



WATCHING AS THE CARS GO BY

The stories we tell ourselves



By Gabi Wood

→ *Stories* ←

*The
stories
we tell
ourselves...*

● I..... **JOAN**

● II..... **TED**

● III..... **NIA**

● IV..... **CLAY**

● V..... **DON**

*Whenever I drive in the passenger seat of a car,
I can't help but look at the cars around me.*

*Driving along the interstate,
watching them go by.*

*Each of them being driven by a different person.
All with different stories.*

*One of my favorite pastimes when driving in the
passenger seat is making stories for people I see.*

Where are they going?

Where did they come from?

What is the expression they have on their face?

Why is it there?

Who are they thinking about?

Can they hear their thoughts?

Are they seeing memories in their mind?

Are they even paying attention to the road?

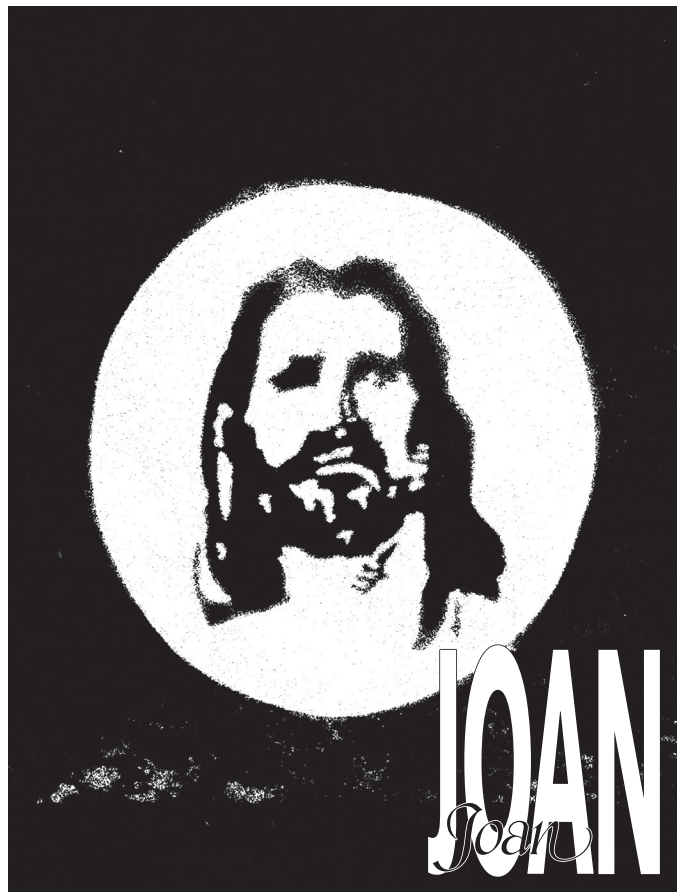
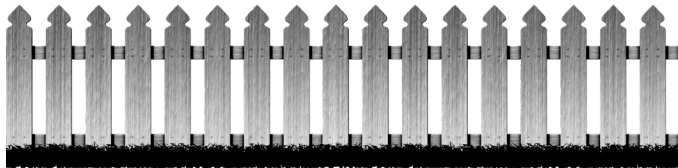
*I'll see a person and start making scenarios about
who they are and what their life could be.*

