

MOTORCYCLE PANNIERS Plus story

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(17-Oct-08 05:43:58 BST)

Postage costs: **£6.85**
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Post to: [United Kingdom](#)

Item location: [Leicester, Leicestershire, United Kingdom](#)

History: [11 bids](#)

High bidder: [mozomusic](#) ([104](#) )

Meet the seller

Seller: [foggydave](#) ([6868](#) )

Feedback: **100 % Positive**

Member: since 08-Apr-04 in [United Kingdom](#)

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Listing and payment details:

Starting time: 07-Oct-08 05:43:58 BST

Starting bid: £7.00

Duration: 10-day listing

Payment methods: **PayPal**

[See details](#)

Description [\(revised\)](#)

Seller assumes all responsibility for listing this item.

Item Specifics - Motorcycle Parts & Accessories

Type: **Luggage**

Intended Use: --

Sub-Type: **Saddle Bags & Frames**

Condition: **Used**

Manufacturer: --

Model/ Series: --

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.

FOR SALE ONE SET MOTORCYCLE PANNIERS

THESE ARE USED BUT IN GOOD CONDITION

I THINK THE MATERIAL IS SOFT LEATHER

It looks and feels like leather but is quite thin with an inside lining, so no guarantee.

Although it is very strong and sturdy

THE LOGO IS 'WOLF LUGGAGE'

THE POUCH SIZES ARE 14inch wide x 10.5inch high x 6inch deep

Weight for postage is 3.5kg

Despite the story this is a genuine eBay auction and all rules apply thankyou

The reason I am selling this item is told below

We were invited to a fancy dress party by my next door neighbour Doctor Stienenfranck. The invite was rather unexpected as for some reason our neighbours and most of the people in the street very rarely speak to us, and when they do it is normally to complain, and with my wife there is a lot to complain about. For instance on most Sundays at around mid day our cul de sac is obscured by a dense black cloud of smoke as once again the Sunday roast is burnt to a frazzle. On Mondays which is always a wash day what little bit of sun there is, is blocked out as her bloomers and bell tent size dresses billow in the breeze. It is a wonder the whole garden does not go sailing down the brook as we have more canvas out than the Cutty Sark on a record voyage. Couple all this with the regular mobs that turn up with burning fire brands and pitch forks encouraging us to leave and it is no wonder we have become so insular. You may think our family a bit strange but Dr Stienenfranck is also a bit of a weird one, what with the cluster of lightening rods on the roof and his supposed son whom no one has seen but who clomps about at night in what sounds like lead boots calling for his mother, poor lad.

For the party I thought my wife The Golden Wart Warrior would wear her white dress and go as a marquee tent, or a coloured dress and go as a bouncy castle. But for some unknown reason she decided to go as Clint Eastwood in his role in The Good the Bad and the Ugly. She could have gone as that greasy, sweaty, unshaven, unwashed, peg legged; lank haired actor Robert Newton in his portrayal of Long John Silver in Treasure Island, but then that would have been cheating as she always looks like that.

A few days before the party to get into character she decided to get dressed up in the costume. This consisted of an old tufted fireside rug from the coal house with a hole cut into it, this was placed over her head as a poncho, she then retrieved an Australian bush hat complete with dangling corks from my wardrobe, and as a final touch a pair of throw over motorcycle panniers bags as a saddle bag. The only item she did not need to put on was the false six days growth of beard to give the unshaven look, in my dearest case the stubble was genuine. To complete the picture she lit one of her Tibetan Yak dung cigarettes, and closing her eyes to slits, head wreathed in smoke she stood in front of the mirror. My wife has seen far too many action films for her own good and has a tendency to mix the attributes and catchphrases for each one. And so her standing in front of the mirror dressed as Clint Eastwood, biceps and other ceps bulging like Arnie saying "Who loves ya baby pasta la bisto you dirty rat make my day, cuff him Danno, I vill be back punk" came as no surprise. What did come as a surprise was when she threw back the flap of the poncho and drew a long barrelled paint ball gun out of her belt, fully loaded with red paint balls. As often happens when my dearest gets carried away with an idea I had terrible forebodings of death, destruction and lots of things red coloured.

She must have borrowed the gun from Bernard the postman who has a 'thing' for engine oil. Along with like minded villagers they rent a local disused quarry and naked as the day they were born run around shooting at each other with the paint ball guns. The difference being is that the paint balls are substituted for oil filled balls and instead of hiding to avoid being shot they just stand there trying to be hit by as much oil as possible. Mmmmmmmmm painful but curiously exciting.

As an example of how jumbled up her thinking is she insisted I go as Tonto, the Lone Rangers side kick and the lad as Little John. I do despair at times.

She then stalked around the house and garden pretending that around every corner was an ambush and that every object in the house from the hat stand to her brass spittoon were fictional characters waiting to do her harm. Had she been as a Ninja, an ephemeral fleeting shadow darting silently from one place to another it would have been no problem. Alas my dearest the High Velocity Megaphone does not do 'ephemeral' or 'silent', she does though do 'elephants' and 'a charging herd of.' Also with my dearest there is a very thin line between pretend and actual. As I busied away at my latest project in the cellar workshop I could hear overhead the crashing and banging as she went 'silently' from room to room and the occasional phut phut phut of the gun as it accidentally fired. Trying to do a fast draw from the hip with hands like bunches of bananas without the occasional accident is difficult in the extreme. It was the spittoon which took most of the hits as half filled with the overspill from last nights Yak dung tobacco chewing (A habit I find most disgusting, as are most of the things she does.) it resounded with a loud KERPLANG as the balls hit the outside or a sickening body entering SCHLUCK if they hit the black congealing spittle inside. I waited until an hour of relative silence had passed and ventured upstairs to find that where the hall and lounge had been white anaglypta the walls were now covered in red spots, it was as though the house had a bad attack of measles. My wife though insisted this was the latest thing in interior design and was an expression of her deep latent desires which I as her husband was not fulfilling. O how I hate these room makeover television programmes. She was of course alluding to sex which we last had mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm let me think, how old is the boy mmmmmmm plus nine months mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm, a long time ago then.

