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Descriptive Essay

My car is a 1973 Buick Regal. It is old but still runs great and I love everything about it. It has numerous features and qualities about it that catch my eye and sometimes even boggle my mind.

When I look at my car from the front, it reminds me of an angry gold beast waiting to break free and tear up the road and anything standing in his path. The two headlights, like giant eyes, stare at me. The large grill, with its vertical slats of chrome, look like the teeth of a great beast. Directly below all of that, stretching from side to side, is a chrome bumper which is ruthless, carrying several battle wounds from encounters with objects that previously stood in front of it.

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Looking up over top of the hood are two rolling fenders which remind me of two waves coming toward each other, ready to crash in the middle. Below the fenders are large open wheel wells that are as dark looking as a dungeon, with white lettered tires protruding off of them reading "RADIAL G/T ROAD HUGGERS." Going back down the side toward the rear of the car, the fender slowly rolls into the door and disappears; there are a few very vague rust spots emerging from the paint at the base of the door. The rear fender is built up similar to a fast back body style, but keeps going to reveal a trunk. Standing behind this great beast, I see in the back window two speaker boxes rising up out of the back seat. Directly above the boxes is a sticker reading Dale Earnhart Jr. with the number of his car #8. When I look down from there, I see a very beaten up looking trunk lid. It is pitted almost as if a meteor shower had rained upon it. As I slide my hand

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Below this is another large chrome bumper with two exhaust pipes sticking straight out (bust) that grumble and roar with the running of the engine. When running, there is a distinct smell of unburned gas fumes and high octane shooting out of the pipes. When I stand behind my car while turned on, I think of space shuttle preparing to launch. As my car begins to takes off, a loud deafening roar can be heard from blocks away.

Moving to the inside of my car, in the driver's seat, the first sense that catches my attention is the smell of simple green. Then next is my sense of feeling of my cold leather seats pressing against my clothing making me get a chill through my entire body. The entire interior is the same color, it is all brown. The dash is a smooth rolling surface which contains my speedometer, fuel gauge, light switch, and windshield wiper control. Directly in the center of the car on the dash is my heater control which is a very basic looking system. Sitting immediately below that is my old AM radio which I disconnected to hook up my CD player which is attached to the underneath of my dash panel. On the passengers side of the car there is not too much but a glove compartment. In the back seat is a large bench seat which almost reminds me of a big comfortable couch. Sitting beside the back window are my speakers in speaker boxes. These are big oval speakers that when they are played, shake my brain as if I were at a rock concert.

I love this car. I have had since I was thirteen and I hope that it will never leave my side. It is near and dear to my heart, and based off of everything that I have said, I m

sure it is evident why.

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