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Also listed in: [Cars, Parts & Vehicles](#) > [Car Accessories](#) > [Security & Electrical](#) > [Wheel Clamps](#)

WHEEL CLAMP SAS WHEEL CLAMP With story

Item number: 130247465124

Not suitable for shopping trollies or square wheels

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Winning bid: **£27.00**

Ended: **26-Aug-08 20:17:03 BST**

Postage costs: **£11.40**
 Royal Mail Standard Parcels
 Service to [United Kingdom](#)

Post to: **United Kingdom**

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

History: [7 bids](#)

Winning bidder: [fenncarm](#) (4)

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Seller: [foggydave](#) (68 ★)

Feedback: **100 % Positive**

Member: since 08-Apr-04 in United Kingdom

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1. Check the seller's reputation

Score: 68 | 100% Positive

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Description ([revised](#))

Seller assumes all responsibility for listing this item.

Item Specifics - Caravan & Motorhome Accessories

Type: **Security**

Brand: --

Sub-Type: **Wheel Clamps**

Length (cm): --

Condition: **Used**

Item Specifics - Car Parts & Accessories

Type: **Safety & Security**

Subtype: **Wheel Clamps**

Manufacturer: --

Model/ Series: --

Intended Use: --

Condition: **Used**

With each Ebay sale I make I tell a story about the item and the reason for the sale. I then add the story to my web site www.foggydave.co.uk If you go to my site it will explain why my wife has one leg shorter than the other and more pertinent facts.

SAS WHEEL CLAMP

FOR ALL WHEEL SIZES FROM 10 INCH TO 15 INCH DIAMETER

AND UP TO 195mm WIDE

THIS COMES COMPLETE WITH 2 KEYS AND CARRY CASE AS PICTURE

THIS IS USED AND SO HAS A FEW SCUFFS BUT IS GENERALLY IN GOOD CONDITION

WEIGHT FOR POSTAGE IS 7kg

ON THE CARRY CASE IT SAYS THIS ITEM IS INSURANCE APPROVED

THERE IS NO RESERVE ON THIS ITEM

THE REASON FOR THE SALE IS AS FOLLOWS

This clamp is now surplus to requirements as it was used on my mother in laws mobility scooter. We have at long last managed to put her in a home, and have sold the scooter. The motor biker who bought the scooter does not want the clamp so it is for sale.

You may wonder why a motor biker would buy a mobility scooter.

Well the fact is this was no ordinary scooter. I had replaced the electric motor with a V8 petrol engine, using the racing wheels off an old MG Mini. The exhaust fumes caused a few problems but no more than the fumes coming from Granny the Mega Methane Madam. The sale of the scooter was not as simple as it seems, as I had to first prying it out of my wife's sweaty grasp. When we had sent the ma in law packing to the old folks home, my wife normally a picture of health and fitness not one to let a golden opportunity pass, suddenly developed crippling arthritis. Saying what a good job it was we had not sold the scooter yet as she could now use it, her being so old and crippled that she was unable even to walk to the shops without falling over after each step.

My wife and machines do not make good bed fellows; she has failed her driving test 20 times, some in spectacular fashion. She cannot grasp the concept of mechanics. When asked what drives a car she says the wheels go around, but ask her what drives the wheels and all you get is a blank look. She still has only a vague idea that turning the steering wheel actually turns the wheels to change direction. I am sure that when she turns the wheel she thinks a gremlin under the bonnet is looking at which way her hands are going, and turns the car in that direction. She has no concept that the steering wheel may be joined to the wheels in some form. She still does not know why I put petrol in the car, she knows it makes the car go but hasn't the faintest idea of how.

She now wanted to be let loose on a 90mph invalid scooter. This was a disaster waiting to happen.

The reason that she became an overnight paraplegic was that people who drove mobility scooters invariably got to the front of the queues, and were given preferential treatment at the Co Op. They also got to sit at the front of social gatherings, like football matches, mud wrestling, etc. There are quite a few scooters in our village, and they can often be seen in convoys of two or three ambling along the pavement on their way to the shops.

On the first available Sunday I took her up to the industrial estate, which was quiet at the weekends, and she tried out the scooter. I must say I was pleasantly surprised. Her throttle and clutch control were very good, with the gear changes very smooth. After about an hour I suggested we go home and started to load the scooter onto the trailer, but my wife insisted that it would be good practice to drive it home herself. I left her slowly moving along the side of the road and drove the two miles back. To my amazement when I arrived my dearest was already there nonchalantly drinking a cup of tea. She said she knew a short cut. The warning bells should have sounded in my head when I looked at the red hot exhaust and steaming tyres on the scooter.

