Jacob’s Old Gas Station was a place of quiet and tranquility. The petrol filling stations, once bright green and low dark white, were now dented and rusted from years of use. The roofs that once block the shade still served it’s perpouse, except now without their former human creators. You could barely make the the words “Jacob’s Old Gas Station” On the dirty wooden sign that is now neglected by the occasional lost and wandering driver. The store used to radiate a strong sense and atmosphere of life and activity but now, it stands for emptiness and ruins.

As, Joe, a retired Lamborgini, woke up to the signals of BYD’s playing digital chess. His paint was scraped and all that was left of his former glory was the logo on his roof and his shiny bullbar. His metal had been exposed to the open elements for so long that if you gave the faint paint a wipe, you could see the rusty, brown metal of his skin. When his engine was open, he saw

Madza’s and Toyota’s splutted smoke as they droove off for work. All of these cars had come here, a sanctuary for cars. However, not all of their residents were dedicated to preserving this haven.

“Hey, Gramps!” said Soks, a new and young Tesla. Also he was Joe’s child.

“Son, how many times do I have to tell you to stop calling me that?” replied Joe

“A lot more,” retorted the Tesla, “ but how many time do I have to tell you to to get an electric charging station? Unleaded 210 is horrifying!’

Steam poured out of the Lamborgini’s eyes. He was annoyed that his humourous was once again pleading for his much beloved electricity. Why did young automobile’s have so much wishes? Did he not know the cost of electricity? Meanwhile, some Ford children giggled in laughter one of them started whispering gossip. Some Kia’s were in the meditation room refilling their tanks while the Holden’s waited outside patiently. Birds sang and chirped and the lizards croaked but the two cars stood on the highway, giving death stares to each other.

“Look, Son please get out of my face and stop complaining to me!” said Joe.

“Nuh-uh”

“If you don’t, I will charge”

“Give it your best”

Joe set his engine to 30km\h and drove head fast towards Soks. However, he in return charged a 40km\h. Their engines roared as most of the cars were disrupted from their peaceful tasks. Some started cheering. Some started panicking.

 As every car braced for impact, Mellisa, a wise BMW and president of the gas station, shouted, “Stop! Who’s making all of this racket?”

The two cars slammed on their brakes. Everyone, pointed to them.

“Ah, you two again.” she observed, “Come to my office. We’ll settle this over a civilised cup of Unleaded 210”

Unable to protest, the two cars reluctantly trundeled towards the little wooden shack of Mellisa. However, Joe gave out a slight grin. He’d won this round.