

American Muscle BLOG Begging Contest 3rd Place Winner

One day, I was walking up the street towards my favorite Honda dealership. I would sit around, and stare at the hatchbacks on sale for 350 dollars and dream, one day this could be mine. I could cut the springs, add a picnic table wing, and a fart can exhaust. Life would be perfect.

As I was standing there staring, I saw a shadow lurking in the distance. It grew closer and closer to me. I heard a bunch of rattling, sounded like a bunch of chains. I was then blinded by the light. An incredible shine of gold startled me. It was Mr. T. "I Pity the Fool Who Drives This Ricer!"

He then smacked me repeatedly, and threw me in the A-Team Van. We drove for around 3 hours, I was hungry, bruised, and I had a slight case of diarrhea. We finally stopped, the van door opened, and we had arrived. The smell of greenhouse gases filled the air, I heard the diesel trucks, I smelled the carbon monoxide. I was at a Ford Dealership.

Mr. T, then held me up to an F-150, I said, not me. He then took me to a Ford Explorer, I said nope. He then said, "This my friend, is American Muscle." He brought me over to a Ford Mustang. I was in love. He had to hold me back from making a fool out of myself and possibly fondling the car. Then my eyes were open, I have seen the light.

Shortly thereafter I had bought my first Mustang. Browsing through the internet I found a couple websites to modify my 'stang. None of them looked as good as a certain one. One that was filled with a plethora of mustang goodies. One that was sure to hurt my wallet. It became an instant addiction, I had found AmericanMuscle.com. I was like a kid in a candy store, spending thousands in only a few months. My money goes to my car, which goes to AM.com. Upon reading this contest, I had to share my story. To enlighten others, and to win. I am a winner. I shop at American Muscle.com, because I'm a winner.

Steven V. - Vineland, NJ