**Steamed Windows**

By Emma Miner

I remember the sound of music. I remember how beautiful it was and how a song could easily cheer you up or put you in a sad mood. I loved music, I miss it now. I didn’t realize how great it was until it got left behind.

My name is Alexia. My mom named me after the lead singer of Eyes Set to Kill. My mom loves music; she always has it on, the deep bass and hard guitar solos and screaming of metal music. I love the stuff. It’s the only thing, if I really, really listen I can sometimes hear it, but it’s quiet, muted. It’s like its playing, softly inside a sound proof room and I'm outside the door, sitting and straining to hear.

I can’t hear anything anymore, I became deaf about four years ago, I'm fourteen now. I don’t know how it happened. All I know is that one day I was hearing just fine then the next day I woke up in a hospital with a huge headache. I was so scared at first. I saw them talking but I couldn’t hear. Later someone wrote down for me that something had happened to my eardrums and now I was deaf. Whatever happened caused some amnesia. I suppose that’s why I don’t remember anything.

I haven’t had a real conversation with anybody for a long time. I'm learning sign language along with my mom but neither of us is very good at it. I prefer to see things written. I can’t talk too well anymore either, I write things down on a whiteboard usually. It’s sad I can’t hear myself. I used to sing, I was good at it too. I had potential, then whatever happened, happened.

I still like to do stuff though; my mom and I go out a lot, that’s when I met Kade.

We were driving up over the mountains on our way back home when a blizzard started. The sky filled with big white puffy flakes coming down with a vengeance. We kept on driving but soon it was too hard to see. We almost got into an accident. A parked car appeared right in front of us. Mom hit the brakes and we skidded to a stop just before our bumpers touched.

I was sitting in the back; mom had the music turned up real loud so I could feel the vibrations all through my body. I recognized the song; it was Darling by Eyes Set to Kill. My mom always said this was my song and I would smile and laugh at her.

When the car stopped I watched her as she took a deep breath then looked back at me, holding her hands out for the whiteboard resting in my lap. I handed it to her as she scribbled on it.

I looked out the window; I saw that in the lane next to us cars were parked as well. The car next to me was a bright red truck. There was a guy in the back, his forehead pressed to the window, his breath condensing on the window.

He looked up to see me staring at him. He raised an eyebrow, I waved. He waved back, looking a bit unsure. I smiled and drew a small happy face on the window.

He smiled then drew a happy face on his window. He nodded to me.

I drew a small question mark on the window then pointed to him.

He tried to write it out but it disappeared before it had time to fully form. His eyebrows scrunched up. He waved it away then drew a simple guitar then head banged a few times. His longer black hair was messed up after that.

I smiled at him, he was a rocker then. I pointed to myself then drew a 2 in the steam.

He looked surprised, one of his eyebrows raised. He drew a question mark on his window.

I nodded. I drew a quick heart then a corn cob with a K next to it. I was trying to say that I love the band Korn.

He obviously got it because he smiled then pointed to himself then drew a 2. After a moment he drew an arrow forwards then a question mark in front of it.

I assumed he wanted to know where I was going. I drew a simple house, a triangle on top of a square.

He nodded; I didn’t need to see his 2 to know he was trying to say he was as well. But then he pointed to himself and drew a 1 and a 4.

He was fourteen! I smiled and nodded as well. He gave me a thumbs up.

My mom poked me with my whiteboard. She wanted to know what I was doing. I wrote down that I was talking. She nodded then asked for the white board. I said that was okay. Mom liked to draw.

The snow was less now and he asked if he should roll down the window and we could talk. I shook my head.

He put in a question mark on his window.

I sighed, pointing to myself then putting an X. Then I drew an Ear and crossed it out. I hoped he got the message.

He frowned then shook his head no and pointed to his ear. He drew a music note then pointed to me and shook his head.

I nodded; I think he got the point. Then he drew a question mark then another music note then pointed to his ear.

I was unsure how to answer this. I pointed to myself then pointed to the stereo. I made myself shake. I was trying to say I could feel the vibrations.

He looked confused and I did the actions over again. He nodded slowly.

I shook my head then put an X in the window. He wouldn’t understand unless I wrote it down. All of a sudden I felt the car lurch forward. I looked at my mom and she smiled. Pointing ahead of us then handing my whiteboard back with the words. “We’re moving again!”

I nodded, I had no other choice. I turned to the window. He was looking at me as well his brown eyes seemed sad. I shook my head sadly. He moved forward and for a second I lost sight of him but them we pulled up again. In a last minute attempt I wrote my name fast on the window. Alexia.

I saw him nod then quickly wrote each of the letters. K. A. D. E. Kade. I nodded then waved goodbye.

Kade waved as well then his truck pulled ahead. My mom stepped on the pedal and we drove.

I didn’t see the truck again.