The night of the party arrived, lights were strung out in Dr Stienenfrancks garden and we could hear the crackly crooning voice of Al Jolson as the record spun on his old wind up gramophone, No doubt the Ink Spots and various other artistes of the 20s and 30s were waiting in the pile of dusty old records. A lot of people came purely out of curiosity to see his son, whom we had heard a lot but not glimpsed. We arrived at the door to be met by The Dr dressed normally as a mad scientist and his son swathed head to toe in bandages the only bits we could see where his neck which had a very realistic bolt in and a line of stitching all the way around, and his wrists which also had a very neat blanket stitch. You would really think his head and hands had been sewn on. I presume he was supposed to be a mummy as this was all he said questioningly to those he met. Strange lad that one!

My wife as ever one for a big entrance waited for the Dr to half close the door and kicked it open with her wooden leg shouting ICE CUBES to those within (I think she meant FREEZE) and then dived to the floor going into a roll finally ending up wedged against the stair post and telephone table unable to move, miraculously the bottle of her special home brew clenched in her teeth stayed unbroken, this was fortuitous as had any spilt it would have eaten its way through the floor to the cellar and possibly beyond. After a bit of crow barring with a piece of 6x4 timber I helped her to

her feet and she stalked into the lounge like a demented peg legged John Wayne saying "I have come for my boy so get down off your drink and horse your milk you dirty rat finks".

I left her discussing cross stitching with the Dr, at least she had not started telling "The Joke". ** I wandered through the house meeting all manner of persons from Joan of Arc to Napoleon Bonaparte. The prize for most bizarre costume must go to Bernard the postie who as I mentioned above has a fetish for engine oil. He was clad in a 50 gallon oil drum with holes cut in for head, legs, and arms. This would have been ok had it not been for the disquieting noise of fluids sloshing about inside the drum. No one asked him how he went to the loo and it was probably best not to know. It seems the craze at the moment that no celebration should be allowed to go by without the obligatory pyrotechnic display with lots of bright lights and big bangs. The Dr being a bit of an electrical person decided to create his display using electrical energy and so we were ushered into the garden to stand in front of the energy producing apparatus. This consisted of huge steel globes, conductor rods, lots of very thick wiring and a huge complicated control panel with the obligatory red "Do not press" button.

We waited in the dark of his garden in silence. He threw a switch and we could hear and feel the energy building up in the machinery, suddenly an electric arc leapt from one rod to the other travelling up and down in great beams. And then a great bolt of lightening arced from one globe to the other. This was indeed a great show and we all applauded. This seemed to spur the DR to greater heights as his son jumped up and down with excitement shouting mummy, mummy, louder and louder. The energy built up as control wheels were feverishly spun and levers were pulled further than ever before, the whole apparatus was vibrating, we waited nervously for the lightening which took a long time coming, you could actually feel the pressure of the energy building up. When it did come it came with a huge crackling sound which tore the air apart with a bolt of pure electrical energy, but instead of lancing across to the other ball it arced down to the metal drum surrounding Bernard.

The flow of electricity is like any other flowing thing, if you have a river meandering down a valley it is very sedate, if you now try to get that river to flow through a canyon at the same rate of flow it is squeezed and pressurised as the same amount of water tries to go through a smaller opening. This is how an electric light bulb works, the electricity is sent through a smaller wire than can take the current, this causes the wire to heat up as the pressure of electricity increases this heats to white heat and so gives light. And so it was with the pressure of electricity going through Bernards oil drum, but instead of the pressure heating it the drum just split and disintegrated with a great tearing rending sound. The 40 gallons of engine oil that was in the drum cascaded out over the machinery and was immediately set alight by the electric arc.

I have never been unlucky enough to suffer a Napalm attack but this must surely come close as great sheets of flame erupted in front of us. Luckily Bernard was blown clear, but to our astonishment walking into the middle of the burning edifice was the Doctors son crying MUMMY MUMMY, over and over again his bandages smouldering in the intense heat. What was the crazy lad up to? Suddenly a great sheet of lightening engulfed him and by the time our eyes had re-adjusted he had gone, totally disappeared, surely he could not have burnt up so quickly. We all turned as one to the Dr who with a tears in his eyes and a slight shrug of his shoulders said mysteriously "I will have to make another one" Most people thought he meant the machine and it was heartless to feel nothing for his son, but I wasn't so sure. Bernard is in hospital with burns and a strange case of complete body dermatitis, the treatment is a twice daily full application of baby oil and creams. So Bernards wildest fantasy and all on the National Health.

Can't be bad.

** From story 21 on my web site 'Selling a Wheel Clamp on Ebay'.

THE JOKE

My wife does not have a sense of humour, but one joke, THE JOKE is the only one that makes her chuckle slightly.....well a sort of grunt.....ok just a slight rise of the upper lip.....ok ok just a twitch of her moustache.

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

Captain "Stand by to repel boarders"

Sailor "How do you repel boarders"

Captain "Stop changing the bed linen"

Amusing you might say when heard once but my wife repeats it over and over again like some mantra. And also insists on telling it at all the functions we attend. When it does not illicit the required guffaw my wife nudges them in the ribs saying "get it, bed linen, stop changing, priceless". With my wife not knowing her own strength this nudge normally cracks a few ribs. Word soon got around so to avoid injury everybody laughs when she tells it, some even go into hysterics, this makes the wife think that the joke is wonderful and must be recited at every opportunity.

FD Oh what tangled webs we weave. If they had accepted their punishment like men this would have been over many years ago.

At the start of my auctions I ask readers to send in ideas for alternative uses for the item I am auctioning. I think though with these panniers we may have hit a brick wall, to me a bag is a bag

08 OCT 2008 DAY 2 OF SALE

Not much happening on the suggestions front so I have an update on the Hadron Collider from my last auction Selling a pair of old boots (see website)

We are told that many billions of years ago there was a void from which we and all matter were created This time of creation was called the Big Bang when one atoms travelling at immense speeds collided with another atoms, a chain reaction was formed and matter was created. The universe has been expanding ever since. The Hadron Collider is trying to re create this moment in time by speeding atoms up to the nearly the speed of light and allowing them to collide with other atoms. It is not known what the outcome will be. As my wife would say it is best left alone as we cannot comprehend the forces we are dealing with for we are playing with time itself. One of the things they are looking for is the smallest particle known. I thought the smallest thing in the universe was my wife's sex drive (Which given her numerous skin complains and other bodily ailments is not a bad thing) but it happens to be a Higgs Boson and like my wifes sex drive when they find it they will probably wish they had left well alone. My wife says one of the consequences of these experiments is that each time they do a test we jump a few universes to escape the black hole being

created in the last one by the Hadron Collider.

