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Seller view

Item: 80ft x 10mm Close Link Stainless Steel tow / lift chain

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Listing info

High bidder ID: gwyniepig
Duration: 10 days
Start price: £45.00

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80ft x 10mm Close Link Stainless Steel tow / lift chain

With funny story. Bring a bit of bling to your garage

Item condition: **New**

Time left: 1 day 18 hours (11 Aug, 2009 17:07:04 BST)

Bid history: [1 bid](#)

Current bid: **£45.00**

Enter maximum bid: £
(Enter £46.00 or more)

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Returns: No Returns Accepted

Seller info

[foggydave](#) (82 ★) 100%

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Other item info

Item number: 130322257004

Item location: **Leicester, Leicestershire, United Kingdom**

Post to: Local pick-up only

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Description P&P and payments Related items and services

Last updated on 10:01:40 BST, 09 Aug, 2009 [View all revisions](#)

Item specifics - Recovery Equipment

Type: Towing
Sub-Type: chain

Condition: New

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.

BRING A BIT OF BLING TO YOUR GARAGE

80ft of 10mm diameter STAINLESS STEEL CLOSE LINKED CHAIN

This comes with 2 x Galvanised hooks.

This has been in my workshop for many years. Some links have been scuffed slightly when I have moved it around during the time I have had it

As this chain weighs over 90kilo's it is for collection only from Glenfield Leicester. (LE3)

Just think yours could be the garage/workshop/atomic bunker that people will be talking about.

The garage next door may tow in cars with an old rusty steel chain, but not you. If you bid and win on this shiny sparkling chain people will point, people will notice. "Hey there's a man who tows with style, I must get him to tow my cars". This could be the best investment you make this year. Forget the £3k tuning equipment, the new car lift, buy this instead you know it makes good financial sense. I had thought of starting up my own garage just so I could use this chain it looks that good.

How many garages spend £50k on a state of the art recovery truck. Get it airsprayed and have every nut, bolt, and fixture chromed, and then let themselves down by using a rusty length of recovery chain. Bid now, you know it makes sense.

Let us not forget that special breed of person 'The Land Rover Owner'. You have just spent thousands of pounds on Mud tyres, Snorkel, Winch, Bull bar, Bellypans and diff locks. You have got the roof rack, seat covers and a 'burn your eyeballs out at 1000 yards bank of spots. What else is there to buy? What would add that finishing touch, the cherry on the cake? mmmmmmmmmmm. Well look no further you have found it. My chain. Imagine a length of this chain wrapped around your bull bar or swinging from the roof rack. AWESOME don't you think? Bid now, be a winner, be a trend setter.

Ladies, what about buying this chain for your Landrover loving hubbies for Christmas. Think how their eyes would sparkle when they opened up the present on Christmas morning. OK, it would take a fair bit of wrapping paper and Santa may moan at the weight (He could do with loosing a few pounds anyway) but just think of the pride you will have at the next Landrover club off road day when everyone will ask. "Where did you get that wonderful chain from"? and he will say, "My wonderful caring wife/girl/boy friend gave it to me as a present. Bid now, show him you love him.

The reason for the sale of this chain is told below

Where my Peg legged, goose stepping wife loses the plot and Mr Crutch loses his cool

We live in a close of twelve houses, our hovel being at the "Mouth" of the close, at its junction with main road. The gentleman on the other side of the close was our neighbourhood watch coordinator who, after many years of dedicated service, twitching nets and curtains and being nosey decided to give it up. This was firstly, due to his age and secondly, because the window cleaner was committed to the local sanatorium two years ago, his windows being so grimy his view was severely impeded.

The reason the window cleaner ended up in the loony bin was that he had a bad experience whilst up his ladders cleaning our windows. He was unfortunate enough to clean our bedroom window when my wife 'The blimp' was putting on her corsets. You have heard of the expression. 'You cannot get a quart into a pint pot' well in this case you can, or to be more explicit, the wife can. We do not talk here of the standard corset for overweight ladies but the super corset, the corset containing titanium rods, carbon fibre and the material used as arrester wire on aircraft carriers.