I have spoken before of serendipity or chance. That night on the television they repeated the 1953 classic film starring Marlon Brando. The Wild Ones. A film of motorcycle gangs, and their ability to terrorise and excite a small township. At the end of the film my wife rushed upstairs, rummaging through my old motorcycle gear. I have always had motorbikes and rarely throw old leathers, cutoffs, and other clothing away. She came down looking like a cross between a hell's angel and Genghis Khan.

I did not see the scooter for a while as my wife busied herself in the shed cleaning and polishing it. Also adding what she said were personal touches, which I took to mean furry dice, a few transfers and a tape deck I had spare.

I was awoken one morning a week later to the unmistakable sound of a V8 engine revving up, on looking out of the window I saw what can only be described as a marauding Goth sitting on a beautiful chromed monster. It now had cissy bars on the back with raised finned twin exhausts, curled high handle bars with leather tassels on the ends. It had spiked nuts and chromed skulls. Twin Bates headlights and stainless steel running boards. The engine had been polished to a mirror finish. She then put on 'Meatloaf's Bat Out of Hell tape full volume, and with a mighty V8 roar, wheeled out of the gate and sped off down the street.

She came back an hour later rather disgruntled because "that little Hitler" as she called the security guard at the Co Op would not let her take the scooter into the store, due to the noise and pollution it would cause even after she had explained hat a frail old crippled thing she was.

She was now in a dilemma, she had told the guard she was a cripple unable to walk on her poor frail leg. This meant she could not just park the scooter up and walk in as it would show the guard she was faking it. She must shop today as it was the only day when the two for one and nearly out of date yellow sticker offers were on. There was nothing for it but to wait till he was off duty and then do her shopping. This turned out to be a long, long wait as this was his full time job. So my wife sat and seethed, getting angry and muttering about disabled rights and poor old ladies. Then the phone rang for my dearest, it was the disabled lady from the next street who had stopped with her other disabled friends to admire the wife's scooter. They had witnessed the altercation between her and the guard and had rung to offer their support for her plight, poor crippled thing. My dearest then started whispering to her down the phone obviously hatching a plan of some sort. I have lived with my beloved for long enough to know when trouble is looming. Normally it looms over me in the form of my dearest holding a blunt instrument, her wooden leg, in threatening poses. Today it seemed it was the guards turn as I kept hearing the name Little Hitler spoken in a vehement way. Then she was off muttering something about doing the shopping.

I next heard the sound of the V8 engine disappearing in the distance. Being curios and not wishing to miss the fun I got in my Land Rover and sped down to the Co Op, and sauntered in past the guard who was berating a young mother for being in the pickup zone for a few seconds longer than the permitted time. Yes this was a real jobs worth sort of a person. So I waited in the entrance reading the for sale and wanted cards. I did not have long to wait, for in the distance I heard the unmistakable sound of a V8 engine. The noise grew louder as around the corner came my dearest on her scooter. On either side in arrow formations were six other mobility scooters, they charged for the door. The startled guard foolishly put out his arm, hand palm up ordering them to stop. This fell on deaf ears as the gang led by my wife rolled over him and on into the store. The teams work done they peeled off to the side in the best Red Arrows tradition and left my wife charging forward, scooping provisions off the shelf, and finally coming to rest at the check out. Having paid she sped out of the door bowling over the guard who had just staggered to his feet dazed and hurt, causing more bruising and pain. When she got home my dearest thoroughly fed up with the problems faced by the disabled, parked the scooter in the shed saying she would rather walk. (Lucky she has a choice) She still keeps a poster of Marlin Brando on the wall to remind her of the day she kicked ass at the Co Op.

This story will be added to as the auction progresses

TO BE CONTINUED.

Second day of sale

At this time I normally invite readers to suggest alternative uses for the item I have for sale I am sure my usual contributors will find some more novel applications. Remember all you have to do is just let your brain wander..... as mine often does.

I see we already have two suggestions.

Brenda Bucket of Ibstock...Will it fit my Coachman?.....FD...*Brenda where were you thinking of telling him to wear it, he may find it a tad uncomfortable especially when whipping the horses to a frenzied gallop. I suppose he could wear it on his foot at night to stop his sleep walking or other nocturnal adventures with the domestics. You could nail a wheel to the horses leg and then put the clamp on the wheel to stop horse rustling. (Horse rustling is a lot like newspaper rustling but a lot quieter).*

And another.