Last week my wife and a few cronies got a last minute deal and went on a short stay holiday to France which was unusual as she hates flying (apart from on her broom) the next thing I hear is that the Experiments on The Large Hadron Collider have been stopped for essential maintenance. I have a bad feeling about this one. When things go wrong my dearest is never far away.

I wonder who put a spanner in the works?

How can you spend billions of pounds on a machine and after only 2-3 days stop it for maintenance. If it is true and the wife was not involved I wonder which nation's part went belly up and why?

If it was a British part you could put it down to some disenfranchised ex Rover car worker who maybe thought it was a Friday afternoon.

Or it could have been done deliberately

It could have been Ursulla Undress fearful she would turn into my wife as the universes collapsed *FD I wouldn't worry too much Ursulla there aren't that many universes although I have noticed a few less yellow spots on my wifes nose in the past few days. Are you getting any?*

As I said in my previous auction (Selling a pair of old boots). With each experiment we shift a few universes in one direction or another. There may be someone from a universe near to ours that does not want us to discover it. I don't know why maybe its our Bistro's or chip shops, who knows. There does though seem to be a deafening silence coming from the Hadron Collider site. Maybe the excuse of "essential maintenance" was a ruse and as we speak all the personnel are on a beach on a far planet in a parallel universe sipping pink gin and eating caviar.

It would be nice to have your thoughts on who you think it may be and why.

Just drop me a line. The more absurd the idea the better. Go to my web site at any time, even after the story is posted. I can always add little bits no problem.....Go on get involved let your mind wander.

It may though just be a natural occurrence and can all be put down to Murphy's Law.

Murphy's Law

1. The prime axiom of Murphy's Law: In any field of scientific endeavor, anything that can go wrong will.
2. If the possibility exists of several things going wrong, the one that will go wrong is the one that will do the most damage.
3. Everything will go wrong at one time.
 - 3.1 That time is always when you least expect it.
4. If nothing can go wrong, something will.
5. Nothing is as easy as it looks.
6. Everything takes longer than you think.
7. Left to themselves, things always go from bad to worse.
8. Nature always sides with the hidden flaw.
9. Given the most inappropriate time for something to go wrong, that's when it will occur.

10. Mother Nature is a bitch.
 - 10.1 The universe is not indifferent to intelligence; it is actively hostile to it.
11. If everything seems to be going well, you have obviously overlooked something.
 12. If in any problem you find yourself doing an immense amount of work, the answer can be obtained by simple inspection.
 13. Never make anything simple and efficient when a way can be found to make it complex and wonderful.
14. If it doesn't fit, use a bigger hammer.
 15. In an instrument or device characterized by a number of plus-or-minus errors, the total error will be the sum of all the errors adding in the same direction.
16. In any given calculation, the fault will never be placed if more than one person is involved.
 - 16.1 In any given discovery, the credit will never be properly placed if more than one person is involved.
17. All warranty and guarantee clauses become invalid upon payment of the final invoice.
 18. If there are two or more ways to do something, and one of those ways can result in a catastrophe, then someone will do it.

If you know of any more drop me a line and I will add them to the list either here or on my website.

Maybe you have a few to do with motorbikes?

Well that seems to explain most of the events in my life. What I thought was Karma and fate can all be put down to a gentleman named Murphy.

We spend millions on research into the questions of "WHY"

Why do things happen?

Why are we as we are?

Why is life as it is?

When most of the "WHY" questions have been answered by this man Murphy.

IMPORTANT NOTE.....A MATE CAME ROUND AND QUESTIONED WHETHER THE PANNIERS WERE REAL LEATHER. I THOUGHT THEY WERE BUT THE DOUBT HAS BEEN SOWN (I HATE IT WHEN PEOPLE DO THIS) SO THE DESCRIPTION HAS BEEN ALTERED TO READ "MAYBE ITS LEATHER". SO BID AS IF THEY WERE NOT LEATHER AND IF THEY ARE IT WILL BE A BONUS.

I could let the wife test them as she used to chew Gerbil hides to soften the skin. This is why she has the pointy teeth. The last thing you would want though is to buy a set of panniers with little bits chewed off the corners and teeth marks all over, so its best left as it is.

9 OCT DAY 3 OF SALE

Well surprise surprise we have some suggestions already

Des of Leicester, I am fed up with being charged for extras when going on budget flights so When going on holiday fill them to the brim with clothes and carry them on your head into the plane. There are only rules and charges about cases and hand luggage, no mention is made of head luggage.....Yes touch that, and up yours BMI BaBaBaBy.....*FD Des have you got a grudge against BMI*

Des of Leicester,Heres another.... When coming back through customs wear them over your head as a fashion accessory they would look no sillier than those Nordic type hats with tassles on them. Unbeknown to the customs people will be the fact that they are full to the brim with 6 gallons of wine 6000 cigarettes and 50 kg of rolling tobacco. They will just see a silly hat.... Yeeeessss...Again Up yours again BMI Baaaaaby.....*FD With the weight they would also see a very bent crooked person underneath..... We really do not like BMI do we Des.*

Matt of Gloucester..... If you had twin babies you could put one in each bag, throw them over your shoulder and hey presto a double child carrier. The one that needs its nappy changing have at the back. If they both need changing put the panniers on the first passing donkey or motorbike courier to take home.....*FD you could put them in the bags without any nappies and when the waste starts sloshing over the top you just tip it out and wash the bags out at the nearest self service power car wash...give them a bath at the same time.....Very natural and eco friendly*

Skippy of Coalville Des's mate..... Will it fit my Fat Boy Low Rider?*FD It all depends how wide your Fat Boy is. Are we talking here about an overweight Midget or a motorbike? So your Des's mate then??*

Fanny Craddock of Bath.....Put one on each hand as a giant oven glove.....*FD Hello Fanny long time no see. How's Johnny.*

Des of Leicester, Skippies mate..... Hey Skippy I thought I was your best mate. Whos this overweight midget you are talking about? I buy you coffees and treats and even let you touch it now and again and this is how you repay me. So when I say "lets go out" and you say "No I am going to ride my Fat Boy" this is what you mean.

Skippy of Coalville No its my HD Low rider you silly Pom.

Des of Leicester, So he's High Definition does that mean he's not fuzzy at the edges or he just talks clever. And don't call me a Pom you..you..you... Wallaby.

