

Some Things Will Never Change

The other morning, I was driving down a backroad and a car came up over the crest of the hill hogging the entire road. Luckily, I swerved over to the right side in the nick of time, and to go along with the absurdity of it all, the driver waved as he passed me no doubt oblivious to the angst he had caused me.

You've had those moments, too, when your heart skips a beat and you thank your lucky stars that you are remaining in one piece.

Folks get in their own worlds and aren't aware of anybody else. Road manners are a thing of the past. Staying in your lane is pretty obvious to me.

Take yesterday, for example. This time my husband was waiting at an intersection, and we watched a big black SUV come barreling around the corner not noticing there was a car waiting there in the right lane. She was holding up her cellphone. There was a carload of kids in the backseat. Apparently, she was pushing the envelope of safety and overconfident.

Defensive driving is becoming the norm. Don't get me started on interstate near hits and misses.

I have no clue as to how to correct all this carelessness either. I would have a better chance at getting legislation passed to change the middle yellow stripe on the road to squiggly florescent purple. Well, that's an exaggeration. You get what I mean.

By the way, the stories I could tell you about walking and nearly sliding into a ditch rather than being sideswiped by a car are too numerous for your belief. I don't make this stuff up. Where I walk it is not exactly in a high-trafficked area either.

Yesterday, a young deer sauntered over the road into the woods about 200 yards ahead of me. Seconds later, a coyote – I am quite positive – raced across in pursuit at top speed low to the ground in predator mode. The deer got away. That's the kind of excitement I can handle on the highways.

There are speed limits on smaller roads, too, but I often wonder why they are ignored. People drive like they are in a race and I would guess that they didn't leave enough time to make it to the next destination.

When I first started writing professionally I wrote an essay, *I Brake for Squirrels and Others Thoughts I Have no Doubt About*, that became part of a collection of essays, **AND ONE MORE THING**. It remains in publication. Things haven't changed in that respect.