



BOASTFUL

My Favorites: My First Car -1972 Chevrolet Chevelle

My favorite car is a 1972 Chevrolet Chevelle. This is also my first official car because I purchased it with my own money. I bought it from one of my mom's friends; Mr. Amos, for about \$1,500 in the year 2000 when I was a junior in high school. The car was beautiful and I fell in love with it when I laid eyes on it. I admit, it was my first choice in selection of cars I was seeking to buy, but I was glad I bought it. Initially, my ideal car was a 1988 Chevrolet Caprice Classic. I called my Chevelle, Chevelle and she was always good to me. Everyone knew Chevelle as the "Grim Reaper" because her windows were double limo tinted at 35% and because she hadn't been painted yet. She was the color of gray primer because the previous owner wanted the new owner to pick the color for her, I guess. Chevelle's interior was peanut butter and black. The radio was original and there was only one speaker in the whole car; in the middle of the front dashboard. The front door windows had two window knobs each to open the windows. One was to roll down the main window and the other to open the triangle shaped window. The engine was painted orange for some reason but I liked it.

I did a lot of things to improve Chevelle's appearance and performance. I changed the exhaust system from one pipe to two pipes to simulate a dual exhaust system and added a Silver Bullet Glass pack to make it louder. I switched the shocks and springs to heavy duty shocks & springs, which made the Chevy seem like it was sitting on 24 inch rims. I added brand new all around brakes, lines, pads, shoes and drums. I added brand new seasonal tires. I switched from Points system to a rotor and distribution cap system. I put in a new starter, alternator, carburetor, and gaskets. I also put in new spark plugs, fuel pump, thermostat, wires, battery, and tuned it up really nice. Some how Chevelle was a gas-guzzler and cost me a lot of money. However, I did show her off a lot and drove her around all day long. Every time I wanted something fixed or improved on Chevelle I went to my Mom and she would use her credit card to help me out and eventually I would have to pay mom back. (Thanks Mom!) After about a year or so, the transmission was going out and I could only drive in reverse. I let her sit on the street until I could get enough money for the transmission transplant, but by then it was too late. I got arrested, locked up, and sentenced to 3 years incarceration. Instead of leaving Chevelle in the care of my reliable mother, I left the car to my younger brother and his family. That would be the last time I saw Chevelle. I don't know what exactly happened to Chevelle, but I miss her. However, she will never be forgotten. She is my favorite.

What is your favorite car? Leave me a comment and blog me the 411 on your favorite car.

REAL TALK

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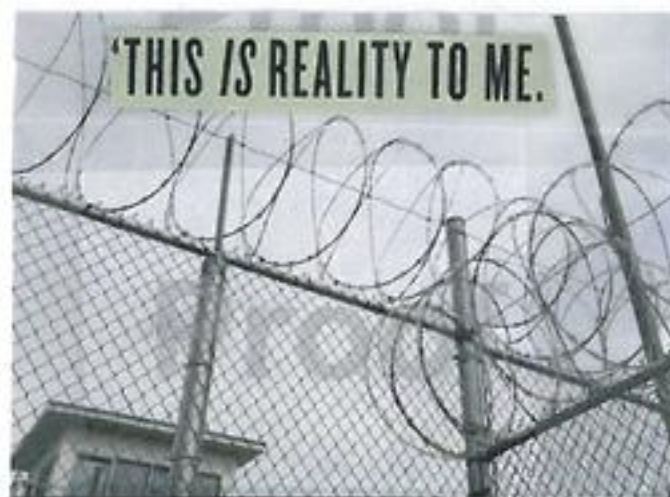
Sometimes prison walls encircle human compassion.

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