

THE LIFE OF OSCAR

By JAMES COLLINS

We bought the car new right off the lot and welcomed it into the family. We christened the Chevy Oscar. He had to be babied according to the new owner's manual. For the first 1000 miles Oscar couldn't be driven past 50 MPH. He could not compete with the grown up cars as He was still being broken in. He was still a baby and longed for the mother of the family. Oscar only performed flawlessly when she drove him and Oscar felt he had to keep moving.

As Oscar aged, he went to grade school to deliver and pickup family members who missed the school bus or who had after school activities. Again he bonded with the mother of the family but Oscar still had to keep moving.

A few years later Oscar went to high school. Debbie the eldest was the new driver and Oscar picked up scratches, dents and dings. He was in a rougher crowd and Oscar suffered accordingly. He attended football games, soccer games, and drove to high school dances and drive in movies. All-in-all, high school was an experience and yet, Oscar felt he had to keep moving.

Four years later Oscar was at college with Debbie. Here he attended sorority events, charity work, sat in Mall parking lots, drove to football games, job interviews and finally went to graduation. The mileage got to over 100,000 miles. Oscar's pickup slowed down; an accident broke a spring and Oscar leaned to the right. Winter was a problem. Starting varied from intermittent to 'NO WAY'. The new battery helped. Now all things were deteriorating but Oscar had to keep moving,

Marriage was a high point and it meant travelling half way across America. New roads, new challenges, and Oscar knew everything was slowing down but Oscar had to keep moving. Lights dimmed, brakes were not as strong, and everything rattled and shook. Unfortunately they don't make Depends for a Chevy and all kinds of fluids leaked whenever he stopped overnight. A second car arrived and Oscar's use declined. Oscar no longer joined funeral corteges, the new guy was selected. Oscar felt he should rest but Oscar knew he had to keep moving.

One day in traffic a rod was thrown; the engine seized and Oscar died! Oscar always knew he had to keep moving. He heard people say, "When people stop moving they shovel dirt in your face." This was not to be Oscar's fate. For Oscar it was tow truck, to crusher, to Fiery Furnace."

THE ABSOLUTE END