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RAINBOW MAGAZINE

A CAR LIFESTYLE MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG AND AFFLUENT



THIS WEEK'S ISSUE:
ASK CHESTER: HOW DO YOU
DISABILITY RETROFIT A VAN?

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By: Gabriel [REDACTED]

LETTERS



Dear Rainbow Magazine,
I love reading
your magazine each month. My family owns a
Volkswagen Beetle and we like to play slug bug on
family road trips. Every time, I would be the one to
spot out the most Bugs on every trip.

But when I read your poem "The Disappearing
Beetle" I was devastated. If the poem you're
making is actually true, will the Bugs vanish from
the road forever?

The Volkswagen
Bugs have always been my favorite car. So if they
disappear, then maybe I can't
play the slug bug game anymore. Moreover, I will
not have a dream car to
purchase! My life will be ruined if the Bugs
disappear! Is your poem true or
not?

Your Bug loving
friend,
Billy H.

Bug loving Billy,

I got your letter talking about our poem "The
Disappearing Beetle." I want to say to you that the
poem is partially true. Now, I know it's hard saying
that it's partially true.

But don't worry, I will have the reasons in the
next paragraph.

Now why the answer is half true is because
the nature of Volkswagen is to bring back their
classic and famous vehicles. For example, in 2020
they are bringing back their bus, like the green bus
from Disney-Pixar's "Cars," because it's just the
tradition.

The other half is true. Beetle sales have been
declining this year. The Beetle is a famous car
and still ever more popular. It was used by the
Nazis in World War II and soon enough it became
a people car. I know that car means a lot to you
and it does to a lot of people. Who knows? Maybe
one day Volkswagen will bring back its iconic
automobile. And you, my friend might have your
dream car back in the lot.

Best Wishes,
Quincy T. (Editor of "Rainbow Magazine")

ASK CHESTER



Today on Ask Chester, how can I get make my minivan more accessible?

Dear Chester,

I have a child in a wheelchair who can't walk or get in the car and he has very limited abilities. Me and my wife were thinking about ways to make our minivan more accessible for my child. How can I make my van more wheelchair accessible?

Sincerely,

Billy Bob Joe

Dear Billy,

According to Amsvans.com it states that the making, model year, and mileage are important factors of determining whether or not your minivan is eligible to be converted into a wheelchair accessible van. Thinking about buying a new one, BraunAbility and the Science Channel says that they have to almost completely remove all the parts of the van. Then, they have to put in a steel subflooring. After that, they put in a sound-absorbent floor under the flooring. Next, they have to relocate the third-row seats and place in the removable front row seats. Then, they have to put in the wheelchair accessible ramp. And finally, they have to test drive and inspect it. There are many different ways you can make your minivan more accessible. You just have to choose the method that works best.

Chester

POETRY: HAIKU

THE CAR & THE DEER
FIREWORKS EXPLODE
THE DEER RUNS ACROSS THE ROAD
OUR CAR COLLIDES. BANG!

POETRY: SENRYU

SUBARU PUPPIES
SUBARU PUPPIES
DRIVING TO A DOG CAR WASH
DOGS WASH THE CAR DOWN

POETRY: LIMERICK

GORD & FORD
THERE WAS A FINE LAD NAMED GORD
WHO OWNED A VERY FINE FORD
THEY TRAVELED THE LAND
TILL THEY BECAME GRAND
AND STRUCK UP A VERY FINE CHORD

INTERVIEW

RACING FOR FUN



Today, I am interviewing my grandpa Chris Carter, who is going to tell us what it is like being him. And why he used to like fast. But nowadays, grandpa likes enjoying the drive. Take it away, Grandpa!

Chris Carter's most favorite ride was his motorcycle. It could do a quarter mile at about 110 mph. "Scary fast for 1972, YEA HAW!!" he says. The motorcycle was a 1972 Kawasaki 500. He liked going super fast on it.

