

WINDOWS DOWN

You hear
the first three
notes of a song...

a n d s u d d e n l y

you're 17 again.

First car.

Radio blaring.

Windows down.



THE PLAYLIST OF OUR SUMMERS

Warm air rushing in.

Hair blowing everywhere.

The smell of freshly cut hay.

Driving home from the pool.

A first car with terrible speakers.

Singing far louder than you should.

a n d t h e n

Taking the long way home because no one
wanted the day to end.

