

Gardening in the TVR!

I never claimed to be a gardener. Let's face it, I don't know my Antirrhinums from my Aunty Doris. Mind you – that's not saying much – I don't know my carburettor from my carbon footprint.

So when Beloved suggested that we open our garden with Brother John for the National Garden Scheme I didn't really know what that meant. But I agreed. Oh the folly of youth (sorry – I'll rephrase that – Oh the folly of middle age!). If only I had known it would lead to so many TVR related problems I might never have agreed.

For one thing it meant I had to mow the lawn every week. Now washing the Tiv every week is fine, despite the comment from the neighbour who saw me pouring water on the roof from a watering can and who thought I was trying to grow it into a four seater! But mow the lawn every week? I mean that is a bit OTT, don't you think? For one thing it took up too much Tiv driving time – both need sunny weather and you can't mow whilst driving (well not easily anyway). And for another, once she had me in the garden, there were other things on her list that only I could do (well I am a big strong chap – or that's what she keeps telling me!)

But then, whenever I suggested we went out into the country for a "spin" we always seem to end up at Charlie Farley's Garden Parlour – and then having to struggle to get a 6 foot tree into the Griff, or a huge pot big enough for Ali Baba AND his 40 thieves to hide in!

I even had 3 small concrete stepping stones and a bag of compost in the boot one day – mind you it did wonders for the grip on the corners – at least until one of the round concrete stepping stones decided to roll across the boot!

But then it gets worse. Most of the "open days" clash with sunny Sundays when there is an event on. This year I missed my first ever Griff Growl due to such a clash. I did think of trying to dash over for an hour in the morning but the list of jobs to get the garden ready was too long! Mind you – it was raining in the morning so I probably wouldn't have taken the Griff out anyway!

And talking of rain, every time we open the garden I have to take the Griff out of her nice warm, cosy and dry garage and leave it either on our drive or on next door's. And you can bet your bottom dollar it will rain at sometime during the day.

Actually I don't mind leaving it on next door's drive – what really annoys me is when I leave it on ours. Our biggest "attendance" to date was around 200 people in one afternoon and NO-ONE – not one single solitary person even gave my pride and joy a second glance.

They were all very eager to ask the name of some wizen old tree stump, or comment on the fabulous colour of a daisy, but no-one asked what the car was or how fast it went – or even how much it was worth – not even the little kids who had been dragged round the gardens by doting mums and dads. And kids ALWAYS ask how fast does it go and how much is it worth (doesn't say much for our society does it?)

It nearly came to a head when we agreed to help some friends with their garden in Northumberland. We were staying on their farm for the week and I did ponder on going in the Tiv – well there are some wonderful roads over the hills up there - until I saw that beloved had accumulated over 100 plants to take, some quite large, plus she wanted to take her special fork and spade, and of course 2 of the dogs and the luggage! I even suggested she take all that in her car and I'll go in the Tiv – but then I heard the weather forecast and gave up on that idea.

I've tried to turn this gardening obsession to my advantage. I've tried to convince Beloved that the amount she spends on plants, if I spent the same repaying a loan I could afford to upgrade the TVR! Didn't work! I think she believes I should upgrade the hedge trimmer first, probably followed by the lawn mower.

Now you might be sitting there thinking this is all exaggeration, and that the real reason I've not been to many events this year with the Griff is purely weather related. Well, I just read this article to Beloved, and she smiled, and even giggled a little (but she may have been distracted by the TV program she was watching at the time) but then said, "Oh! That reminds me, part of one of our trees has come down and you'll need to do something with it at the weekend!" See! I told you!

The one good thing about all of this is that we are running out of garden to plant things in, so maybe next year I'll get out in the Griff a bit more. Mind you, you might not recognise it – I saw her eyeing it up the other day – I think she is planning to build a window box on each door and remove the boot lid, fill it with compost, and use it to grow seeds in!

So if you've read this far and have missed my wonderful humorous company this year, make a note to come and see me in our garden in 2008 – all the opening times are on our website www.marlbrogardens.com – see – this whole article is merely an excuse for an advert without paying for it.

David (Spade in hand – G10 TVR in garage) Morgan