

Time Off

My owner, a wealthy respectable businessman with impeccable taste in clothes and cars had left me, a fiery red 2018 Corvette convertible, alone for the afternoon and I was excited. He had driven me here, there and everywhere for the last two weeks and I was ready to have some free time all to myself. You know the feeling; decisions, decisions, where to go, what to do? It was a bright blue beautiful day and I finally decided to frequent one of my favorite places, the parking lot at Okeeheelee Park. As I raced, being careful to obey the 35 mile per hour speed limit, my anticipation, and my excitement grew. Rose, my girlfriend, a brilliant turquoise BMW M4 convertible with sleek lines and tremendous power, awaited me. She looked beyond gorgeous.

After some much needed catching up, we tried to proceed to hook up. That's when I suddenly noticed out of my rear-view mirror something that distracted me. Darn foiled from having fun. As I looked closer, I saw two men in their early to mid-thirties sitting in the front seat of a 2012 or 2013 Mustang convertible with arms flailing screaming at each other. Their voices were so deafening that Rose jumped. She was scared and so was I. I beeped my horn loudly hoping they'd stop yelling so Rose and I would be able to continue our afternoon of fun. My attempt to defuse the situation resulted in utter failure. The men's voices became more agitated, more accusatory. Suddenly, without warning one of the men pulled out a weapon, a silver-plated handgun, and fired three ear-piercing well-aimed shots into the body of the other man. The victim collapsed, blood flowed from the gaping holes as Rose and I gasped in disbelief. The gunman pushed the bullet riddled body out of the car onto concrete, rolled down the convertible top, floored the gas pedal and sped off. I immediately pushed the emergency button, explained to the police dispatched what had occurred and began chasing the Mustang leaving Rose behind. I was afraid she'd ruin her exquisite body in the pursuit. Not realizing the danger, I was in and strictly acting on impulse I broke every traffic law following this cold-blooded murderer. The Mustang was doing 90 weaving in and out of traffic knowing I was on this tail. I knew I had to keep my pedal to the metal until the police arrived. Where were the police I thought as I continued the chase? After what seemed an eternity, I finally heard the sweet sound of police sirens. What a relief! The adrenaline that had pumped through my engine dissipated and I slowed down. I was proud that I had assisted in apprehending a criminal.

I swiftly sped back to the park to let Rose know I was ok. She flashed her lights and beeped her horn as soon as I came into view. We eventually enjoyed a wonderful afternoon together and hooked up.