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Listed in category: [Cars, Parts & Vehicles](#) > [Campers, Caravans & Motorhomes](#) > [Accessories](#)**PURPLELINE HITCHDRIVE CARAVAN MOVER plus story**

Item number: 130221377407

The wife says it must go

 **This item has been paid for through PayPal. Payment was sent on 19-May-08.**

If you have more than one of these items, you can send a non-winning bidder a Second Chance Offer.

**Other actions for this item:**You can manage all your items in [My eBay](#) and do the following:

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- ✉ [Contact buyer](#), todge11, about this item.

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Winning bid: **£127.00**

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Ended: **19-May-08 18:43:42 BST**

Postage costs: **£13.33**  
 Royal Mail Standard Parcels  
 Service to [United Kingdom](#)

Post to: Worldwide

Item location: Leicester, Leicestershire, United Kingdom

History: [17 bids](#)

Winning bidder: [todge11](#) ( [32](#) ★ )

Feedback: **100 % Positive**

Member: since 08-Apr-04 in United Kingdom

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- [Add to Favourite Sellers](#)
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**Ask seller a question**✉ [Email the seller](#)**Buy safely**1. **Check the seller's reputation**

Score: 63 | 100% Positive

[See detailed feedback](#)**2. Learn how you are protected**Read our [safe buying tips](#)**Description** ([revised](#))

Seller assumes all responsibility for listing this item.

*Item Specifics - Caravan & Motorhome Accessories*Type: **Caravan Movers**

Brand: --

Sub-Type: **Manual**

Length (cm): --

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](http://www.foggydave.co.uk) If you go to my site it will explain why my wife has one leg shorter than the other and many more pertinent facts.

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## FOR SALE PURPLELINE HITCHDRIVE

### COMPRISING OF THE FOLLOWING

#### Standard Hitchdrive with upgrade kit

This includes, Foot plate. Treaded tyres. Spring loaded handle.

Plus wheel bag "not shown"

From the paperwork it was originally purchased in 2003 The No is HD100-3

It is in good condition and seems to be little used with little tread wear.

The weight of the whole drive is 20kg and postage is at standard parcel rate for this weight. If when packaged it is found to be over 20kg it will be sent in two parcels

There is no reserve on this item

If you require any more information or pictures etc just go to "Ask seller a question"

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### The reason for this sale is as follows

Note This story will be added to as the sale progresses

On a conical island having one leg shorter is a blessing and stops you toppling over but in good old Blighty the only blessing is that you can walk half on and off the pavement comfortably. To overcome the leaning when on the flat my dearest normally wears a wooden leg with an old plimsoll attached. On a recent visit to our local Halfords she saw and fell in love with the caravan hitch drive, seeing it as a means of more rapid perambulation by strapping the hitch drive to her shorter leg and scooting along. Also if she had two she could indulge in the island sport of sheep skudging but without the sheep. (See story 3 Selling an old Land Rover on my web site)

I bought a couple of hitch drives off Ebay, and my wife duly tried one out on a trip to the local rummage sale. You would assume a rummage sale in a quiet village like ours to be a sedate affair. You would expect after many minutes of exchanging pleasantries about the weather, the vendors blue rinse, and her latest visit to the doctor about her, "down there" problem, that the item would be bought and the asking price paid, accompanied with much searching of purses for the right change. NOT SO !!! In this village a rummage sale is more akin to a school of sharks in a feeding frenzy, or an attack by Genghis Khan and his hoards, hell bent on mayhem and pillage.

