

# What If?

by Amma Tasmin-Saad







It was like a typical day in the summer. It was hot and tiring and I had to go to driving school.

The driving school was from 3 pm to 7 pm for six days 4 hours a day and if I remember correctly I had about 2 days of those classes left.





Usually, when I am done with my class, I would call my parents to come to pick me up but my parents are known to be late. I'm used to it. But this specific day like always I went across the street where there is like a plaza. I would wait in that parking lot where I would sit by some stairs put in my headphones and watch TikTok.



On the days I would sit there, I got  
catcalled a couple of times. It was normal.  
I would just put in my headphones and  
focus on my phone, maybe I shouldn't have  
done that.





Also, an important detail: when I got to the parking lot to call my mom, there was a middle aged woman walking around this big parking lot, working out. She was mostly walking. I saw her but didn't do anything because it's not my business.





I was so engrossed in my phone...

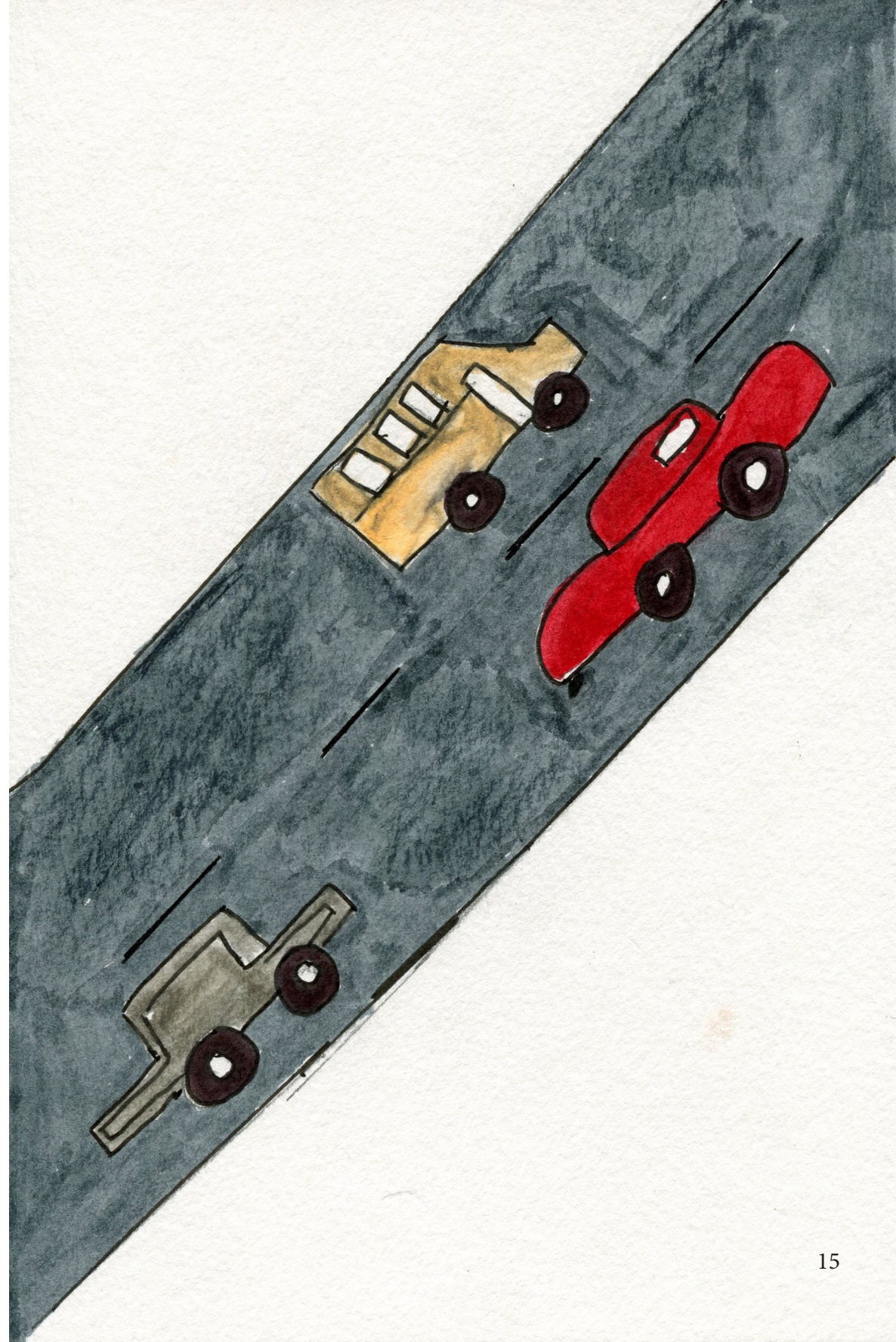
that I didn't see an all-black tinted car come through the street I was next to twice and then parked a couple of feet next to me.