Chris liked going fast, but that all changed one day. He and his wife (my grandmother) had their first daughter born on June 9, 1974. My Aunt Marina (their baby) was about six weeks old. When Chris was out taking a drive in Idaho on his Kawasaki, a car

ran a stop sign and smooshed him flat on the ground. He was in the hospital for a couple hours after that. He sold it and has never been riding since then.

"Got my first ride in the meat wagon, aka, ambulance and VIP visit and personalized tour of the ER. After the nurse stabbed me in each arm with whatever elixir was in those needles, the pain went away and everything quit hurting for a while! Nothing but a really nasty case of road rash!" he says.

Chris used to be a tool and die maker at Boeing. (Cool, right?)

What is a tool & die maker you ask? A Tool & Die maker is a person who builds equipment that built something, in this case airplane parts. He used to work with metal at Boeing, but now he does woodwork at home.

In his youth, Chris Carter's second favorite car was his 1967 Chevrolet Impala. "It had a lot of horsepower and a lot of giddy up and go!" he says. It went very fast for him.

But his friend Warren's car, a Plymouth Roadrunner went faster because Warren didn't have to shift!

They liked to race each other. Chris versus Warren, and Chevy versus Plymouth. Who would win, Chris or Warren? Warren won often against Chris because he had an automatic transmission!



ut every now and then (as you probably might know) Chris would win against his friend. Nowadays, Chris Carter spends time enjoying the road and sightseeing. He doesn't ever feel the need to go fast anymore. Why? Because he has a family with two daughters and a wife. The second daughter (my mom) was born on October 24, 1977. And he started getting family cars. For instance they had a very low quality truck which my mom called Satanmobile.

He has made a new engine for my mom's first car a 1969 VW Beetle (still running). And Chris used to work on the Volkswagens. But now, he rarely works on my mom's 1972 pink striped and white racing Karmann Ghia, which is covered up in a blue sheet.

Why is it covered up in a blue sheet you ask? One night, a person came, took the Karmann Ghia's wires, and messed them up. And then, they took it for a crash test joyride. The next morning, Chris was furious. The car was all bent up, and not in the shape to drive.

He filed a police report on the car. They had insurance on the car, but not enough to cover that bad of a damage. So, Chris had to fix it himself.

He said that the Karmann Ghia would be up and running one day. He doesn't know when the date will be when the Karmann Ghia will be back on the road. But one day, it will be beating the Plymouth Roadrunner and be victorious.

THE END

Above

One day Chris will beat that Plymouth Roadrunner in a race.

Chris Carter spends time enjoying the road and sightseeing. He doesn't ever feel the need to go fast anymore.



CALI AND THE BIG MOVE

By Gabriel M. [REDACTED]

FICTION

Introduction

I love my owners.

They are the best owners ever. They play with me, feed me, scratch me, and let me play with Lucky the 4-month old black Labrador puppy. Not everything is how it seems when you're in my world. Why? This example shows what you are thinking.

One fine summer afternoon as I was taking my nap on my comfy bed, a loud "THUMP!" came next to my bed. I jolted upright, surprised at what I saw, a gigantic, brown box! Then, more boxes came down on me. Each one marked with a Sharpie that said bed, bath, living room. I took a closer look on the front of the box, in black letters and green stripes the box said, "Nyle Moving Incorporated."

My humans started putting laundry, kid toys, and my toys into boxes.

"Hey, what in the wide wide world of sports do you think you're doing with my toys?" I mewed.

“Boxes were surrounding me and I was stuck in blind brown boxes. I had to get out of the crate, now!”

Gavin, the on y chi d in the house ooked down at me and said, “Oh, there you are Ca i, et me pick you up. Then Gavin carried me to my carrier. “Where are we going I mewed. e gent y picked up my carrier, and took me outside, and oaded me into the CAR (ominious music.)

