

The door opens and the rays of light flood through and dazzles me. It has been such a long time since I have seen the sun that I almost forgot how it feels. He walks into my darkness and I long for him to look at me the way he used to, with such love and pride in his eyes. He walks away without even glancing my way, closing the door behind him, plunging me back into my gloomy surroundings.

Again I wonder how we ended up here. He has moved on. He calls her his "new model". I was his first. I remember how excited and frightened he was when we first met. How he trembled slightly as he guided me through the streets that first night. I was a thing of beauty then. He has abandoned me now. Well not quite. He has placed me to one side with sweet promises that he will come back to me and love me once more. It would have been kinder to let me go.

Something in the world has changed. The streets are quieter, the children have stopped playing in the gardens and now only hurried steps rush by. I don't know what is happening but there is something strange in the air. Finally, he comes to me again. He pulls back the doors. I forgot that they could open like that. He circles me with a sad look in his eyes or is it pity or maybe even guilt?

He begins to talk to me, did he always sound so old? His job has gone, for how long he is not sure. He talks of a virus I have never heard of. He tells me how he wants to spend his new found spare time with me, to finally amend all his broken promises to me over the years and to help me return to my former glory. He chuckles to himself, calls himself crazy for talking to an old clapped out heap like me. That insult stings as it is true. But even though I am just a rusty old car I know there is hope.

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I look at her and a thousand memories rush through my mind. The first time I drove. Collecting Mary for our first date and hoping for that kiss at the end of the night. So many trips we took together, we were love's young dream! Then the kids came along and life got so fast. Pity you didn't I say looking at the rusty battered heap in front of me. I catch a glimpse of my reflection and think I haven't aged much better myself. When did all this happen? I feel lost and don't know what to do. Here, I am with all the time in the world, no job to go to, talking to a car! I never wanted to be like my dad working til I was 80, living for the job then after he retires wishes he had of done it sooner. But I would have liked the choice. The business is closed, when or if we can open again I don't know. All those years of hard work! When times were tough we worked harder and made it through.

Now I'm told to sit at home. I don't know what the future holds. I've been thinking of the past a lot these last few weeks, they are the only things that seem real. That's what has me out here working on long ago broken promises, that and Mary was fit to kill me if I didn't do something. She has always said me spending time out working was the secret to our marriage. Poor Mary, working twelve hour shifts cleaning that hospital. Last year she was a nobody to them, now she is a hero. She has always been my hero. Maybe if I get this engine going I can take her back to all those places we once loved. Her long hair blowing in the

breeze as we drive, as it did long ago. At least she still has hair. That'll put a smile back on her face. I pull up the hood, look at the engine and sigh as I realise what I've got myself into. I hope this virus over long before it takes me to finish.