

The Blue Frisbee

Sitting in the back of my car, for about nine months now, is a worn out blue Frisbee. This blue Frisbee is not an ordinary Frisbee anyone could pick up at a store, but a Frisbee I purchased at Mount Rushmore. It was a late August night as I was leaving work when my friend Desere called, she asked "Hey Anne, would you like to hang out tonight?" I replied with a "Yes, I'll be right over." I journeyed on over to her house, which was close to my work, and when I got there we both were stumped about what we should do. Finally, I recommended we just get in my car, drive around, and find something to do. We got on the road when the idea hit me, "Desere, let's just start driving and go on a random road trip!" We both agreed, so I continued to drive until we ended up on Interstate 90 heading west. About four hours into our road trip we found ourselves in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, which is bordered with Minnesota. We stopped at a gas station to gas up and asked for some information. Desere and I found a couple of maps in the corner of the gas station so we decided to look at them. "Isn't Mount Rushmore in this state?" Desere asked. "No Desere, we can't go to Mount Rushmore, it's on the opposite end of this state!" After feuding over the trip to Mount Rushmore, I gave in and we continued along Interstate 90 west. It wasn't until 6am when the sun came up and I realized what a great choice I had made. The scenery was beyond amazing. It was hard to keep an eye on the road because the landscaping that surrounded the car was something I've never seen before. Finally, at 7am we reached the attraction of Mount Rushmore. By the time we arrived I only had ten dollars in my pocket, and after visiting the monument itself and the surrounding attractions we had to visit the souvenir shop. The only item throughout the store that I could afford was the blue Frisbee. I thought to myself after I bought the blue Frisbee, *now what am going to do with a blue Mount Rushmore Frisbee*. Sure enough, nine months later, the tattered Frisbee still sits in my car and continues to be thrown around when my friends and I have the urge to play with it.

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