

Too hot for L'il Red Rocket

It's hot. Hot, hot, hot.
Yup, hotter than Hades (I'd say 'hotter than hell', but the editor wouldn't let me say that.)
And even though people around me say how they love this weather, I can only figure they like it 'cuz they are lounging by a pool or the beach, cold drink in hand, with a tiny little umbrella protruding from its top.



Ted Brown

For me, I cling to the air-conditioned comfort of the office as much as possible, avoiding those sweltering waves of heat radiating off the pavement, making it impossible to function.
And I'm not alone in my feelings here.
Just this past Monday, someone near and dear to me complained bitterly about the heat—the L'il Red Rocket.
I drove back from Glen Williams and the heat was intense. I turned on the L'il Red Rocket's air conditioning, and the cool air lofted out, drying the perspiration from my brow.
As I drove along, the coolness enveloping me, I relaxed, putting her through the gears.
Suddenly the air from the vents was warm.
"What ARE you doing?" I asked L'il Red Rocket.
(For the record, the L'il Red Rocket and I converse regularly, just like Michael Knight and K.I.T.T. of the TV series *Knight Rider*, except the L'il Red Rocket's tends to purr a bit more like Demi Moore, not William Daniels...)
"I'm tired of this heat," said L'il Red Rocket, "I can't do it any longer. My air conditioning has died."
"Oh, come on, baby," I pleaded, "Just a bit longer—it's too hot out here."
"Sorry Ted, I'm fading," said L'il Red Rocket.
So the a/c died, and I had to endure the rest of the day with wind-blown hair, and a hot seat in the car. That night, I parked the L'il Red Rocket in the garage and pulled her cover over her to keep her paint relatively bird poop free, and turned to my trusty SUV.
My SUV still has no name, only a voice

somewhere akin to a cross between Nick Nolte and Sam Elliott.
"Your a/c working okay SUV?" I asked.
"Yup, I'm good to go man," grunted SUV, "Not like wimpy L'il Red Rocket over there, who gives up 'cuz it's a little too hot— Gawd, those damn sports cars... no guts at all!"
"Don't you talk about me like that," snipped L'il Red Rocket from under her cover, "I'll have you know I'm almost a senior citizen..."
"Whine, whine, whine," said SUV, "Want some oil to go with that whine?"
"Yeah, she's nothing but a wimpy little princess," added the little Ranger farm pickup outside the garage. ("Ranger's voice sounds a bit like Walter Brennan.") "And if she's a senior citizen, then I arrived with the freakin' glaciers!"
"Will you three stop it?" I said, "Geez, keep this up and I'll have to park one or two of you in the driving shed!"
They grumbled, and SUV and I headed to the office. So far, he's been keeping me cool, while the L'il Red Rocket enjoys the cool shade of the garage under her cover and old Ranger grumbles away to himself from outside.
But in spite of the SUV keeping me cool when I'm out and about, I truly think the extreme heat has been having an affect on me.
After all, would a sane person really carry on a conversation with his car, truck and SUV?

(Ted Brown can be reached at tbrown@independentfreepress.com)

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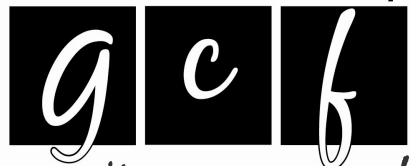
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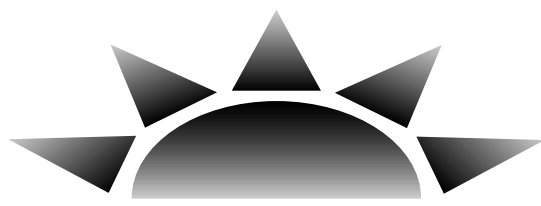
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