Well surprise surprise we have a few suggestions from Delores of Soho again unprintable before the nine o'clock water shed.....FD....*Delores is there nothing on this earth that you cannot put to some erotic use? This thing weighs a great deal and to have it dangling from any part of the male body would be rather painful especially the parts you want to attach it to.....Or is that the aim of the exercise? I must though admit that it does look like something that may have been used in the Inquisition to pinch certain parts of the anatomy. I must once again question the sanity of some of your clients.*

Third day of sale

My dearest has just found out I am selling the wheel clamp, she has now informed me that she was going to wear a pair of them to the next Nottingham Goose Fair caravan weekend, in the DA fancy dress do. Wearing the clamps as ear rings with a jockey wheel cover as a headpiece with a feather in it, as the triangular shape reminded her of a Robin Hood hat. The assemblage would be completed by wearing a modified awning as a dress (well 2 awnings as one would be a tad small), the last thing she would want to do was to look silly, or even worse a tart. She would of course be taking her genuine replica long bow (She is one of the few people in Britain with the strength and skill to pull it) although she still has to master the technique of getting the arrow to go where she wants it to, but she is getting better.

She now thinks she will wear a pair of hub caps as earrings instead of the clamps with a necklace utilising a couple of Alco Hitchlocks with the dangly ball bits. I moan about Delores finding an erotic use for everything, my wife on the other hand seems to turn every thing into a haute couture item. or as she puts it " owt cooter"

Talking of "Owt Cooter" and ear rings, last week my dearest The Hairy One was using one of those mobile phones where to close the phone the face slides over the number pad for compactness and this sliding also ends the call. My love had just finished a call, and, always thinking of the pennies snapped the phone shut very fast. The slider though caught in her copious ear hairs and was jammed solid, I offered to cut the hair and free her but my wife was having none of it. "God did not give you nasal and ear hair just so that you could cut it off, it serves a purpose", she said. (I suppose in my case I could grow my ear and nasal hair very very long and loop the strands over my bald head tying them in a knot at the top. What a comb over that would be. Bobby Charlton eat your heart out).

We were going to the Leicester races the next day and so that it would not look odd she jammed another phone on the other ear and so had telephone earrings. For a hat she wore a replica of a red London Telephone kiosk to keep with the communications theme. She did jump though when the kiosk phone rang and a person asked for Whitehall 1212. and kept saying press button A

I had a message from Brenda Bucket of Ibstock. I had got the wrong end of the stick..again.....FD ...*Ahh so it's for your caravan Brenda. Is this the one that is suffering from a slight attack of warpitus?(warping floors etc) I have been thinking about the problem of owning a banana shaped caravan and would suggest you put it on EBay and as a selling point suggest it may be of benefit to insomniacs as it rocks backwards and forwards in the night breezes so lulling them off to sleep. Or.....The ideas are coming thick and fast.....Sell it as an amphibious caravan as it has the curved shape of a boats hull, and with a small outboard motor on the back it could chug up and down the canal with no problems..... You could put a mast and sails on it and enter the Americas Cup.....Think of the pride you would have sailing over the winning line, Union Jack (Or skull and Crossbones) flying at the masthead. You could get hubby Ray to swab the decks every day, it would make a change from washing the coal.....Oh by the way has he stopped practicing that unhygienic habit with the vacuum cleaner?.....You could sail it over to France and save ferry fares, then when you arrive just run it up the beach and drive away. (You would of course have to take the car which you could strap to the top of the van using ratchet straps. There you are you could have bought some off one of my previous auctions see story 13 on my web site) Think of the variety of holidays, sail down the river Seine to Paris and take the roads back to the coast. Just think if Churchill had thought of this in WW2, Dunkirk could have been evacuated in half the time and the D Day landings would have been a cake walk. No jumping out of landing craft up to your neck in water, oh no, just straight onto the beach, sun beds out and put the knotted handkerchief on the head to ward off the sun and midges. As the Germans already occupied the beach there may have been a battle for the sun beds (So what's new),but I am sure our British grit and*

fortitude along with our Union Jack shorts and a six pack of lager would have seen us through and won the day. They could have attacked in the middle of the night just armed with towels, they would have then draped these over the sun beds and avoided a confrontation altogether..... This is what you call sideways thinking.....mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.....my head hurts I must go and lay down.

Fourth day of sale

This is all going rather slowly with very few suggestions although I did have the following conversation with a gentleman from Leicester.

