

My first car gave me a wealth of experiences

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In the life of each American, one of the important points that symbol coming of age is the purchase of the first vehicle. This car becomes the starting points of one's adulthood, giving one the freedom to move around, pick up friends, and expanding the boundaries of one's environment. My first car gave me a wealth of experiences, most of them connected with pleasant memories. It was a used Fleetwood Cadillac. Although not the most luxurious car one can dream of because of its age, it was a faithful and nice-looking companion that took me to a lot of interesting places.

The car was of 1992 make, the last year when Cadillac produced Generation IV Fleetwoods. It was a four-door sedan with an FF C-body platform. My model had a 4.5 L HT-4500 V8 engine, not bad for the time and indicating that it was a luxury car. At the time when it was produced, it was a bargain compared to other luxury cars, especially those of the European make. Today, however, it does not seem as good as other models that are newer and more advanced from the technological point of view.

When I got it, however, it was about six years old and still could run for a few more years. I had relatively little problem with repairs, except one time when I ran into an accident through my own folly. Faithful, as I said before, meant to me that I could safely use it for a long time without going too much to the shop, something that frustrates me as it takes up a lot of time.

The look was good, too, and the interior felt comfortable. The car was spacious, and this is what I prefer about automobiles that I drive. A car can be elegant and stylish, but if it is too small and friends are crowded when a bunch of four gets inside, it is too small for my tastes. My Fleetwood Cadillac

could pick up a crowd of four or even five friends and roar us off to a party or wherever we wanted to go, and everybody was comfortable and enjoying the ride.

The inside had been renovated just before I bought it, so I did not have to worry about it. It was done in hushed up, beige and white colors, reassuring without being provocative. The gamut also gave the car a feeling of style and elegance and even underscored its luxury format.

This car was with me for three years. It took me to dates, to parties, to school, and later to college. I liked it partly because people liked it – they liked to see me drive by in a good-looking, long vehicle with slightly tinted windows and a shapely form. In a year, I had my Cadillac painted beige, the color that increased the look of elegance. It still looked and felt relatively new, which was why I was reluctant to change it.

Being with one car for several years somehow gave me a sense of stability at a time when my life was experiencing sharp swings that are so naturally associated with young age. In a drastic change of environments as I switched from school to college, the car remained with me as a manifestation of my commitment to an old friend. It also saw me through a series of rapid changes in my love life and a string of meetings and partings. Every day, I felt safe knowing that I would open the garage doors and slip into my old friend, starting off to the challenges of this day.

A year later, my parents decided to make me a present for my birthday, choosing a newer Toyota model for me. I was excited about their decision as

I felt that sooner or later I would have to replace my Cadillac, but at the same time the feeling of departure from my long-time companion saddened me quite a bit. I was able to sell it at a good price, but somehow I still miss its feeling of space and comfort that engulfed me the moment I got inside. To me, this car came to mean my high school and student youth, and I can still see it in the pictures we took at that time. A faithful friend and a good comrade, it was with me in an important period of my life, taking me places and broadening the scope of my experience.