

Fun, Fun, Fun

I learned at an early age it is inappropriate to brag about personal belongings, but nobody said anything about showing them off in public. Normally, I took the bus or walked to high school, but on certain, special days, when my father was out of town, I was allowed to drive his car to school.

He's never been show-offy with Porsches or Corvettes, but my Dad appreciates a nice car. I learned to drive on an Audi. My Dad enjoyed the Saab 9-5 so much that he's leased three of them in a row. "Leasing" is the best part. I'm sure he has economic reasons for it, but to a teenager with a drivers license burning a hole in her pocket, leasing meant one thing: new cars, and often.

My favorite was the BMW. It was a nifty 318i, with tan leather seats and an ultra-deep indigo paint job I chose myself: "Montreal Blue." Ignorant friends called it purple.

I lived to drive friends home from school. We'd hike from 9th period to the parking lot, and I'd proudly *beep-beep* the locks from my keychain. When passengers blurted, "That's your car?" I'd nonchalantly affirm, "Yeah."

It wasn't really my car, of course, but that hardly mattered at the time. For a brief moment, I was cooler than the gym uniforms, lockers, and industrial carpeting of high school.

Of course, high schoolers live to deface each others' nice things. Sometimes teenage angst manifests in graffiti, other times toilet paper. This time: the stroke of a key.

My dad's car had been keyed. Not a major scratch, but the spidery thin, telltale scratch of somebody who obviously thought I was a mite too uppity.

I was devastated.

Then... I thought for the first and only time in my life: "They're just *jealous*."

**Claire
Zulkey**