

American Muscle BLOG My First Car Contest 2008 - 3rd Place

Kick back and be prepared to laugh at possible one on the most cursed cars ever. Sorry for the length, but the legend must be told...

Fortunately, I was able to have a car when I turned 16. Unfortunately, it was a 1992 electric blue Geo Storm. As if the car was not bad enough, my sister had driven the car previously, and got personalized plate reading "DRIZZLE7". Come on, it's a good thing I was somewhat liked in High School, otherwise I would have been getting the crap kicked out of me every day.

Now for the fun stuff, the car had many issues. Living in Illinois, a Geo Storm does not fare well in the snow. During many storms, while the tire of vehicle made groves on the road, my car was just low enough to start hitting the snow that would pile up between the tire tracks. Randomly throwing the car off the road and nearly into ditches.

The car had an issue with its radiator and would frequently overheat. To the point where I would just have to pull off the road, over the radiator using a few towels to prevent getting burned, and pour water/antifreeze into the reservoir just to keep the engine from blowing up. Have memories of my friends laughing in the car, while I stand in front of the engine in the Sportsmart parking lot trying not to kill myself. To make matters better, I played soccer and we would often have summer running in the mornings. Imagine if you will, it's about 95 degrees outside, and you run about 5 miles. You finally finish with all the running, completely exhausted, and go back to your car only to drive. Hop in struggling to breathe from the run, and drive home with the HEAT on full blast because that is the only way to keep the car from overheating.

Oh wait there is more; I was about the only one that was able to start the car. There was an issue with the ignition, and the key would just get stuck and not turn. Many times I would just sit in the car and shake the key for about 10 to 15 minutes before it actually would turn and then start.

Often the car would not be able to be unlocked using the key. So if I locked the car, it was a crap shoot on whether I would be able to get back in. Often failing at the attempt to get in, always fun when you are out on a date. It then went through a time period where the door would not close, that is right, if you got the door open, it would not close. I strongly do not recommend the following, but desperate times call for desperate measures, on a few occasions, I was forced to take a few bungee cord and wrap them around the driver's side inner door molding and connect the bungees to the passenger side. Any time you turn to the right, you would have to hold the door with all your might to keep it from swinging open. Lucky I survived those trips. Let's get one thing out there as well; you could not open up the passenger side door from the outside, not possible. In summary, 50 percent of the time I could not get the doors open, if they did open, it was another 50 percent that I would not be able to close the door, and then there was another 50 percent shot that it would take me 10 minutes to start the car.

And while, I could continue on, I will just share one more story...I was working at Osco when I was in High School, and it was the middle of the winter. I got off work at 11:45 at night, somewhere around 0 degrees, and amazingly was able to open and close the door, and start

the car. So far batting 100 for the night. Drive home, about 10 minutes, pull into the driveway, turn off the car and pull on the door handle....nothing. The door handle is moving, so I try again, and once again, nothing. So now it is past midnight, 0 degrees outside, and I am stuck INSIDE the car. I attempt to do everything, the windows were frozen shut and after going crazy on the car (kicking at the doors, etc...), I conceded to the vehicle. After about 45 minutes trapped inside my own car 10 feet away from the house door, I was finally able to get out. How you ask, I was able to finally get the passenger window door just enough to squeeze out the car, falling flat on my face as my feet got stuck while I was falling out. Went inside and went to bed dreaming that the car would be gone the next morning; unfortunately, it was still there in the morning.

Now that I think of it, I don't think my parents liked me very much..??..

I hoped you enjoyed the story, I could probably write another couple pages on stories, but tried to give you a few highlights.