Skippy of Coalville No HD stands for Harley Davidson, geez you British!!

Des of Leicester, Oh that's ok then I thought you were being unfaithful *pause*
..... So what's the name of this fat midget then?

Skippy of Coalville Strewth get me a tube quick!!!!

TO BE CONTINUED

On 10-Oct-08 at 02:44:39 BST, seller added the following information:

10 OCT DAY 4 OF SALE

WOW This is exciting, we already have a bidder. Obviously a discerning person who knows the true value of the panniers. One who wishes to stake a claim on what could be a nice little bargain. Not for this person the end of auction last seconds snipe....No this person has run his colours up the flagpole so all can see. A real eBayer.

Oh it makes me so proud to be part of all this..... I can feel a verse coming on

From the bard

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he today that bids this eBay 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 eBay auction and won.

I put a note in about the uncertainty as to whether or not the panniers were leather and mentioned my wife chewed Gerbil skins.

I have been asked by a reader what they would be used for.

The following is on my web site.

Below is a short resume

My wife was born on an island which was conical in shape (think dunce's cap) It was so conical in fact that there was not a flat surface to be found. This is why the islanders have one leg a lot shorter than the other so that they are able to stand upright. This led to many practices peculiar to the island. One of these was a competition called Stopping.

From story 14 on my web site

'The only pastime on her island anything like bowls was the very dangerous sport of "Stopping". This involved throwing a round boulder up a slope and letting it roll down. In rolling down it gathered moss, twigs, lumps of earth, Gerbils the odd sheep, and other bigger boulders. When finally it reached the thrower again it had grown in mass and weight by many times its original. The thrower then had to stop it; the heavier it was the faster it would be rolling. The winner was he or she who stopped the most weight in twenty minutes. As in fishing matches it can be the person who catches more little fish who wins over the person who catches one big one. (This is true of so many things in life). So it is with the "Stoppers", the smaller the boulder thrown up, the lighter it was when it came down. You could throw more small ones than big ones, and stop them more easily. The danger came from the "Super Stoppers who put everything into one or two boulders. These athletes were built like brick out houses, the trouble came when their ambition to stop the "Big One" outweighed their abilities. It is a fundamental law of nature that when a heavier mass with energy hits a lighter mass at rest the lighter mass will be displaced or squashed. So it was with the "Super Stoppers". Many were either flattened as a hedgehog on a motorway, or they were caught up in the debris on the boulder as it went over them and were carried down into the sea, and a watery grave.'

This brings me to the reason for Gerbil skins. these were sewn together to make huge nets to hold the boulders used in the sport of Stopping. The tensile strength of the Gerbil skin is far greater than that of the only other animal to inhabit the island which is the mountain sheep.

The sheep are not indigenous to the island but were imported by one of the tribal chiefs thinking to make a fast buck by selling them off to sailors for those dark lonely nights at sea.

The Gerbil is indigenous and was the staple source of meat and clothing before McDonalds set up a restaurant on the Northern slopes.

For a long time Gerbil skins were the only source of currency on the island and before a deal was struck or a purchase made the buyer would ask for time to think about it. He would then go away and chew and soften enough skins to pay for the deal. It is thought this is where the expression, "To chew it over" in the sense of giving time, comes from.

TO BE CONTINUED

On 10-Oct-08 at 20:51:03 BST, seller added the following information:

Later day 10

I had a question from an eBay.

Do I know the capacity of the bags in Litres

Hi

I got a 2litre bottle and filled it with baked beans and then poured them in the bag. It took just over 7 bottles full. I am not partial to beans but my dearest Nitrous Nightingale loves them. So its baked beans for breakfast, dinner and tea for the next few weeks. This is going to put global warming up a few percent by her methane output. I have inform the local radio station to put out a NO NAKED LIGHTS warning and, as the neighbourhood still seems to be intact it is working. Needless to say as I am in the closest proximity to my dear one so I suffer the most. I have often wondered if we could somehow hook her up to the gas main when cooking Sunday dinner, and then the gas boiler on the cold nights. I was going to tie her to the roof of the Landover, install the necessary pipe work and use her waste gases as a means of propulsion. It would save a few bob but the problems of "blowback" were insurmountable.

My son though came up with this little sum, which goes to show that he is learning something at school.

I think its 14.6 litres this is based on the following calculations.

I bag = 14 inch x 6 inch x 10.5 inch = converted to cm this will be 36cm x 15cm x 27cm = 14580 cu cm
to convert from cu cm to litres you multiply by 0.001
which = 14.6 litres I THINK but looking at a 2 litre milk carton It looks as though 7 cartons per bag is about right.

If anyone can see a flaw in the working out please let me know and then I can clip the lad around the ear.

On 11-Oct-08 at 12:22:26 BST, seller added the following information:

11 OCT DAY 5 OF SALE

Talking about paint ball guns

Do you have to

Yes my dearest, Smoker of the Tobbacco of Doom, insists.

But this is an auction for motorbike panniers.

Ah I know but my little walking Blimp wants people of Glenfield to take a lesson from this.

So you are now trying to be educational as well as weird.

No she is fed up with being walked over

Your wife walked over. You would need to be a skilled mountaineer to do that.

People of Glenfield take heed and remember this story, for if ever you try to cut up a matt brown military lightweight Landrover this may happen to you.

My wife has difficulty getting into the land rover. She says it's because of her wooden leg, I say its because the doors on a Military Lightweight Land Rover are just not big enough. How a 20 stone squady is expected to dive in and out of them I do not know. My dearest had whittled on for ages about getting some steps so that she may get on and alight from the vehicle in a dainty lady like manner, as she had found on more than one occasion Bernard the postie looking at her ankles. (I think he was wondering how they could support the weight from above without snapping.)

There was also a second reason why she wanted them. Apart from aiding the getting on and off she wanted to use the step like the old fashioned running boards as used by American gangsters in those old James Cagney films. I thought she wanted some steps to enable her to get into the Land rover without lifting her skirts, but no! What she wanted was running boards so that she may stand on them when I am driving along and so be better able to berate the other road users.