Many hours before the sale the villagers arrive in one's and two's, not going up to the door but idling about in the general vicinity not wanting to look too keen. Much in the way the alcoholics hang around the pub door before opening time. (Me Oh no I am not an alcoholic I just can't wait for a drink, "Come on landlord open up.) Is such a word as "Rummagesaleaholic"? Half an hour before the hall doors open there is an excited throng of villagers each clutching plastic bin bags milling around and soon the chant of "Why are we waiting" rings around the village square, and then the moment arrives. As the decrepit care taker opens the doors he is crushed by a mob of

screaming, struggling women, as they sweep into the hall each bent on getting any bargains or clothes donated by the local gentry, the best of which had been hidden under the tables by the stall holders in safe keeping for themselves. It is noted in the record books that a shoal of Piranha fish can strip a full deer carcass to the bone in four minutes. This mob can clear a hall full of clothes in three. My wife although finding her wooden leg useful in bludgeoning those around her, and literally beating a path to her chosen article, always found herself left behind at the start of the charge. Although by her sheer size and weight she would be at the front of the queue before the doors opened my 'Bummy bulldozer' would lag behind at the stampede.

There is a steep hill in front of the village hall. My dearest's plan was to strap the hitch drive to her leg, wait at the top until the door man was about to open the doors, and then scoot on the hitch drive down the hill, hoping that her impetus would take her through the crowd and into the hall thereby being first for the best things, especially the evening dress donated by the local Lady of the manor which, although many sizes too small, would make her the envy at the next WI meeting. My wife normally wears what to most people would be classed as a bell tent, and is so used by the scout group during their local jamborees, it is not that my wife will wear the evening gown; but that the others cannot. So the day and time of the sale arrived the doorman approached the door. My wife pushed off from the top of the hill. Newton when he worked out forces on a body would have taken great delight in my wife demonstrating them as she plummeted down the hill rapidly gaining speed. Her maniacal war scream which added a certain zest to the journey, warned the pressing throng below of the doom and catastrophe which was about to befall them. Some at the front of the crowd nearest the door were oblivious to the Scud type missile approaching them, others turning around although they could see, were unable to move out of the way, and could only look on in resigned helplessness as their lives flashed before them, and they made peace with God. The ones at the back of the crowd flung themselves to right and left in imitation of a premiership goalie as my wife the 'Friendly neighbourhood rocket', now travelling at warp speed hit the kerb. Much to her surprise instead of clearing a path of death my wife was flung in a great arc over their heads. Leaving a trail of black smoke from the smouldering tyres she sailed majestically like a flying titanic through the air, landing with a crash in front of the local police house. The hitchdrive now well alight detached from her leg and hurtled spear like through the front window, knocking the helmet off trainee policeman Blenkinsop, and leaving a double black tyre mark across his prematurely balding head. As it was his first day alone on duty he frantically leafed through the incident book to ascertain if this was a normal occurrence, for being a Townie he was unused to the eccentric ways of us country folk. His imagination was further fuelled with nasty stories told him by Arnold the resident bobby, of wicker men, fertility rites, and the dark goings on of the local WI. There had been many strange occurrences in this village, the last being a ram raid on the local shops involving gun shots and hoodies, which was still under investigation, could this missile through the window be a warning to lay off from the local age concern. Or possibly the allotment society, both of whom the local constabulary had had trouble with in the past, involving the cultivation of illegal substances and the trafficking of same at the local whist drives. He strongly suspected them of perpetrating the ram raid, because the shop owner would not pay protection.

*It is an ongoing problem that on pension day the old and often infirm emerge blinking into the light of day and head for the post office to collect their "winnings" they then head for the local Co Op to shop for the essentials buying in as small amounts as possible i.e. tuppence worth of baccy or half an Oxo cube. This as you can imagine causes chaos with the inevitable queues, trolley rage, and handbag fights. Often culminating in arrests and incarceration. The protection racket in this case is that the shops pay the pensioners to take their clacking teeth and go elsewhere. This is normally to Mr. Achmeds down the road, who in the age old tradition of British shopkeepers insists the customer is always right and tries his best to accommodate their wishes. So successful is he that he owns two Rolls Royce's and a big house in the next village.*

Trainee PC Blenkinsop crawled on hands and knees to the window and peeked over the sill, my wife in the meantime had used the window ledge on the other side to lever herself painfully up, The accident had done nothing to enhance her rugged beauty. Wild eyed with dishevelled hair, and bleeding copiously from abrasions received on her one point pavement landing she poked her head up and came face to face with PC "B".

