

Endless Signs

by Kylie Sanders

I stared mindlessly out of the old car window. The cold leather seats rubbing against my bare legs, hugging them tightly. The chatter I was used to hearing in the car was meant with the hard truth of silence. The window felt like my only friend. I bared an instance away from the window to look over at my dad, who was sitting in the passenger seat of my car.

My car, I thought. *How do I already have a car?* I still remember little, four-year-old me in the backseat of my dad's old truck. I would ask a million questions about what all the signs on the road meant. And where the road would end, 'cause all things eventually end. Eventually.

I sighed and stared back out the front window again. It felt like only yesterday I was singing songs with my parents in the backseat, reciting the alphabet, or reading a picture book as they drove, but that would never happen again. I would never be in a car with both of them again. Split in two, opposites that don't attract. That's who they were. The harsh reminder filled my mind more full than an overflowing fishbowl.

I tried to shake it off as I flicked my blinker to pass the car in front of me.

The signs on the side of the road turned into a blur of colors as I passed them. They were signs I wasn't supposed to understand. I wasn't supposed to know the meaning of yet. I should still be able to sit in the backseat with my mom and dad up front, asking them what they mean. They would reply with "Its a Unicorn Crossing sign" or tell me that Bigfoot roams this part of the mountain, but instead it's just a No U-turn sign.

Where has the time gone?

"Kylie, pay attention to the road," my dad said.

Reality hits me in the back of the head. "Right. Sorry, Dad," I replied.

"It's alright. Just remember to pay attention to the cars in front of you."

I nodded, brushing the thought away. Putting my foot on the gas, I let the signs pass me as I drove on by.