

When I first told my family about wanting to save the environment, they didn't believe me. However, they said they supported me and then drove off with coffee in Styrofoam cups in their large SUV.

Depressed one night after my botany class at Riverview College I found a large carrot duct taped to the hood of my car. I was confused and afraid of who would do such a sadistic thing to my vintage seventy-nine Ford Pinto. Sure it was beat up, but it still had a decent AM radio and deserved respect. I removed the carrot and ended up pulling off some of the car's yellow paint. Damn! Now I was upset. I just went over that part with a yellow marker a few days ago. I'd find out whoever it was that dared to deface my car. It was an insult to me and Pinto owners everywhere or at least those of us in the tri-state area. I'd deal with it later though because I had to get home and practice for my kazoo lesson in the morning.

The next day I parked in a completely different spot at least a space over to thwart any more attacks. My brilliant plan unraveled when I found a large squash secured to the hood of my car. Oh, the humanity! Unbelievably, the same episode repeated itself in the subsequent days. I found a cucumber, zucchini, and today there was a cabbage. I ripped the cabbage off my car and eyed the parking lot for evidence of the saboteur. I noticed other cars with various vegetables also taped to their hoods. What was going on? My pulse was racing. Within seconds I spotted a woman who appeared to be the same age as me wearing a tan cap and a blue jogging suit. She was about fifty feet away walking in the opposite direction and carrying a brown grocery bag.

"Is this yours?" I said to her and waved the cabbage in the air. The woman looked back at me for a second, but kept going.

Time was short, but I thought up a plan. Next, I wrote the plan on a piece of paper with a pencil. Still not happy, I used a much better piece of paper and crayons to draw diagrams. When I was confident with my last revision I raced after the woman who had progressed only two hundred additional feet.

“Why did you tape this to my car?” I yelled.

The woman looked back with a grin and continued on ducking between the cars. She tried to lose me as she held onto her brown grocery bag which was tucked under her right arm. As angry as I was with her I couldn't help but be impressed with her agility. I had to know why she was doing these things to my car.

I got within fifty feet of her, but had to stop to bend over and catch my breath. Now I regretted those three packs of smokes a day. I hacked up some phlegm. The next thing I knew she scaled a six inch brick wall and scurried through a grassy field. I was worried about the height of the wall, so I used all my strength and with a rare burst of speed and power launched all one hundred pounds of my six foot frame over the wall. It wasn't pretty, but good to know I still had my athletic prowess from high school. Ahead about a hundred feet I saw the woman trapped in a fenced area. Our dangerous cat and mouse game had come to an end. I approached her very slowly until I was about twenty feet from her. She had an eerie innocence about her.

I held up the cabbage and said, “Did you tape this to my car?”

She nodded and said, “Please forgive me. My love for the environment has brought me to this.”

“The environment?”

“Yes. Someone told me cars can run on vegetables and how it would be good for the environment. I only want to help.”

I was ecstatic and had also heard about cars using vegetables or vegetable oil for fuel. I was so touched by our similar dreams I just smiled. I admired her and wanted to support her goals so I duct taped dozens of vegetables to my Ford Pinto. And that’s how I ended up saving the environment.