Carson City, Nevada

You don t mind if we skip, three days do you. Oh, that s a re ief we , et s just get on with the story.

Boxes were surrounding me and I was stuck in b ind brown boxes. I had to get out of the crate, now! “Bump, bump, bump. The road was getting bumpy and I was bare y ta enough to see how much c oser we were getting to Austin. I thought for a ong time whi e Lucky was busy icking my cage. The bars were copious in dog germs and I needed to think. Then it came to me. If I wanted to escape then I shou d thump

around in the back to escape. Lifting 34 pounds I did a huge “THUMP!” My owners turned around “Cali!” They said. “What are you doing?” They looked at me with flabbergasted faces. “Pshhhh” I heard something to. We got a flat tire.

Carson City, Nevada 5 days later

We finally got the car back and I was stuck in my cage, again. The boxes were like an empire around me. Then, I saw it. The golden keys of the car, I was saved. They were hanging right up top on a wall on the coordinates (-5, 3). I had to get up there. I looked down and saw that puppy beef jerky was in my cage. I turned around with two loud “THUMP s” in my cage. All I needed to do was lure Lucky to the treats, he would get me out, I would scale the boxes and get the keys. The beef jerky caught his attention. “Here, boy” I mewed dangling one beef jerky at me. He came forward and happily grabbed the turkey and with his index paw s claw he set me loose. “Good boy” I mewed softly.

After I was set free, I began pacing the back, hoping for a miracle. I grabbed onto one box with one paw and held on. Then, I held the other paw onto the box, but it slipped off. I was hanging by a thread as my claws started to slip off of the box. I tried to pull myself up but it didn t work. I was almost off the box. I couldn t help it, my fingers gave up and worse than that I was dead, Jim. I fell down with a huge “THUMP!” That made the upper box tumble and made stuffed toy animals fall on me.

Carson City, Nevada

“Oomph, Oomph” My muffled voice came out as I was digging through the animals. However, as I tried to push myself out of the animals, I kept on falling to the ground. Now my paramount thought was to get out of the animals and grab those keys. (William Tell Overture plays)

Attempt one: tried to meow my way out of the animals, but no one could hear me.

Attempt two: tried to reach for Lucky s favorite beef jerky treats. Nonetheless, there were too much animals in the pile to even get my hand out to grab the treats.

Attempt three: sharpened my claws on the stuffed animals, a whole bunch of animal stuffing fell on me.





Attempt four: tried to use a needle to poke my way through the stuffing. I hit one or two animals. And more stuffing came piling down on me.

(Conductor puts his hands down, everybody applauds) After attempt four, I lie down on the floor in despair of all the darkness. "Cali, what were you thinking." I told myself. "You can't get out of the car no matter how hard you try, you are going with your owners to Austin." It was at that point that I decided I was never going to get out of the wrath of the car. I would just have to deal with it.

Austin, Texas three days later

I have made it to Texas. Our new home was grey and built with bricks and had the number 2602 on the side of the door. It contained 3 floors, 6 2:1 bath 3 living, 7 bed, a swimming pool, and a elevator. Fancy place for three people. I think I might like it here.

Austin, Texas two days later

I saw my carrier being put out today and having mommy pick me up. "C'mon Cali" she said "Time for your vet appointment." I thought "Vet, better hide I am in danger." But no matter how hard I tried I couldn't get out of seeing the VET (ominous music, black screen.)

The End



WLD
ENCOUNTERS: Deer
are ove yunti they
meet your car

THE CAR +THE DEER=OH DEAR

by Gabrie [REDACTED]

July 4, 2019 approx. 10:05 p.m.

It had been a long day. Almost fifteen hours of just sitting in the car coming back from Pacific, Washington (well except for eating and taking pit stops) My mom had a doctor's appointment tomorrow and we left just this morning. Our vacation was cut short.

