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Essay Writing Group

January Topics: Pet Peeve(s), Migrating, Fear

Intersections

There is a four way stop nearby that I probably go through more than once a day. I have often thought it would be a good sociological project: studying and analyzing how folks act, react or don't act when caught in it.

If there are four cars stopped at the same time it becomes a mini animated movie with subtle or not so subtle hand-waves, finger pointing or wagging, head slapping or shaking, horns beeping lightly or forcefully, lights blinking on and off, before someone decides they may proceed through the intersection. Ideally that resets the stop and go dosey-doe and it flows evenly for a little while.

More often than not, no one seems to want to follow that very basic "take your turn" approach. I particularly admire the ones who tuck in behind the car immediately ahead of them as if literally attached and sneak through as if no one can see them. That does make me laugh and wonder what their rationale to do so may be.

The overly polite ones, which, I have to admit, is sometimes me, wave back and forth over and over, to no avail. "After you, Alphonse." I could have gone through the intersection several times before one of us deigns to accept the other's offering to proceed.

Equally good are the ones who don't feel a stop sign or rules apply to them. They incite a heavy laying on of the horn similar to the blast given to those who decide it's their turn to drive through while you are in the midst of doing so yourself.

Pedestrians and cyclists create a whole new conundrum for all and can completely disrupt what civility or momentum was occurring.

And then it all starts over again...like a perpetual motion machine.

I do have a bit of verbal road rage. Idiot is my current favorite word and expressed with gusto even when alone. It comes out when someone decides they suddenly need to cross over three lanes to get to that far left turn. There seems to be a magnet that pulls them safely across, leaving the rest of us to display, in our own special way, our relief and/or aggravation.

Parking lots also bring up the Idiot expletive. I was patiently waiting with my turn signal on for a spot that was opening up. Just as I was about to pull in another car suddenly appeared and parked in the space I was about to move into. I honked and shrugged my shoulders with a "Didn't you see me waiting?" look. He, in turn, yelled how stupid Boulder drivers were. I smiled, shook my head and started off. Passers-by took note when he then shouted "F... You!" I stopped, looked at him and said, again with a smile, "No, thank you." The lookers-on laughed along with me as he huffed and puffed his way into the store. Idiot.