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Landrover Discovery Stainless Steel side steps

With an amusing story of my wifes road rage

Item number: 130317236767

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Description [\(revised\)](#)

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Item Specifics - Car Parts & Accessories

Type: **Body Parts**

Intended Use: **Replacement Part**

Subtype: **Running Boards**

Condition: **Used**

Manufacturer: **Land Rover**

Model/ Series: **Discovery**

With each item I sell I tell a humorous story about the item and the reason for the sale. I then add this story to my web site www.foggydave.co.uk If you go to the site you will find lots more stories, some on previous eBay listings and other general stories.

FOR SALE (No reserve)

A SET OF USED STAINLESS STEEL SIDE STEPS FOR A LAND ROVER DISCOVERY

They are a genuine Landrover part with the following part Nos

STC 8446 DV

STC 8447 DV

I do not know which model they are for.

THEY ARE IN REASONABLE CONDITION FOR THEIR AGE APART FROM A CREASE IN THE SUPPORT TUBE ON FRONT OF THE O/S STEP AND A FEW SCRATCHES AND DINKS THAT ONE WOULD EXPECT.

ALSO A FEW CAPTIVE NUTS ARE MISSING OFF THE FIXING ARMS

THERE IS NO FIXING KIT FOR THESE STEPS BUT I UNDERSTAND THEY ARE READILY AVAILABLE FROM LAND ROVER OUTLETS

IF YOU REQUIRE ANY MORE PICTURES OR INFORMATION JUST LET ME KNOW

Please note these steps are for collection only in the Leicester (Glenfield area)

The reason for this sale is told in the story below

A story where my wifes itchy trigger finger turns white van man red

I own a Lightweight Landrover

My wife has difficulty getting into the land rover. She says it's because of her wooden leg, I say its because the doors on a Lightweight Land Rover are just not big enough. How a 20 stone squady is expected to dive in and out of them I do not know. My dearest had whittled on for ages about getting some side steps so that she may get on and alight from the vehicle in a dainty lady like manner. She had found on more than one occasion when boarding Bernard the postie looking at her ankles. (I think he was wondering how they could support the weight from above without snapping.)

I therefore bought a set of standard fold down Defender type steps off of Ebay, and with a bit of fettling duly fitted them to my lightweight Land Rover in the hope that the wife would be pleased at my thoughtfulness and that many brownny points would be added to the list, which I must say, of late has tended to the minus side what with the gala fiasco, (see story 40 on my web site) where, because of my (allegedly) bad welding she had had a near death experience, her butcher had experienced a real dying one, PC Blenkinsops mind had melted and a large shire horse named Napoleon was on tranquilizers.

But the steps were not the sort she had envisaged. Once again I was reminded in very painful ways (of the squeezing sort) that I had once again misinterpreted her vague thoughts. I had bought the standard fold down steps, what she wanted was the Landrover Discovery type running board steps that are for sale above. For apart from aiding boarding and alighting she wanted to use them like the running boards as used by American gangsters in those old James Cagney films. I thought she wanted some steps to enable her to get into the Land rover without lifting her skirts, but no! What she wanted was a running board she could stand on when I was driving along and so be better able to berate and threaten other road users.

How many times do you do something for your wife only to be told 'That's not what I meant'. When she says what she wants, her mind has a completely different picture to yours. This is no more apparent than when you buy presents.

A week before Xmas

"What do you want for Christmas"?

"Oh buy me anything I don't mind. You choose".

"I don't know".

"Oh just buy me something comfortable to wear in bed".

And so you buy a flimsy negligee with matching pants hoping this will be a Yule yime to remember. To be greeted on Christmas morning with.

"I hope you kept the bag and the receipt"

No! What she wanted was a full length winceyette nightie with buttons at the neck and matching moon boots to keep her feet warm.

I now though just give money and put it in one of those mushy, lovey dovey cards.

It is though very suspicious that when I do this the amount of money will never quite cover the cost of what she wants to buy and so the money she gave me with my card is immediately clawed back to spend in the January sales.

One of the most dangerous presents to get is the 'You buy what you want and I will pay for it' presents, for inevitably the question will be asked.

"How much can I spend?"

What she really asked is.

