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## HIGHWAY CODE Read it. Take test. Forget it. eBay it

Item number: 130268156054

With story of why my wife failed 20 driving tests

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**Description** [\(revised\)](#)

Seller assumes all responsibility for listing this item.

*Item Specifics - Educational, Textbooks*

Product Type: **Textbook**

Subject: **Driving**

Educational Level: --

Printing Year: **2007**

Language: **English**

[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](http://www.foggydave.co.uk) If you go to my site you will find out why my wife has a wooden leg and other pertinent facts, Plus previous ebay sales and stories.

THIS AUCTION IS FOR A COPY OF

THE OFFICIAL HIGHWAY CODE

Revised 2007 edition

150 PAGES OF REALLY USEFUL FACTS AND FIGURES

Forget Mills and Boon, this is the real thing.

The perfect bedtime read.

Learn the secrets of the double yellow line, the box junction, the difference between a Puffin and a Pelican, and much much more.

Page 105 will be of particular interest to martial arts fans as the lollipop lady shows her stick holding techniques.

In fact I hear that very soon because the Highway Code is getting so complex they will be teaching it at universities. Just think you could be the first to get an ology in HC Studies.

Note the piston in the picture is not for sale it is there to attract your attention, cheap trick I know but it did work

Please note this is a genuine ebay auction and all ebay rules apply

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The reason for this sale is as follows. Please note this story will be added to as the auction progresses

I bought this book last year as a Christmas present for the wife but after January she did not need it. She did not even open it as she thinks she knows everything. It may of course have been that she was a bit miffed that this was her only Christmas present but she said.

“Get me something I really need that’s feminine, but make it a surprise” \*\*

If I had done that Santa would have come down the chimney and given her a whack around the back of the head with a lump of pink coloured ice and told her to stop talking all of the time and to get off my back..

I was going to suggest that Santa bring a very big coffin and the surprise would be a whack from a very big pink shovel but that would have been cruel, heh heh heh.

So after much thought she ended up with this book.

Mind you she also put up one of her stockings (She only wears one due to the wooden leg) on a 6 inch nail on the mantelpiece and hinted it be filled with little nick knacks, fruit and nuts etc. You just have to see the size of her stocking to realise that Santa would need a 17 tonne lorry to bring enough fruit etc to fill it. So when she had gone to bed, I, just (by accident) let it fall off the nail into the fire. In the morning I told her I thought Santa may have taken it to use as a cover for his sleigh.

Before you ask all I got, as I get every year is a pair of socks (Fluorescent green), and 20kg of Tibetan Yak dung pipe tobacco. I don’t smoke but the wife does.

When I point out that I do not smoke and have never smoked I get the annual reply.

“Oh don’t you that’s too bad I thought you did, I suppose I had better use it then”

She also gets her relatives to send me tobacco knowing full well she will end up with it. Again on complaining I get the annual response.

“I keep telling Aunt Maud not too but you know how it is with old folk”?

*\*\*How many husbands on hearing this from their wife buy sexy lingerie, or other titillating night attire, when nothing could have been further from her mind? No this is what the husband wishes his wife would want. What she really wants is a pair of really comfy slippers. The only night attire she needs is an electric blanket and a pair of winceyette pyjamas with the word NO emblazoned across the chest and back in bright neon flashing lights.*

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I now come to the reason she does not need the Highway Code book anymore.

I have been putting off telling this tale as the memories are so painful. Both to my wallet and my person

It is about my wife’s driving lesson and examination experiences.

The ups.            When all four wheels were off the ground.

The downs.        When the wheels had fallen off.

The joy.            When she went five yards without hitting anything.

The sadness.      When she ran over the instructor’s cat.

The anger.        When due to his third massive heart attack the instructor could not finish the lesson, and refused to reimburse her.

The forgiveness. When, her wooden leg caught in the accelerator, the engine revved so much it blew up. When she said “sorry”, the instructor said through gritted teeth “That’s ok”.

Her depression. When she said she was giving up after 20 failed tests.