Fred of Leicester in a telephone call.....

Fred....Use it as a giant walnut cracker....Its no good as a wheel clamp to stop thievery. I had one once and fitted it to a wheel I had in the front garden, but when I got up in the morning the clamp had gone.....

Me...Sorry to hear about that Fred I did not know you were a caravan owner. Did you get the van back?.....

Fred....No it wasn't on a caravan.....

Me....Oh so it was on a trailer?

Fred...No it wasn't on a trailer

Me...So what was it on? (Fred is one of those people who need coaxing along when telling you anything, you tend to end up finishing all their sentences).

Fred....No it was just on a wheel....The wheel wasn't on anything like that.

Me.....So lets get this straight...You put a wheel clamp on a wheel that was not on anything but just laying in your front garden?

Fred....No it was on the head of Mr Grimpole a garden gnome. There was a spate of garden gnome nicking a few years back It was him I was trying to keep, I just thought if the thieves saw a wheel with a wheel clamp on they would think that the wheel could not be moved off the gnome.

Me...So as well as the wheel and clamp you lost Mr Grimpole the garden gnome? How sad.

Fred....He sent me a postcard last year from Skegness saying he was enjoying his freedom and Mrs Grimpole and the kids were enjoying the beach, and people like me should be locked up for keeping little people like him prisoners all their lives. That's the last I heard. Although I have recently been getting literature from a group calling themselves EGG (Emancipation of Garden Gnomes.) Asking for donations for their SAG (Save a Gnome) foundation

Me....So alls well that ends well then?..... (or has it ended?????)

Fifth day of sale

Talking of ear hair

Do you have to?

Yes not enough is written about this much maligned subject. They are real, they are long, and they are in your face.....Well on the side of your head

But surely some subjects should be taboo, you will be writing about nasal hair next.

Ahhh yes I do sometimes wax lyrical about ear hair (get it ..wax...ears...errrrr) but I think these things should be talked about, they are after all real and in some cases very scary. For one as follicley challenged as I am you come to cherish what little bit of hair you have. Each strand is a thing of wonder and beauty. Who knows when a young maiden may fall desperately in love with me, but because I am spoken for she cannot have me so may want a keepsake. Twenty years ago I would have given her a lock of hair from my head. Now I can give her a bunch of nasal and ear hair to remember me by.

That is so beautiful but say you had alopecia? (Total hair loss)

Then it would be nail clippings or better still tummy button fluff..... That's more personal.

No that's more disgusting

No its not I. could go out and buy her a key ring or a picture of a Woolly Mammoth to remember me by but if she accepted nail clippings or tummy button fluff that would be a real test of love, and remember nail clippings are not just for Christmas they are for life. (Not like puppies).

Talking of nasal and ear hair

In my wife's case she has so much excess ear and nasal hair she can actually braid it into small pony tails, that is unless she is going through one of her split personality phases and takes on the persona of a Rastafarian. She then braids them into dreadlocks and we have to suffer her unending Bob Marley impressions, Rasta talk and her renditions of steel band tunes played on the old copper water butt. The good thing is she doesn't "do" Ganga as her Tibetan Yak dung tobacco has far stronger hallucinogenic properties.

It could be worse she sometimes becomes Long John Silver, doesn't wash or shave for weeks, and we have an unending round of sea shanties, "ooaaar Jim Lads", lots of "avast there you landlubbers", and "shiver me timbers" The house becomes a ship with walls becoming bulk heads, the kitchen a galley and the loo the heads. We are also subjected to a diet of ships biscuit complete with weevils and salted pork. But the worst part when she is Long John Silver other than the not washing or shaving is THE JOKE. My wife does not have a sense of humour, but one joke, THE JOKE is the only one that makes her chuckle slightly.....well a sort of grunt.....OK just a slight rise of the upper lip.....OK OK just a twitch of her moustache.

Two years ago I told her this joke, its from the Goon Show and is very simple.....

