

Mom and Liz got a new car. It is a van and it runs on gas. The old car did not fit all of them. The new van can fit six. The old car was not bad, but the van is better. It does not get hot in the sun, and it hums when it runs. They got it at a lot.

Mom and Liz drove the old car to the lot. When they got there Mom said, "We would like to look at new cars."

The man showed them around the car lot.

"What kind of car are you looking for?" asked the man.

"A car that runs," said Mom.

Mom and Liz drove in many new cars and vans. They bought a van with four doors. It didn't make strange sounds. The brakes were quiet. Cold air came out when Mom pushed the cold air button. Hot air came out when Mom pushed the hot air button. The van was black like a new tar road.

On the way home Liz was very quiet.

"Aren't you happy about our new van?" asked Mom.

Liz said, "It's a good van, Mom. I just miss our old car. I miss the smell of old shoes in the backseat. I miss the squeaky brakes and the way the cracked window wipers used to smack."

"Don't worry," said Mom. "In a couple of years, this van will be just like our old car."