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Photograph by Rogério Leite

## **MY FIRST CAR**

**By Timothy S. Klugh**

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I sometimes miss my first car, a 1977 Toyota Corolla Sedan. It had a terribly rusted body, but it had an engine that would never die. The air pump in the car froze up twice, so I just took off the belt that operated the air pump and everything still ran fine. I described the car's color as "scratch gray" because I once scratched the car along its side by backing out of a driveway while being too close to the house. Due to the car's closeness to the house, the old water spigot sticking out from the house scraped the car all the way along the driver's side of the car. The scratch mark blended right in with the existing gray paint job.

The floor of the car had rotted out so one could see the road below from inside the car. Because of the hole, I nicknamed my vehicle my Flintstones' car. Because of this opening, the inside of the car could be deafening when I drove over a bridge on the freeway. It also got me soaked when the road was wet. However, I once locked myself outside my car and used the hole in the floor to reach into the car and roll down the driver's side window. With the window open, I could unlock the car.

It was my first car and it gave me freedom. It was a treasure whether it was a rusted piece of junk or not. Great memories!