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English 3

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10/3/19

My 14-15 Year Old Life

When I saw my brother buy his truck in 2013, I know I could not wait until I could buy mine. I had been saving all of the money that I had been paid when I worked on the farm since I was little. I got paid by the hour to work on the farm. I helped cut, rake and bale hay. I also helped plant the crops and bush hog. My favorite time was when the crops were ready for harvesting and I would sometimes get to drive the combine. My Nan and Papa would pay me every week or once a month for the hours I worked on the farm and I would give that money to my mom to put in my savings account at the bank. I had saved enough for a nice size down payment for a truck.

In 2016, when I was 14 years old, I knew I had to start looking for a truck to drive for when I turned 16. My brother bought a Dodge Cummins and I knew I wanted a Chevy Duramax. Everywhere I went with my family we would stop and look in car dealerships to see what they had. We were hoping to find a good deal on one like my brother, Tanner, did but we were not having any luck. All of the trucks that we found were very expensive especially since I was looking for one that was already lifted. Knowing that trucks were so expensive, I know I was going to have to make more money.

My brother cut and split wood to make money for his truck so I decided to do the same thing. Every day after school, I would go to the barn and split wood. The original splitter that we had only cut 2 piece at a time and it would take a long time to split a rick of wood. After much thought, I came up with a design that would cut 4 pieces at a time. I got my dad to help me weld the design together and then I started cutting my time in half by cutting 4 pieces at a time instead of just 2. I would advertise on Facebook and Instagram that I was selling wood. This is how I got most of my customers and sold the

wood. I would sell the ricks of wood at a base price and if they wanted it delivered, I would charge them a delivery fee. Once day, my dad was talking to a guy who lived in Nolensville and he sold firewood at his business. He started buying his firewood from me and he bought it by the dump truck load. I could fit 10 to 11 ricks of wood in each dump truck load. Which means, every time I delivered wood to him I was making \$600 to \$700. The whole time I am cutting and selling wood, I am continuing to look for the truck that I want. I would find one that I liked, but by the time I had a chance to look at it to see if I wanted to buy it, it would sell.

Finally, I found the perfect truck at a used car dealership in Murfreesboro. It was at a place called Jim Kirby Automotive and it was a 2009 Chevy Duramax. It was already lifted as well. My dad and I went to talk to the owner and to look at the truck. After my dad took it for a test drive, I knew this was the perfect truck for me. It was black, lifted and a Chevy Duramax. It was still more than what I had saved so my parents and I talked it over and came up with a plan that I would put down all the money that I had for a down payment and they would finance the rest. Even though my parents financed it, I would still have to make the payments every month. So I bought my truck. I continued to work on the farm and sell wood to make the money for the payments every month. My mom told me if I put extra money down each month that it would cut down the principle and I would pay less money in the end because I would not have to pay so much interest. After a year of making payments, I had finally earned enough money to pay off the entire note. Finally the truck was mine!

I decided before I turned 16 and could drive it that I wanted to put smoke stacks in the back. However, I didn't want the traditional stacks that you see. I called a friend of my dad's and he custom built me the stacks that look different from everyone else. We had them dipped in chrome and mounted them in the back of the truck. This truck is the same one I drive today!