



The buoyant Friday evening slowly was turning into a warm night. I was returning home after an exhaustive day at work. It was typical Chicago traffic. All three lanes of the highway were densely packed. Most drivers were driving sensibly, maintaining the speed limit. I was in the middle lane, driving gingerly. Occasional aggressive drivers were passing and switching between all three lanes cutting off other drivers, as usual.

At one time I noticed that the girl behind me was flashing her headlights. I couldn't find any apparent reason for raising the driver's ire. Perhaps it was because I was maintaining more than normal distance with the car ahead of me.

It was a young driver. *Hmm...an impatient young driver*, I thought! I pulled ahead a little more to close the gap with the car in front of me.

Notwithstanding, the young girl kept flashing her car lights. *What now?* I thought with a little exasperation. *May be I am driving too slowly for her!* I looked around for an opportunity to move over to the third lane. Tight traffic. Chicago drivers do not give room easily.

For almost half a mile we kept driving the same way. The young girl flashing her car lights...even driving up closely and gesturing with her hands. My nerve was slowly giving way; *what does the young upstart want?*

Then unexpectedly, she passed me, crossing onto the left lane. As she drew dangerously close to me, her hands pointed towards my car's headlights. All of a sudden, light flashed in my head. I had been driving without turning the headlamps on. The young girl was trying to tell me that for the last half an hour! Here I was, thinking of her as an irritating teenager, while she was taking a risk only to help me. I turned the headlamps on. She smiled, and moved on.

Suddenly, I felt small, very small, humbled by a young girl.