

The Red Ranger

The Red Ranger

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I did this for an English assignment. It is about my grandpa, reflecting my Ford Ranger I got from him.
ENJOY! -Taytortotty.

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My grandpa is my role model. He has been through so much, and is still so strong. He has a lot of character for one face to handle. The Red Ranger was brought into his life in 1993, the same year that I, his first grandchild, was born. I don't remember a lot of memories in the red truck, only the snap-shots my mom took, of me playing with the hose, being tricked to take a sip when no water was coming out and it sprayed me in the face and got all over my shirt and the green grass soaked it up, and there was the Red Ranger. In the summer of '95, when I could walk, I would play in the bed and on the tailgate, eating watermelon and waiting for my grandpa to light some fireworks, and when he did I would either cry or be in awe.

My grandpa is more of a father figure to me than anyone in my life. My dad left when I was three, or four, my grandpa didn't want me or my brother and sister to grow up without a father figure and so he stepped in and helped my mom. I the didn't step in I would probably have turned out to be one of those two-faced-bully-girls, everyone is entitled to their own life styles but that wasn't for me.

As often as my mom would take us to go see him we would either be excited, or scared. My grandpa is a husky man, and tall, to a five year old. He is always in Levi's and flannels, no matter how hot it is outside. He is very tan because he is part Indian. And he always has a hat on and sunglasses around his neck. He liked to gamble. He would always talk about Wendover with my mom, I would be in the kitchen trying not to eavesdrop, but he muted the T.V. when the commercials came on, he said "I don't like to be tempted by those infomercials." When we went to his house, my mom would tell us to go outside, so when we went outside there wasn't that much to do excepted look in the garage at his old cars or play with his dog, I chose the dogs. I would use the stick to throw a tennis ball and then when we would leave we would play a game called "the Claw" and we would grab a handful of fifty-cent coins and with one hand we would try to get as much money as we could, and what we grabbed we got to keep. My sister was the best, she would count her money in the car and she got like twenty bucks, she was like four. The most I got was like seven dollars and fifty cents, I was like seven.

My grandpa later divorced his wife, Sandra, she was a character. She was the Wanna-Be-Grandma. I never called her grandma because, she isn't my real grandma. When they got divorced she made up some crazy story, where she said that my grandpa beat her, I don't know the whole story, but I know that my grandpa didn't beat her. She was doing it for his money. When they went to court, he was found guilty. She got the house, and he got his his cars and his property in Duchene, and his best friend Sasha, his dog. When he got out of jail, he had to build himself a house on his property. We went to help him, along with my aunt and her family and in time he had himself a nice looking house. We go up during the summer, but he doesn't say much anymore, and when we stop talking about the weather, my mom and aunt send me to go babysit, and catch lizards! what a life.

During my freshman year we moved to Ogden. I didn't want to make new friends in Ben Lomond, so I went to Roy High my sophomore and junior year. My brother and sister called me a princess because I got my way. The only reason I went, was because I was getting my license and the Red Ranger, that was half way true, but I didn't get my license until the end of my junior year. I knew we were moving sometime soon, so I didn't tell my "friends" at Roy, so when I finished my junior year I was glad that I was done. When school was over, my family went up to Duchene to go get the Red Ranger, I stayed to babysit my brother, it kind of sucked, that I couldn't get it, but it was alright. The next day I called him, to thank him, but he sounded rushed. After I thanked him, all he said was, "It's yours now, take care of it, Bye!" My mom left it in the parking lot of her work, until we moved.

When we moved in July 2011, after we unpacked all the boxes, we brought home the Red Ranger. It became my best friend, mostly because I didn't know anyone in my neighborhood, and all my Roy friends had forgotten me. So when I wasn't in the mood to be killed by my brothers and sister, I would go out and clean it. It was sick! With the smell of wet dog, and smoke, and dog hair all over the place. But everything

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comes with a price and though mine wasn't cash, it sure was cleaning. I had to vacuum it out, then I had to scrub the inside out with ammonia, let it dry, spray it with Fabreze, more ammonia, vacuum it out again, and then pour a whole box of baking soda, then one more vacuum job. It took a good two weeks, at least. The last challenge I had to overcome was safety and inspections, so I had to change all the lights, fix the breaks, and something else, but it works now! I love Fords, mainly because it's all I have ever had, and because it is American built. And my grandpa is pretty American!

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