

Round And Round

by Erin Zulkoski

As she approached the round-a-bout configuration in the road, her hands tensed on the steering wheel. She hated driving through these things. Loathed it, really. No one knows how to maneuver through them. All try to make a mad dash without regard for basic traffic laws; it's called a right-of-way. Please read your driver's manual to familiarize yourself with this concept. She was stuck behind a car that was not moving. He should be moving, but was not. He was frozen in terror, or just stupidity. Car after car was going through the round-a-bout, but he was motionless. Her patience was wearing thin and she could feel the road rage bubble and boil inside her. He still wasn't driving. What the hell was his problem?! Overcome with frustration and the intense need to pee, she opened her window and screamed at the driver ahead of her, "GROW A PAIR AND DRIVE! DRIVE!!" The release felt great, being able to yell like that. The driver before her also had his window rolled down and heard her berate him. He took this opportunity to stick his arm out the open window, extend the middle finger on his left arm, and hastily find a gap in the traffic and sped away, finger still extended. She delighted in this, tossed her head back and let out a hearty chuckle. This was the first time she'd been fingered in months and it felt fantastic.

