

Christmas Morning

by Erin Fitzgerald

Dad woke us up and said it was time to go. Our stuff was already in the car because he and Mom hadn't slept all night so they could get everything ready. Mom sat with Dad's rifle pointed down toward the wheel well, and when we were all settled she turned around and gave us each a peanut butter granola bar that had to last for three hundred miles. Dad told us to lay down and go back to sleep. When Tyler said he couldn't lay down with the seatbelt on, Dad said go ahead and take it off. Tyler opened his granola bar and said that riding in a car with no seat belt was against the law and wasn't safe and Dad said that riding in a car these days wasn't safe either. Mom said that's enough, both of you, even though Tyler hadn't said anything wrong. I tucked my granola bar into the waistband of my jeans so that Tyler wouldn't steal it from me. Then I listened to the bumps in the road through the car seat. They made Mom's box of shells rattle.

