

A Car Story

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This story takes place around 1967 or 1968. In the mornings my father would take my younger brother to elementary school and then take me to junior high school before he went to work. I rode in the car for the whole trip. One morning his car quit after he had backed into the street. He tried and tried but it would not start. So we got out of the car and got into my mother's car and my father drove my younger brother to school. Since we had a little extra time my father drove back to his car in the street and parked behind it. He tried and tried again to get his car to start but it wouldn't. So he gave up and was going to drive me to school in my mom's car. But now my mom's car would not start either. My father tried and tried but could not get it to start. My father said in amazement and frustration, "I can not believe that two cars would die in the same place."