"What value do you put on this relationship?"

So you say a ridiculous figure knowing full well that she will spend twice the amount because she happened to fall in love with the more expensive or bigger item.

I have come to the conclusion the best present is the 'It's the thought that counts' type, where all you buy is a cheap cuddly Teddy Bear or similar with the mushy card.

I am sorry I digress. Back to the story and the lightweight Landrover.

You may ask why my little toxic pickle does not shout and gesticulate through the window? I do not know if the reader is aware of how small a land rovers windows are especially the older sort that slide backwards. (See extra picture)

Now my wife has very broad shoulders and biceps that are the pride of the fleet and the only berating that could be done were quiet ones by small hand gestures, she dare not lean out of the window for fear of getting stuck. So when she was a passenger all her frustrations were taken out on me. With shouts of

"Catch him up, ram him, run him off the road, let me drive I will have him", etc etc.

With her grabbing the steering wheel in excitement almost wrenching it out of my hands. Ramming her wooden leg into the floor thinking she was stamping on the accelerator. And generally getting very excited and sweaty.

Therefore the old steps were taken off and I fitted some old running boards off a Landrover Discovery. I also took the passenger door off (On a lightweight Land Rover the doors just lift off the hinges much as a garden gate)

So off we go. Driving along, my wife sitting, Tibetan Yak dung pipe gritted tightly in mouth her body half in and half out of the motor. As always happens when one is driving a slow motor someone will always try to get in front regardless of whom they force off the road when doing so, in this case it was white van man in a very new and shiny Transit van that leaving very little room for maneuver cut in front of us. I would not have minded but there was no one else in the vicinity at the time. I flashed my lights to show my annoyance, the van driver gave me the two finger salute. I have long ago learnt to take little notice of these gestures but not so my My wife 'Kicker of the cod piece'. With a growl she opened her handbag and bought forth a shiny black paint ball gun. At first glance I thought it was a real machine gun.

Panic set in.

My wife coming from the now lost island of Sarekian has a set of deeply entrenched values often alien to the European mind. For example she is a great believer in the practice of the vendetta, medieval torture, and the dark arts. Take driving for instance. Where we would turn the other cheek or dismiss the actions and gesticulations of other drivers as 'just one of those little niggles,' She would take as a gross insult. My wife 'The Glenfield Goblin cannot drive having taken and failed many driving tests (see story 28 on my web site) But many are the shopping trolley rages when my little Golden Wart Warrior goes to the Co Op. Every nudge or aisle blocking treated as an international incident, every wrong till entry met with scorn, derision and a call for the manager. Some would say she is on the edge but knowing her I knew she was completely sane and in control. All her actions are done with forethought and meticulous planning. Just the other week Mrs Jones happened to push my little 'Glenfield Goblins' shopping trolley out of the way as it was blocking the aisle. My dearest then spent half an hour stalking her around the store until she approached the checkout when my wife accidentally on

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purpose barged into her trolley knocking it over and scattering Mrs Jones and all her hard won tins and jars across the floor. To add insult to injury my wife then pushed her body out of the way with her trolley so that she could get to the cash out first.

I digress again, sorry about that, back to the story.

As I was saying she grabbed the paint ball gun and leaned out of the motor pointing the gun at the back of the van pressing the trigger. The rear of the van suddenly developed a bad case of measles as with a phut, phut, phut the paint balls left the gun and with a thwack, thwack, thwack, the balls splattered into the back of the van. I suppose I should have stopped our Landrover but I was mesmerized, although I was eventually forced to stop as the van screeched to a halt, the driver getting out and walking behind his van to see what the noise was. As well as the van being white the driver also had white overalls on but not for long for as he arrived at the back of his van he was greeted by a hail of red paintballs, my wife showing no mercy kept her finger on the trigger until the gun was empty. By this time the back of the van and the driver had become as one. A mass of dripping paint.

My wife, smoking pipe gritted in the corner of her mouth uttered the immortal words "ok punk faced dirty rat do you feel lucky cuff him Danno" and got back into the motor, The whole incident that to me lasted 10 minutes took only a few seconds, luckily no one witnessed the carnage and I beat a hasty retreat down the road leaving the van driver stumbling around trying to wipe paint from his eyes.