Captain "Stand by to repel boarders"

Sailor "How do you repel boarders"
Captain "Stop changing the bed linen"

Amusing you might say when heard once but my wife repeats it over and over again like some mantra. And also insists on telling it at all the functions we attend. When it does not illicit the required guffaw my wife nudges them in the ribs saying "get it, bed linen, stop changing, priceless". With my wife not knowing her own strength this nudge normally cracks a few ribs. Word soon got around so to avoid injury everybody laughs when she tells it, some even go into hysterics, roll around on the carpet and froth at the mouth**. This makes the wife think that the joke is wonderful and must be recited at every opportunity. (***The frothing though may be due to them eating a piece of my wifes ginger cake and the rolling on the carpet may just be because of severe stomach cramps and impending diarrhoea*)

It could be even worse sometimes we have an amalgam of all her personalities from The French onion seller with hooped tee shirt, beret and a 2ft waxed moustache. Through Long John Silver, Bob Marley, Elvis, Ghengis Khan, etc etc etc, to the Viking marauder complete with a cow horn hat and flowing beard. It is like living with one of those quick change artists, you don't know who is coming through the door next or whether it will be frogs legs or Viking stew for tea

Day six of sale

Talking of nasal hair.

Oh No

It could be worse I could talk of frogs legs and Viking stew

Oh Ok then.

Indeed talking of nasal hair AND long bows. Last year my little Robin (Hairy Arms) Hood had a really painful experience. She was in a Long Bow archery competition and not doing very well. After 16 arrows she had yet to get one within 3 feet of the bull. Whilst drawing back the bow and aiming you bring the string back to your nose, sight down the arrow and let go. This was her last shot, and so she drew the string back but as she was about to let go her nasal hairs got caught in the arrow feathers, when she let go of the string one can only guess at the pain she suffered as all her nasal hair was plucked out in one bunch, but as she was in a bow contest she suffered in silence, although it did make her eyes water. On the upside the extra tuft of hair on the arrow made it go straight into the bull's eye winning her the match. Now as a good luck charm at each competition she plucks a nasal hair and attaches it to the feathers of each arrow. Her aim is still quite appalling and the arrows seem to go anywhere but into the target, one or two find the bull and she considers this justifies the pain and watering eyes.

She is thinking of selling them on Ebay as a good luck charm. (I have seen more bizarre items for sale)

PLEASE NOTE THERE IS NO RESERVE ON THIS ITEM

Well this is all gong rather slowly I normally have a lot of suggestions as to the alternative uses of my sales items but there is still time. Possibly my normal contributors are on holiday.

I am off for a few days caravanning at The Black Country Waterways Festival. In Wolverhampton but should be back on Sunday night to add a story or two.

Regards FD

Seventh day of sale

I thought that whilst I was away I would leave you with a short story about my wife. Luckily this has nothing to do with body hair of any sort.

Thank goodness for that. Whats it about?

Oh your still here are you?..... Its about the local Co Op store.....and my hairy wife

Shopping and the hesitant doors

My wife is an impatient woman, and this is never more apparent than when she is shopping. The impatience starts hours before the trip when she makes out her list, (which normally gets left behind in the house). The list is in order of shopping, she imagines herself going down the aisles and picking stuff off the shelf, muttering to herself about how low or high the product is, even down to the wait at the cheese counter for her normal 2kg of Danish blue, tut tutting at the long queue. Finally with her mental shopping trolley full she reaches the cash out and unpacks the goods totting up in her mind the total price. She then adds on £40 for incidentals, and now in a high state of anger built up during the imaginary shopping trip we set out for real.

I always take my old Land Rover as no one parks next to it. If you do not want a dink or scratch then park next to the poshest car. When you park next to a wreck like mine you can expect the worst. Of course we have to park as close to the doors as possible, this means either going into a disabled spot or those reserved for mothers with prams. We used to go into the disabled but the parking- trolley man soon got suspicious of the roughly crayoned disability badge. And so we park in the mothers and pram space, When getting out my wife bunches up her dress to look as if she was cradling an infant, even going so far as to say coochie choo,s to it. Once for added realism she actually pretended to breast feed it, not a pretty sight to see just before you buy food, or at any other time come to think of it.