Most people on meeting my wife see her first from afar. They then have ample time to organize and prepare their brain to register the Bloodshot manic offset eyes, the wild grin, and the various skin ailments my dear one is prone to, They also have time when getting closer to comprehend the size and shape as well as the ever present odours which constantly surround my little peach. PC "B" did not, he had the full in your face sudden unexpected confrontation from a mere six inches away, receiving the full force of what can only be described as extra surround sound, vision, and smell. Akin to seeing a cheap "b" rated horror movie in 3D. He did what most people would do in this situation. His mind unable to comprehend the messages coming in overloaded and closed down, PC "B" promptly fainted, falling forward into my beloveds large meaty arms.

My hairy chested one, who normally had men trying to escape away from her, took this as an amorous advance and covered his bald head in kisses hoping to revive him. It did in fact give him a very serious skin complaint, and he now wears a "rug" to cover the pustules' and eruptions. She did consider the kiss of life, but desisted on remembering times in the past when she had done this, and the recipients had either over inflated and exploded, or died of toxic contamination of the lungs very soon after. She did the next best thing and carried him over her shoulder to our garden shed. He is still there now a plaything of my wife's, (this takes the pressure off me), although the screams at night are a bit nerve racking. My dearest says it is the uniform that turns her on so I am going to take her to see the Cold stream Guards at Buckingham Palace in the hope they use her as a regimental mascot and keep her.

My wife being disillusioned with hitch drives (but not rummage sales) now wants to sell the other one.

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### Second day of sale.

Ok 8 days to go so its **COMPETITION TIME** !!!!!!!!!!!!!

What you must think of is the many and varied uses a Hitchdrive may be used for.

Submit them to myself via "Ask seller a question" at top of listing.

At the close of auction if you are the winner of the competition, and have won the auction as well, then a discount of 0.003% will apply (on postage).

My wife will be the judge and her decision as always is final. (Final as in, if you do not agree, nasty and dark things may befall you, as it does me, when from time to time I forget my position and disagree with my beloved).

A few ideas to get things going.

Change the wheels for metal discs, for a giant pizza cutter.

Put one on each corner of the bed to ease moving when cleaning.

Put one on each corner of the car to ease parking.

The list is endless.

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### Third day of sale

HELLO, HELLO is anybody out there. I know it is only the third day of the sale but my beloved Mistress of the dark wobbly thing is getting a little impatient as to why no one has shown any interest. Well I say "little", my Keeper of the sweaty armpits does not do "little" and I sit here as the banging of doors, the thumping of her wooden leg, and rattling of kitchenware gets ever louder as the rage builds up like the pressure in some over stoked furnace. Ok maybe I exaggerated when I told her there were quinti-zillions of people out there who bought off Ebay and that at least a zillion would want a Hitchdrive, and that I would need an army of secretaries just to answer any queries. So just between you and me if someone could show some ineterest and enter the competition I would be very grateful. Thankyou.

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On 12-May-08 at 06:18:31 BST, seller added the following information:

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### Fourth day of sale

Ahhhh we have a bidder, obviosly a discerning caravanner who knows the true value of a hitchdrive. This has come just in time My wife was not a happy chappie, and when my little halitosis hairy one is not happy no one in the vicinity is. She exudes this, what I will politely say is an aura of suppressed rage. It manifests itself in many ways from the noisy slamming of doors, enough to loosen the surrounding brickwork. To a quiet chameleon like change of colour from her normal pale, slightly green shade to a deep purple as the blood rushes, or tries to as it has a long way to go, around her body until as with an over pressurized boiler, rivets start to pop and steam escapes from every orifice. (The rivets in my beloved's case are the ones that hold her corset together).The steam though is real, super heated lances of pure energy, and I do mean every orifice.

