

When a TVR just isn't enough!

You would think that a TVR would be enough for anybody – at least anybody who appreciated a fast, flashy and wonderful sounding car. But sometimes a TVR just isn't enough.

As an example, trying to get myself, Beloved and her 80-something year old Mother into the Griff is a bit of a struggle. I remember years ago when we had our very first 2 seater – a Triumph Spitfire mark 3 – lovely car that couldn't pull the skin off a rice pudding – we DID manage to get the three of us into a sports car. Admittedly Ma-in-law was a lot younger, and a lot more supple in those days – and we did have the roof off and she did have to sit on the boot lid – not very lady like but it worked – just.

Good job really that the old Spitty had no pulling power otherwise Ma-in-law would have been over the back of the boot at the first depression of the gas pedal, with her legs in the air showing her bloomers to all and sundry!

So carrying anything more than just Beloved and myself means that the Tiv, on occasions just isn't enough – and I mean carrying “anything” – not just extra people. Have you ever tried to get more than a comb and hairbrush into the boot of a Griff with the roof in there plus the so called “space saver” spare wheel? But there IS no space to be saved!! I'm sure there is a market waiting to be tapped for suitcases that fit around the roof panel of the Griff and is shaped to take advantage of the sleek curves around the back which means any case more than 6 inches square just doesn't fit.

We have actually been grocery shopping in the Griff and even then had to have some bags in the cockpit because there wasn't enough room in the boot once we had put in the 6 packets of fig rolls, the ten tins of baked beans and a dozen bog rolls. So don't buy a Griff if you want to go anywhere unless you are willing to live in the same underpants for several days. Sometimes a TVR just isn't enough!

And of course it could be said that a TVR isn't enough if you are tempted to buy a Lamborghini Countach or a Ferrari Enzo – although in my case chance would be a fine thing – I would need to win the lottery – and logically to do that I would have to start doing the lottery. Indeed I would need to understand just HOW you do the lottery!

But what I am talking about is when you just can't win, EVEN THOUGH you own a TVR and you THINK that should be all it takes. This came home to me a few months ago when I had a sales meeting and a couple of our reps plus their manager stayed overnight so we all went out for a meal.

It's always been dangerous taking sales blokes out to the pub for dinner, even more so when 2 of them are young, free and single. Even with Beloved sitting with us trying to bring some semblance of order, the night was always going to be funny and rude. And so it turned out to be.

But it could be said that the 18 year old acting as a waitress for the night started it. Having sat down in this, basically, empty village pub, whose passing trade had

recently been demolished by some numpty in the local authority who had decided to close their road and create a 15 mile diversion for no apparent reason other than there was a hole measuring one centimetre across, the 18 year old handed us the menu and said, "Give us a shout when you're ready!"

Ever the one to make sure we know what we are doing, I said, "What do we shout? What do they call you?" – to which she said, quite innocently, "I'm loose!"

Well, one of us had to say something, didn't we – 18, blond and attractive – we couldn't let an opportunity like that pass, so James, my 31 year old (going on 23) Sales Manager did – but I won't tell you what he said in case there are ladies reading this – but it did make her blush! She immediately corrected her introduction by explaining that "loose" was actually short for Lucy!

But it did start the evening off the way it was going to continue – full of innuendo, double entendre and a lot of showing off – mainly by James – and eventually of course the subject got on to cars. I happened to mention that I had just paid £95 – twice what I paid for my first car – but this time for a tank full of diesel for the Merc! At which point some plonker stupidly mentioned that James had a Porsche.

Well, I don't think you could have got a more star struck reaction if you had said that James was actually David Beckham (not that he looks much like David Beckham – or can play football for that matter) – but Lucy just sat cuddling the Porsche key fob and kept saying, "Have you REALLY got a Porsche?" – and then, "Will you give me a ride?" – which had James speechless – not bad for a Speech Therapist!

So, clearly, with James dominating the conversation with his hairdresser's car, I had to mention that I did have another car in the garage – a very fast red one! Her face immediately lit up and I thought, "One up for the Tiv Club!" – until she said, in total disbelief, "You've got a Ferrari?"

"No," I said, "I've got a TVR!" Well, clearly you could have knocked her over with a feather – mainly because she thought I had started talking Welsh!

"What's a TRV?" she said.

"A TVR," I corrected, assuming she was just a little dyslexic rather than anything else.

"What make of car is that?" she asked – and I knew I was onto a loser! So I decided I needed to involve the barman, Mike. Us blokes will always stick together.

"Mike," I shouted across the bar, "you know what a TVR is, don't you?"

"Sure," he replied, "a Tequila-Vodka-Redbull mix – do you want one?"!

I had lost out to a Porsche driven by a 31 year old – how sad is that?

You see, sometimes a TVR just isn't enough. Or is it that a grey haired 50-something year old bloke with a wife in tow just isn't that interesting enough for an attractive 18 year old called "Luce"?

I'll get my hat and zimmer frame then, shall I?

David (G10TVR) Morgan