

Beth Farrar

English III 4th period

Ms. Feher

3 October 2019

Getaway Driver

I sat in the back of my grandpas' truck with three of my cousins and one of my brothers. We were packed like sardines. Elbows in ribs, heads on shoulders, and feet in laps. Despite the discomfort of our current situation, Will, my brother, and Lexi, my youngest cousin, had fallen asleep. I found myself trying to find anything to keep myself entertained. Everyone was quiet and the only noise that filled the car was Will and Lexi's soft snores and classic rock music. We had been on an empty highway for two hours, and the only interesting thing I discovered was that if I pushed my head as far as I could against the window I could almost see the tires, and how close they were to the faded yellow lines.

I did this for some time, before my grandma looked back at me, and swatted at my knee and asked what I was doing. I shrugged in response and leaned against my seat, containing a laugh, caused by embarrassment.

After that no other words were exchanged, except when my grandpa would tell us how close we were to our destination. One more hour of complete silence passed, when we finally arrived at the campground. This was our first time at this specific campsite, so we got lost but eventually my grandma called my aunt, who camped next to us, for directions.

Setting up the campsite took a bit but around dinner, we finally got it done. At this point in time, all the adults were surrounded by the fire, a beer in their hand and big smiles plastered on their face. While the kids were bored. Usually we brought canoes and/or paddleboat, but this time we didn't. Instead we brought golf carts. Courtesy of uncle Wayne.

My family loves to drag race cars, we go to all the redneck rumbles, monster truck jams and just about anything that allows a vehicle to rev its engine and do a burnout. Upon this family hobby of ours, Uncle Wayne decided that he wanted to drive around or even race in the golf carts. We begged them to go through with the idea, which they later agreed, on one condition we couldn't race because of how dark it got.

We didn't care about racing we just wanted to do something, so we all got into two separate golf carts and began our expedition around the foreign campsite.

The stars started to peak through the blue sky that slowly faded to black. Laughter and many conversations harmonized with the soft winds, and crickets that chirped. It was nearly a perfect summer night.

We had spent some time just cruising and each taking turns driving. It was now my turn, so I switched spots with my cousin, McKenzie. When my Uncle Wayne had a spontaneous idea, "follow me" he yelled as his golf cart picked up speed and ducked behind some trees. My grandpa looked at me and pointed to follow, so I did.

Following Uncle Wayne, we ended up on a dirt road. On the dirt road, there was an open gate that read, "NO TRESSPASSING". Once we made it to the gate our golf carts came to a halt. We decided to not go, but as soon as we were about to drive away, flashing blue lights appeared

behind us. Everyone froze, well, except Uncle Wayne, who pressed on the gas and drove past the gate until we could no longer see the golf cart. This caused the police car to drive a bit faster. My grandpa had told me to act normal and just agree with the cop considering we stayed in the exact same spot.

“You aren't supposed to be out here” A deep voice spoke, it sent shivers down my spine. My head began to spiral; I thought I was going to jail. My grandpa apologized, and the policeman asked us if there were more of us. To my surprise my grandpa said no. It was obvious he didn't believe us, he asked us to wait right there till he got back. His car proceeded forward. Everyone in the golf cart grew tense waiting. The car drove out of sight when in the distance you could see a golf cart come out of the bushes, and uncle Wayne yelled “IT'S THE LAW!” My grandfather quickly turned the key and told me to drive as fast as I could.

Following his orders, I floored the golf cart, so much adrenaline ran through my body. I didn't know where I was going, I just did what I was told. It was now pitch black, so the cop wouldn't find us, Uncle Wayne insisted that we keep the headlights off.

Finally, we hid on this small bike trail in the woods behind the campground. My heart was racing, and I was sweating profusely. We all were laughing at the current events, when bright head lights faced us, we all got quiet and did not move. My cousin Lexi began to cry because of how scared she was.

Eventually, the lights disappeared into the trees and everyone relaxed. “Let's do that again.” My cousin, Chase broke the silence. Causing everyone to break out in fits of laughter.

Once, we began to head back towards the campsite, we made sure we were more cautious this time.

Before we even made it to the campsite, we were basically out of our seats due to adrenaline; and because we thought we were so cool that we got to run from the cops. Once we finally parked, we didn't wait a second before we made our way to the ones who stayed to tell them the series of events starting from when we left. We all jumbled over our words and talked over each other. Making it difficult for them to get the full story, I knew my grandpa would end up telling them anyway, so I continued rambling and they continued to pretend like they knew what was going on. After the excitement died down, the kids made their way inside the campers to get some rest. While the adults remained at the campfire. The rest of the camping trip wasn't as exciting, but I knew I wouldn't forget what happened, and it was definitely a story to tell.