Hey Car!

You’re not mine yet, but you will be one day. My dad has kept you in the garage for so long. You were his first but he never seemed to be able to let you go. You were just a car back then but now you are vintage and beautiful. I hope that I can age like you. Everyone wants you, including me. Your red finish has smeared but I can fix that. I can fix all the broken parts of you. That’s why you’ll be mine when I get married. I’ve worked on you since I was 16 years old and we’ve grown up together. But now comes the hard part, to find a girl who would marry me. Heck, they won’t even say yes to a date, typically. For some reason, they don’t see the rust and dirt under my fingernails quite the same as you do. I don’t know how, but I will one day have you in my own garage. Tonight I have a date with a girl, she’s not a model, but you are and you are worth it. So I hope you aren’t too hurt when I don’t come see you tonight. I have to wash up now, but I wanted to let you know that this is for you. We’ll all be happier when I’m not so single anymore. I can see myself taking this girl for a ride down the highway in you and we travel to the beach where you can see it for the first time. Maybe the girl isn’t as bad as I thought, she texted that she wants to come see you tonight. Let’s just be patient and see what happens. Remember when we came on too strong the last couple times? Let’s try not to be creepy this time.

See you later,

Guy Tryle

P.S Try to look your best.