

Dream on

We all have dreams – and I don't mean those strange thoughts when you're asleep that find you wondering down the high street naked or in your PJ's – but aspirations and hopes – although maybe some TVR owners do have an aspiration to do that. Our long term dreams start when we're young, are modified when we reach middle age and eventually we often realise they were never really achievable anyway!

When I was young I wanted to be a professional footballer – and at school I played in goal – but the first indication that I wasn't that good was when the sports master said (just after I had let in (another) goal), “Morgan – what do you want to do when you leave school?” I replied that I didn't know, to which he responded, “Well, don't be a plumber because you're b****y useless at stopping up holes!”

My dream of being a professional goalkeeper was finally laid to rest when I played against Port Vale in a friendly, and I was substituted after about 20 minutes – mind you we were about 10-0 down at the time!

My second dream was to be a rock drummer – and although I did play in several bands in the 60's, Ringo just happened to be in the right place at the right time – and I was over the park at the time trying to be a goal keeper!

So everything rested on my third and final dream – to be a racing driver – but those who have witnessed me roar away from the regional meetings, trying desperately to find 3rd gear realise that I was never going to achieve this dream either.

But owning a TVR has given me a way of not actually realising the dream, but pretending I have. I was never going to be able to roar away from anywhere with the usual company tintop, and Beloved's dogmobile is not what you would call “quick”!

But the TVR was different. My first Tiv, a 2.9 litre S2, was a great introduction to the marque and allowed me to get used to the greater power, but upgrading to a 4.3 Griff, helped me to live the dream a little more – even if I did have to wear bicycle clips on my brown trousers when I drove it aggressively.

OK – I admit, I never REALLY drove it aggressively, but I did look cool in it with my shades (that is when I hadn't sat on them and bent them out of shape), racing lid (baseball cap) and slicked back hair (receding hair line).

But owning the Griff hasn't stopped me dreaming – and even flirting with other cars. About 3 years after I purchased it I seriously contemplated a silver/grey Chimaera – to the point of having a test drive and trying to persuade Beloved we should change, mainly due to the fact that it had a bigger boot (which means I wouldn't scuff my knuckles every time I put the roof away), the hands on the clock hadn't dropped off (mine had) AND it had power steering – and I was starting to feel a bit weak.

But despite Beloved saying that the Griff was noisy, uncomfortable and a vulgar colour, she told me that she preferred it to the Chimaera! At that point I thought she had been converted!

Next I seriously considered leaving the ranks of the TVR brethren (I know – sacrilege) as I have always loved the shape of the Lotus Esprit – problem was that I would either have to have 3 inches shaved off the top of my head (wouldn't have made a lot of difference as there isn't a lot up there!) or a sunroof added (and permanently open) – otherwise I would have had to drive it with a permanent crick in my neck. I'm sure it must have been designed by someone about five foot tall.

Finally I toyed with the idea of a Jaguar XK8 – lovely motor – but I would have needed to chop in the Mercedes S class and the Griff to be able to afford it. And I was very tempted – just couldn't work out how I could get my 80-something year old parents into the boot when they needed a lift! So those dreams died but the Griff survived.

But now, almost 10 years after my first ever TVR, that dream has also died – mainly thanks to my US boss who has decided that the best way to motivate staff is to move the offices 40 miles, make us all redundant, then allow us to reapply for new jobs at half the salary and having to spend another £200 a month on fuel to get there! So I have opted to take the redundancy and slip quietly into (semi) retirement. Well, I am close to getting my bus pass (pause for chance for readers to cry “No – he can't be – he doesn't look a day over....”).

And knowing you lot you would add “...70 – I thought he had his bus pass years ago”!

But semi retirement means I can no longer afford to run 2 cars (or three in practise as I have to run Beloved's dogmobile as well), so either the Merc or the TVR had to go – and because stuffing said 80 something year old parents into the Griff was even more difficult that in the XK8, it was the Griff that had to bite the dust.

So the Griff has gone to a new home, and my garage is sadly empty (the Merc won't fit into it). Never mind, I consider myself very fortunate to have had 10 great TVR filled years, met lots of super people, and had the chance for other TVR “nuts” to read my mutterings. But I am even more fortunate to still have my parents with me – and their needs come first.

However the dream hasn't totally died, in that I do want to get back to “wind in the hair” motoring again, but having discovered that the only car that has 4 doors, room for my Dad to get in, and a drop top option is a Roller, I will have to contend with opening the sun roof in the Merc and sitting on a couple of cushions for the time being.

One day, I will get back to a rag top – may be a TVR – may not – who knows – but until then, live your dream and enjoy your dream.

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