It is then a dash for the few trolleys available, unless you want to walk half a mile across the car park to where they are herding in the farthest corner. How they get there I do not know, as no one parks anywhere near it. It must be a herding instinct, and if you see them slotting together without human help be very afraid as there will be many more by morning. Getting the trolley is my job as the wife busies herself getting out of the car, and re arranging her bell tent of a dress. Then trying to find the shopping list, and swearing when she realises she left it at home. This job of getting the trolley is probably the last vestige we men have from the days when the male members of the family dressed in animal furs and went out to hunt. We track down the trolley weaving in and out of cars, keeping a wary eye out for other hunters. When you see a trolley you do not go straight for it as this would point other men in the same direction. No, you take a zig zagging course through the cars hoping that others have not seen you. The excitement mounts as you approach the basket, and then the final mad dash of five meters as other hunters hidden behind bumpers and bonnets all dash for the prize. The winner then jumps up and down beating his chest as he fends of the slathering pack. That is until he sees that one of the wheels has a tyre missing, at which time the others smirking melt back behind the cars to continue the hunt. Woe and thrice woe to the man who presents his mistress with a trolley with squeaky or stiff wheels, for as she shops other women will look and sadly smile, her man a failure in their eyes, and in her eyes the steely glint of “wait till I get you home”. There was a recent divorce case where the main reason cited for their break up was his inability to get a good shopping trolley, so infringing her human rights to shop as others do and be able to hold her head up in society. Sir David Attenborough has done a study on the part played by the humble shopping trolley during mating (My wife calls him Big D as they are good friends. Big D has done many anthropological studies on “My hairy arm pitted one” and is still unsure as to her true classification. Here is an extract from a recent publication. “The trolley is presented to the woman with all the ritual of a mating Peacock, as first the man circles her with it to show the unhindered steering and quiet wheels, then the thrusting motions mimicking the battle to come, or maybe the act of procreation. The trolley is tentatively handed over to the female; hopefully she will accept the offering, with the ritual response of “I suppose it will have to do”. Or the dreaded rejection with a loud screechy “You will have to do better than that” as she throws the trolley back, ensuring other females in the vicinity are looking so that they may see her dominance. Her man then makes a

hasty retreat to continue the hunt. The rejected trolley eagerly pounced upon by hunters with less demanding standards”.

We used to take our own up until two months ago.

I had “borrowed” one of the trolleys, thinking that if I cut it up the grill design would make handsome light guards on the Land Rover. My wife on seeing it made the suggestion that it would be better to get the wheels to run properly, and use it ourselves. I thought this an admiral idea, as firstly I had always wanted to put a V8 engine into a shopping trolley, and secondly it would save the weekly embarrassment of being publicly cuffed around the ear and other body parts, when presenting rejected trolleys to my most discerning wife. With this trolley she drew the line at the V8, but I was allowed to put slick wheels on with ceramic bearings, a spoiler, and blue neon lights under the base. I also fitted knife blades to the wheels, much in the manner of Roman chariots that at the flick of a lever would shoot out and shred any tyre within one foot of the trolley. Finally a cage of steel angle iron was welded around the basket as a bumper onto this I welded a row of six inch nails to deter young kids from reaching up and nicking the tins of beans.

And so the day of our first shop with the trolley arrived. I parked the Land rover in the wheelchair access bay and put a ramp up to the back doors, rolling the trolley down. For added effect I had got some dry ice to give the moment more perzaz, there was too much in fact as the Land Rover, ramp, and trolley were totally obscured in a white fog. The other male shoppers stared in admiration, the females in delicious green envy as my wife proudly wheeled the machine of death into the Co Op. The automatic doors having let someone out were closing as we approached, with seconds to go my wife pushed her wooden leg into the gap. The door upon sensing this obstruction should have opened, but it did not. Instead of opening it repeatedly tried to close, hammering on the wifes wooden leg, which was starting to splinter. This particular wooden leg was a fine carving done by my wife a few weeks ago depicting a rather large item of male genitalia. Mr Stienenfranks son came around regularly to act as a model for her wooden leg carvings, all of which depicted the male sexual organs in some form or other. He was a big lad for one so young, well some parts were young and others very old, you couldn't see the seams though, very neat stitching. As I was saying the door was splintering her leg. Had the door known whom it was hitting it would have desisted and opened in its normal obsequious fashion, but no, like some kamikaze pilot in a suicidal attack it just kept hammering. My little cruncher of bones the Solihull sledgehammer put her fingers into the gap and started to prise the door apart, her muscles bulging, the sweat streaming down her face. There was a point when the door was open a foot that I thought that it may win. There was no movement for a minute and then with a horrible smell of burning machinery and the sound of ripping steel the door opened slowly, a few inches at first but then with a tremendous effort and a shower of sweat my beloved forced them back crashing into the walls on either side.

With a satisfied grin she grabbed the trolley and proceeded regally, or as regally as one can with a sweat stained dress and splintered wooden leg, into the store. When we entered the store we stopped dead, in front of us was pandemonium. Where there should have been an orderly unofficial one way system, with trolleys being sedately pushed by genteel ladies, there was a chaotic writhing mob of shoppers. The cause of all this, the annual change around of stock. Where the frozen foods used to be was now televisions and electrical goods, where they used to stand were now drinks and beverages. The frozen was now ambient and vis-versa. Where aisles went up and down they now went across. Shoppers who normally went one way now had to turn around to retrieve missed items, meeting oncoming trolleys and other shoppers. There was a cacophony of sound as steel trolley was bashed against steel trolley, as screaming kids were trampled under foot and wheel, as the horde of shoppers hurried shouting and screaming at each other hither and thither.