There was a bit in the paper about a road rage incident where the driver alleged he was attacked by a one legged berserker, and was lucky to escape with his life. The police are investigating.

The reason I am selling the steps is that they fell off as she was alighting, and she tumbled onto the pavement. Not very lady like. To make matters worse Bernard the postie was just passing and he saw a bit more than a well turned ankle. Which is probably why he turned a ghastly pale colour and staggered off staring in a manic wide eyed sort of way.

This little mishap my dearest once again put down to my (allegedly) bad welding and said if it had happened at speed she could have been seriously injured (That I should be so lucky) Heh heh heh No only kidding.

08 July Addition

My wife emboldened by the victory with 'whie van man' decided to design the ultimate road rage weapon. (See sketch 3rd picture) Lets hope it never gets beyond the design stage, but my dearests tenacity especially when it comes to making me build things is to say the least gripping (as in gripping parts of my anatomy until the job is done).

So if you are in Leicester and see a lightweight Landrover with tubes and pipes sticking out of the front, top and rear be very careful. It could be someone transporting guttering and plumbing supplies from B&Q. On the other hand they could be the barrels of some fendish weapon. Worse still there could be a passenger hiding within with a trembling trigger finger just aching to exact revenge on unsuspecting motorists.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

Below are genuine questions from visitors. If you have any humorous input just send it in and you too could be famous

09 July Addition

I have had a question from Stevescoots

Q You know you are a dead man walking when one of her coven read this and dispatch riders out to inform her. I would trade the landrover for a challenger 2, it may buy you some time inside to make peace with the lord as she claws back the armour to get at you!

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A Hi Steve

On my web site I have long lists. There is the Evil Overlords list and more importantly the Evil Minions. It is clear when reading these lists that the most life threatening thing a minion can do is to give the Evil Overlord or in this case Coven leader bad news. The messenger normally DIES a horrible lingering death. I am also safe in the fact she cannot use a computer due to her banana fingers and huge biceps. My 'Little Hairy Arm Pitted One's attempts at typing are akin to Little Richard belting a tune out on the old ivories. More keys end up on the floor than on the keyboard. Her own computer sadly died a few months ago. I was having a quiet cup of tea in the kitchen when I heard this growling noise coming from the dining room, getting louder by the minute. I shouted "Can I help my love," knowing she was having trouble logging on to her favourite web sites. I then hear a shout of

"TRY COMPUTING THIS YOU MOTHER

I rushed in just in time to see her bring her unstrapped wooden leg down upon the computer screen and keyboard (Much like that ape in the SF film 2001 space odyssey). Had it been an animate object she would just have cast a spell and turned it into a food blender or gusset scrubber but as she could not it ended up a mass of broken plastic scattered around the room. (She need not have worried about casting a spell because a month later the bits were recycled into plastic milk bottles).

My wife is like the Titanic cleaving its way through the oceans. Just as the great ship casts aside the sea so my dearest casts aside all who stand before her. She cares little about what people think of her or has time for idle gossip. SHE knows that SHE is the boss and to her that is all that matters. More importantly she knows that I know that she is the head honcho.

Regards Dave

09 July addition

Yet another message this time from a gentleman named Bruce

Q Dear foggydave,

Dear Dave, I am very interested in your auction, or more particularly in the story concerning the auction. I work for an engineering company that is often commissioned by certain governmental agencies to construct, shall we say, experimental structures of a secretive and violent nature. Your picture of the proposed modifications to a Landy have caught our attention and we would like to discuss this further with a view to development for HMG and deployment to the field. I could drop by for a chat as i am often in your area meeting suppliers and collecting parts, just the other week i was driving nearby in our company unmarked white transit van on my way to deliver some urgently needed medical equipment for a hush hush project that had to make an RAF flight to the Afghan version of Milton Keynes when my van and myself were rudely attacked by what on first inspection i believed to be a member of Billy Smarts Circus with a paint ball gun, long story, but please tell me where you live.

