

My first car descriptive essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

English 093 My First Car I finally saved up enough money to buy myself a car, so I set out to track it down. My journey started out on a spring day, when the trees started to grow leaves shading the sun over my house. First, I drove to the store to get a newspaper, for I had already spotted a potential lead a few weeks back. As I searched through the classified section, I had my fingers crossed. I immediately spotted it. Because I had saved a pile of cash through the winter, I could afford it. I viciously dialed the number; then, there was an answer and the man invited me right over. I was surprised.

Not long after I spoke with the man, I arrived at what appeared to be a repair shop; then, the man rolled up the huge bay door. There in all its glory rested a 1995 Honda Civic Del Sol. The car had just received a brand new florescent blue specialized protective flexible coating. On either side of the car, I could not find an imperfection. As I walked around the finely crafted automobile, I noticed the metallic ghost flames protruding through the flawless bodywork. An authentic wings west body kit wrapped its shell; this made the tiny car seem monstrous. A custom carbon fiber hood lay between the two carefully positioned Z3 fenders.

All four seventeen inch ADR wheels had been polished to perfection. After that, I opened the driver door to find an immaculate interior. Each piece of this machine had been handpicked, from the Momo Steering wheel to the Tenzo quick shifter in the center. Once I eased into the bright red Sparco seat, I noticed the eight-inch custom molded pioneer TV. I snatched the hood release, and hopped out of the car. I casually walked to the front of the compact sports car, meanwhile my heart started to pound as if it were

planning to pop out of my chest with anticipation of what lay beneath the feather like hood.

I found a JDM D15B shinning, as if it just came out of the crate. Although this was slightly disappointing, considering the artisanship that went into the rest of the car, the T3/T4 Garret turbo would make up for the single cam engines lack of torque. At that point, there remained nothing to do except put the car on the road. I could not leave without this tiny monster. From when I first laid eyes on the car, my heart began to melt. I defiantly would be happy with this car for a long time. The JDM powered sports car would soon be mine. I finally earned the opportunity to buy a car.