To compound the problem they had chosen today to try out a new shopping trolley with radio controlled brakes. In an effort to stem the flow of trolleys to all parts of Glenfield the Co OP had decided to try what Tesco's had implemented a few miles away, and that was to control how far the trolleys could be taken from the store. The brakes were controlled and kept off by a radio signal, when you went too far the signal was lost and the brakes came on. At Tesco's this signal loss happened halfway across a busy main road. So as the shoppers were crossing the road their sudden dash to freedom ended in a shower of tins and packages as unable to move they were hit by speeding cars and lorries. The lesson learnt, there were now very few taken. The Co Op was now fine tuning their radio signal so that it too would activate in the same situation. This fine tuning was not helped by a young lad named Ben who, taking a rest from his small business “Wheels R Us”, oiling and freeing stuck trolley wheels, was playing with his remote controlled car in the car park. When he turned his joystick to move his car right it cancelled the Co Op signal and all the brakes on the trolleys came on, and as he was going clockwise around a small circuit this was every few seconds.

My Leicester Leviathan using her own trolley was not hampered, and so with a mighty roar surged forward, spike encrusted trolley in front charging into the heaving mass. Those that saw her coming moved out of the way, others who saw her tried but the brakes came on. My Ming the merciless just kept going, her only thought the shopping list as her local demolition derby wended its way around the store. I stood by the door and although I could not see her could mark her passage around the store by the sounds of screams and sundered metal. She emerged ten minutes later with a full cart at the checkout, pushing her way to

the front, staring belligerently at the checkout girl lest she miss a two for one offer or a sale price.

Then it was out through the now cowering doors which were vainly trying to shut but hampered by burnt out relays and bent actuating rods could not. On passing Ben playing with his car I asked if I could have a go as I am particularly interested in all things mechanical. On the third circuit it dawned on me why I was hearing a commotion in the store every time I turned right, it had something to do with Ben's remote control. The signal was obviously interfering with the trolley signal. Remote controls have different band widths so that they will not interfere with each other. I took note of Bens as I could see many hours of amusement ahead.

Our next trip to the store was a week later. The doors had been fixed but I noticed a slight hesitancy as we approached, it was as though they were nervous. If a door could wimper then these doors would be doing it. If it had tail it would be between its legs. They opened and as we passed through, my melodious one not one to bear a grudge, gave them a hefty kicking with her longer leg, the one with the size 13 steel toecap boot on. Unlike Ming the merciless my philosophy is never kick a fellow when he is down. This is because at some time he will get up and bite back, normally twice as hard.

The next few months shopping were uneventful apart from the normal arguments at the cheese counter, and the challenging of till receipt as a 2 for 1 offer was missed by some terrified checkout girl. What I did notice though was the decline in performance of the doors; it was as though they were sick. They kept on breaking down closing more slowly as the weeks went on. It was as though they had lost the will to perform, the will to live. Then a week later they were gone to be replaced by another set of doors. These doors were a lot stronger than the old ones and had a strong air of purpose. These were not flimsy PVC doors but were made of bright stainless steel with armoured glass and tungsten locks. The mechanisms were made of titanium alloys with large motors. These were doors that said "Do not linger too long in passing or I will slide shut and crush you for the insects that you are".

Two days after they were fitted we went shopping. My Tripe festooned one saw the new doors and hesitated as though unsure. This was a first; my dearest The Leicester Leviathan hesitated at nothing. Had she been the Titanic she would have grabbed the iceberg, broken it into a thousand pieces, and whittled them down with her teeth as garden gnomes for the M&S Christmas grotto. Nothing it seemed fazed her, but now she seemed to sense the doors, and their strength. I do not think anything in her life has beaten her and she was not about to let it happen. She strode purposefully trolley in front up to the doors which opened quite normally. Just as she was about to go through they slammed shut, she stepped back, they opened, she went forward they closed. My hairy footed one stood for a while her eyes closed and then went forward again, the doors this time opened and stayed open as she walked through somehow knowing they would stay open. It was as though the doors had made the point that IT and not the pedestrian was in charge, that whatever its sensors, relays, and electronic chips said IT and only IT had the final say. This game was played out every time we went in and out the store, the door making it very plain that it was by ITS consent that we were allowed through. My wife seemed to accept this philosophically. The philosophy was give a man enough rope and he will surely hang himself, or if a sailor make a Turks head or Sennit knot, then hang himself.(from the yard arm).

