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HI VIS HI VIZ JACKET New Unused NO RESERVE With story

Item number: 130238359636

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Winning bid: **£8.05**

Ended: **23-Jul-08 00:45:17 BST**

Postage costs: **£4.20**
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Post to: United Kingdom

Item location: Leicester, Leicestershire, United Kingdom

History: [4 bids](#)

Meet the seller

Seller: [foggydave](#) ([68](#) ★)

Feedback: **100 % Positive**

Member: since 08-Apr-04 in United Kingdom

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Winning bidder: [tiggerjanice123](#) ([337](#) ★)

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Score: 68 | 100% Positive

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2. Check how you're protected



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Description ([revised](#))

Seller assumes all responsibility for listing this item.

Item Specifics - Protective & Safety Gear

Type: **Safety/ Protective Clothing**

Sub-Type: **Jackets**

Features: **High Visibility/ Reflective**

Brand: **ARCO**

Condition: **New**

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.

Arco Hi Visibility jacket.

Size Large to fit 44inch to 46 inch 112cm to 116cm chest.

The label reads 18707 std class 3 Hi Vis Coat.

For height 164 -194 cm.

As used for people who want to be noticed.

Not for the shy or retiring person.

This is a brand new jacket.

Weight for postage is 2kg

The reason for the is as follows.

My wife starts a new job today at the RSPCA. Its voluntary and it keeps her indoors, unlike her last job as a road sweeper for the local council, which she sadly lost, not because of sloth and inertia, but her overzealousness and the will to see a good job done.

In my opinion, you should never give a woman a cleaning job where she physically cleans around the people making the mess. Unlike the office cleaner who normally cleans after all the people who make the mess have gone home. An exception is the toilet or factory cleaner. Many is the time I have walked into the works toilet just as they have been cleaned with floors still wet, to be met by the steely glare of the cleaner as I put boot marks over the still wet shiny clean floor, and leave scum marks in the sink. Unlike this cleaner, my dear one went further than the steely glare, much further. It must be said in her defence that the job description was to. "Clean the streets, and bring to the attention of the council the names of any litterers that were observed". So armed with a number two straight bristle brush, dustpan with extended handle, and a rickety old dustcart with "Tesco wheels" my intrepid hero hit the streets.

There are a few interpretations of "Cleaning up the streets". One involves the use of a brush. The others usually involve violence of some sort. In my sweet angels mind they seemed to meld into one. Maybe she had watched a few to many Dirty Harry, and Bruce Willis type films, assuming her "Cleansing Department" badge imbued her with more power than intended, I will never know; having long since ceased to fathom what goes on in a females brain. I now stoically just accept the often irrational decisions they come to, my wife's being more irrational than most.

She "hit" the streets at 0700 on a Dark Monday morning, keen and alert. (You must be alert at all times as Britain needs lerts). She walked; or should I say stalked; the streets, twirling her broom and dustpan "baton" fashion, slitted eyes darting into every nook and cranny to seek out the rottenness that mars our sweet village. For the first few hours all went well, there was the occasional parked car whose wheel covered a sweet wrapper or cigarette end, but she lifted the vehicle up with one hand and swept with the other.

The problems started when the local chip shop opened with the inevitable litter problem. Had she been sweeping at midnight when all were in bed then it would have been a big sigh, a few tuts and maybe a comment about dirty persons of unknown parentage. But no, this was the here and now, as she swept the wrappers up, so new wrappers were dropped.

Any man who is foolish enough to dirty a wife's freshly hoovered and dusted lounge or even worse still her wet kitchen floor can expect at the best a tongue lashing, at the worst being stabbed with the carving knife. (The scale of the retribution will depend on the time of the month).

These litterers probably thought that the universal rules did not apply when out of the home, not so.

A problem with industry in general is that workers are made accountable for things they have no control over. This works both up and down. For instance, the politician is often pilloried for a mistake made by a government clerk whom he has no control over or ever met. Conversely, the clerk is held accountable for often-unworkable rules implemented by that politician.

My wife being accountable for the cleanliness took control, or tried to, she started haranguing the eaters who; in return gave much verbal abuse, also bombarding her with chips and other culinary delights. My dearest is slow to anger being a grand master in the martial art of "I Pong Tu" which teaches forgiveness and tolerance.

(It seems odd to me that these standards are practiced by most killing arts, so why not just learn tolerance and forgiveness.)