Now my wife has very broad shoulders and biceps that are the pride of the fleet and the only berating that could be done were quiet ones by small hand gestures. I do not know if the reader is aware of how small Land Rovers windows are especially the older sort that slide backwards. She dare not lean out of the window for fear of getting stuck. So when she was a passenger all her frustrations were taken out on me. With shouts of Catch him up, ram him, run him off the road, let me drive I will have him, etc etc. With her grabbing the steering wheel in excitement almost wrenching it out of my hands. Ramming her wooden leg into the floor thinking she was stamping on the accelerator. To reinforce her argument she normally uses the syllable hitting technique beloved of old time jailers i.e. YOU whack WILL whack GET whack PAST whack THAT whack DRI whack VER whack OR whack ELSE whack whack (there is always one for luck) it would not be so bad but she normally uses her wooden leg to hit me with.

And so the running boards off a Landrover Discovery were fitted I also took the passenger door off (On a lightweight Land Rover the doors just lift off the hinges much as a garden gate) which would give her much more room and there was also the possibility that on a very tight right hand bend she may fall out Heh heh heh.

So off we go driving along, my wife sitting, pipe gritted tightly, half in and half out of the motor. As always happens when one is driving an old motor which because of its asthmatic engine has to go slowly, someone will always try to get in front, regardless of whom they force off the road when doing so. In this case it was white van man in a very new and shiny Transit van who leaving very little room for maneuver cut in front of us. I would not have minded but there was no one else in the vicinity at the time.

My wife with a growl leaned back into the rear of the motor and bought forth a shiny black paintball gun. At first glance I thought it was a real machine gun. She then leaned out of the motor pointing the gun at the back of the van and pressed the trigger. The back of the van suddenly developed a bad case of measles as with a phut, phut, phut the paint balls left the gun and with a thwack, thwack, thwack, the balls splattered onto

the van. I suppose I should have stopped but I was mesmerized, although I was eventually forced to as the van screeched to a halt. The driver on getting out walked to the back to see what the noise was. As well as the van being white the driver also had white overalls on but not for long for as he arrived at the back of his van he was greeted by a hail of red paintballs my wife showing no mercy kept her finger on the trigger until the gun was empty. By this time the back of the van and the driver had become as one a mass of dripping paint.

My wife, smoking pipe gritted in the corner of her mouth uttered the immortal words “ok punk faced dirty rat do you feel lucky cuff him Danno” and got back into the motor, The whole incident that to me lasted 10 minutes took only a few seconds luckily no one witnessed the carnage and I beat a hasty retreat down the road leaving the van driver stumbling around trying to wipe paint from his eyes.

There was a bit in the paper about a road rage incident where the driver alleged he was attacked by a one legged berserker, and was lucky to escape with his life. The police are investigating.

My wife emboldened by this victory decided to design the ultimate road rage weapon with no less than 10 paint ball guns. Lets hope it never gets beyond the design stage, but my dearests tenacity especially when it comes to making me build things is to say the least gripping (as in gripping tender parts of my anatomy until the job is done).

People of Glenfield you have been warned

On 12-Oct-08 at 13:57:03 BST, seller added the following information:

12 OCT 2008 DAY 6 OF SALE

Due to work commitments (yes I actually have a full time job) I'm not able to add an up date today.

If you want something to read go to my website which has 25 other stories including 9 previous eBay sales.

I should be able to update tomorrow.

Have a great day

Regards Foggydave.

My website address is at the top of the description on the listing.

On 13-Oct-08 at 06:11:42 BST, seller added the following information:

13 OCT 2008 DAY 7 OF SALE

We have had a couple of suggestions for other uses for the panniers

Maj Gen Clutterbuck Smythe VD and Scar.....When in the desert put them over your head so that if it rains they will collect the rain water and possibly save your life. When it doesn't rain they will stop you getting sunburnt. Had Monty had these in the Battle of El Alemien, then the attrition rate due to sunstroke and dehydration would have been far less. The only thing Tommy had was the good old British knotted handkerchief and the Billy can, but we showed Rommel a thing or two I can tell you. Wasn't there myself due to a bad attack of Gout but I was with the boys in spirit.
FD So where did you get the gong (VD and Scar) I have heard of the DC and Star but not that one. What theatre of operations were you in Major.

Fred of Leicester.....Use it as a nose bag for Siamese twin horses joined at the shoulder. Or at the other end to collect manure *FD.. I am impressed Fred. That suggestion reminds of when we were lads my mum would send us out with a dust pan and bucket to collect the droppings from the milk mans horse. We used to make briquettes out of it for fuel. The trouble was all the other kids in the street would be after the same thing. Now when it started we just used to follow the milk cart at a respectable distance dust pan and bucket in hand, but as time went on we got closer and closer, until the competition was so fierce we were all scurrying along between the horse and the cart, the milkmans whip whistling about our ears. Imagine if you will a gang of urchins holding a dozen tin buckets under a horse's posterior as it slowly walked down the street. The noise alone of a dozen tin buckets being bashed together was enough to spook the horse. Then the eventual pitch battle when the horse decided to go to the loo. Manys the time a lad has been crushed under the hooves of the horse or the wheels of the cart. Even when you got your prize you had to get it home and run the gauntlet of other mothers hitting you with yard brushes and coal shovels. And the race down the alley into the sanctity of your back yard. Then with pride you would show your mum the winnings. It was lard for sure that night and if it was a bucket full you may get a bit of the brown jelly normally reserved for Dad or the Vicar. It was a hard life. Kids today don't know the half of it.*

That reminds me of a Monty Python sketch 'The four Yorkshire men'

Four Yorkshire men just finishing their meal had the following discussion
They are noted as 1st 2nd 3rd 4th man

1st Aye, very passable, that, very passable bit of risotto.

2nd Nothing like a good glass of Château de Chasselas, eh, Josiah?

3rd You're right there, Obadiah.

4th Who'd have thought thirty year ago we'd all be sittin' here drinking Château de Chasselas, eh?

1st In them days we was glad to have the price of a cup o' tea.

2nd A cup o' cold tea.

4th Without milk or sugar.

3rd Or tea.

1st In a cracked cup, an' all.

4th Oh, we never had a cup. We used to have to drink out of a rolled up newspaper.

2nd The best we could manage was to suck on a piece of damp cloth.

3rd But you know, we were happy in those days, though we were poor.

1st Because we were poor. My old Dad used to say to me, "Money doesn't buy you happiness, son".

4th Aye, 'e was right.

1st Aye, 'e was.

4th I was happier then and I had nothin'. We used to live in this tiny old house with great big holes in the roof.

2nd House! You were lucky to live in a house! We used to live in one room, all twenty-six of us, no furniture, 'alf the floor was missing, and we were all 'uddled together in one corner for fear of falling.