The nearest analogy I can think of is the humble sleeping bag. Your sleeping bag comes in a pouch. You take the bag out, sleep under the stars and in the morning try to put the bag back in the pouch, it won't fit. You end up squeezing the bag into the pouch more often than not ripping the pouch in the process. Now imagine you get the sleeping bags mixed up and you try to get a double sleeping bag into the single pouch. This is my wife putting on her corsets. This is what the window cleaner saw, and worse still she had her back to him, and worse still she was bending over. There are some things a man must never see. The robot in blade runner may have seen "*Things you people wouldn't believe. Attack ships on fire off the shoulder of Orion. I watched C-beams glitter in the dark near the Tannhauser gate*". But had he seen what the window cleaner saw he would not have been so chirpy. I would try to explain the contortions, sounds, and other sense stretching sensations that is my wife putting on corsets but the words have not yet been invented. I can though explain what taking it off is like. It's like a 20 man life raft being inflated in a very small room.

It was during one of my Little Methane Megaphones rants about crime and criminals along the usual lines of 'If I had my way they would all be castrated' and her moaning about the ineffective neighbourhood watch that without thinking I said "Well why don't you do it then?"

This was another classic case of 'The moving finger'. As soon as I said it I regretted it. In the silence I could hear her brain working, cogs whirring, gears meshing, cobwebs splitting. After about a millisecond she agreed and put her name forward to the committee.

I should have known what would happen. Last year my dearest was asked to look after the local after school infant cub and brownie group whilst the leader was in hospital with a bad case of Rangoon Crut. It took her just four weeks to turn them into a radical infant freedom cell, causing havoc and mayhem, demanding McDonalds for school dinners and four hour play times. Also that the head teacher of the local infant school be hanged from the school gates for being such a sour puss. It all came to an end in the second week when they staged a sit in demanding that all students have X boxes and four hours a day X box time on Call of Duty. It took a squad of riot police and several canisters of CS gas to quell the unrest and bring the "sit in" to a close. This unrest was put down to bad drinking water. My wife, Glenfields very own Che Guevara put it down to bad parenting.

Now she was being asked to ensure the safety and well being of twelve houses and their occupants. Scary, very scary.

As there were no other candidates my dearest got the job.

All went well at first, and it seemed my fears were ungrounded. She handed out leaflets and invisible marker pens, passing on any warnings of scroat activity in the area. The alarm bells should have rung when she started security checks on all properties in (as she put it) "her patch". Clip board in hand she did a full inspection and noted down all the "weak" spots and "ingress" points with lots of mentions of red zones and blue zones. My cellar workroom was taken over as "HQ Bunker one", and before long maps and charts adorned the walls. One benefit was that my wife bought one of those army cots and insisted she sleep in the "nerve center" in case of emergency. Things were definitely going from bad to worse, although I did have the bonus of quiet nights with her sleeping downstairs.

It was on a Saturday trip to Nottingham, and Anchor Supplies, (these are suppliers of army surplus stock), that I knew we were in trouble. The reason for the trip was to get some work

clothes for me and the lad. She spotted a lift up barrier, one of those red and white painted poles seen at border crossings. It had a sentry box attached with machine gun slits and razor wire. As the company needed the space my wife got the lot plus a Russian Generals uniform for £50.

And so within two days the mouth of the close had its own border crossing complete with chains across the pavement to stop cyclists and any terrorist hoody bomber type people who could creep around the barrier.

My wife in full uniform stood guard. I was so proud of her as she paced impressively up and down her wooden leg making a reassuring thump on the pavement as she did a smart about turn.

Sunday morning came and all was quiet on the Foggydave front. This though changed when Mr. Crutch from No 6 wanted to drive to church with his wife. Upon arriving at the barrier he started to press his horn. My uniformed one studiously ignored him. On seeing this Mr. C got out of his car and pushed the barrier up, but not far enough because as got back into his car and moved forward the barrier come crashing down upon the bonnet of his Jag, fury gripped Mr. C and with a roar of his V12 he forced his car under the bar which bounced and jarred across the roof clattering onto his boot as he sped out of the close only to collide with a police car which had slowed down to see what all the commotion was about. After cautioning Mr. C and his wife they approached my uniformed one, asking her what the **+++** she thought she was doing. My wife pointing to the "unadopted" sign under the close name plate told the police they had no jurisdiction, but offered them a cup of tea.

This wise man had saved humanity and for his reward he had the choice of many beautiful (*insert 'woman' 'men' or whatever floats your boat*). And lived the rest his life in luxury and style. But always at his side, just in case was 'The Chain.' The chain you see on the picture above.

Bid now, you know it makes sense. I also think you will stand more chance of meeting and conquering a giant monster than you have of winning the lottery.

* Thanks for the mention.

**An alternative ending for animal rights activists would be that it was knocked unconscious and sent to exile on the Isle of Wight.

