

Those Inconsiderate Drivers

Cal Davis

After work, I drove to the store for some last-minute veggies for dinner, and a few other things I couldn't resist. When I finally got out of the long checkout line, I went outside to see that it had gotten dark. It was only 6:00 PM.

I really hate these time changes.

I gathered my purchases, put the buggy away, and got into my 2019 black SUV. I drove to the edge of the parking lot and waited for my turn to pull out on Sterling Street. As a car entered the parking lot, it flashed its lights at me.

What was that about? I couldn't see the driver, so I just shrugged it off, looked both ways, and turned onto the main road.

As I travelled a few blocks, I saw a vehicle on the right side turning onto the street directly in front of me. I slammed on my brakes, whipped my SUV into the other lane, and honked my horn.

"What's wrong with you?" I yelled as I quickly made sure I hadn't pulled out in front of someone in the other lane. I wished they could see my condemning look as I drove past them.

As I got in front of that car, the driver flashed their lights at me. *How dare they? It was their fault that I almost ran into them.*

"Inconsiderate drivers!" I mumbled.

I continued down the street on the inside lane for almost a mile when a huge pickup pulled in behind me. They turned on their bright lights.

"What is wrong with these drivers tonight? A bunch of rude idiots."

I pulled into the outside lane to allow the truck to pass. He barreled by and honked his horn.

"What did I do to you?" I yelled as if he could hear me.

I slowed as I neared my exit only to have the car behind me to flash their lights.

I screamed. My blood pressure reached a tipping point.

"Why are there so many crazy drivers tonight? I had to go to the store when all the looneys were out."

I gritted my teeth and turned onto Stevens Street. I looked in my mirror only to see a single finger out their passenger window.

I stepped on the brakes and narrowed my eyes. I fumed and thought of turning around to chase them. My ears were hot, and I dared anyone else to mess with me before I got home.

I continued down the road a couple more blocks. My breathing was shallow as I thought of how inconsiderate everyone had been. My heart raced.

A block later, another car pulled out in front of me. I honked my horn and held it there for the longest time. I wanted that driver to know I was not putting up with it.

The car slowed in front of me. My heart pumped and breaths panted.

I lowered my window and screamed, "Get out of my way!"

Then it happened. The shock paralyzed me. I slowed behind the vehicle. The flashing lights were blinding. My SUV stopped.

I sat and waited for the officer to approach my open window.

"Are you okay tonight?" The question was calm.

"I have had to deal with so many inconsiderate drivers just in the last two miles. They keep pulling out in front of me, flashing their lights, honking their horns, and throwing finger signs at me." I tried to explain as I slowed my breathing a bit.

A calm response came. "Well, if you had your headlights on, that probably wouldn't have happened."

Cal and Stephanie Davis have two children and four incredible grandchildren. They make their home in northeast Texas. He is an award-winning author, trainer, US veteran, a realtor, an elementary educator, and loves making up stories. His books include picture books like *I'm Just a Crow*, and *Look, Look, Look What I Did!*, and the award-winning Journeys of Braven trilogy: *The Jediran Quest*, *The Mines of Jedira*, and *The Secrets of Jedira*. Many of his books are translated into Spanish. Check out his website at www.caldavisauthor.com and follow him on Facebook at www.facebook.com/caldavisauthor/.