

In early Spring of 2008, I was at work and we were on lunch and a friend of mine handed me the Hot Rod Magazine from January '08 and I saw the advertisement for the Pump Gas Drags, and I started thinking about sending in an application to see if I get invited, only 75 racers are invited. I would have to talk to my Girlfriend and my parents, (racing is a family thing for me), about going if I was invited, and then see if I could get the time off from work. This scene takes you through my process of applying for and being accepted to participate in the Pump Gas Drags.

Later, on the same day I read the advertisement when my Girlfriend got home from work, I waited a little while to tell her about my idea. We ate dinner and we talked a little about our respective days and when we adjourned to the living room to relax and watch TV, I felt the time was right and I asked her.

“What do you think about us going to Memphis for the Pump Gas Drags?”

My girlfriend replied, “Um, sure. That’s a really long trip. How are we going to do this? Trailer the car I guess?”

I said, “Yep, how else are we going to get it there, load it on a plane?”

She replied, “Ok smart ass. I guess your parents would go too? I mean I guess they would definitely want to go. How are they going to feel about it?”

I replied, “Well, I’ll have to talk to them about it. I don’t think I’ll be chosen by Hot Rod Magazine to go, so it’s probably not going to pan out.”

A few days later, I went to my Parents house, and I spoke to Mom and Pop about it. They were on board with the idea. My Mom was excited to go, it was somewhere she hadn’t been. My Dad was thinking like me, and said, “You won’t get invited to go.”

I filled out the application and had my girlfriend email it to Hot Rod along with pictures of my Chevelle. I really didn’t hold out much hope that I’d ever hear back from them, so I just went on about my life at that point.

One morning, While I was at work, my girlfriend texted me while I was at work. The text read, “call me as soon as you can.” I called her and what followed was a huge shock.

My girlfriend, in an excited but quiet voice, said, “DUDE, WE’RE GOING TO MEMPHIS!”

I wasn’t sure if what I thought I heard was in fact what was said.

In my state of shock, I asked, “Seriously? No way!”

My Girlfriend replied, “I’m dead serious Bill. I’ll read you the email.”

As my girlfriend read me the email, I was still in disbelief. She’s reading off deadlines for submitting this and that, and of course there’s a deadline to accept the invitation. When I hung up with my girlfriend I said to my friend, “I am one of the 75 people who were picked to race in the Pump Gas Drags at Memphis Motor Sports Park.” As the words are coming out of my mouth, I still couldn’t believe what I was saying.