



“Zippy the Sleeper”
Short True story by Michael K. Primavera

“Would you like a window seat and early departure?”

Often, things are not what they seem. A good example was “Zippy” my ‘66 VW Beetle. It was a sleeper, well endowed with three times the normal horsepower. One night I went cruising into Baltimore.

I was driving down a dimly lit street. It was very late and all was quiet, when suddenly things livened up. A tall dark man ran out in front of my car. I hit the brakes, barely stopping in front of him. He hopped up, butt-first on the car’s hood and covered my entire windshield with his open coat.

There was another man running towards me from the passenger’s side. I was certain that they wanted more than a ride. So, with only a side view and a straight road our flight was now departing! I floored the gas and dumped the clutch.

Zippy roared and leaped forward like a wild cat! We hit 40mph fast. My rider was still cloaking the windshield. All I could see, was the need to drop him off and so I did. When I slammed on the brakes, he shot out like a human cannonball!

Our eyes met briefly and his face expressed a sore regret. Soon though, he would be sorer still. He skimmed the pavement like a stone skimming across a pond. When he finished bouncing, he was sitting upright and facing me.

He stared into the headlights as if waiting for something to happen, so I obliged him. I hit the high beams and began racing the robust motor. His little adventure ride had apparently taken him further than he wished to go. The whites of his eyes doubled in size and he tore off, probably more scared than hurt.

With the road and my windshield now unobstructed, I drove off feeling very fortunate. Perhaps my rider felt painfully wiser though, for now he knew, “Do not to judge a book by its cover,” or a Beetle named, Zippy.