

A Painful Lesson

“What the hell!” I had to stamp on the brakes as a red 4x4 cut right in front of me just missing the offside wing of my Golf. I slammed my hand on the horn for a prolonged blast and for good measure flashed my full beam furiously.

In response the driver stuck his hand out of the window, gave me the finger and hurtled off. I saw him repeat the same dangerous manoeuvre as he overtook the next car causing the driver to swerve and nearly end up in the ditch.

I thought about ringing the police to alert them to this lunatic. I didn't because I hadn't clocked the car's reg and I thought it would therefore be a waste of time. After a while I pulled in to a service station for a restorative coffee and spotted the offending vehicle, a Porsche Cayenne with this window sticker.



The sheer anti-social arrogance of this caption made my blood boil. I parked alongside and decided to wait to see what this nutter looked like. After a few minutes I heard the door locks click open. Pointing the keyless remote was a man around forty with his arm around a much younger woman – a leggy blonde who looked vaguely familiar. He was of medium height with a shaved head and fashionable facial stubble. Dark aviator glasses and a gold neck chain completed the look. I realised that I recognised him.

I got out of my car and said politely, “Hi, I don't know if you realise you cut in front of me a few miles back and very nearly clipped my car.”

I remember him jutting his chin out, releasing his companion and charging towards me. The next thing I saw was the concerned face of the paramedic as she held a pad over my battered nose which was bleeding profusely.

“What happened,” I groaned.

“You were head-butted and your nose is broken. You lost consciousness for a while. Luckily we were on our break here so we got to you pretty quick. Before he took off the guy who hit you said you started it. His girlfriend insisted that you were the aggressor and her bloke was acting in self-defence.”

I sat there stunned with my shirt front soaked in blood. “What a load of crap,” I said, “There must be someone who can confirm it was a totally unprovoked attack.”

“Sorry mate, there were no witnesses. By the way, did you recognise him? It was George Webb, the martial arts guy who is now a film star. Seemed like a nice bloke.”

So what is the moral of this story? Where did I go wrong when I was obviously in the right? Well, clearly my mistake was ignoring all the signs warning me not to confront this guy. Assuming I could have a civilised discussion with him patently flew in the face of logic and cast doubt on my sanity. You could argue I got what I deserved for my stupidity.

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