

The Roundabout

By C. Jade Wyton

A very cheeky mimic plays pranks on drivers passing by a roundabout.

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It was a very nice place to be, here by the side of the four-way roundabout.

Cars came past every ten or so minutes; usually from the airport heading for the city. At least half of the cars were tourists who weren't familiar with the area, and who almost always stopped to read the big green sign that told them which exit led where.

That was what made it such an appealing place to be... for the sign was a very naughty sign, who liked to play tricks on the passing drivers.

Tricks that made them go the wrong way.

It hadn't always been a sign. Just a year ago it had been a table.

But it had nestled down to sleep by the roundabout one night and seen how the people looked up at the sign, paying close attention to the arrows before continuing on... and it had thought it might be a fun thing to be. At least for a while!

So it had torn down the sign, hiding it in the long grass, and taken its place; copying its white markings as closely as it could and practising again and again until it had managed to mimic the words and arrows and pictures.

Then, it had sat and waited for people to drive past and look at it.

And it had enjoyed being a sign so much that it had stayed a sign for a whole year now.

It stretched itself out, now, listening as the low rumble of a speeding car grew closer and closer. Then it took its place by the road, shuffling its signposts until it was in *just* the right position to be seen by the car as it pulled up.

The car slowed down as it reached the roundabout, and the driver stuck their head out the window.

'It says the city's on the third exit,' he said aloud to the person in the passenger seat.

'Huh, that's weird,' came the response. 'The map says it's the second exit.'

'Must be wrong,' the driver said with a sniff. 'Maybe the map's outdated or something.... I mean, I doubt the *sign's* wrong.'

'Hm... you're probably right,' the companion agreed. 'Alright, let's keep going. I want to get to the hotel as soon as possible.'

'Right,' the driver mumbled, pulling his head back in the window and starting the car. He went around to the third exit and then turned off, vanishing into the distance....

And once the car was out of sight the sign gave a delighted giggle-like trill and bounced in place.

*Yes!*

*Yes!*

It had tricked another one!

People were so gullible!

Giving itself a happy shake as it heard the sound of a second car approaching, the sign planted down its posts and straightened up; shifting the patterns on its front so that it now said the city was on the *first* exit.

*Oh, what a naughty sign it was!*

—END—

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