My elation. When she said she was giving up after 20 failed tests.

The warm times. When the car caught fire.

The cold times. When she buried herself in a snow drift.

The busy times. Trying to parallel Park.

The bored times. Waiting for the crane to extract the car from between the bollard and wall after she had parallel parked.

The pain. When she kept hitting me with her wooden leg.

The relief. When she stopped hitting me with her wooden leg.

The Bouyancy When she saw the examiner put a tick on one of the items.

The Deflation When looking at the examiner put the tick she drove up a kerb puncturing all 4 tyres.

The good times When she did not want sex.

The bad times When she did.

The loud times When in anger on ripping the steering wheel off the air bag exploded.

The quiet times Her deafness for 2 days after the air bag exploded.

The memories are painful because after each failure she would spend the next weeks cuffing me around the head at each passing and constantly blame the examiner. When I suggested he may have had just cause to fail her, which was on every test I was accused of siding with him and instead of the hand she used her wooden leg to batter me with. Being a master of I Pong Tu the pain was deep and lasting.

During the course of the auction I will be telling you why my darling little Fangio failed her tests, some in quite spectacular fashion.

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Day 2 of the auction 11.11.08

Below are the reasons for her failing the tests. They are in no particular order because it happened over such a long time span (10 years) that the chronology is a little vague. I also tried, in this case unsuccessfully to blank the memories from my mind.

### BELOW ARE THE 20 REASONS MY WIFE FAILED EACH DRIVING TEST

#### ONE

Not paying attention and running up the ramp onto the back of a moving empty car transporter which was closely following a single decker bus going under a low railway bridge. The car drove up the ramp and flew off the front of the transporter landing on top of the bus and ran along the roof. They would have run off the front of the bus to crash below had they not hit the bridge the bus was going beneath.. This pushed the car back along the top and then off the rear of the bus back onto the ramp of the car transporter, which too went under the bridge pushing the car back down the ramp to end up a complete wreck on the road.

#### TWO

Looking at her reflection in a shop window she was passing and running into the back of a police car.

#### THREE

Pushing her way in between two black cars in a queue of traffic because she was in a yellow car and yellow looks good with black. She could have waited, but that would have meant driving in between a purple car and a lime green van. And every woman knows purple, green and yellow should not be mixed. She knew she would fail her test by doing this but something deep within her psyche would not let her not do it.

#### FOUR

When a police car came up behind her, blue lights flashing and sirens wailing, wanting to get past to nick some fleeing scroats, instead of pulling over she panicked and accelerated. As she went faster so did the police until she was doing 120 mph, loosing the police in the trail of black oily smoke and steam now issuing from the exhaust pipe. She actually overtook the fleeing scroats in their stolen car, who blinded by the steam and smoke ran into a ditch to be apprehended by following police car. The wifes car blew its engine up a few hundred yards further down the road

#### FIVE

Having to take her scrying eye out to polish it, as she was getting visions which hampered her driving. A pity the vision did not foretell her failing the test for taking it out. The fact she dropped it and was frantically trying to find it when she ran into the back of a bus, may not have helped her cause

#### SIX

On the emergency stop it took her 600 yards from the examiner saying stop to when she put on her glasses and braked very hard, skidding to a halt.

The examiner who expected her to stop 590 yards ago was taken completely by surprise and because he was not wearing his seat belt was thrown through the windscreen (He had been advised not to wear a seat belt by the other examiners who suggested he may want to make a quick emergency exit). This was not

the escape route he would have chosen.

As the examiner, who had severe facial lacerations, and a broken collar bone, was being wheeled away by the paramedics he asked the wife why it had taken so long to brake.

She said that her instructor had told her when doing the emergency stop to imagine a child or someone had walked out into the road.