3rd Eh, you were lucky to have a room! We used to have to live in t' corridor!

1st Oh, we used to dream of livin' in a corridor! Would ha' been a palace to us. We used to live in an old water tank on a rubbish tip. We got woke up every morning by having a load of rotting fish dumped all over us! House? Huh.

4th Well, when I say 'house' it was only a hole in the ground covered by a sheet of tarpaulin, but it was a house to us.

2nd We were evicted from our 'ole in the ground; we 'ad to go and live in a lake.

3rd You were lucky to have a lake! There were a hundred and fifty of us living in t' shoebox in t' middle o' road.

1st Cardboard box?

3rd Aye.

1st You were lucky. We lived for three months in a paper bag in a septic tank. We used to have to get up at six in the morning, clean the paper bag, eat a crust of stale bread, go to work down t' mill, fourteen hours a day, week-in week-out, for sixpence a week, and when we got home our Dad would thrash us to sleep wi' his belt.

2nd Luxury. We used to have to get out of the lake at six o'clock in the morning, clean the lake, eat a handful of 'ot gravel, work twenty hour day at mill for tuppence a month, come home, and Dad would thrash us to sleep with a broken bottle, if we were lucky!

3rd Well, of course, we had it tough. We used to 'ave to get up out of shoebox at twelve o'clock at night and lick road clean wit' tongue. We had two bits of cold gravel, worked twenty-four hours a day at mill for sixpence every four years, and when we got home our Dad would slice us in two wit' bread knife.

4th Right. I had to get up in the morning at ten o'clock at night half an hour before I went to bed, drink a cup of sulphuric acid, work twenty-nine hours a day down mill, and pay mill owner for permission to come to work, and when we got home, our Dad and our mother would kill us and dance about on our graves singing Hallelujah.

1st And you try and tell the young people of today that they won't believe you.

All They won't!

On 14-Oct-08 at 05:56:24 BST, seller added the following information:

14 OCT DAY 8 OF SALE

Gosh this is really exciting, 3 days to go and already 3 bids. I think there may be a bit of auction fever brewing here.

I feel another verse coming on this time from Mr Robert Browning

Oh to be in England
Now that eBays there
And whoever wakes in England

Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the highest bids have won the day
Its Oh so little you have to pay
You are the one that come what may
Bid on eBay and won

You may think you do not need these panniers. That is today, what about the future? Even though you do not own a bike now does not mean that one day you may be lucky enough to. When that day comes and the gleaming machine stands outside your house, and you think. "Today I will go to Skegness or some other place of outstanding beauty". And then the question. "What can I put my stuff in, I need some panniers". Well fear not Cinderella you will go to the ball because you had the foresight to buy some. Think of the disillusionment and misery if you did not have any panniers. Then it will be." Cinderella you must stay in the kitchen, not for you the bright lights and excitement of a day at the east coasts premier resort . No you will sit and languish on your own because you lacked foresight and would not invest even a small sum on a set of panniers".

Below is just such a tale.

I have just had this email from a gentleman in Bath. With reference to some ratchet straps I sold on Ebay a few weeks ago (see website story No 13)

Hi Foggydave

I have just had a very traumatic experience. Had I taken your advice and bought the straps you were selling it would have saved me and a village I drove through a lot of trouble and strife.

I too had to transport my Mother in law to the old peoples home. This did not involve a low loader as in your case. Although Green Peace as ever tried to muscle in on the act.

She was moving into an unfurnished flat so we hired a 7.5 tonne tail lift van thinking it would do the job nicely. The reason she went into a home was that due to her weight 42 stone (and rising by the day/doughnut) she could not cope in the house, she did though have a heavy duty mobility scooter to transport her around the neighborhood.

It came to the day of the move and having loaded all her stuff in the van we tried to get her in the cab but she would not go through the door. The only way was for her to sit in the back of the van but due to all her goods, chattels and scooter there was no room.

The only thing to do was to sit her on her mobility scooter, lift her up on the tail lift and let her reverse into the back of the van. Which after a lot of sweat, tears and burnt out tail lift motors we managed to do.

All went well, We were overweight and could only go slowly and crawl up the hills.

Our problems started when we went from one side of a valley to the other with very steep roads on both side with a quiet village nestling at the bottom laying either side of a small stream with the road running through the middle

Going down the hill into the village went without incident apart from overheating brakes, we went through the village and over an old pack horse bridge in the middle. It was when we were going out of the village on the other side slowly going up the hill that disaster struck. During the journey we had heard the occasional bump from the back as we went around corners or braked hard and should have realised that the mother in law was not a "secure load" and was rolling backwards and forwards like a loose cannon on a rolling deck. Going up the hill on the far side of the village the

scooter rolled into the back doors of the van, the steeper the hill got the more pressure was on the doors until the hinges and lock could take no more and with a huge rending of metal the door ripped off its hinges and fell onto the road with the mother in law following on her scooter landing on the door which slowly started to slide back down the hill with her on it towards the village gathering speed with every yard they travelled. The steel door of the van was raising a great shower of sparks as it plummeted downhill.

When it reached the bridge it slewed off to one side heading for the stream.

It hit the water and skimmed across the top like a bouncing bomb, huge billows of steam rising from the red hot door. It then hit the bank on the far side where it came to an abrupt halt stuck in the mud.

Not so the ma in law, the scooter shot forward off the door and on up the hill. It was nearly to the top when it started to slow and eventually stop, it then started to roll backwards down the hill gaining momentum as this time it luckily went across the bridge and up the other side of the valley. This time only reaching halfway before the scooter stopped and she started to roll back down. This pendulum motion from one side to the other lasted 5 long minutes before she rolled slowly onto the bridge hitting the parapet and majestically toppling into the stream.

You talked of saving a stranded whale in your story. That was nothing compared to this she just lay like a large island in the middle of the shallow stream which was pushing her headfirst through the narrow archway of the bridge. When halfway through she got stuck completely filling the archway with her enormous bulk.

We phoned the fire brigade advising them that a big crane may be needed, and thought our troubles were over.

Not so. The ma in law was blocking the flow of water going under the bridge her large body acting like a dam. The water started to rise upstream; soon it was lapping at the doors of the cottages, and very soon after flowing through living rooms, kitchens and down cellars.

