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Cookies, a Community Liter of Mountain Dew, a Cell Phone and a Book of CDs That We Would Play One Out Of

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Cookies, a Community Liter of Mountain Dew, a Cell Phone and a Book of CDs That We Would Play One Out Of

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"We waited patiently for for the darkness to fall. For some reason, Deanna and I could never take our ritual car ride during the day. In fact, it was more like ten o'clock when we would leave the house. She would carry the book of CDs and the cookies. I would grab the community liter of Mountain Dew and the cell phone. We would get into the car and decide to follow the signs that we never follow, the ones that would take us any place but here. But we always ended up taking the same route. We passed the same clock attached to a brick wall every night, but the trip would not be the same if we didn't bring the whole collection along. On the nights that it snowed, we still took our nightly road trip, but we just took it slowed careful no to let Little Car's bald tires spin us our of control. Sometimes we would stop for gas or windshield wiper fluid or oil. The occasional faceless guy behind the counter would ask us what we were doing out here. We never really knew where here or there was."

Cover Page Footnote

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Angelina Marino

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We waited patiently for the darkness to fall. For some reason, Deanna and I could never take our ritual car ride during the day. In fact, it was more like ten o'clock when we would leave the house. She would carry the book of CDs and the cookies. I would grab the community liter of Mountain Dew and the cell phone. We would get into the car and decide to follow the signs that we never follow, the ones that would take us any place but here. But we always ended up taking the same route. We passed the same clock attached to a brick wall every night, but the trip would not be the same if we didn't bring the whole collection along. On the nights that it snowed, we still took our nightly road trip, but we just took it slowed careful no to let Little Car's bald tires spin us our of control. Sometimes we would stop for gas or windshield wiper fluid or oil. The occasional faceless guy behind the counter would ask us what we were doing out here. We never really knew where here or there was.

After Deanna had died, I still took the nightly road trip. Except I was carrying the cookies, the community liter of Mountain Dew, the cell phone, and the book of CDs that I would only play one CD out of. And sometimes I would stop at the same gas station to get gas or windshield washer fluid or oil and the occasional faceless guy behind the counter would say to me, "Where's your friend tonight?"

I think about the irony of her death. I think about how I thought it was a joke when her Mom called me and told me she had been killed in a car accident. The one thing that held us together had pulled us apart. We used the road trips to talk about our day. We talked about really leaving town this time. We talked about our life and our family. We talked about nothing. We enjoyed singing to the same CD. We knew all the words. We passed the same houses every night and shook our heads at the ones who still had Christmas lights up at the beginning of February. It was like they had found one thing that brought them joy and they did not want to take that away from themselves. I continued to take the trip until I could no longer stand the pain of being alone.

One night, I had my arms filled with cookies, a community liter of Mountain Dew, a cell phone, and a book of CDs that I would only play out. I began to walk out the door. I paused, turned around and dropped my memories on to the counter. I decided that it was finally time to take down my "Christmas lights."