
Subject: Re: Regaining Momentum
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Mon, 23 Jul 2012 23:44:35 GMT
[View Forum Message](#) <> [Reply to Message](#)

Wednesday, September 12, 2 PM; LJ Auto and Boat Repair and Body Shop, San Francisco (9AM the next day on Tracy Island)

"Will, you've got to come out and see this!"

Manager Will Abbott looked up from his computer as Jessie Feldman, who worked at one of the front desks, burst into his office. "What's up, Jess?"

"There's a parade of classic cars going by, and one of them just pulled up to our door!"

He saved what he'd been doing, and hurried out of his office. It had been a slow day, so three of his mechanics, as well as everyone in the lobby - staff and customers both - were outside, surrounding the car. Very little of it could be seen through the mass of humanity, so he joined them.

The object of everyone's attention was a white convertible. One of the customers asked, "How old is this baby?"

"It's a 1969 Pontiac Firebird," Will breathed. "Now that's impressive. Nearly a hundred years old, and still in mint condition." He looked around for the owner, and saw a man about forty-five, who smiled at him and nodded.

"You know your classic cars, sir," he said. "But as for mint condition, I'm not so sure. About half a mile from here, it sounded like the timing was off. I know you work mostly on newer cars, but I heard that you recently added a small division that could handle older models. Can you help me?"

"Pop the hood and let's have a look."

Seconds later, the owner, Will and two mechanics were gazing at the inner workings of the vehicle. "Beautiful," said Mike, the older of the mechanics. "And I see the problem. Hang on." He went into one of the repair bays, and returned with a couple of tools. "Art," he said to the other mechanic, "give me a hand here."

As Will, the car owner, and a few of the customers watched (the others had either gone back to work, or inside to complete their transactions), the two men bent over the engine, and some noises and mutterings were heard. A couple of minutes later, they stood up and Mike asked the owner to start the car. He complied, and a moment later the engine turned over, and was humming contentedly.

"Thanks," said the owner as he shut it off again and got out. "I'd probably have been able to take care of it myself at the grounds, but I didn't want to drive it that far, possibly causing more trouble or damage. Also," he grinned sheepishly at Will, "I heard about you from a friend, and wanted to see for myself just how good you guys are. But I promise I didn't tamper with it deliberately. It was just serendipity."

Will laughed. "Okay, no problem. I presume we passed the test?"

"With flying colors," the other man replied with a grin. "How much do I owe you?"

"Nothing. You paid us by coming in here and allowing us to take a look at this beautiful car. We don't get many in as of yet, and none this old and well preserved."

"Well thank you; I appreciate that. My name is Jerry Hampton." He held out his hand.

Will took it and they shook. "Will Abbott. Good to meet you. I presume you're here for the show."

"At Monster Park, yes. The Forty Niners have an away game this weekend. Hey, I've got an idea." Jerry went back to his car, and pulled a briefcase out from the back seat. He opened it, and took out an envelope. "Here're ten tickets to the show. Perhaps some of your staff might like to attend, as well as yourself. They're open dated, so you can show up for any of the four days we're here."

"Thank you, sir. We all appreciate it." Will grinned. "And don't be surprised if you hear Art and Mike at the show, braggin' about how they worked on your car."

Jerry laughed as he put his briefcase back, and got in. "I'll look forward to it. But I'd better get going, before they assign my spot to someone else." He restarted the engine and put it in gear. "Thanks again," he said and, with a wave, pulled out of the parking lot.

Ten minutes later, Will was back in his office, trying once again to look at the information on his computer screen. But his mind was on that car. I sure would have like to have been the one to work on it. It's been too long since I got to do any hands-on work - on any car. I miss it. He shook himself mentally, and got back to his office work. But the seed of an idea had planted itself in the back of his mind, and was beginning to take root.

Posted by hobbeth on August 12, 2007