The pressure of water behind the ma in law was increasing by the minute as she was squashed into the bridge. Suddenly with the pressure too much she was forced under the bridge and like a cork out of a champagne bottle was ejected out the other side followed by a tidal wave of water which unable to take a bend in the stream went straight on and washed away a row of cottages, luckily all the occupants realising the danger they were in had got onto high ground. The ma in law like an errant torpedo followed the course of the stream for another mile before beaching on a shingle bank.

All I can say is if we had only bought your straps we could have secured her properly, and this disaster could have been averted.

Regards Mr G Raff

Just bear in mind this could happen to you. Bid now, you know it makes sense.

Life has a way of biting back sometimes.

If Murphy had a law on this it would probably read something like.

“You will always need the article that was on sale at a ridiculously low price. You know the one you did not buy because you thought you would never ever need it.”

On 15-Oct-08 at 05:44:34 BST, seller added the following information:

15 OCT 2008 DAY 9 OF SALE

The bidding war is hotting up and my Mistress of the dark wobbly thing is getting excited, which given her open pore problem is not very pleasant. She is planning an end of auction party where like New years eve when you wait for midnight. In this case we wait by the computer until the auction is over, even having a countdown and then its party poppers and Champagne, well not Champagne more Dandelion and Burdock, and not so much party poppers as squeezing bubble wrap (My Mustachioed Maradona cannot be doing with the mess).

There may be a slight delay in posting the parcel as our Post Office went up in flames a few days ago. My dearest insists its something to do with the Hadron Collider, the police think its burglars

When an auction has been bid on I think eBay close the auction and prohibit any updates 24 hours before the close of the auction. So this may be the last day I can speak to you. To some this comes as a relief and to othersit also comes as a relief.

I normally do an auction with a story every 2-3 weeks but due to work commitments the next listing will be in 4-5 weeks.

If you want me to mail you to let you know when the listing is on just send me your email address either through eBay on "Ask seller a question" or direct to dave@foggydave.co.uk

and I will let you know when I put a new story on my web site or start another auction.

If you are really desperate for something to read and some would say you would have to be, just go to my website where there are a lot more auction listings and other stories.

Thankyou for reading my story and I hope it made you smile.

As a party piece my wife likes to give a rendition of Paul Robeson singing Old Man River. She has a fine Basso Profundo voice a bit on the gravely side but never the less it always brings a tear to the eye. She is sitting on the back door step singing it now. If you closed your eyes you would think it was really Paul sitting there and you were on a wharf by the Mississippi her Tibetan Yak dung pipe tobacco smelling just like the smoke stack of a steam boat.

Ol man riber dat ol man riber.

Cuff him danno.

E mus know sumpin but don say nuffin

You dirty rat.

E jus keeps rolin he jus keeps rolin along.

Do you feel lucky, punk.

E don plant taters
Ok blue eyes.....

Why she has to keep interspersing it with her film hero sayings is beyond me....Oh oh.....

You had better stop now love there's a mob outside with burning brands and pitchforks. Also the RSPCA have just rung and said can you keep the noise down as its scaring all the cats and dogs.

Well that's another one over with.

What the song?

No the auction.

It went on a bit don't you think?

Yes, lots of topics covered. I would rather it had been like the boots auction or the ratchet straps where I could have kept on the same theme.

So what happened?

You can only write so much about motorbike panniers.

I see, does her indoors ever read what you write ?

She thinks she does

???????

I keep two versions going, one is what the general public read and the other, the one she reads paints a lovely picture of an idyllic home life where it is all sweetness and light and she is a raving voluptuous beauty.

So it's a bit like the Mafia keeping two books for the tax man?

Yes and like the Mafia if she got hold of the wrong book it would be cement boots and a dip in the local brook for me.

You've got a bit of a death wish then?

It would seem so.

Goodnight.

See you soon, Hadron Collider willing

FD

On 16-Oct-08 at 05:29:29 BST, seller added the following information:

16 OCT DAY OF SALE

I have just got in from work and found this message from an eBay

Dear foggydave,

Hi lets see if you post this question on your page. They are the same panniers as I have, and funnily I have them on a blue CX500 as well. They are plastic not leather, but being an all weather rider unlike, oh it's raining I will go by car type wimps. Plastic is far better than leather, your stuff says dry. You may look the part having lovely leather, but you look a real **** sleeping in a damp sleeping bag. Sorry I won't be bidding, because I have a pair, and I'm keeping them, they work.

Thanks Bob

- robmeself

So it seems they may not be leather after all.

Please bear this in mind when bidding. If you win the auction and have any problems with this just drop me a line before paying.

On 16-Oct-08 at 05:55:03 BST, seller added the following information:

16 OCT DAY !) OF SALE

I THOUGHT THE AUCTION WOULD BE LOCKED FOR UPDATES BUT AS ITS NOT HERE IS A STORY FROM MY WEB SITE

STORY 5 A NEW JOB AT THE FUNERAL PARLOUR

My wife got a new job last month as a cleaner at the local undertakers. She has an affinity for the morbid side of life and seems to take a comfort in all things dark. All went well for week or so as she did her Mrs Mop impression, cleaning and dusting etc, also a bit of flower arranging which given my wifes lack of artistic talent led to some very unusual arrangements.

Then came the fateful morning when due to illness and holidays the funeral parlour ran short of staff and so asked my wife to “dress” one of the deceased. This entailed tidying the person up i.e. putting a small amount of makeup on etc so that should any one wish to view the body in the coffin it would be presentable. To achieve this undertakers use theatrical makeup as it has slightly more body (get it “body” oh well). Although no one wanted to view this particular person it would be good practice for her and should she do well, who knows she could win promotion. My wife rising to the challenge accepted, no doubt blinded by the promise of 50p per hour rise in pay and a black uniform with top hat and flowing satin lined robes.

The deceased had died a natural death at the age of 90. My wife thinking he looked a bit too wrinkly and pale decided to apply a spot of rouge to his

cheeks and so she drew a perfect circle on each cheek and coloured them in a deep bright scarlet. The wrinkled forehead was smoothed with a generous application of Polyfiller and his whole face painted in a light brown face paint. The grey eyebrows were coloured with black gloss and the bald head was covered with a piece of red carpet. His thin lips were made more generous by the application of a bright red felt tip pen which ran out half way through so was finished off in a fluorescent green. The hospital were he had died had mislaid his false teeth and so my wife generously donated a pair of fake Dracula teeth she had in her hand bag. (Seems strange just by happenstance she had a pair of fake vampire teeth. Was this the real reason she had taken the job?)