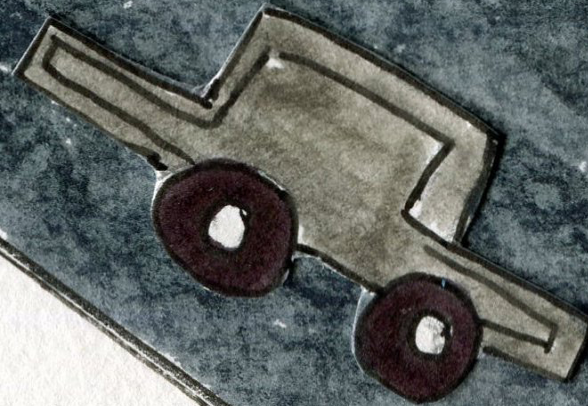
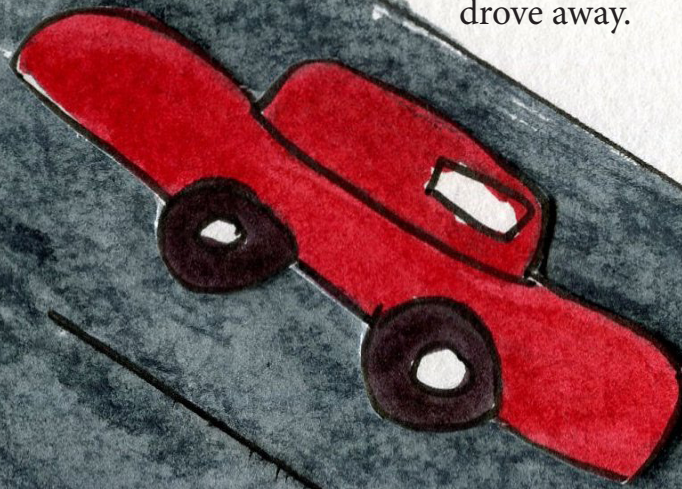
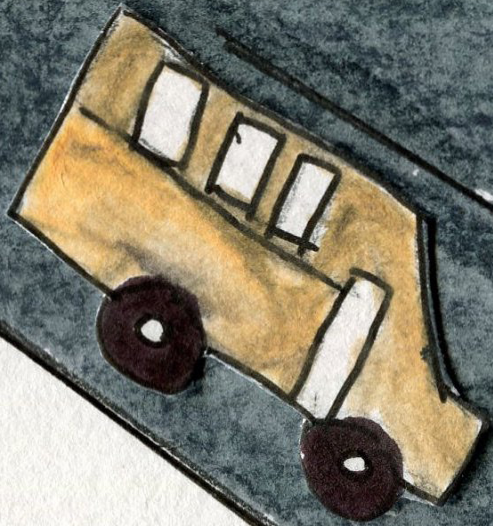


I mean I noticed the car go by once but I didn't pay enough attention to see it go around and around, the lady working out came up to me and asked if I was okay. I was confused about why she asked that but I answered and said, "Yeah, I am"





Then she said, "Oh okay, I just wanted to tell you that a car has been around here a couple of times and has been focused on you". When I looked to the direction her eyes were pointing out, the car drove away.





Then she said “I just wanted to make sure you were okay...stay safe”.

Honestly I didn't feel anything for a moment.



I laughed at the fact that something like that could have ever happened to me.

Then my mom showed up so I went home and never brought it up or acknowledged it because there were different scenarios of how that could have gone.



There were different questions going through my head. When I finally wanted to address it, all the questions had something in common with the words “WHAT IF?”.





