shuttle, giggling about our experience with the grump behind the counter. After a few minutes a taxi pulled up with an attractive older blonde woman in the back. A large Haitian man jumped out of the driver's seat, began grabbing our bags and asked where we were headed. Apparently the shuttle service and the cab company are both owned by Mears Transportation. So we hopped in the cab and were on our merry way... Or so we thought.

My wife was seated in the back with the blonde stranger while I sat up front with the driver. This gave me quite the vantage point for the terror that was about to ensue. We were traveling at top speed on the expressway while our driver refused to look at the road ahead of him. His phone seemed to have complete control over his focus. We drifted across the lanes. No turn signal! No care for personal safety! The sound of horns blaring all around could not deter the vigilance of this man's relationship with his phone. The surrounding motorists swerving to avoid a collision. Tires squealing in defense of their passengers. Dear God, is this how I leave the world? Was this a nightmare? Had I fallen asleep while watching Death Proof? I will forever refer to this experience as my, "Getting right with God moment".



If you plan on vacationing in the Orlando area please, please PLEASE do NOT under any circumstance put your life in the hands of a Mears driver. Find any other service, get an Uber driver, ride a bike, take a hot air balloon. If you choose to use Mears, good luck to you. I hope you have life insurance.