

SPOTLIGHT

by John Jackson

To anyone who has ever owned a ten-year old gas usurper of a car, a compact car should make the expenses of driving more reasonable. So with this in mind, I traded my old Pontiac in on a newer Corvair and relished the thought of getting more than two miles to a tank of gas.

As I meandered to the used car lot to pick up my ticket to economy I felt assured that my troubles were over and that I would now, for the sake of a little comfort, be able to traverse the countryside; free of worry that the car wouldn't run. My pseudo-master-of-the-road complex was not undaunted when the hood of my chariot came all the way over my ankles, and my six-four frame endeavored to enter the car. I found, to my surprise, that my head did not touch the roof, but my knees did, and one can see surprisingly well between his legs if necessity dictates it. Now to get the thing moving. Let's see--turn on car, press accelerator, shift into drive, and off I.....it ain't movin', baby. So I got out, pulled the mass of arms and legs in the general direction of the joker who had sold me this dirty old car, and accosted the salesman.

"Havin' trouble?" The man's six gold teeth and the ring in his nose glistened in the sun.

"No", I replied, "I'm a masochist and I try to see how many ways I can mutilate myself getting out of a car. How do you get the blasted thing moving?"

The salesman took the knife out of his mouth and said, "you gotta pull the E-mergency brake of first"

My equanimity renewed, I went back to the car, found the emergency brake (so that's what meant), pulled it off literally), and my maiden voyage had begun.

I drove along the streets, passing gas station after gas station until I realized that the auto needed some gas after all (Have you ever tried pushing a car up Peach Street), paid twenty-five cents and filled it up again.

I was planning on having another wild weekend, so I had to procure my supply of oatmeal and kool-aid root beer was the flavor-of-the-month) I muscled my vehicle in between two Volkswagons, opened the door, and in twenty minutes I had pulled myself out of the car.

When I came back, two mammoth Valiants had sandwiched my poor little car; I wanted to kick them but I remembered how sore my right foot was from hanging out the right front window. I climbed into it (fifteen minutes this time) and aimed it homeward. It had started to rain and I found out that my windshield wipers didn't work; but it didn't matter, my left arm hanging out the window did a commendable job. One's sleeves get a little soiled but it saves on the battery.

I now pulled into the driveway, got out in a record thirteen minutes, took the kool-aid out of the back seat, the cookies out of the trunk, and parked my vehicle under the milkbox. I then went into the house, and found that while I was out Corvairing, my seven-year old brother had gotten the exact same car in the bottom of a box of Cracker Jack