

Fairy Tale – The White Cadillac

Once upon a time, there lived a beautiful White Cadillac. She fell in love and hitched up with a handsome Yellow Lamborghini. Three year later, the Cadillac was expecting a new model. Mr. Lamborghini told her that he didn't love her anymore. So, she moved back to her parent's garage. Months later, she gave birth to her first new model, a lovely Purple Trans Am.

Some time passed and the Cadillac started seeing a flashy, Cherry Red Ferrari who was very experience with the ladies and had the habit of guzzling up a lot of oil. Soon the Cadillac found herself expecting another new model. The Ferrari offered to marry her, but she turned him down. The time came to present the new model and she created a little Royal Blue Volkswagen Bug. In a couple of months, she was expecting yet another model with the Ferrari.

The Cadillac and Ferrari decided to go to Las Vegas to get hitched. He was under the influence of a great deal of oil at the time. In time they both welcomed the new model, a bouncing Black Mustang to the garage. They moved around numerous times in the first five years of their marriage.

By this time, the little Volkswagen was realizing that she wasn't like the rest of the sporty cars in her garage. They would sometimes even make fun of her. She was shy and unsure of herself. The Volkswagen developed rust spots from being outside too long which made her feel ugly. Her Trans Am sister didn't have rust spots and other cars commented on her beauty.

The Ferrari was always honking at and bumping into the kid models. He drank oil frequently, and it made him even more out of control. The Cadillac and Ferrari were very strict, limiting opportunities for their cars to venture out on their own. As a result, the Volkswagen was fearful of trying new things, because she didn't want to make any mistakes or get into trouble.

The Cadillac wound up expecting a new model once more. Sometime during the end of the assembly period, the Ferrari went into a special shop for cars that have a problem consuming too much oil. He was gone for a whole month. The time came for the new little model of joy to arrive and the family brought a cute Green Camaro back to the garage.

Since the Volkswagen wasn't the oldest like the pretty Trans Am, or the youngest like the cute Camaro, and she didn't require work at the mechanic's garage due to crossed headlights when he was born like the Mustang did, she didn't receive much attention from her parents. The little car seemed unimportant. She asked her mother and sometimes her grandmother about their child and early adulthoods. She was curious why her family turned out the way they did. Everyone made their share of mistakes and had problems in their life and they didn't really feel like discussing the past. She shared her feelings with them, only they didn't understand why she felt the way she did.

The Volkswagen was very sensitive and believed that the Ferrari didn't love her, because of the way she was treated by him. She would sit all along in her stall leaking washer fluid onto her windshield, wishing that she lived at the junkyard. She didn't really want to go there, but she felt that she must have done something really horrible to deserve such negative reaction from her father. She would be better off out of his way. The he wouldn't have to be so upset anymore.

The Volkswagen tried her best and performed well at driving school, hoping that the Ferrari would give her the affection she so much needed from him. Perfectionism became a way of life for the little Bug. She wanted to please other cars and keep the peace. She wanted to be liked by everyone and took it very personal when someone was unhappy with her. The little car became very judgmental and critical of herself and other and had very high expectation.

Finally, when she was almost out of driving school, she met a sweet, Royal Blue Taurus that paid attention to her and followed her around. He took her out for gasoline and shows at the Drive-In. He loved her even when she didn't always treat him kindly. She was like a Porsche to him. The Taurus was the only car the Volkswagen ever ran with.

When the time came for the Volkswagen's parents to fill out the paperwork for her to go to racecar school, the Ferrari didn't submit his information by the deadline. The little bug's dream of being someone important one day was shattered on the pavement. All the hard work she put in at driving school was pointless. It had been a big waste of time, because the Ferrari was so busy with his own job, he couldn't take a few moments to help his family models to pursue a better life. The Volkswagen didn't know what to do now.

A couple of months later, she and the Taurus chose to share their life together and a fancy ceremony was planned. The Volkswagen had to help pay for the nuptials, so she sought a job. She had never been employed before and she came to the conclusion that the only way she would be successful in finding one is if she was positive. It was at that moment that she disconnected the washer fluid lines hooked up to her windshield.

The young cars had their ceremony and began their journey down life's highway. In just a little over a year, they brought home their first new model, a precious Magenta Corvette. At nine months old, she was diagnosed with faulty wiring and needed many tune-ups over time. While the Volkswagen was developing their second model, she quit her job of five years due to not meeting the company's standards. Five months later, the couple had a beautiful Orange Neon.

The Corvette was very strong-willed and didn't want to follow the directions of her parents. The Volkswagen tried to do everything right and even took her to diagnostic mechanics for help. Years later, the Corvette started leaking gasoline and her regular mechanic along with specialty mechanics couldn't find out the cause of the leaks. The Volkswagen was frustrated with the situation and attempted to comfort her Corvette who was not running properly. The parents just had to make her go to driving school even though she didn't feel well.

The Volkswagen very rarely washed her windshield. Remember she disconnected the lines years earlier. She felt if she let the washer fluid flow, she wouldn't be able to stop it and she would be back in her pit of depression. She made every effort to be a loving mother to her young impressionable cars.

Some time passed and the family was on the way home from the Church car group on a Wednesday night. A truck hauling a trailer pulled out in front of them causing a collision. The nine-year-old Corvette was damaged and lost her front bumper. The little car started thinking that everything bad happens to her. She saw the Volkswagen as a cold-hearted, unfeeling mother and thought of her as a bad show model.

While the Corvette received all the attention over the years, the little Neon just stayed quiet and blended in with the background. I'm not sure what is going to become of her. I hope she somehow gets the message that she is cared about and loved just as much as her sister.

To this day, the Volkswagen doesn't feel accepted by her family and believes she can't please anyone no matter how hard she tries. She is aware that the car manufacturer accepts her just the way she is. He created her and knows every part intimately. She is ready for him to reconnect her wires in the correct way so she can function most efficiently through his programming.