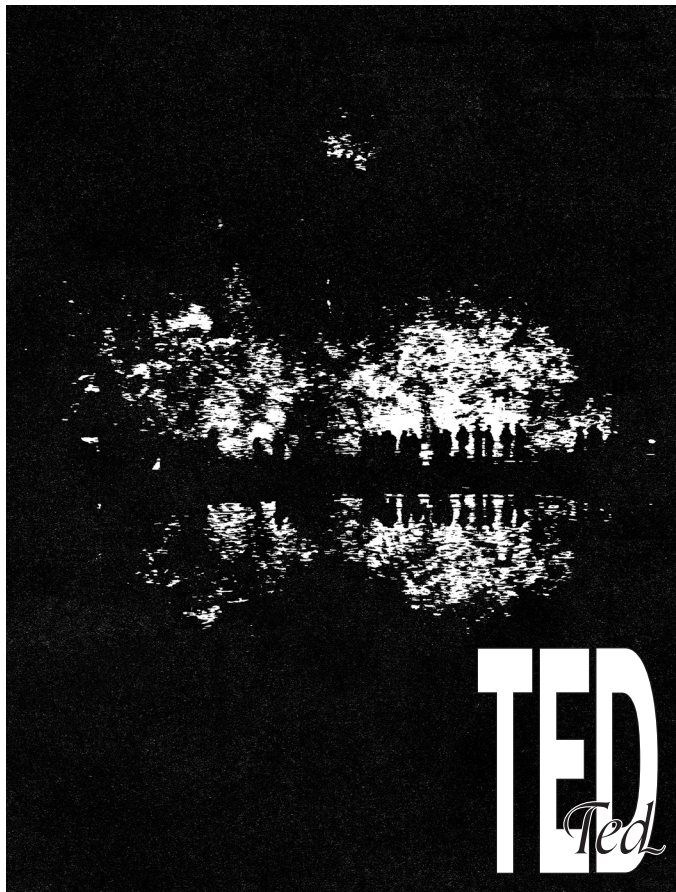
Here are some stories...

01. JOAN

*I SEE A WHITE Ford Explorer and see a white woman with blonde hair sitting in the driver's seat. Her name is... let's say... **Joan**. She has three kids. All of which play sports and are in many extracurriculars. One of her kids hates it. He rather play video games all day but is forced to play little league. She is currently on the way to pick him up from*

practice. She has a PTA meeting soon after. She tries hard to make their image pristine; even when she is tired and rather stay at home drinking wine, she is juggling all of these tasks and running herself dry. Her husband could not care less. He does whatever she tells him.




 ○ II.
TED

*NEXT, I'LL see a truck driver in a large truck cruising down the road. This man, named **Ted**, has been doing this for thirty years. He has seen a lot. At this point, he is divorced. His wife years ago didn't like how much he was away so she decided it would be best for them to separate. He didn't show*

that much emotion when they divorced. He has always hidden his emotions but thinks about them constantly when driving from state to state. From the sun coming up to the street lights coming on, he is driving, alone with his thoughts. I couldn't imagine doing that for so long, but for Ted it is therapeutic.

III. NIA

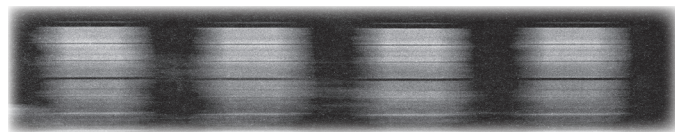
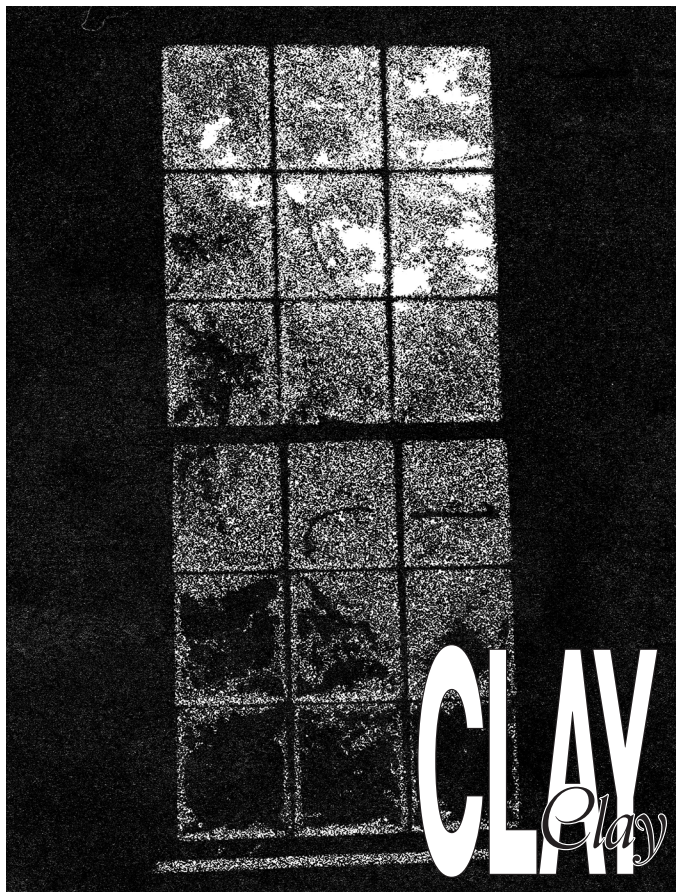
NOW A JEEP GOES by. A spunky young girl named **Nia**, who probably just got her license is behind the wheel. She got this brand new car for her birthday. She is a good kid, but she is