As with the valve on an over pressurized steam boiler, my wife slowly built up pressure and then spectacularly exploded. Like some Whirling Dervish, brush and dustpan spinning, she leapt into the small crowd of eaters, who; upon seeing this terrible apparition bearing down on them tried to cram back into the shop. Then she was amongst them, cracking skulls, bruising limbs, taking time off now and again to sample a hot chip with blue cheese dip, a favourite of hers. The police arrived ten minutes later to find fifteen supine bodies neatly stacked by the bins, and not a drop of litter to be seen. The only conscious person in the vicinity was a figure in the distance, walking away with a John Wayne swagger into the sunset, pushing a yellow handcart with squeaky wheels,

My dearest kept the job for two months. Although we had the cleanest streets in Britain she was made redundant, because the spend happy council bought a mechanical sweeper. Although I suppose we were fortunate that the council chairman was a director of the company that made them, so hopefully he got a discount. The decision to purchase was made at an emergency meeting called at the last minute by the chairman. Only four of his friends, who happened by chance be directors of the same company were in attendance, all the other members were on a bowls twinning holiday in the Bahamas funded by the council. But we must not moan as they have the hard and onerous task of looking after our hard-earned taxes, that's why we have a council and committees who seem to travel a lot.

As part of the uniform, the council gave my wife a Hi Vis coat; it was the largest they had but was far too small for her. We did in fact make her a Hi Vis coat out of ten Hi Vis vests sewn together in a patchwork quilt type of thing.

We had an original coat left over which we can now offer to yourselves

As the sale progresses I will be adding more to the story so please keep watching. Thank you .

On 14-Jul-08 at 05:08:18 BST, seller added the following information:

DAY THREE OF SALE

Well only a few hours into the auction and we have a bid. This is obviously someone who wishes to stake a claim on this wonderful garment, and make it plain to all that they will not be trifled with. They have thrown their hat into the ring as a challenge to you all. They have tested the water with their big toe, will you be the one brave enough to dive in???

During my auctions I ask you to send in suggestions as to the many and varied uses my sale items may be used for. Can you think of any more uses for such a wonderful piece of apparel, a use that will astound and amaze us. It may be nothing to do with safety or indeed its use as a jacket. It could be for example.

a) zip it up and seal all the openings with super glue, fill with air and use as a life raft, etc.

b) You could put them on Woolly Mammoths so that they cannot creep up and scare you in quiet places like libraries and grave yards. Many are the times I have been scared witless by the trumpeting of a Mammoth which silently crept up on me.

The ideas are only bounded by your thinking, set your brain free.

To be continued

On 15-Jul-08 at 06:33:13 BST, seller added the following information:

DAY FOUR OF THE SALE

Another bid, are we looking at a case of "Auction Frenzy" here. Just be aware that these coats are not that expensive off the shelf.

I will as in auctions of old loosely quote from the bard.

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 this fair auction and won.

Let me give you some reasons as to why this coat should become your no one wardrobe item.

I want you to think of it as a sort of fashion accessory, your very own "haute couture", to make you stand out in the crowd.

YOU will be the one to be noticed outside Stringfellows.

YOU will be the one to be served in the crowded bar.

YOU will be the one to stay dry after a car ploughs through a puddle; soaking your unseen friends on a dark country road, but swerving to avoid you.

Also if you wear it most of the time your friends will associate you with it, so when you take it off it will be as though you have a cloak of invisibility, as your friends only know you as a yellow blob.

Wear it on the beach, it could be a life saver, if for instance a tidal wave swept a crowd of you out to sea you would be visible for miles, you would be the first to be plucked out of the briny by the air sea rescue.

Wear it in your dinghy in the estuary, pretend to be a buoy.

The possibilities are endless, I am not offering you a coat, I am offering you a complete new life style.

With this coat you make a statement and that statement is,

HERE I AM, THIS IS ME, AND I WILL NOT BE IGNORED.....or run over

Our first suggestions have arrived

Hairy Johnny aka Hairy of Bath.....I would wear it in the kitchen. It would go with my safety helmet, boots, goggles and other protective gear I wear when Fanny is making her famous Spotted Dick pudding. She injects the raisins in with a high powered air gun, the problem is she does it William Tell style. I hold the Dick which is yet to be Spotted just above my head, Fanny then shoots the raisins in from 100 paces. Another problem is that she shoots "Annie Oakley" style with her back to me and the rifle over her shoulder using mirrors to aim. A friend recently commented on my bad skin problem with blackheads I explained it was the residue from raisins that did not quite hit their target.Hello Johnny thanks for that. I hope Fanny Craddock aka Kharina is keeping well. Had any Mcdonalds and chips lately?.....Pssst. I can put you in touch with similar men, I mean those who have the same problems living with cordon blue wife's and not being able to eat fast foods. They meet every Thursday night at the church hall and order in from the local chippy, Pizza Hut, Chinese and Indian take aways. There then commences an orgy of feasting with copious amounts of beer to wash it down (wine is banned) I will find out if they have a branch near you. I will be in touch.

