Ian Kilgore

10-18-17

Personal narrative

Mrs. Vogel

What I’m about to tell you is a true story. On March 25, 2014, at about 7:00pm, my Mom, brother, and I jump in the car and head out to the YMCA so that we can see if there will be WiFi to use when I attend camp this upcoming summer. It was a cold, partly cloudy night, and since I thought this would be a quick errand trip, I was only wearing sweats and a hoodie and threw on some flip-flops. It was cold enough to have to wear a heavier coat but I was trying to save time. Luckily, we found WiFi easily at the YMCA and we have completed our mission, so we go to the post office to check our mail. It was now 7:49 PM, then something happened, mom attempts to turn off the ignition to the car and it gets stuck in thelevel 2 battery position1. “Okay… am I stupid?!” Mom asks out loud but really more to herself. Meanwhile, the car is still running, and the radio is playing “Best Day of My Life” by American Authors, it wasn’t a good day.

Mom tries to turn the key in the ignition to shut the car off, since this was not successful, she attempts to turn it off using her full force but gets it stuck further in the level 1 battery position2. “AHH, shoot this sucks!” I said loudly. “Please be quiet and pray that this works,” Mom replied quickly. Caleb and I get out of the car and get our mail, and quickly return to the car. “See, I told you this wasn’t good,” I said. Then Mom gets out of the car and tries to figure out where the battery is located. Meanwhile in the car, Caleb and I were not very happy about being stuck in the post office parking lot either. “This really sucks bad. Also I almost said balls.” I said quietly. “I would have forgiven you.” Said Caleb quietly. “Like, this is a really bad situation.” I said quietly.

Mom eventually found the battery, but had no luck being able to unhook it and stop the drain of power. It was now about 8:00PM and Mom comes back into the car and breaks the frustrating news. She decides she needs to call for help and she realizes she doesn’t have her cell phone with her. I had my iPod with me, but the battery was nearly dead. Mom asks me, “Why don’t you look for WiFi around here so we can look up the number for AAA Roadside Assistance?” I do that, then I see all the WiFis that were there… disappear. Then I say “Oh no, they just disappeared, I want to save my battery for emergencies.” Then mom goes back outside and decides to wait for a car to pull in and ask if she can borrow their cellphone. In just a few minutes, a car pulls up and they were nice enough to let mom borrow their phone. She called AAA’s 24/7 hotline. She learned that her ignition broke and that the only way to fix it, was to have it towed to the nearest dealership so that they could order a VIN specific ignition, custom made for her car.

After that, mom gets back in the car and we just have to wait for a tow truck. “Sorry, it will be awhile until they get here and tow our car. I know it is cold and almost time for bed.” Mom said. It took about 30 minutes for the towing truck to arrive, every 5 minutes or so, we would see different trucks and think aloud saying “Is that it? … Oh no, it’s not.” Finally, after 30 of the longest minutes ever, the tow truck finally arrived. The truck had spinning yellowish-orange strobes, and the truck whirred loudly. The guy comes out, and he tries to look for the car battery and he can’t find it after looking for about 15 minutes. It was already 8:45PM. Mom has to show him where the battery is in the floor of the trunk and he doesn’t have tools to disconnect it. Mom offers her wrench from the toolset in the car. He is in a rush and breaks the tool into two pieces in an instant. He gets a towing hook, and hooks it between our car and his truck and it breaks, too! Then he gets another tow hook and cable from his tow truck. He attaches our car to it, and he dramatically climbs into his cab and pushes levers and buttons and eventually pulls our car onto his tow truck. It made cool, loud clanking sounds as our car, with the studded tires, was dragged up onto the heavy duty metal flatbed. Mom watched closely as they pulled the car all the way up on the bed of the truck. She then came over to me to make sure to put my iPod in my pocket so we don’t lose it in the truck as it’s easy to drop it and I not be able to find it. We climbed several ladder steps to get into the cab of his truck.

We can’t wait to get a ride home. When we got into the truck, it had a very interesting smell, I still don’t know what it was. While we were riding towards home, I got to see our car, almost sad and silent, traveling behind us, yet following us perfectly. It was a cool vision out the back window of the tow truck. The tow truck driver dropped off on the side of the highway and we walked down the hill to our house. After this unexpected and disastrous journey, we are home! It is over, we finally get to be warm again because it was maybe like 25 degrees outside by this time.

What did I learn from this epic adventure? Three things come to mind, first thing is listen to your grandmother that always tells you to put on your warm clothes before going in the cold. That night my flip flops and shorts weren’t cuttin’ it. Secondly remember to bring your cell phone so you don’t have to borrow someone else’s. There’s nothing like feeling stranded. Last but not least, always bring your iPod with a fully charged battery, you never know when a short errand will turn into a nightmare.

1. Powers things such as the clock, radio, air conditioning, heat and everything except the car itself.
2. Powers the clock only.