This time she imagined it was a man walking on the pavement waving a placard. He had a haunted look in his dark eyes. He felt disenfranchised by the Labour Government and was protesting that his right to free speech was being eroded, He was a single parent (his wife had just died of cancer), with ten kids to bring up and he still did not know how to work the washing machine. The eldest son Edward now not able to afford to go to university had taken to drugs. He had had to sell the two eldest daughters into slavery and send the other 7 children the youngest being two to work down the mines just to make ends meet. Just that morning the Bailiffs had been around and repossessed his house, throwing his meager possessions and him out into the street. A passing road sweeping lorry had swept all of this up into its hungry body. His girlfriend had just left him for a one armed, one eyed Turkish sailor who spoke Greek. And so this man, who had tired of life, took the only way out and walked onto the road, offering himself up as a sacrificial warning to other husbands. Then I braked when he walked into the road.

I think the instructor was thinking more of imagine a fleeting picture than a Mills and Boon novel. I do despair at times.

The examiner asked why she did not just think of a man and brake immediately he told her to.

"Oh I couldn't do that I had to put flesh on the bones so to speak. Give him motivation, a reason for walking into the road. I am an artiste you know".

He then asked why she put her glasses on just before she braked.

"Oh I could not read what was written on the placard".

He then quipped through shredded lips that it would not have mattered because in the time it took her to stop she would have killed the whole family. My wife on hearing this threw her arms in the air and wailed "Im a murderer I killed them all" In despair she threw herself across the examiner on the trolley who suffered another 4 broken ribs and a collapsed lung. It took the paramedics an hour to calm the wife down.

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Day 3 of auction 12.11.08

SEVEN

When doing a 3 point turn in a narrow country lane she backed into a mound of earth on the verge, some of which went up the exhaust pipe blocking it completely. About a mile down the lane the engine under great pressure exploded sending the bonnet and other various engine parts up in the air to land in a field full of cows which immediately panicked, broke through the fence and stampeded down the narrow lane. What was left of the car was destroyed as 40 cows who could not go around the car tried to jump over or run through it. My wife had the presence of mind to dive out and jump over a hedge. The examiner was not so lucky as he was picked up by his trouser braces on the horns of a particularly large cow and carried for 2 miles before his braces snapped and he fell to the road narrowly avoiding being trampled on by the following herd. He was though trampled rather badly by a herd of sheep which seeing the cows charging down the country lane decided to join in as they had no one else to follow that day.

EIGHT

Whilst reversing into a side street she received a call on her mobile phone and answered it. This would not have been so bad apart from the fact she was eating a dough nut held in the other hand. She did ask the examiner to hold the dough nut but he declined.

NINE

Skidding to a halt in the middle of the high street outside the butchers, nipping in, and getting the Sunday roast. Because she had to stop and have a chat it took a good half

hour. This caused major traffic jams and eventual gridlock throughout Leicestershire.

TEN

Lighting up her Tibetan dung pipe mid test, asphyxiating the poor examiner whose only way to get fresh air was to open the sun roof, He stood on the seat his body poking out of the sunroof taking in great lungfuls of fresh air. This came to an abrupt stop (that is both him and his breathing) when the wife, who's view was obscured by the smoke took a wrong turn and drove under a barrier into a car park, which cleared the car but not him. He was in intensive care for a few weeks but is now ok apart from a slight bend in the middle. The barrier sadly had to be destroyed. He had to open the sunroof because a few minutes earlier he broke the handle to the window when my darling little James Hunt did a rather sharp left turn.

ELEVEN

During a particularly stressful test she got so angry with another motorist who cut her up that she did a "Hulk", and ripped the steering wheel off. This of course led to the deployment of the air bag which because of my Little Stirling Moss's size could not fully inflate and so exploded, destroying the examiners clip board and giving him shell shock.

TWELVE

She made an effigy of the tester from some spare ear wax and hung it from the rear view mirror, when the he asked if the unusual familiar figure was for luck my witchery one said "Sort of, if I fail I stick this huge needle through it and YOU DIE". He was not amused, and whilst she was fully occupied doing an intricate parallel parking exercise he threw it out the window and with his warped sense of humour failed her for lack of observation. That night a stray dog got hold of the figure and chewed the leg. Once again the tester was not amused. As the pains shot up his leg. It did nothing to aid his humour either when the dog started chewing other more intimate parts of the doll.

