

because

you never know

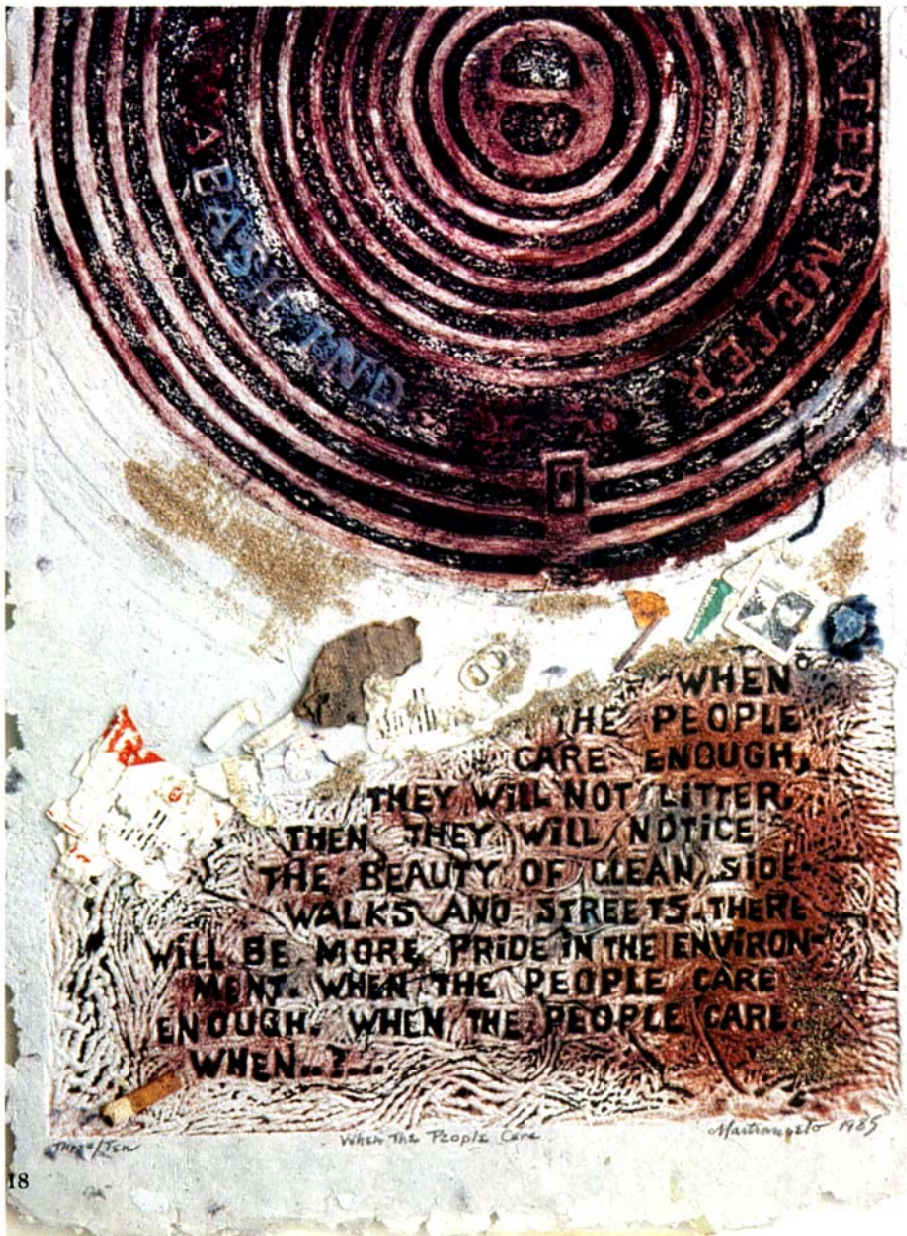
by Marcia Byalick

drive too fast. I don't think I always did, not when I first got my license or when my kids were little. But now I do . . . most of the time. Even if there's no

sense of urgency and I have plenty of time, I race to keep up. The other drivers on the road are either too slow and timid or too reckless. Me, I'm just right. But really I'm not.

A few month ago I got a well-deserved speeding ticket on the Taconic Parkway. When the policeman who zapped me from across the road told me how fast I was going, I was appalled. (If I tell you, you'll never feel the same way about me again.) Suffice it to say the fine was a monthly car payment, the points were more than all the tickets I ever got put together, and I haven't yet gotten the word from my insurance company about how this will affect our rates. The stupid thing is I wasn't even in a hurry.

That's why I recently found myself spending two Thursday nights from 7 to 10 at the local temple taking a defensive driving course. There were 25 of us . . . mostly senior citizens there to get a 10 percent reduction on their insurance rates, a few teenage males and a few others like me there for points reduction. We all looked like we'd much rather have root canals than sit there all night. But sit we did, without a chance to open the newspapers and



"When the People Care" by Bobbi Mastrangelo of Port Jefferson is a 30" x 24" (framed) collagraph/collage on handmade paper. More of the artists work can be seen on the Web at www.guild.com.