Ha!

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"Crash! Clankety, Clankety, Hisssss, Crunch, Grind!"

These noises are the typical sounds of my car. The noises really pain me because when I got the car not a sound could be heard. Now don’t misunderstand me and think that I have wrecked my poor little automobile, because I am not the type of person who slams my mode of transportation into trees. These sounds have originated one by one, while I cruised cautiously down the highway. I ignored their little individual clatters, but behind my back they organized themselves into a symphony of irritating and costly sounding noises. I decided that I had to get my screaming hunk of metal repaired, but I dreaded talking to a repairman almost more than I dreaded taking Ms. Gonce’s Atomic Theory test. As you have probably guessed, I hate to take my car to a repairman. Some very logical reasons for my prejudice can be seen in the story of my last trip to a repairman.

“Come on! Let’s go!” My mother yelled to me. “You are the one getting your car fixed, so you should be out here early!”

My mom was upset because she had to get up early to follow me in to town. She was supposed to follow me in to the repair place, and then take me to school. I decided that I didn’t want her following me. I wanted to follow her. When she gets behind me in an automobile, she always watches the way I drive, and she has plenty of comments about it later. So I was stalling to get her in front. We finally left and I did manage to tuck in behind her. We then proceeded to the repair place at the nice leisurely pace of about 35 m.p.h. Upon arrival, I found myself in a continuing argument with my dear mother over whether or not she should go in to talk to the people with me. She was of the opinion that I should be able to talk to them myself. Since my mother has this amazing ability of being able to storm into any place and make a total fool out of herself, she didn’t understand why I couldn’t just charge right on inside. After much discussion, I finally persuaded dear old mom to enter with me.

She left her car, stormed into the building, located the head mechanic, and dragged him outside by his earlobe.

When the poor man emerged from the building and got into the bright sunlight, I could immediately see something about him that upset...
me. There was a little gleam in his eye that scared me. I could see that this man was thinking, and I saw the meager workings of his brain shouting, "Ha! A teenager and a foolish mother! Ha! Take them for every cent! Ha! The kid ain't no redneck so he don't know nothing mechanical! Ha! Money! Ha!" That is enough. I think you understand.

The fellow cast a quick glance over the damaged door that would not open and said, "Well, now gonna need you a new hinge, have to sand that down, paint that, make that fit, should run about $80." Eighty dollars! The hinge that would fix it would cost only around five dollars. Car mechanics are allowed to overcharge just to punish people for their own stupidity.

The mechanic cast another glance at the door and said, "Oughta take 'bout two days. I could do it today but I'm real backed up, so just leave it here and I'll try to get to it this afternoon." That sounded fine to me. Of course, I would agree to anything just as long as he didn't raise the price. So we left the car and I went on to school.
The next day at around 4 p.m. I thought it a good idea to call about my car. On my first attempt the place hung up on me. That was fine, probably was a mistake. The second attempt was more successful. I managed to reach some blundering idiot who didn't even know his own name. So I tried one more time, and this time I got through to the head mechanic.

"How about my car?" I asked.

"Well, I tell you, we can't get that sumbitch to line," I heard him say.

Then I could hear him grin as he said, "I'll try to have it ready tomorrow." To avoid an argument, I hung up.

The next day I called and the car was finally ready. I hustled down to pick it up and I haven't been the same since. The bum charged me $150 to fix that door. Then he told me of some more things that needed attention. I quietly paid the man and left, with the full intention of using the rest of my life savings to enroll in an auto mechanic's school.