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Day 4 of auction 13.11.08

THIRTEEN

Because of the stressful nature of the test my nervous one started to sweat, this was not helped by the fact that the heater controls had stuck fully open because her wooden leg had knocked the knob off when adjusting the seat. (Yes: I would like to know how as well). My pulchritudinous one has an "open pore" problem which means she perspires more than most. She was going around a sharp bend when her sweaty hands slipped off the steering wheel loosing control of the car. She ended up destroying a magnificent hedge which had been sculptured over 40 years into the shape of a full size Woolly Mammoth. The car also crushed 3 garden gnomes who were innocently fishing in the front garden. Mr Clipper the once proud owner of the 40 year old hedge is now in the sanatorium. The gnome's remains were thrown onto the hedge which was set alight by the local jobs in a sort of Viking funeral. A fitting end to such a wonderful creation, the problem was the hedge being close to the house set it alight. This tends to prove the saying "trouble always come in three's".

FOURTEEN

Again due to her open pore problem she started to perspire more than usual. Smelling the resulting odours she decided to deodorise herself with a full can of spray and a bag of talcum powder. Had she been in the washroom this would have passed without comment, but at 30 mph on a busy road in a closed environment it could only spell disaster. The volatile mixture of gas and dust was ignited by the cars electrics and the resultant explosion took out most of the windows in the high street. My treasured one and the examiner unharmed sat still strapped in their seats which were now on the road, the rest of the car lying in bits around them.

## FIFTEEN

During a parking exercise she jammed the car in between the pavement and a bollard and had to be craned out. The problem was compounded by their inability to get out of the car as there were bollards one side and a wall the other. My wife and the instructor were in the car for 8 hours. Anyone who spends that long in close proximity to my little plague carrier will catch one or more of the ailments she so readily suffers from. These range from the simple fungal skin problems to the more exotic like Beriberi or Dengue fever. The examiner was in an isolation ward for 6 months whilst the doctors tried to cure him.

## SIXTEEN

Her wooden leg fell off and jammed the accelerator wide open. She stamped her other foot hard on the brake pedal to stop the car moving. As this was an automatic car the brake and accelerator are closely linked, so that when you take your foot off the brake the accelerator moves you smoothly away. In this instance there was a titanic battle deep within the engine and gearbox as to which was to have dominion. The brake or accelerator. There was the terrible sound of shearing bolts as the brake lost and the car leapt forward like a nitrous fuelled drag racer. Shooting straight across a tee junction into the local cemetery towards the crematorium and a funeral cortege. The mourners scattered as they saw this screaming banshee bear down upon them. The pall bearers narrowly escaped injury as the car hit the back of the hearse which immediately caught fire. Ten minutes later all that remained of both hearse and coffin was a pile of twisted metal and ash. Mr Fred Yakamoto, whose body was in the coffin had made a dying wish that his ashes be kept on show in his house as a warning to his children and grandchildren on the downside of extreme knitting\*\*\*. Because they could not separate the ash of his body and the burnt out wreck, the shell of the hearse now sits on Mrs Yakamoto's mantelpiece, in fact it takes up most of the lounge.

*\*\*\*Mr 'Y' was a keen follower of the sport of extreme knitting. This involves the knitting of various objects from babies' booties to full size replicas of the Papal Palace. The one proviso is that the knitting is always done in a rocking chair, and has to be done under extreme conditions, for example on top of an exploding volcano, whilst white water rafting down the Colorado River. Etc, etc. Some make use of the rocking chair and ski down mountains or are pulled by Huskies. Mr 'Y' met his sad end when he decided to extreme knit whilst parachuting out of an aeroplane. At 10,000 ft he was pushed out but it was realised too late that his parachute was not attached to the chair. One can only surmise on what Mr 'Y's' thoughts were.....Knit one..purl one...knit one...purl one....knit one .. purl one .... knit o.....I seem to be dropping rather fast.....Oh dear.....SPLAT. He survived long enough to give his funeral instructions and will all his worldly belongings to the tramp on whose shopping trolley he had landed.*

