



This piece is inspired by driving around in the winter in Maine with
good friends and loud music.

The setting sun illuminates the snow covered fields. A black sports car races down the long back roads that weave through them. Two college girls fill the car with their pop punk music, singing along loudly.

“Oh my god, turn that shit up!” The driver says. The other girl reaches over to the center console and cranks the music even higher. The bass vibrates through the car and the girls feel it in their feet through their “going-out” boots.

Chance, the driver, convinced her boyfriend Todd that it was her friend Lily’s birthday, and they needed to take his fancy sports car to dinner. But it’s not Lily’s birthday and they are not going out to dinner. Chance is waiting to receive a text about a party. If she receives no such text by ten o’clock, she’s going to find them a bar instead, one that won’t look too closely at their fake IDs.

The car is getting warm, so Chance rolls down their windows a little, and the freezing winter air streams in. It whips Chance’s brown hair around her face while Lily’s short pink bob stays put in her tightly woven braids. The wind bites at their exposed skin. Their tightfitting, revealing outfits do nothing to keep them warm, so their energy has to do all the work.

Lily watches her friend drive. She is mesmerized by the way her long hair moves around her, how she sways with the music behind the wheel, and how she sings. Chance’s singing allows Lily to sing louder. Chance’s confidence makes Lily feel bolder. If they had another few days together, Lily would probably realize she has developed a crush on her friend. If they had another few weeks together, Chance would probably pick up on it too and use it as a reason to break up with her boyfriend.

Chance glances over at her friend and smiles. Then the right tire catches on a patch of ice and the car is in the air.