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### Jabba's Chew Toy

The evidence: bite marks matched to Jabba's dental records

Bruce and Donna Baker's "Car of the Month" Story...A True Crime Story about a Pony Car and a Puppy the Size of A Pony!

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In June of 1999, it became apparent that I needed to be shopping for a new car. When we initially started looking at Fords, I was looking for a Contour with a 5-speed. The salesperson kept making comments about how much value I was going to lose because of the stick...But having an automatic just isn't in the cards for me (until the knees finally go at least!). Right next to the Contour was a '99 Mustang Convertible. As my lovely wife would later comment; it made me smile.

When Donna and I met, we both had Mustang II's. We traded them in and got a '79 Mustang Turbo as a wedding present to ourselves; so Mustangs were already in the blood...when we realized that we almost never had our daughter with us anymore, we decided that a back seat wasn't really a requirement!

We finally picked out the '99 we wanted and got the deal done. Not just a new Mustang...our first ragtop. We proudly took our new baby home and packed it. We went to Reno for several days with the new car. Topless, of course.

We returned home and returned to daily routine. About 2 weeks passed and I decided that I really should take the car to show it to my father. While I was washing it, I realized that the ground effect piece in front of the passenger door had some pits in it. It didn't take too long to determine that they weren't pits; they were bite marks! My darling puppy, Jabba was teething and decided that our Mustang was just as good as anything else to chew on! I hadn't even made the first payment! It was almost a miracle that little Jabba survived. I would have cheerfully strangled him. Fortunately cooler heads (Thanks, Donna) prevailed and I decided to cover the parts of the car that he might chew on with large cardboard pieces for the night. The next afternoon, I took the car to my father's house. He checked things out and asked me how the front bumper had gotten damaged...You guessed it, the Midnight Chewer had struck again. I had more time to cool down before I got home so once again the dog survived. But I had already stopped at Home Depot and picked up some fencing material. The Mustang now has it's own corral!

Since that time, I've added the C-Stripes, a bra (initially to cover the bites, since fixed), Bullitt Fuel Door, Lettering in the rear bumper and probably a few things I've forgotten. We also decided that Mustangs are like potato chips...you can't have just one. We now have our own project car - A '66 coupe with 289 4V and (unfortunately) a C-4 automatic. There might be a T-5 swap in our future. Oh yeah, "Jabba the Mut" is now 3 years old and weighs in at about 120 lbs.

-Bruce Baker