Also more good news. The competition ideas are pouring in, well not pouring exactly more of a dribble.

Bob the builder ----- Run it up and down freshly plastered walls to give an artex finish----*Very good Bob this is the sort of suggestion I am looking for.*

Mr. Splong of Epping.-----Egg nog whisk or drinks mixer.----- *Do we have a drinking problem Mr Splong.*

Delores of Soho -----*I cannot publish your suggestion Delores as it's a disgusting thing to do with any mechanical contrivance. And no it does not take rechargeable batteries. Are you aware of the size of this thing, and even if it was a lot smaller, what you wish to do would be unfair to both the chicken and your clients.*

Fred of Leicester-----Caravan mover.-- *Fred with some people there is no hope.*

Simon of Bath -----A shooting stick with attitude

Hannah of Gloucester----- Meep meep --- *Ok yes Hannah very deep*

Brenda Bucket of lbstock ----- Will it fit my Coachman----*Brenda if your Coachman will wear it then yes although he may find it chaffs a little on the inner thigh when whipping the horses to a frenzied gallop. May I suggest you strap it to the horses leg if it becomes lame, or better still fit one to each leg tie a huge firework rocket to its back, light the blue touch paper and hold on tight.*

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On 12-May-08 at 14:25:04 BST, seller added the following information:

## IMPORTANT ANOUCEMENT

Someone has asked if this sale is for real

Yes there really is a Hitchdrive for sale as advertised and all Ebay rules and conditions apply as per normal

I would though ask that you send in any suggestions as to alternative uses. They will be posted on ths auction and be put on my web site thereby immortalising your input

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On 13-May-08 at 06:48:06 BST, seller added the following information:

**Fifth day of sale**

This is really exciting another bidder

My beloved wife the Nitrous Nightingale has seen that the first bidders name is badhenkie. She was once courted by a Swiss gentleman named Henkie when we were on a skiing holiday in the Tyrol. What he saw in her I do not know. She may have reminded him of the South face of the Eiger or a mountain Yak who knows, love makes strange bed fellows.

After much rummaging around in the attic she has found the Lederhosen she wore on the last night that they were together and now stands on the back step yodelling in her very loud Basso Profundo voice which sounds more like a stampede of cows than a yodel. It is also setting off all the car and house alarms in the vicinity. I think the romance may have blossomed given time but Henkie invited her to partake in the classic thigh slapping dance much practiced on cold winter nights in the Alps. My wife is, to put it politely built a little on the large side and has more muscles than the hulk on a particularly bad hair day.

The dance started with the accordion hammering away and soon my Slayer of Mammoths and Henkie were jumping and swirling caught in the excitement of the moment. Then came the time for the thigh slapping and my dearests palms came down with much force onto her ample thighs which rippled and vibrated to each slap. Such were the magnitude of these vibrations that the whole stage and then the lodge started to vibrate in unison. Then completely unexpectedly Henkie gave my love a light playful slap on the cheek motioning for her to tap him in return. Now I have mentioned previously that my dearest does not do "little", she also does not know her own strength and is constantly breaking handles off drawers, car doors, and has been banned from the local amusement arcade as all the one arm bandits became no arm bandits. Anyway Henkie gave her this tap expecting a playful tap back. What he got back was a pile driver of a punch that sent him sailing through the air and through a window into the snowy night. This though proved fortuitous as the vibrations of the thigh slapping had loosened the lodge foundations and it had started to slide down the mountain, and would have carried on, sending us all to a snowy grave had it not been stopped by the inert body of Henkie. My wife and I beat a hasty retreat back to our hotel.

On a positive note Henkie was hailed a hero and awarded a watch by the local mayor.

I now have to go as an angry mob has turned up carrying pitch forks and burning fire brands. Someone has thrown a brick through the window with a message tied to it, asking us to vacate the premises. They are chanting "burn burn burn", apart from one dyslexic who chants "nrub brun bunr". We are used to this as it happens every time my mistress of the megaphone sings, although the brick annoyed me somewhat as it was one of the very few left holding up the corner of the house, the others are on the lounge floor.