The time came for the funeral but due to the holidays there was a shortage of pall bearers. There was only one thing for it they would have to use the wife, who would be provided with a sack barrow to get the coffin from the graveyard gates to the grave. Or maybe the vicar could lift one end and my wife the other? The boss late for his weekly golf match left the details up to the wife. His parting words were. “Oh by the way there are no cars available either to carry the mourners”.

This was a very progressive undertaker with an old Victorian hearse and a pair of black horses . The problem was that the normal driver was on the sick so his place would have to be taken by his YTS understudy, and so after a lot of effort loading the casket into the hearse my wife and the YTS lad trotted off.

They duly arrived outside the deceased persons house where the mourners expecting funeral cars were told in no uncertain manner by my wife (who always thinks attack is better than defence) that this was to be an old fashioned procession where everyone walked behind the hearse preferably wailing, moaning and throwing ashes over themselves, but in this age of central heating it would just be the wailing and moaning. She then demonstrated how to throw yourself in grief over a coffin. She started throwing herself over the coffin wailing through a loud hailer like some muezzin from a minaret.

“Why? Why? **Why**”!

Many of the mourners ran back inside the house scared out of their wits.

A person of my wife’s weight throwing herself at the coffin was like hurling a demolition ball into a flimsy brick wall. After a few practice throws the coffin started to splinter at the corners so she thought better of it and just organised them into an orderly line.

The procession started at a slow pace my wife at the front, her wooden leg beating a slow march on the cobbles, with the hearse following. The mourners bought up the rear all wailing and moaning just as my beloved had told them to. All this organising had taken longer than anticipated. The funeral was running rather late and my love wanted to get home for tea and Coronation Street. The procession started to increase speed as my wife started to ‘up’ the pace her wooden leg beating a faster tattoo on the roadway. Very soon the fast walk became a trot, the mourners where beginning to tire and soon what was a tidy throng became a long straggling line as the old and infirm were left behind gasping and wheezing in the road. The horse driver on the hearse was also finding it difficult to keep at this pace because for the horses it was neither a walk or a canter. The horses fed up with always doing a slow walk decided for themselves that it would be a canter; they started to catch up with the wife who hearing the beating of steel clad hooves on the road behind her getting closer, sped up a little. The horses seeing this also upped the pace soon the whole procession was hurtling down the high street, the problems started when they began to hit the speed humps. Horse drawn hearses do not have the best suspension and this hearse being over a hundred years old had very stiff springs. At each speed hump the carriage hit the rise and was thrown into the air to come crashing down on its rickety wheels, this did nothing for the coffin as with each bump this too became airborne hitting the roof of the hearse and coming crashing down onto the floor. Soon the hearse started to disintegrate leaving a trail of glass, wood and black feathers down the road. This debris was also causing difficulties for the mourners who now had to run an obstacle course.

My little Zola Budd at the front was oblivious to the carnage behind her, all she could hear was the heavy breathing and hoof beats of the closely following horses, she, now tiring decided that enough was enough and veered off the road into the Co Op car park hoping the horses would carry on. Despite the desperate rein tugging of the now terrified horseman the horses followed her, their goal seemingly to trample her underfoot. Or maybe just lick the salt from her now perspiring neck, who knows? After one circuit of the car park my wife decided the only way to escape was to

go into the Co Op this she did and the horses followed. By now the coachman had chosen the easy route of jumping off, slightly injuring himself on a pile of shopping trolleys lurking in the corner. The doors of the shop being only seven foot high ripped the top of the hearse off as it passed through, the wife threw herself under the 'nearly out of date yellow sticker cabinet' as the horses now at full gallop ran up and down the aisles scattering shoppers and shelf stuff like confetti, that is until they came to the vegetable section where on seeing the apples they screeched to a halt sparks flying as their iron shod hooves skidded along the tiled floor. The coffin though carried on, flying through the air landing in the pizza freezers. An eerie silence descended upon the shop the only sound being two, out of breath horses, munching their way through a heap of Coxes Orange Pippins.

My wife crawled from underneath the cabinet and went in search of the coffin. When she found it she heaved the coffin onto a shopping trolley which was sheltering nearby and marched out of the store, there was a job still to be done. The mourners by this time had arrived at the car park entrance to be met by my wife, her black hat slightly askew, coming out at a dignified pace with the coffin on a squeaky wheeled Co Op shopping trolley,. As she turned and walked towards the cemetery they followed her silently, many with muddied and torn dresses or trousers still recovering from the obstacle race up the high street.

My wife wheeled the coffin through the gates to the grave side and as the horrified mourners silently looked on she tipped the box into the grave, it went into the soft earth standing upright, very slowly it started to topple over crashing into the grave, luckily in the correct position and right side up. The only problem being that the lid of the coffin came loose and slipped down to reveal what looked like a badly painted shops dummy. The rough journey had done nothing to enhance the corpse's looks as most of the makeup had smeared and the red rug wig had slipped onto his upper lip to look something like a walrus moustache. The Dracula teeth had also dislodged and were half out of his mouth. Various mourners screamed or fainted, a plucky fellow even ran off to get a wooden stake and hammer. Was this Uncle Harry, Dracula or Coco the Clown? My wife jumped down into the grave and quickly kicked the lid back on hammering in the nails with her wooden leg. Hopefully no one had noticed. The vicar standing at the head of the grave stood in astonished silence frantically crossing himself wondering at the meanness of people who did funerals on the cheap only paying for one pall bearer and no hearse, and also dressing in their tatty garden clothes. What was the world coming too? And he wasn't too sure but he could have sworn the corpse had fanged teeth, was it really dead? He would keep a careful eye on this grave over the next few nights.

On her return to the funeral parlour my dearest was told that although they could not fault her enthusiasm she was a tad too progressive for their liking and told politely that her services were no longer required.

She is now thinking of hiring herself out as a professional mourner, and is practicing her wailing and moaning using flour** instead of ashes, and also perfecting a technique of throwing herself over coffins without demolishing them. She is also offering her services as a clairvoyant, saying personal goodbyes directly to the deceased from the mourners at the grave side.....well those willing to pay.

***There is a clean joke (note clean) about the dead and self raising flour but I have forgotten it. Maybe a reader could help*

Right I promise this is the last update..... I thinkwell maybe.

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