To be continued

We are off caravanning for a few days. Hopefully I will get a good signal on my mobile connection and post some updates If not I will update Sunday PM

On 09-Aug-09 at 10:01:40 BST, seller added the following information:

Oh joy a bid, someone wants my chain, this is good news.

Normally I pen a little poem to rouse the troops so to speak but not this time.

I have just been away for a few days. I took my computer which did a nasty on me and broke down. Well would not turn on. I am at home and type this on my old Compaq M300 which I keep for emergencies. I am sure my wife put a hex on the one I took; it was perfectly ok when we left.

Mind you I should have seen it coming. We went caravanning last weekend and my dearest was rather miffed that I take my computer everywhere and could not live without it for a day.

"Im fed up with you bringing that thing everywhere you go, you can't live without it even for a day"
She said as she picked her nose (*Part of her morning ablutions, to clean out every orifice, yes I do mean 'every' orifice*).
I retorted.

"Why can't I bring it. I bring you out into the beautiful countryside for you to relax. Well this is my relaxation. What more do you want?"

"I want us to be together, to do the things we used to, go on long walks, Be young again."

As she said this she leaned over and touched my knee. This would not have been so bad but I was wearing shorts. I have become immune to the many plagues and pestilences that from time to time afflict my wife, but there is still that chance she may have caught a new strain. Also our marriage has gone far beyond the casual touching of the knee. I could see where this was going, time to change the subject for that was a place of nightmares, a place I did not want to go.

I had to change the subject.

"Of course I can live without it. I bet you"

Why do I say these things? Have I not learnt anything during this constant conflict we call marriage.

"Aha we'll see about that"

That is when she went off in a huff to lurk about the other caravans and talk to other caravan owners about barbecues, solar panels and of course the perennial problems with the Elsan point.(*where you empty the loo*).

So that is the reason I was without my computer for 53 hours and 14 minutes. I could have counted the seconds but that would have been silly wouldn't it? I now know how drug addicts feel when they go on 'Cold Turkey' or when an alcoholic goes without a drink.

I would not mind but there is no help out there. Had I been a drug addict, alcoholic, or giving up smoking there would be telephone help lines, the Samaritans, even the church, but no. There was no help.

Why not?

I thing I may start a help line for distressed computer users, who at the end of their tether, either through having no computer or having an insoluble problem, can contact and receive soothing words and sage advice.

I actually had to write with one of those old fashioned things, I think they call it a pencil on wait for it Paper, yes real paper. And scissors.

..... The scissors were for cutting and pasting, only this was cutting and sellotaping. How did authors of old do it before word processors and computers?

I have a small computer type poem

On the QWERTY keyboard of life.

By Foggydave

There are only the letters you type with.
On the QWERTY keyboard of life.
A missed key can mean the difference
Between happiness or strife

When you press the key be very sure
The letter is what you want
On the keyboard of life there is no delete
No erasing or changing of font

Does it matter if the spacing
Of the words is a little big
Life is never going to be perfect
It will be always be WYSIWYG

Delores of Soho has contacted me to suggest a different category to sell this chain in. A category I find a little hard to believe. Although strangely fascinating. I must investigate.

If Englebert Humpedinkle had had a chain like mine wrapped around him when he sang Please Release Me, it would have been a smash hit.

It was, and he did it without your chain.

I talk here not of Gerry Dorsey aka Englebert Humpedinkle who by the way was a Leicester lad, but of one who came before him. Englebert Humpedinkle aka Arthur Fiddler well known entrepreneur and vaudeville artiste who sang the same song without the shirt collars and flares. Sad, very sad.

What's so sad about it?

Had he had my chain around him on stage it may have protected him when an out of control Woolly Mammoth attacked him.

They don't exist

Oh it happened a long time ago. His funeral was a sort of 'Flat Pack' affair, they just kept folding until he fitted the coffin.

How would the chain have saved him?

Just offstage in the wings his wife and her lover were doing unspeakable things inside a Woolly Mammoth pantomime costume

What things?

I cannot tell you they were unspeakable. Anyway he saw them, and she had seen he had seen them, panicked, and charged across the stage. He tripped and fell and the Woolly Mammoth landed on top of him.

So how did he die?

His wife was rather big.

A bit like yours then?

Why did you say that in a whisper?

Right then so how would a chain have saved him?

His wife had a phobia about chains. It comes from her first marriage to an escapologist.

Houdini?

No his name was John. Who's is this Dini of whom you speak?

Thankyou for reading the story. If you would like to read more about the adventures of my wife etc just go to my web site www.foggydave.co.uk

Due to holiays and other commitments I will not be listing another item until the end of September.

All the best Foggydave.

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