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On 14-May-08 at 07:09:16 BST, seller added the following information:

**Sixth day of sale**

More suggestions are coming in.

Brenda Bucket of Ibstock ----- *So you meant a Coachman caravan, mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm, there's no accounting for taste although you do realise that if you fit this mover it would double the value of your van.*

At this time I would ask Delores of Soho to stop mailing me suggestions on how she would use the hitchdrive. Just nip down to Halfords and see how big this thing is, an elephant may find what you suggest a treat, but the poor gerbil certainly would not. I also question the sanity of some of your "male friends" if they allow that sort of thing to be done to them.

Mr Fozey1 of Worcester----- Tie a spade behind it and use it as a rotorvator ---- *Ah Mr Fozey1 a really good idea, This is what we want, a few new and innovative uses. What if you tied a few dogs or cats in front to pull it and it could be a plough. Mr F as you have bid I will put your suggestion in the hat to win the discount. This could be your lucky week.*

Shirley of Leicester ----- *Will it fit my Bailey Ranger.-----Yes it will fit a Bailey Ranger and can I say I admire your discerning choice of upmarket caravan.*

Mr S Inclair ----- Mount a 3.5 litre V8 engine on top with an armchair on top of the engine and make the first 100 mph unicycle ----- *Ah Mr Inclair yet another invention to excite and amaze us. But will it sell? Will it even work?*

On 14-May-08 at 13:39:22 BST, seller added the following information:

Hi

If you are enjoying reading the story and wish to know when the next listing occurs or when a story is added to my website [www.foggydave.co.uk](http://www.foggydave.co.uk) just send me an email @ [dave@foggydave.co.uk](mailto:dave@foggydave.co.uk) and I will ensure you get to know.

Conversly just put me on your favourite sellers list and Ebay will notify you.

My next listing will be in a few weeks time.

---

On 15-May-08 at 06:44:05 BST, seller added the following information:

#### Seventh day of sale

Wow up to £97 already with Mr Fozey taking a lead. He is also sending in a lot more suggestions and is a clear favourite to win the 0.003% on postage should he win the auction.

Here are just a few more

Mr Fozey1 of Worcester ----- Whoppee I have found a mover for my Harley Davidson, ever tried to reverse one.---- *Yet another potential competition winning suggestion and yes I rode a Fat Boy once and tried not to get into a position where pushing back was needed. Even the Honda I own now is a little on the heavy side but I call the wife out and she just picks it up and swings it around.*

*Mr Fozy of Worcester again-----My dearly beloved has just popped her head round the corner and i thought of yet another need for this it. A massager. Just think of all the cellulite pumpling you could do with those Knobbly tyres. Oh and I just remembered I also have another two trailers that I could use it on instead of pushing them (Now thats a silly idea isnt it).-----Who am I to say whats silly or not Its far more sensible than some of the stuff I have suggested. I must say though Mr Fozey we both seem to be on the same wave length. Also could your dear wife be trying to tell you something. Does she know Delores of Soho by any chance?*

Talking of Delores of Soho ----- *NO it does NOT come with the sort of attachments you are thinking about and does not take batteries. I can assure you its just an inert caravan mover, you turn the handle and the wheels go round. It does not oscillate, rotate, vibrate, or titillate. On reading some of your suggestions I realise what a sheltered life I have led. Do you know Mr Fozey's wife by any chance*

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#### A Personal note

I will try to explain the feelings I have for my wife as some caring people in different ways have asked the same question.

“How if I love my wife and continue to live with her could I speak so unkindly?”