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Day 5 of auction 14.11.08

## SEVENTEEN

She spent so long doing her pre drive ritual that she ran out of time for the test. Many drivers have small rituals that they go through after getting in the car before driving off. Some put on the Raybans, others touch a charm or flick the furry dice. My little Fangio though has a routine running into minutes and sometimes hours. It starts with the cracking of the finger joints one by one each with a loud click as they nestle together. This is followed by neck rotation and shoulder stretching exercises. Five minutes are then spent adjusting the seat and mirrors, before the final part which is a deep meditation as she becomes one with the car. In this instance the car knowing what was coming remained aloof and separate, praying that she would give up. It appears someone up there liked the car as she did in the end give up. Cruel fate though took a hand as two weeks later the car was bought by some hippies who painted flowers and peace signs over the body, parked it on their commune, and kept hens in it.

## EIGHTEEN

Destroying the examiners car. Automatic cars should not be parked in gear. The reason for this is that when you start the car it will immediately travel forward or backward. My dearest found this out when on a particularly cold day she decided whilst waiting for the examiner to keep the car warm. So she leaned through the window and started the engine, not aware as the handbrake was inefficient the instructor had left it in reverse gear. The car shot backwards narrowly missing the examiner and running into his car. The impact moved the gear lever to drive and the car then shot forward across the car park into the other examiners car. This time the gear lever was knocked into reverse and it proceeded at a great rate of knots back and into the first car. This repeated itself five times before all three motors were complete write offs.

## NINETEEN

Dress rage. This is like road rage but is to do with female attire and the feelings felt by a woman when another woman is wearing exactly the same clothes. During a test on a very rainy day my wife saw a woman wearing the same outfit as she was walking along the pavement. My predatory one proceeded to stalk her, driving very slowly until, as the woman walked by a rather large puddle at the side of the road, my wife rear wheels squealing drove at high speed through the water completely drenching the lady. The failure sheet mentioned lack of observation.

## TWENTY

She saw the examiner put a big tick against one of the major items, she had never seen one do that before. In her excitement she took her eyes off the road to get a better look, and immediately swerved into the kerb at 30 mph this punctured all the tyres and ripped the exhaust pipe off.

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## Day 6 of auction 15.11.08

The last time my little Graham Hill attended the test center., which would have been test number 21. She thought she was going to take a test but was instead met by a delegation from the Learner Drivers Association, and the National Board of Driving Test Examiners, who requested a meeting with my dearest. During this my wife was offered what can only be described as a bribe to cease her driving immediately. It had been estimated that the cost to other motorists of my wife's perambulations on and off the Queens highway was in the region of £500,000. This did not take into account the psychological damage inflicted on the many examiners, instructors, and other road users who had come into contact (some quite forcibly) with my beloved. My wife, an upstanding honest citizen who despised anything underhand immediately told them to raise the offer which after much negotiation she duly accepted. Whilst this mollified my wife to a certain extent it did not stop her cuffing me when she got home. She did though treat us to a Caribbean cruise, and after all a broomstick is a far more reliable means of transport. On working out how much all the lessons had cost me we could have gone on 4 cruises.

If you dear reader have any stories to tell about any bad/funny/disastrous driving lessons or tests you have had or have heard about just drop me a line even if they are links to other sites and I will either post it on this auction or later on my web site. Names will be changed to protect the innocent, or not so innocent.

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## Day 7 of auction 16.1.08

I have just had an email from a gentleman who goes by the name of Daredevil Dan the Driving Man, the Evil Knieval of Driving instructors who says that all is

not lost. He has not had a failure yet, and that whatever it takes he will get her through. No challenge is too great. I must say I would like to meet this man I like the cut of his jib. He seems to talk the talk but I somehow think walk the walk will turn into a hobble the hobble.

