

1990 BMW M3 Sport Evo

- **Owner:** Gary Morgan • **Home Town:** Lanarkshire
- **Mileage:** 170,000 kms • **Last Report:** new reporter

I have owned BMW's for the past seven years, losing my virginity to an E30 316 and then to a beautiful diamond black 1989 E30 325 Sport. Until one of the gaffers at work came in with an E30 M3, I thought I was king of the castle.

I only had the 325 for six months and having promised my wife that this car would last for at least five years, I was a wee bit apprehensive when Stuart offered me first refusal on his M3. But I was smitten, so with puppy dog eyes (soon to blackened) I went to 'she who must be obeyed' and winged, pouted and sulked like the kid I am and promising her that this would be the last. Until I finally wore her down and she relented her vice like grip on the purse strings.

So after a part-exchange and some money I became the proud owner of a 1987 Lachs silver M3. For four years I was in bliss, but after

reading all that can be read about these cars I was craving for the 'ultimate' M3. The Sport Evolution. You see you think you have the ultimate until you read all the past road test and informative books on these, but there is one recurring theme throughout them all and that's the Sport Evolution.

My plan was hatched. Without dare telling my wife I was secretly on the lookout for one, it had to be black and with leather. These machines are like hens teeth as only 600 were ever produced and less still in existence, so imagine my joy when in January 2001 a black one with leather appeared on BMW Car Mag website for sale. I was all tingly until (boo hiss) the daughter of Satan found out, who took great delight in informing me that, if I were to spend that kind of money on a car 12 years old, then it would be all over. With that in mind and loving my wife as I do I e-mailed the guy, but I



was unable to sell mine and he wasn't up for a part-exchange. I was devastated, no car and still married (what a bummer).

By this time we are into April and I missed out on one in a garage in England somewhere. So I began ringing round all the usual suspect garages to see if they had any, but all to no avail. I had a sneaky suspicion that the black one on the website might reappear as I thought it was a bit over priced first time out.

Days turned to weeks, weeks turned to months, nothing came up. I went onto the Internet and on a few E30 M3 websites. I was on www.roadfly.com moaning and winging and asking some fellow M3'ers to keep their eyes and ears open, still nothing. Until! On July 2001 the black one on BMW Car magazine

reappeared. My scouts were onto it in a flash (aka Darran P). He contacted me at the speed of light.

I e-mailed the seller and after some negotiation we agreed on a part-exchange plus cash. However nothing ever goes smoothly for me, I was going on holiday that week and wouldn't be able to see the car until my return, which was two weeks away, to add further misery there was another interested party in London who was able to see it immediately and was offering cash.

I suggested to my sweetheart that I might miss the family holiday and go and snatch the car from the other buyer. Well as you can imagine the 'suggestion' went down like the Titanic and I was bundled into the plane screaming and kicking.

Well I went on holiday and for 2 weeks all

I could dream about was me and my new Sport Evo. With the holiday over (oh by the way it was a cracking holiday) straight home and onto the PC and after checking my e-mails, I was in the depths of depression, I found that the car of my dreams had been snatched from my grasp the lucky sod in London (P.S. if you are out there, no hard feelings mate, hope you are enjoying her).

It was bad enough to come back from the land of the free and the sunshine state, to the land of the soaking wet and over taxed, but to find that your dream car had been so cruelly taken from me, I was suicidal, all sharp objects had to be removed from the house for a fortnight.

However my scouts were listening to my woes (aka Baharat) and informed me of a mate of his who might be willing to sell me his

immaculate black Sport Evo. Quick as a flash I was onto Tariq and after about 20 e-mails and a visit to his home town we agreed a price.

Monday 12th August 2001 at 4 o'clock I flew to England and parted with the dosh (being a Scotsman, that nearly broke my heart) and a 4-hour drive up to Scotland, allowed us to become very intimate indeed.

Well I would just like to say a big thanks to those who were looking out for me, gave me loads of advice and for keeping their gobs shut, as others would have cut me up if they knew of the sale.

Since owning my dream car I have had nothing but pleasure and wouldn't change it for the world.

I will update you all with the car's specification and work that has been carried out, prior to me owning it, in my next report.