- brucebettridge

A Dear Bruce

I have had dealings with the HMG on a recent Ebay auction (See story 23 Selling a Pair Old Boots on Ebay on my web site) Before that was in my youth. My school was actually approved by HMG, from what I can remember they were a bit strict and the teachers dressed in black. Do I get the distinct impression of an implied threat or am I being over sensitive here? and my wife resents the insinuation that she looks like a clown. OK the lipstick is put on with a 4inch brush and the hair is a little, shall we say, frizzy and fluorescent green but that's because she leaned too far over her cauldron. The bell tent she wears for a dress with associated protuberances are her natural figure (At airports she is always stopped by customs who cannot believe she does not have balloons full of narcotics stuffed under her dress). And she is rather lacking in colour sense. Anyway apart from that and a few skin complaints she is rather fetching, in a WWW wrestler type way. Just remember anyone who messes with me messes with the wife, and she casts a mean spell. Just think you could be known

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as Bruce the frog or Bruce the pile of goo in the corner. Who knows???????

But I am sure that all this implied menace is only my imagination. All I will say is that you may work for an engineering company that makes structures of a secretive and violent nature. But you cannot in your wildest imaginings begin to comprehend the secretive and violent structure that is my wife.

Regards Dave

11 July Addition

After the flurry of activity on the 9th its going quite slowly. It is at these slow times during my auctions that I like to give the troops (your good selves) a rousing speech to stir the imagination and quicken the loins so to speak. I have an Ebay version of that classic speech from the Bard made famous by Laurence Olivier.

I have updated the following as I just put the translation in without the original and so I bring you both versions

Original St Crispens day speech from Henry V
By Will Shakespeare

Original version

Ebay version

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now-a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he today that bids this auction with me.
Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile.
This auction shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now abed,
Shall think themselves accursed they did not bid.
And hold their manhood's cheap whiles any speaks
That bid with you on these fair steps and won.

Or if we have some rappers amongst us

Rap version of St Ebays Speech

Me happy homies, me rock steady crew.
Bid wiv me an be one of der few,
Dat is ma bro even if yo dissed,
Dis sale goin down jus can't be missed,
And gangsta's in der cribs all smashed out,
When dey got no ganga de all will shout.
They'l old der standin eavy an loose der reps
When day se de ones dat won de Landrover steps.

Or if you are not into the bard you may prefer a loose translation from Browning

Oh to be in England by Robert Browning

Original version

OH, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England -- now!

Ebay Version

Oh to be in England,
 Now that eBays there,
 And whoever wakes in England,
 Sees, on Ebay, unaware,
 That the highest bids have won the day,
 Its Oh so little you have to pay,
 You are the one that come what may,
 Bid on the steps and won.

12 July addition

The Cosmic Megalump (The wife) has informed me we will be visiting her mother and sister on the weekend of the 18th July. Therefore if you win the steps you will not be able to collect until Sunday evening. Hopefully the wife will be staying at her Ma's for the week, so whoever wins may have the pleasure of not meeting my wife. But should you inadvertently meet her please heed the following warning.

My wife can often be found scrying; this involves throwing the bones, rune stones or reading the cats entrails. She used to read hen's entrails but it got rather expensive and messy, therefore we had a zip fitted to the stomach of our cat, (a sort of cat flap). So that when she needs to scry she just unzips, pokes about for a bit, and reads the convolutions of the tubes. I would at this time like to warn the eventual winner of this auction that when you come to collect, DO NOT, I repeat DO NOT, look into my wife's eyes directly. (This is rather difficult any way because they are so widely spaced and skewed that to see them both without flicking your gaze is very difficult.) When I say her eyes I mean the bloodshot eye, her scrying eye, this is the one she takes out occasionally to scrape and polish, the all seeing eye, the evil one. You have been warned.

 A Nice reader named GoodFella inspired by my rap version of the St Crispins day speech has sent the following in
 A rap version of William Blakes Jerusalem

Original Version

And did those feet in ancient time
 Walk upon England's mountains green?
 And was the holy Lamb of God
 On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
 And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
 Bring me my arrows of desire.
 Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!

Rap version

And did me feet in trainers fine
 Walk upon England's streets so mean
 And did me bros, me big heroes,
 Check it out, know what I mean?

Did they, on dere mobile phones
 Record me spree of crimes and ills
 Then put dem pics on internet
 So yo all can learn and watch and chill.