Delores of Soho has sent an email she has failed 5 tests and bemoans the fact that men are not what they were. She says.....Despite wearing my shortest, lowest cut dress AND offering other things they still keep failing me. Ok I do insist on having a red flashing beacon on the roof and only go at a crawl by the kerbside but a girls got to work you know. Time is money to me. I think it shows good clutch and accelerator control. Maybe the examiner gets bored waiting while I do business but I have got to pay for the lessons somehow.

*FD. I thought it was you that stood by the kerb and it was the drivers who stopped. Although it seems a shame to infringe the rights of pedestrians who wish to avail themselves of your services.*

I have had an email from Keith of Skegness (The east coasts premier resort and Hi Vis hotspot) asking what was written on the placard the man was carrying in No6 .....*FD I do not know my dearest never said but she did say it was not so much the man she braked for, but more for what was written on the placard. All very mysterious I must say.*

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Day 8 of auction 17.11.08

An email from a Mr adi70738

Dear foggydave,

Alas your darling little Nigel Mansell isn't on her own. As an instructor with more stories than I can remember, I do recall one middle aged lady who's quantity of tests was similar to that of her telephone number. Still, shouldn't complain it was her lessons that paid my mortgage off. On one particular lesson she asked what she should do if an animal ran out in front of her when on test. Well, not wanting to give bad advice( swerving or slamming down the "I want to stop pedal" like there's no tomorrow)I replied "Well I'm afriad your'e gunna have to run it over" The next week she gets back off test and says " It was all going great, when this goat ran out in front of the car. And remembering your advice, I turned around and chased it for miles. Went through a red light, mounted 3 pavements, across 2 gardens, eventually cornered it in a pub car park. After 4 laps I finally ran him down. AND STILL FAILED!

Ah well, might just think about taking out another mortgage.

"The Kamikaze man"

- adi70738

*FD adi70738 Thats my sort of story,thank you, I wish I had thought of that one.*

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Well we have just met Mr. Dare Devil Dan who emailed me on the 7th. The most striking thing about this guy when you look beyond the plastered broken legs and arms with various other bandages adorning his body is that he is blind. I don't mean partially sighted I mean completely blind. He says this helps to get him through the day and as he is not the one who is driving why should he need to see. You have blind piano tuners so why not blind driving instructors? I tried to point out that Grand pianos may weigh the same as a Ford Fiesta but they do not travel at 40 mph down the high street whilst you are under the lid with your tuning forks and spanners. That if you walk away from one it will still be in the same position you left it in.

“So where is your car”?

“Its outside”

“But if your blind how did you get it here”?

“I drove it”

“How on earth if you cannot see can you drive a car”?

“Its my third eye, the one in the middle of my forehead inside my skull”.

“Ok Mr Cyclops so how exactly does it work”?

“I can’t tell if I did I would have to kill you”.

“So it’s a deep dark secret then”

“Oh yes”

“Can I see a demonstration”?

So we went outside, Mr.” Cyclops” bumping into doors and tripping over steps, his piesta resistance came when instead of going through the front gates he veered to one side and went through the hedge, well I say went through, The hedge is made up of holly bushes and thorn so what emerged out of the other side was a somewhat shredded Dare Devil Dan. I must say he composed himself very quickly and walked forward bloody arms outstretched until he tripped off the kerb and bumped into his car breaking his nose. Finally he positioned himself in the seat and turned the ignition key. There was no sound, I thought his battery was dead, but no, the car slowly moved away from the kerb and very quietly went down the road. It was going slowly but he was driving, this was amazing. All of a sudden a cat scurried across the road and as if by magic the car swerved towards it speeding up. The cat reached the safety of the pavement and sat down licking its paws. The car now going very fast mounted the pavement and ran over it. There was a screeching as the cat tried to escape from underneath but the front bonnet of the car was banging and heaving as though some titanic struggle was going on in the engine compartment. Suddenly the bonnet was forced open and a terrified cat shot out followed by four huge Labrador dogs strapped in a harness. So this was how Mr. Dan drove his car, four guide dogs pulling like an Eskimo sledge. They knew where to go all he had to do was just sit there.