The simple answer is that what I say is the truth, if I did not love her so truly and deeply then I could not speak of her so, for that would be mocking. When you love a person it's “warts and all”. In her case it is literally the truth and would include barnacles and other encrustations. What we have here is the King Kong factor in reverse, I have a very strong and true admiration for my beloved. Her strength of body and character take her through life like some leviathan cleaving the sea before its imperious bow, the wise move out of the way, others foresee what's coming but cannot move out of the way, and like the sea; end up frothing in some way. Those foolish enough to go against their animal instincts to flee disappear beneath the surface, never to rise.

We fall in love with a person for many reasons, normally by seeing qualities in the other person that we find attractive and endearing, something that appeals to our inner self that no explanation can be given to. It goes without saying that these feelings are normally irrational. “No explanation” is important because love involves a basic chemistry that over the millennia has been camouflaged by the evolution and sophistication of the mind and society, to such an extent that we now require knowing the rational reasons for everything even when rationality is not part of loves vocabulary. It is because of this that I cannot give an answer.

I know that if you took away the dead skin, barnacles, lank hair and body odour and exposed the inner being, apart from a very messy puddle on the floor would be a beautiful person. It is said that every fat person has a thin person waiting within them to burst out, with my wife what is inside her is an angel, a pure white shining angel with a clear and beautiful mind and heart and I love her for it, if others could see this then they too would love her, it is my gain that they cannot.

As with most marriages you have to work hard 24/7 at the relationship. You must always be aware as to their needs and desires, and try as best you can to meet them. I often fail and am made painfully aware of the fact in one way or another. It is normally the other and involves squeezing of some sort.

---

May I tell you of an incident two Christmas,s ago

I am quite handy with the old wood saw, plane, and chisel. My skills at making Ikea coffins are legendary in the village. The vicar of the local church asked me to make a stage set for this year's nativity play. Normally it is performed at the local infant school, but the caretaker was working to rule and all extra curricular activities had to be abandoned. The caretaker was the husband of the headmistress; the dispute was not with his job but his marriage. Over the years their relationship had deteriorated to such an extent that she was now withholding not only sex but would also not make his favourite jam roly polly pudding. The sex he could do without but the roly polly went too far. To get his own back he invented a dispute at school. So I gave in and was hired at no pay to do the woodwork. The "set" as us pro's call stage furniture and backdrops consisted of a normal stable with drop down canvases depicting the inn, shepherd's field, etc. When I went to measure up my dearest accompanied me, she is a very useful holder of the other end of the tape, a bonus was that standing on her shoulders I could reach the higher places which saved bringing my step ladders. During the course of my measuring the Vicar came in. I thought; to see how we were doing, but he really wanted to moan about the hard work involved putting on such a show. I thought this a bit rich coming from someone who only works one day a week. He also whinged about the commitment of some of his parishioners, of their unwillingness to help out, especially on the acting side. My loved one hearing this sidled over and stood nonchalantly picking her teeth with my pencil, trying to look inconspicuous by "measuring" things but failing spectacularly. I knew he was only saying this in the hope that we would feel obligated to offer our services. I hate it when people do this because I usually submit and open the door on what will normally be an abuse of both my time and goodwill. I would not yield. He could see this and so turned his mournful gaze upon my beloved and asked her straight out, "Would you play Mary". Whom after a millisecond agreed. Why he chose her I do not know, and after a few rehearsals I am sure he didn't either. Maybe he thought he could convert her from her heathen witching ways and lead her onto the path of righteousness. He may have seen in his soul the latent talent my beloved had hidden deep within her. He may have just been desperate to find someone, anyone to act in the play. Whatever the reason I am sure it tested his faith more than hers.

To say there was a cast of thousands would be a slight exaggeration, in fact there were four plus assorted animals kindly loaned by the local animal sanctuary. My wife played Mary. I played Joseph and shepherd 1. Bernard Entwistle played Shepherd 2 and innkeeper. Mrs Entwistle played all other parts and supplied the baby Jesus, a cabbage patch doll. The highlight of the evening was to be a choral festival given by the infant's school choir. A cunning ploy by the vicar as this guaranteed a full house of parents, uncles and aunts, and unwilling older siblings. He also invited the geriatrics from the old people's home next to the church hall. This would guarantee the authentic smell of the stable with the added bonus of the sound of the sea shore coming from overfilled swashing colostomy bags.