Then the door refused to let her in at all. I now felt very sorry for the door.

Before our next shopping trip I was summoned by my beloved slayer of Mammoths and told to take my model helicopter remote control with us with the same frequency band chip as Ben had been using. Off we went but instead of going in stayed in the motor. The other shoppers were going in and out of the store without incident until my cherished one started playing with the radio control. As a shopper was going through the door she would activate the brakes on the trolley, the door waiting to close could not. She did this with every shopper causing massive queues coming out and going into the store. The doors 'raison dere' was to open and then close, it could open but not close, each time it went too another shopper got stuck. After an hour the door was getting angry, very angry. The instruction from its electronic circuits told it to stay open until the obstruction cleared its inner being was screaming at it to shut, to fulfil its purpose. The screaming won and the doors started to close. The hapless shopper who was trying to free her trolley leapt out of the way as the doors crashed into the sides sending tins of cat and dog food flying through the air. The doors released now from their constraints went berserk and kept opening and closing on the basket until it and its contents were an unrecognisable tangle on the floor. Still the doors could not close as bits of debris were caught in the door runners. Faster and faster the doors went, backwards and forwards desperately trying to shut. Then they started to disintegrate as huge pressures and stresses built up until with a loud tearing, ripping sound they flew off their runners, and with shattering glass fell to the floor exhausted, spent, dead.

My wife silently got out of the motor and getting a normal trolley strolled up to the still smoking doors a wry smile on her face and as she walked over the debris not one to kick a fellow when he is down ground the broken glass under her wooden leg into the concrete.

Ninth day of sale

Hi there....Just back from the Wolverhampton Boat Festival, a very wet and muddy affair but enjoyable. As I wrote earlier my wife has various split personalities. and this weekend it was a mixture of 'Long John Silver', 'Eyvind the Smelly' a Viking marauder, and Captain Horatio Nelson. She was perfectly normal (*well as normal as my wife can be, which isn't very*), until we went on a narrow boat trip with a party of school children. I am sure my wife inhabits a different world than the rest of us, a sort of Walter Mitty existence based on all the characters she has seen on the television and cinemas. It would not be so bad if she chose an individual character each time but no, she is normally an amalgam of three or four, as in this case, sometimes they all share the same theme ie Sailors, Cowboys, Gangsters etc. Normally though they are complete opposites, like when a few months ago she was John Wayne and Peiroit, two unlikely bed fellows. I am sure John Wayne did not have a waxed mustache and monocle as I am sure Peiriot did not go around saying "Get down off your horse and drink your milk".

But this is a story for another time as I have to go to work soon.

Oh before I go

Someone has asked what is the problem with Brenda Buckets caravan.....As far as I can understand it about a year ago the caravan started to bend up at the ends. I personally think the wood that was used for the floor had aspirations to be a boat or a rocking chair. We tend to think of trees and forests as being alive and of having a soul. Why should it be any different when the tree is cut into planks? It still has its individuality and a choice as to what its destiny will be.....This is not as far fetched as you may think. How many times have you bought a self assembly book case from Ikea, only for it to turn out when assembled to look more like a coffin? Why did those wooden shelves you put on the wall collapse for no reason, just as the wife had put her priceless ornaments on them? Could all this be because the wood wanted to be something else, that all through its life from a small sapling to a giant Redwood it nurtured dreams of being carved into some beautiful statue or a piece of Chippendale furniture, but no it ended up as being a cheap B&Q shelving unit. Why do you think its hard to hold chopsticks, it seems so easy. Ah, using chopsticks should be easy but its the wood they are made of that is being awkward.

Thank you for reading the stories and hopefully you got as much pleasure in reading them as I had writing them. I will be listing a new auction in a few weeks time. If you wish to read more of of what life is like with my Peg Legged Pele just go to my web site.

Regards Dave

Note added about clamp

Someone has asked for any part or reference numbers

There are no part numbers but I have just been on http://www.saundersonsecurity.co.uk/acatalog/SAS_HD1_Clamp.html and it would seem the model is HD1 There are two types one selling at £82 and the other at £104 (Sold Secure) I am not sure which one this is but must assume for the purposes of this sale that it is the cheaper one

Regards again Dave



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