

“Fiery”

Hello, how are you doin’?

I said how are you doin’?

All right

Let’s get fired up.

Speaking of fired up, my husband recently went out and bought a “classic” meaning old. Ferrari 308 GTS. That’s right, this is the very practical car that Tom Selleck drove as Magnum P. I. Did you ever notice that the T-top was never on. That’s because Tom Selleck would never fit inside the car. Fortunately, neither my husband nor I are 6’ 4” so we can still drive the car in the rain.

Ladies, this is what happens when you make the mistake of saying, That car’s kind of pretty.” Husband says, “ching” PERMISSION TO BUY A FERRARI.

No, no, if you don’t want your husband buying the very practical sports car give in to the almighty guilt trip. A sports car? A sports car? Sweetie, we all know that the sports car is really just an extension of what you feel is your inadequate penis. Do you really need to be driving around, having your penis hanging out for all the neighbors to see? I didn’t think so. Then pump his ego. Besides honey, I loooove your penis, just the way it is...

Didn’t actually work on my husband.

So his argument that we need this very practical sports car. It’s a classic, it won’t ever depreciate. He’s got a pretty good point there.

So we go to “Vegas, baby” to pick this up at the old and decrepit “but the sure looks purdy” dealership.

We then are “leaving las vegas” that’s an Elvis Crowe song. In our very practical and high ridin’ Ferrari. Ok i’m use to cars that I look down on everyone. If you stand next to a Ferrari it literally comes up to your waist. This is not a big car. Semi-truck tires are bigger than you. In fact it was extremely scary when we were almost run over by the mini cooper.

I digress, so we’re driving through ab-so-lute-ly nowhere Utah. My we’re cruising at 65 mph. Honestly, my husband is not a speed demon. We come to construction on a hill, with those God Awful concrete barriers on both sides, one lane. We slow down. Mistake, we lost power. The car will go no faster than 20 miles per hour. We put on the hazard lights. And of course we’ve got people riding our ass. So we’re puttering up the hill and suddenly we’ve got blue smoke

coming out of our back. I tell my husband, we figure it's just smoke out of our muffler from too much oil or something. Ha, ha, that's what happens when you ride our ass, you get blue smoke the face, now your pulling back. Oh shit their not pulling back because of the smoke. We are on fire. Oh hon, it would behoove you to pull of whenever you can because we are on fire. So we get to the top of the hill and finally can pull over. My husband says get out of the car, I get out and run. He says get back here and help me put out this fire. I run back. We're pouring water and throwing dirt on it. And those ass huggers, thank god they were there. A woman get out of the car and starts to pour water and it and the truck driver behind her has a fire extinguisher. (noise) The fire's out.

We are looking at our admittedly beautiful albeit smoldering car. The only thing I can think to say to my husband as I put my arm around him is. Well, love she just depreciated.

I mean the bumper is burnt to a crisp and the tail lights have melted and are hugging the car frame. We are now the proud owners of a Salvador Dali version of a Fiery 308 GTS. Fuck.

So we have to go back to Beaver, Utah. Yeah, I'd heard of it too. They tell us we're lucky. Because earlier in the day someone had turned in a giant Uhall trailer with a full car dolly on the back. If we were lucky, wouldn't the car have not caught on fire in the first place? Maybe that's just me.

We got her home to Denver and the neighbors came to see. I found out that a sports car is the male version of pregnancy. You guys bond. Any person with an ounce of testosterone was there looking at the car. And they all had the same reaction. Oh shit. Sorry dude. But hey, it's a Ferrari. A piece of shit by any other name is still a piece of shit. Right?

Anyway, the car now sits in our garage. And my husband is working on it. And this very practical wife who didn't really want the car in the first place has gotten sweet revenge for this whole ordeal. I immediately went out and bought a custom made license plate holder and put it on my husband's car. So when he's tooling around in his penis mobile his ass will read. My other car is a minivan.