(I must explain...I think Johnny Craddock is related in some way to a Fanny Craddock aka Kharina of Bath who apart from being proficient in the martial arts, specialising in round soup spoon combat and skewer throwing, cooks the most wonderful dishes delectable in every way. Its just that Johnny would like a simple egg and chips now and again)

Major General Clutterbuck Smythe VD and scar.....Put them on ghosts and wraiths so that they would stand out in the dark and we could avoid walking through them.....*Been at the drink again Major? You could also use it to camouflage the pink elephants and giant rabbits maybe?.*

To be continued

On 16-Jul-08 at 06:42:23 BST, seller added the following information:

DAY FIVE OF SALE

I see the bidding frenzy has died down somewhat

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

The management has allowed me to make the following offer.

The lucky winner will be eligible to join the SVI (ah), club. Or its full title. The Sexual Verbal Innuendo (at height) club for a discounted fee of £5000. This club promotes the sexual innuendo much used by "scaffold man" as he shouts down at luckless passers by. The difference being that because YOU have been sensible enough to win a yellow high visibility coat YOU will be able to harangue the builders. Such is the power when wearing it.

When you join the club you will receive

- a) A portable 30ft scaffold tower on wheels.
- b) A 20ft ladder.
- c) A realistic plastic strap on builders bum.
- d) A 1000 decibel loud hailer for those who do not like to shout.
- e) An Acme Wolf Whistler pipe.
- f) A 12inch number 2 mortar trowel.

A cement mixer and 400 bricks are optional, as is the mobile toilet.

(Prices on request).

Full training will be given on all aspects of verbal abuse, scaffold erection. (Including the dark secrets of the "noggin"), and how to slide down ladders without rupturing yourself.

Should you win the competition, all the above plus a complimentary safety helmet 2 sizes too small, will be yours for a reduced price of £3500 plus £1000 P&P (RRP £4000 with free delivery).

As an introductory offer we will place the tower next to the nearest building site to your location for a very large fee. You could invite your friends and all stand on the scaffold tower yelling comments at the builders like "Look at the beer belly on that one, when was the past time you saw your toes"? (or other lower down protuberances). Or. "That builders bum reminds me of my trip to America and The Grand Canyon". Or "Has the builder who laid that course of bricks got a white stick"? etc. Oh the fun you could have

Another suggested use

Brenda Bucket of Ibstock.....My Ray could wear it when putting the wheels back on the caravan at the side of the road because they keep falling off....Hang on a minute...RAY...RAY.....Wash that coal now....and stop doing disgusting things with the Hoover..... *So your caravan is still warping why not paint it yellow and pretend it's a giant banana with wheels (sometimes), or better still buy a Bailey. By the way what was Ray doing with the Hoover...No I don't think I want to know?*

To be continued

On 17-Jul-08 at 05:39:38 BST, seller added the following information:

DAY SIX OF SALE

Are you one of those shy retiring nondescript persons whom when walking down the street or in a crowded town are constantly getting bumped into by ignorant people who are so intent on their own purpose they do not see you. Well here is your chance to put that right with this coat they will not fail to see you. You will of course get those people who think they have dominion over the pavement and will just try to barge you out of the way. This is when the 1000 decibel loud hailer comes into use. Just walk up behind them put the hailer to their ears and shout.

ARE YOU BLIND YOU IGNORANT SELFISH PERSON OF DEBATABLE PARENTAGE HOW COULD YOU MISS ME GET A LIFE!!!!

Wow it makes me feel so good just to write it, just think what it would really be like to actually do it.

Ah we have some suggestions as to the uses this super jacket may be put to.