We were driving into Utah Life elevated my state where I lived. I looked out my brother's window to see the Snowville 4th of July fireworks. The artificial fires shooting up from the air was spectacular! Many colors shooting up into the sky and producing a loud "Boom!" sound. Just then, my mom cried "Deer, Deer!"

We didn't have time to stop because there was a white pickup truck behind us. I glanced through the driver's window just as the deer was hitting us.

We drove over the deer with a "THUD!" and then we pulled over.

Our car was damaged, a lot. The deer hit the passenger's side with a crunch on the front. Although I didn't know what happened next, I knew it was almost totaled.

A real-life story of an
animal encounter over
Fourth of July
Weekend

**"Just then, my
mom cried,
'Deer! Deer!'"**



Driving Dogs

WHO KNEW DOGS
COULD DRIVE?

By Gabriel [REDACTED]
Humor piece

It was a snowy winter's day. We drove to school and our dog, Bear, came along for the ride. We got out of the car and met my aide. Then my aide took my viola da gamba and put it with Mrs. Chambers, grabbed my iPad and computer while we headed to Spanish.

What I didn't realize is that Bear had jumped up into the front seat and somehow found my mom's key's to the Chrysler. Bear put it in the keyhole, and then drove away. We headed to Spanish just in time to see Bear start the car. The van let out a VROOM, and we saw Bear's tail wagging as he tore out of the parking lot. Bear threw his leash out the window of the van, leaving it in the parking space.

Mom discovered it and was appalled by the sight. My mom called my dad to pick her up at the school.

"The dog could be my own chauffeur" mommy said. "Like he could buy me a '87 Pontiac and drive me anywhere"

"How do you know that?" I asked, incredulous.

"Because the dog threw his leash out the shotgun's window" said mom.

"I saw the dog drive away when my aide was driving me to Maestro's class," I said, "I could swear it was a dream."

"Well, it wasn't, I was jovial when Bear drove away with the car." Mom said, "The dog can drive!"



"Wake up, Gabriel" I said to myself, "Dogs don't drive."

Then, I said to my mom "I was incredulous."

Meanwhile, Bear was enjoying his joyride wherever he was, probably out in Arizona. He probably put on his sunglasses, turned on the radio and danced. How do I know that he did this? A story appeared on the back of a speeding ticket from St. George, UT that we got in our junk mail, saying the words "Please look on the back of this ticket."

"Maybe Bear has another car or a driver's license for dogs" I thought.

"Well you want to go to the DMV and see if Bear has his own driver's license?" Daddy sighed.

"Sure" Mom said. "We thought Bella was potent at being mischievous but now it is Bear."

The next day, we went to the DMV. "Maybe they will have a sloth there!" I said excited that I was going to finally figure out the truth to where the van was and where Bear was. "Now serving #2238 at counter 3" That was our ticket. We headed to counter 3.

"Alright" The lady at the desk said "So you're checking to see if your dog has a driver's license?"

"Yes" My dad said "His name is Bear"

The clerk searched the computer. "I see multiple Bear's" she said. "What does your dog look like?"

"He is mostly black with blotches of brown" My mom said.

The clerk looked carefully in the computer. "Aha! I found your dog, and yes he does have a driver's license."

"Okay, guys" Mommy said. "Do we all agree that Bear can drive Goldie from now on?"

So, We all nodded in agreement. That night when Bear came home, we were exuberant but the van needed to go into the shop. He almost got Chryse totaled. Our car was in bad shape. The front was crunched almost to smithirenes. He achieved this by running over a very obtuse and overweight deer. The back had a line through it and the middle was off. This happened because a livid bull probably wanted something to hit.

Who knew that dogs could drive?

Above

Dogs will soon become our chauffeurs, just like Bear.

Meanwhile, Bear was enjoying his joyride wherever he was, probably out in Arizona. He probably put on his sunglasses, turned on the radio and danced. How do I know that he did this? A story appeared on the back of a speeding ticket from St. George, UT that we got in our junk mail.