

Bumper Stickers

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I pulled up and parked right next to this 1990 Dodge Ram pick-up truck. It took me by surprise when I stepped out of the car to look at it. The paint was immaculate, red with a white stripe across the middle. You could tell this belonged to an old man, as it was in perfect condition and well taken care of. It looked like it had just been washed the shine from the mirrors and the hood ornament of a ram caught my eye. On the back bumper of the truck had a simple phrase on it, "My grandson is in the Air Force." I walked around and opened the door, first I was greeted with the scent of a musty odor, mixed with a black ice air freshener. The red interior was consistent throughout the truck, covering the seats and the dashboard. I was impressed to see there were no rips in the seats at all. In the console was a pin from the Airforce, a bag of tools, and a picture of an old man, and older woman, and three little kids. Pretty typical items to have for this kind of truck. As I looked around the truck, I noticed something hanging from the mirror. A small locket, with the initials SLM. I opened the locket to see what was inside and there was a picture of what looked like a younger version of the older lady in his console. As I shut the locket a wave of sadness came over me. I was surprised by this, and I wondered if this had been his wife. I heard footsteps coming towards me and I quickly shut the door. As I looked up, I saw this little old man hobbling over with the help of a cane. He wore a white t-shirt with blue suspenders holding up his blue jeans. His hair was freshly cut and combed off to the side. I heard him say something, but I couldn't quite make out what he said. I pretended to be getting something out of my car. As I walked by him, he said "She's a beauty, isn't she?" I looked to see if he was talking to someone else. I nodded and said, "They are hard to find in this good of

condition.” What he said back will stick with me for the rest of my life, he walked over and put his hand on the tail gate and said, “It’s about how much effort and work you put into something, and you will always get back what you put into it.” He got into his truck, put the key in the ignition and the engine roared that old familiar diesel roar.