

To: Ol' Ned Pepper

From: "Junior"

Subject: Corvette Z06

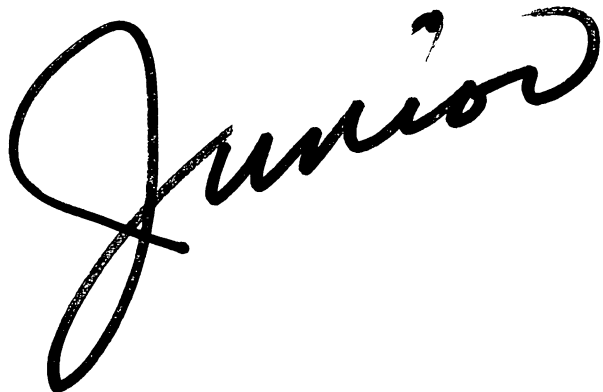
Ol' Ned,

We've been driving corvettes for a long time, so I assume you will trust me on what follows. I am writing this mere minutes after driving the 650-hp Z06 at Road Atlanta, because I do not want its sentiment dulled by time.

If I bought one of these things, I would get dead. Not injured, not arrested, but dead. Not because the Z06 is hairy, but because it so effectively reclocks your street-car comfort zone that you end up at decisions you never thought you'd see. DO I NEED TO TRAVERSE THAT ON-RAMP AT A BUCK-TWENTY? OF COURSE. But society doesn't move at that pace. You would eventually have someone pull out in front of you and be traveling too fast, or you'd mushroom-cloud a deer at 140 mph and get a spleen full of antler and never see it coming. Because unlike a lot of fast cars, the Z06's prime goal is apparently to make you cool with its capabilities, and it is capable of a hell of a lot.

Which is frustrating, because cars have to be driven on public roads, and no human could resist this kind of potential. And so you would go to the place where the tires and suspension and that monster-god-bomb engine are happiest, caution to the wind, and you would buy every last inch of the farm. When you factor in price, this is possibly the most dangerous, frightful device ever thrust upon mankind.

So please consider giving me an early inheritance so that I may buy one.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Junior". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large, prominent initial "J".