The weeks leading up to the production were very busy, with people learning lines, making costumes, and doing what thespians normally do, i.e. talking in loud voices and saying "luvvy" and "deary" a lot, with the occasional "what a sweet sweet boy" thrown in. The first full rehearsal was a nightmare, the stage too small, the actors too big. My dearest is not imbued with a natural grace, to put it bluntly she is a walking disaster area, an accident waiting to happen, clumsiness is her forte. If you leave something lying around she will in some way demolish it. It is because of this we do not visit museums or China shops. This compounded the problem of the small stage, in fact the stage was so small that we could only accommodate two shepherds, when the curtain was opened the third shepherd was a voice off stage saying "I am just going for yea dump in yon bushes over yonder, don't wait up", and at the end of the scene for comic relief shouting in a far off voice "Where's the paper"? Then there were the animals, the vicar said they were creatures of God and there should be a sheep and a donkey present as a symbol. Creatures of God? More like the spawn of the devil. It is obvious that an animal sanctuary will be stocked with animals that have been saved, normally from abuse of one form or another that will have left them traumatised. We found this out on a particularly wet rehearsal day when the infants were there, and just the sheep. The vicar came in with his green wellingtons on and walked up behind the animal, who on looking around gave a mighty bleat and stampeded across the stage knocking the infant choir over like nine pins, disappearing out of the door never to be seen again. We decided as we did not know what the donkey was in care for we would dispense with animals altogether.

The opening night arrived. The first act, the shepherd's scene went reasonably well. The only problem was the star of the East which blew a bulb at the critical moment, and the angel, a plywood effigy which was to descend and ascend gracefully, crashing to the stage as the string came off the pulleys. All went well and to script until the stable scene. My wife, why; I do not know, maybe to add a touch of realism, or just the fact that this part of the confinement was never talked about, went "off script" and decided to go into labour groaning and throwing herself around the stage in the throes of birth. I and the rest of the cast and audience just sat there in shock, as in the best traditions of a Hammer horror film she screamed and thrashed around the stage eventually drawing out a blood soaked Cabbage Patch baby from under her white robes with a bit of pink pipe connected to a blood filled colostomy bag (presumably the umbilical chord and after birth), this she snipped off with a pair of shears, spraying the infant choir on the front row with blood. The audience looked on, silent mouths open as she laid the baby Jesus into the crib. The infants sat huddled together, petrified, unable to move. Then slowly my beloved lit her Tibetan dung pipe, placed her wooden leg on the crib and spoke her lines

Amateur actors each behave differently when the lights go up and the curtains open. There are some that freeze, others have an attack of the trots and exit stage right buttocks clenched, or just babble out their lines in an incoherent torrent. My wife bless her became a Prima Donna, an angel in white (with red spatters). The transformation was awe inspiring, what before was a shambling ungainly person of indeterminate sex now became a "tour de force". A revelation as much to her as to anyone else. The spotlight was the sun and my beloved the rarest of flowers, hidden for so long in the shadows, blossoming in all her colours under its warming brilliance. Instead of the script extolling the virtues of faith and family she quoted from the "Bard" Henry V speech to his men at Agincourt.

"We few, we happy few"

She laid her still smoking pipe down on a hay bale, and with hands beating breasts, like a reincarnation of Britannia, she spoke the opening lines. Her voice was so strong, yet so quiet. It projected into every corner of the hall, down every floor crevice and mouse hole, into every rafter and through the tiles. It was not heard just through the ears but the whole body, strong, vibrant, as clear as a bell as pure as a lark's song. All else was forgotten, this was a truly religious experience. In the audience old ladies fainted and hardened men wept openly. Truly an angel had come to earth "We few, we happy few".

