

# License means you get a car

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Let's just say, that being a teenager in an affluent suburb of Chicago is not that tough. Sure, there is pressure of school and social issues, but compared to all the people in the world who have it worse, my life is easy. I can't tell you how many times I use the word "I."

"How can I think about myself all the time when there are over seven other billion people in the world? If you were to come to our school during the day, if you were only looking at cars, you could easily get the student parking lot and the teacher parking lot confused. Now I'm not saying that every student drives an eighty thousand dollar car because that is not the case. There are more modest, cheaper, used, dented, and rusted cars, but the fact that students still pull up to school in an Audi or a Lexus is a bit ridiculous. The worst part is, that most of these kids take it for granted. Here was my challenge: I am an only child (daddy's little princess) and I was turning sixteen in three months. I had almost finished all my hours for my permit and I was ready to drive without a parent in the seat next to me saying, "slow down" or "you're following too close."

"With this future promise of a license, I expected a car. Now that I think about how ridiculously spoiled I sounded, I'm a bit embarrassed, but I did. My actions were somewhat extreme at times. I would print off pictures of cars and put them in my dad's lunch box, e-mail my mom pictures of the car that I wanted a few times a week, and subtly mention which cars I would like when we were driving. Either my parents completely missed the point, or I was not making myself clear enough."

(Obviously they just didn't want to buy another car). I decided that I would step up my efforts in pursuing the purchase of my brand new car.

Admittedly, I was a bit obnoxious. My parents would get a text or an e-mail at least weekly that had an attached picture of the car that I dreamed of driving around Palatine. I would also point out specific cars on the road and mention, " Emily has that car," " Molly got that car for her birthday," " Michelle has that car, I really like it.

" I just wanted them to know that everyone else had these new vehicles and I was the ONLY one without a car of my own. Crazy right? How could I not get a car? Obviously those other seven hundred billion people cared if I got a car for my sixteenth birthday. I was determined, my friends had all scored a car for their birthday, I was entitled to one. So when May 27th rolled around the anxiety was killing me. I was opening my gifts, I was anxious to come to a box with keys in it or for my parents to take me outside to the driveway to show me a new car with a huge red bow on it just like you see in car commercials, but no such luck.

My heart was pounding as I opened the last and smallest gift. This was my absolute last chance at getting keys to my new car, but that box only contained a new bracelet, a complete let down to my expectation of a car. My mom spent a few minutes explaining that they hadn't gotten me a car because she thought giving me my own car was unnecessary. She felt that it was utterly absurd that I would even think about getting a new car for my birthday. After that, we got into the " when I was a kid" stories and I did not want to listen.

Times are different. EVERYONE gets a car these days. Turning sixteen automatically means that you get a car. I deserved a car, I turned sixteen, what a huge accomplishment. I was frustrated and upset, I thought for sure that I was going to get a car.