Fred of Leicester. -- A Hi visibility coat. – *Once again Fred you have excelled yourself.*

Delores of Soho – *Again I cannot print your submission but I can see that putting it on your naked client back to front and zipping it up would restrict his movements, but surely he feels claustrophobic when you put the hood up. By the way that’s a very imaginative use of ratchet straps. Thanks for the picture, although I may be looking at it upside down, or I hope I am. Delores. In the near future I will be selling some stainless steel 10mm close linked chain, it may be just the thing for your err “friends” mmmmmm.*

Matt of Gloucester — cut into small squares and place on the back of hedge hogs so that motorists may see and avoid them. ---- *Matt with the motorists I know the mortality rate would soar. But very err, very green and Eco Warrior-ish I must say.*

Hannah of Gloucester—Meep meep.----- *Yes right ok then mmmmm.*

To be continued

On 19-Jul-08 at 18:18:01 BST, seller added the following information:

DAY SEVEN OF SALE

7th day and very little enthusiasm for any of my ideas. I wonder do all people trying to sell such wonderful things on Ebay suffer as I am doing. I am giving you the chance to change your life, to take control. Stop being a mouse and become a roaring lion, a roaring yellow lion that WILL be noticed.

In the office the boss won’t say.

“Where’s that shy retiring person who types letters, I want to walk all over her”.

He will say.

“Where’s that extrovert in your face stunner, that, “I want to be noticed person”, “I want to marry her”.

At the party the girls won’t say.

“Who is the drab chap over there in the nondescript trousers and shabby tee shirt, I would not touch him with a ten foot long disinfected barge pole”.

They will say.

“Come here you gorgeous yellow hunk, I want you to make love to me over and over and over again, (ok maybe too many over’s). I want to have your babies”.

So you see, look on this purchase as an affordable personality make over. You would pay a psychiatrist thousands of pounds over many months to achieve the “roaring lion” state. When all you need do is put on a simple cheap yellow coat, surely you cannot say no.

On 21-Jul-08 at 04:36:07 BST, seller added the following information:

DAY NINE OF SALE

An Email from Tasha of Gloucester who points out the “Catch 22” situation of wearing this coat. Her argument is thus.

To put on the coat you need confidence, a confidence that can only be got from wearing the coat, ergo you cannot put the coat on because you do not yet have the confidence to do so.

I do see your point Tasha, but would suggest that confidence in wearing an object is the look of the object. So put it on in a dark room; then turn the light on. You will then see it on, and then have the confidence this brings to keep it on. I wonder though if you would loose the confidence when it is off, so always have to put it on in a dark place. You could though in the dark put it on inside out, or back to front then all your confidence would crumble, instead of a roaring lion you would be a meowing yellow kitten.

Oh how I hate clever pants people.

My brain hurts; I must go and lie down.

Saved.....

I Have just had an enquiry from a gentleman who says Hi Vis jackets may be the “thing” in beach wear in Skegness this summer and would like to know where he can purchase 40 dozen from. He says they will fill a variety of functions, i.e. Protection from the biting east winds, A portable changing room, A guide for the rescuers when you get stuck on the mud banks when the tide is out. When you fall asleep on the beach and the kids bury you in the sand just before you run out of air you can stick your arm out and hopefully be noticed and rescued. When surfing in a “Tube” other boarders

will see you and keep out of the way.....*Surfing???? In Skegness????? Hey if this guy can convince buyers to part with hard earned cash which would have otherwise been destined for the slots for his 40 dozen Hi Vis coats then I suppose he can sell the idea of surfing in Skeggy.....My hero*

I hope you enjoyed reading the story, I certainly enjoyed writing it. If you would like to read more just go to my website where you will learn about my wife, life, and other Ebay sales. I will be listing another item with a story in a few weeks time .

All the best Dave.

On 21-Jul-08 at 17:57:43 BST, seller added the following information:

DAY NINE AND THREE QUARTERS OF SALE

I see we have another bidder jthspace a man who knows a bargain when he sees it.

Someone has sent a message asking if I would swap the coat for a restraining jacket.....Mr J it is not me who is mad but all the others. I definitely feel the lunatics have taken over the asylum. I do though think Delores of Soho would be interested in such a garment judging by some of the suggestions she has sent in the past.

The question has to be asked Mr J as to how you came by such a garment. Are you indeed one of those in charge...or an escapee perhaps from the local lunatic asylum on the run and wishing to change his identity, hoping to loose himself on Skegness beach amongst all the other yellow blobby people.

Thinking about it though I could use it as aunt Daisy has periodical attacks of Rabies (Sorry pressed the wrong keys) I meant Rabbits. This is much like Rabies and she still foams at the mouth but instead of the usual pathological aversion to water that rabies brings she just starts fondling rabbits, a nasty habit much practiced by mad country folk on dark winter nights.

The wife has just read your message and says she would be interested as she needs it to restrain PC Blenkinsop who is still in the garden shed and insists on trying to tunnel out. Why? I do not know. You would think he would be used to our quaint country ways by now.



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