a bit spoiled. Right now she is belting out songs. I'm not sure what she's listening to, but I bet it's her current favorite song that she can't stop playing. Good thing she is driving alone be-

cause she has probably played it three times in a row at this point. That's not a bad thing though, I do the same thing. That's what driving alone is for. She is probably driving just to drive because

she finally has the freedom to leave the house. When I first got my license, I had a playlist ready and just drove around my town. Driving is so much more fun when you're doing it to be free. **16**





●IV. CLAY

HERE COMES A RED

*Honda Civic with a guy in his late 20s named **Clay** behind the wheel. He stares blankly at the road. He is too lost in his thoughts to even realize he probably just missed his exit. He always thinks too much, but what about? He is probably running from something, but what? My guess it's relationship problems. He has been with the same guy, Luca, since*



he first came out to his family years ago. They both are so comfortable with each other that they couldn't imagine separating even though deep down they know problems have been arising. They both need to move on, but I don't think they ever will. Clay will just continue driving to escape his thoughts and I'm sure Luca will do the same.

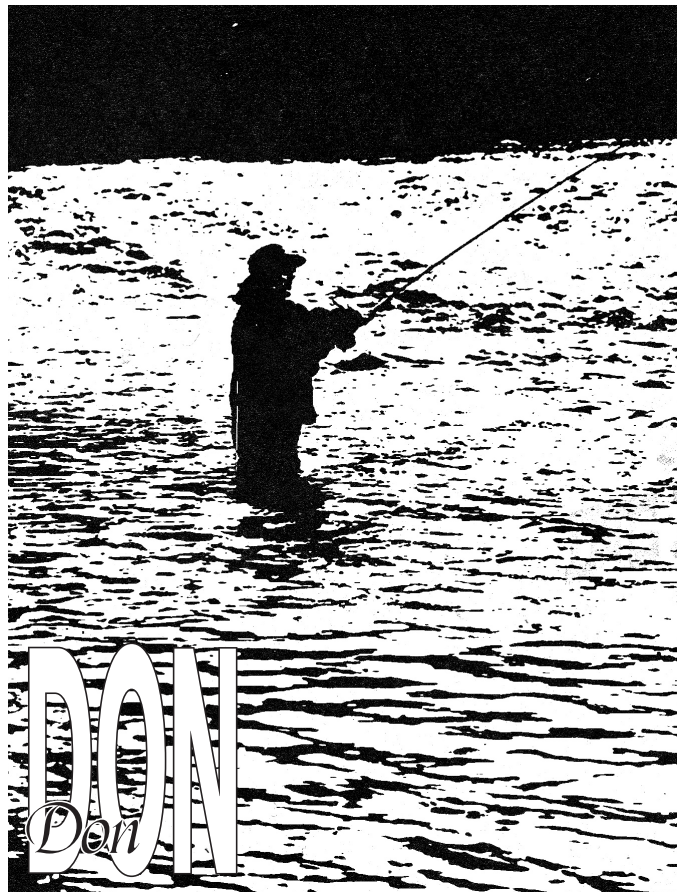
OV.
DON

*LASTLY AN old, white, beat up pickup truck drives by. Driving is a man named **Don**. Don, who works as a contractor, lost his wife two years ago and started seeing a new woman, Bethany, and seems to believe things are going great. It took him a long time to cope with the tragedy of losing his wife, but he found a*

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haven through fishing. With poles in the back of his truck, I know he's going to fish right now. We all find ways to cope with trauma, some ways healthier than others. It took Don a lot of trial and error to find his way to cope, but fishing became the healthiest way Don was able to get back on his feet.

The stories we tell ourselves



The stories of...

*Joan
Ted
Nia
Clay
Don*

Are just a small fraction of stories to be told

More stories to come...