Bling me a record of platinum gold
 Bling me a lawyer for hire
 Bling me a contract for albums sold

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Bring me my chariot of fire!

Bling me all me heart's desire.

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

I will not stop me steam and fight
Nor even for a hundred grand
A rapper's worth is a rapper's bite
On England's soft and gentle hand.

If any reader has any more please send them in and I will post them on the Auction

13 July Addition

I have been asked what model Disco these steps are from. I am afraid I do not know at this time but am endeavouring to find out. They were dumped in my garage by my son a few years ago. I have just looked at the steps again and found 2 part numbers which I have just posted on the main advert at the top of this page many many words ago.

The reason I did not notice the labels was because both my wife and I have bad eyesight, and being so poor can only afford one pair of spectacles between us. We used to have one lens each with a patch over the other eye. This arrangement worked well, but one day our parrot settled on the wife's shoulder and with the eye patch, lank hair, six days growth of beard, wooden leg, and her perspiration problem, my malodious one looked uncannily like that the old time actor Robert Newton, who played Long John Silver in Treasure Island. I found this so disturbing and frightening, (I shiver at the thought of it to this day), that I insisted that we now wear glasses as they should normally be worn, two lenses in the same frame, but, share the glasses on a weekly basis. This brings me to the reason for the omission; it was her turn to wear them when I looked at the steps. Although after so many years of marriage, the lank hair and stubble I let her wear them most of the time, as Magoo like I can look at the wall when I speak to her and she to me, which I find is far less depressing.

----- 14 July Addition

Questions, questions, questions yet another, "Is my wife an ogre and as ugly as I make her out to be"? Wait while I put my white stick down. I would say she has more of a craggy beauty; the sort of beauty you see on a Lakeland fell, in a Scottish glen, or down the coalmine. She has a face that has been not unkindly, sculptured by the gentle rain the soft breezes, the occasional lightning strike, and the odd tornado. She has had a hard life and this shows itself in her features. I often remember the times when I parked my first Land rover whose hand brake was more ineffective than usual on a hill, and she would place her head under the wheel to act as a chock. Ah what loyalty!! The tyre indentations on her cheeks are still visible despite the use of forty-grit sandpaper trying to erase them.

On a lighter note I have some more rap versions of well known verse sent in by an Ebayer

If by Rudyard Kipling

Original version

(First, second and last verses)

Rap Version

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting, too,
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can keep yo stash when the bros
Are losing theirs and pinning it on you.
If you can bust yo rival crew
And make da cash and sniff da glue,
If you can be dissed and use da knife
And do da time and feel da strife.
And through it all, through all dem fights,
Hang on man, to dem yo human rights.

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If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them: 'Hold on!'
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With 60 seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!

If you can rap wid da gangsta boys
And rap some wid da law
If you can keep dem guessing
About just what dey saw
If you can keep dem guessing
About just what dey know
And so hold when dere is nothing
Except the will dat shouts 'Let's Go'.
If you can talk to magistrates and hang on to your crack ,
Or social workers, who know yo pain
So let you keep yo smack
If you can do all dat yo should
Do what da broverhood have done
Then yours is the turf.
And there's truth in the lie:
That yo a man, my son.

STOP THE CLOCKS by W.H. AUDEN

Original version

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.
Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead.
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.
He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong.
The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Rap version

Stop all dem clocks, unplug da phone
Hush dat dog wid da juicy bone
Quit dat piano and dat sound of drum
Da dude is merked, let dem bros come.
Dem airplanes fly over me head
Wid da message write on da sky: he's dead.
Chill it all, out of respec'
Make da man tie black round his neck.
He was me gang, me crew, me bro
He helped me get high, now I'm so low.
He was da mate who always be strong
I thought he live for ever: I was wrong.
Dem stars no one want them now, put out every one
No need for the moon or the sun
Da dude is gone, put up da hood
For nothing now is no damned good

Are there any more out there ????????

On average I list an item every month. If you have enjoyed reading this story and its additions and wish to be notified of my next auction then please contact me either on this auction with your email address or through my web site www.foggydave.co.uk If you go to my website you can read many stories from previous listings I have posted over the last year or so.

Thank you.

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