

1974 Porsche Carrera S Targa

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When I was seventeen, the thing to do on the weekend was park in the lot of the nearby mall. It was like a rolling car show. We would show-off our rides, drag race, talk to girls, listen to music and perhaps drink a few beers.

Unfortunately, none of my friends nor I had a car at that time. We walked to the mall and found a busy spot to loiter where we might be mistaken for the owner of one of the many cars parked there. I can't tell you how greatly our action improved once we starting loitering by the Porsche. We got increasingly brazen and starting leaning on it, sitting on it, and basically hanging all over it. We were suddenly very popular and lots of girls were slowing down to talk to us. Some guy pulls up and calls me over, then asks me if I want the car and hands me the keys. This was very suspicious for many reasons including giving me a whole ring of keys instead of just the car keys. It's a Porsche, ask no questions! That car was incredible. It was fast, responsive, quiet, nimble, and on and on. Pure awesomeness. Someone we knew was digging a pool by hand in his backyard. The car was striped of engine, transmission, seats, wheels, stereo, glass, emblems, and anything else not welded together, then buried in the bottom of that pool (I believe).