For the more fortunate there is a time in life when you achieve your "raison d'être" your reason for being. This I think was hers, a time to shine, to be a brilliant starburst of light in the dark heavens. For some this state lasts an eternity for others a fleeting joyous moment of time, that when over is as a dream for you to wonder if it truly existed at all. Was this what the vicar saw? Tonight Mathew I will be Sir Laurence Olivier, Dame Judy Dench, I will be a distillation of all actresses and actors, I will be Everyman. The audience fully realising what it was witnessing sat in silent awe and admiration. Row upon row of open mouthed parents, grandparents, and round eyed children all knowing they were experiencing a great moment in time, very few understanding that emotion.

Then cruel, cruel fate took over.

She looked past the lights, saw these faces and her nerve went.

The door opens and as soon closes, as it does another one opens, that is unless the knob falls off or the person who went before shut it with the paint still wet.

The silence lasted for what seemed an eternity, and for her probably was. For fleeting seconds she had touched the stars, had tasted Ambrosia. It was no more. The beauty that only I could see before was shown to the world, her inner wonderful self. A person she would search for; for the rest of her life. She stood silent now. That was the first time I saw my beloved cry, just one tear, one painful tear.

It was at that moment I knew I truly loved her.

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On 16-May-08 at 05:40:04 BST, seller added the following information:

**Eighth day of sale**

My beloved has decided she wants to go caravanning this weekend. We could have gone last weekend when it was sunny and warm but no "She" had things to do. Once every two months the chiropodist comes to doctor my fungus footed one, and last Saturday was the day. The chiropodist is in fact an ex iron foundry worker and all his expertise in de-slugging, grinding, fettling, and chiselling are needed when he does my wifes foot. He actually brings along his portable sand blasting cabinet. My wife sticks her foot in it and the scouring commences. It is rather an expensive procedure as he uses 500 grit hard sand, this is the only thing that takes the dead skin off. The nails are done with a large pair of bolt croppers, during this procedure we all wear safety goggles, safety hats and bullet proof vests, We then spend 2-3 hours picking up the cuttings and flakes so that they will not fall into the hands of another witch who may use them to put a hex on my beloved. (As she does on them).

So I will be away for a few days but will hopefully be back online on Sunday night. This of course means I will not be able to answer any queries in the meantime.

Note I have had enquiries for postage rates abroad. Because the parcel is so big the Post Office work off a "cube" figure ie even though the parcel weighs approx 20kg the cube weight for pricing purposes is 45kg this makes the cost of sending it abroad very high. In one case over £100. So please bear this in mind if you want the parcel shipped abroad. Thanks.

If for any reason I cannot get online in time (I think Ebay closes the updating feature 12 hours before the auction closes) I would like to thank all those who gave input into the story and for looking.

I will be listing again in few weeks when another story will be featured. To all those bidding good luck and thankyou.

Regards Dave

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On 18-May-08 at 13:23:04 BST, seller added the following information:

**Ninth day of sale**

Just back from a hectic two days at Kingsbury Water park. Well more of a nightmare really as the wife decided to have a go at jet and water skiing but that is another story best told when I get all the events clear in my mind.

On a more positive note I have another suggestion

From Tavvydog of no fixed abode-----Hi, I have an idea for the hitchdrive, could very handy when supermarket shopping. I Have been knocked down twice in the same shop by an over excited granny in her supercharged mobility scooter. Maybe I should buy this to save her the embarrassment of fiddling with the controls and maiming other shoppers in the process. The hitch drive could help me to gently manoeuvre her in the other direction. If all fails I could hitch it to my trolley enabling me to swiftly run her over in a forwards and reverse action to minimise any further suffering.

Anonymous enraged shopaholic----- *Talking of shopping trollies*

*A short story (An extract from a story soon to appear on my web)*

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 trollies 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".

ALL THE BEST THANKYOU FOR READING MY STORIES  
REGARDS FOGGYDAVE



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