

# The Lone Road Sign

by Ella McIver

Usually unnoticed by innocent drivers, looked over by the people staring so hard at their GPS the lone road sign just stands, its long rusty pole gripping the dusty ground underneath. Every time a car passes by, it pleads “please, please notice me, I know I can help.”

He spots other, bigger, more majestic signs becoming more popular, as more and more people glimpse them, and listens to the whispers of conversation coming from the signposts placed closer.

This is not the lone road sign. Found in the middle of a long, windy, country lane, all the company he has is wise owls and swift rabbits. That poor sign keeps waiting, and waiting, and waiting from just *one* confused family to finally take notice, and for him to give them what he has to offer. All day long, it is torture for him watching the highway with the many signs, all the honking cars and the hustle and bustle found on a main interstate.

But, when that one vehicle drives by needing directions, the lone road sign swells with pleasure, as he tells them whatever they need to know. It is then that he decides that it is not bad being a lonely sign at all.