So why the broken bones and bandages? It transpires that these are because of an unfortunate trip last week when they towed him onto a stock car track just as the main race was about to begin. Unfortunately he got out of the car just as the flag went down and was run over by 20 maniacs out for a good time.

So why offer to give driving lessons? I think its because he is a sad lonely person.

There is though an upside, like most sad lonely people my wife meets she has taken him under her wing and no doubt he will make a good blind Warlock, and to be honest when meeting my wife ‘not’ being able to see is a sort of blessing.

So how did he see the Ebay auction? .....Well now that’s the mystery isn’t it.

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Day 9 of auction 18.11.08

We got another email this time from a hypnotist who said one session with him and my wife would pass the test no problems as it was all a state of mind. I did not like to enlighten him that the only reason my wife failed her tests was not because of nerves, but the simple fact that she cannot drive. No amount of hypno doo daa would change that. The problem is 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 also has no nerves. Probably it would be more accurate to say she has no sense of danger. Like bungee and base jumpers, she just does it regardless. She accepts fate and says we all follow pre ordained paths, we could choose whether to turn right or left but that was about it. (Does this mean I will never escape?)

Later on day 9 of auction

He came around this afternoon looking very Vampirish in his long black satin cloak , top hat, goatee beard and dueling scar. I opened the door and he strode in as though he owned the place. His demeanor said he did not frequent this sort of hovel often.

“Ver is she zen, zis voman who vants to dwive like zer Schumaaacher.

My dearest coyly stood before him. (That’s a first, it must have been the scar).

“Ahhhh zer she is, madam I am ze Count de Von Schlubber, hypnotist, my pleasuuuure”.

With that he bent forward and kissed her hand.

This man knew no fear. I immediately offered him a disinfected cloth to wipe his lips but he declined. (Obviously he does not know the plagues and pestilences my wife carries then).

Not one to beat about the bush he stood closer to my wife and looked into the her eyes, well tried to, they are spaced so far apart and skewed that the only way to look into both of them at the same time is to use three precisely spaced mirrors.

Try as he may it just did not work.

“I can do zis ting you vill fall into a deep deep sleep and ven you avake you will be ze Stirling Moss type person”

Hypnotism relies on the steady gaze and I could think of nothing scarier than looking long and hard at any part of my dearest’s countenance. You could see the uncertainty in his face.

Eventually his nerve went.

“I never fail”.

I could see Von Hypno was a bit tired so took him into the kitchen for a cup of tea.

“Could you hypnotise me”?

“Vy”

“So that when I look at the wife I see Ursulla Undress of James Bond fame.”

“Nien impossible it vood be like hypnotizing somevon zat ven he looks at ze Titanic he zees ze little sailing dingy, but I vil try.

At that moment my dearest came into the kitchen, she had changed into her best bell tent....no I mean dress heh heh heh. She then suggested to the Von that they should walk in the garden so that she may get to know him better. I think she had a crush on him, he being royalty and all that.

She came in 20 minutes later minus the Von.

“Wheres the hypno guy? I wanted him to do me a favour”

“Oh him.....He left by the back gate, and said to say cheerio.”

“Oh well never mind.....What’s for tea my dearest”?

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Day 10 of auction 19.11.08

When I put the cat out last night I am sure I heard a muffled shouting coming from the garden shed. I have a good feeling about this; maybe the pressure on me for nuptials will be off for a little time. Lets hope he does a better job than PC Blenkinsop (*see story 11 and 27 on my web site*)

This is the last update on this auction. If you have enjoyed reading this story please go to my website [www.foggydave.co.uk](http://www.foggydave.co.uk) where you will find many more stories from previous auctions and other places. I will be listing something else in a few weeks time. If you want me to let you know when I list again just send me a message with your email address and I will put you on my mailing list.

Thank you for reading the story and I hope you got as much pleasure in reading it as I had in writing it.

Regards Foggydave.

TO BE CONTINUED

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