

On The Road Again

Living opposite a supermarket was quite convenient. A two-minute walk if I needed a bit of shopping, or wanted to satisfy a late-night craving after watching The Bake Off!

All was well, until a hand car wash crew moved into the car park. They were just too damn noisy. From eight until five, six days a week. They didn't know how to talk to each other; they shouted.....constantly. I could tell you which football teams they supported, what their wives' names were, what beer they drank, and sometimes very personal stuff! And why they couldn't just close the car doors is beyond me. I wondered if they were having a competition to see who could slam the doors the loudest. My point is; that they were noisy and irritating all day, and I couldn't get away from it. Last summer was the worst. Constant shouting and music, it was so very hot that keeping the windows closed was unbearable.

I had complained to the council about the noisy carwash, but it got me nowhere. They said that they had allowed the company a six-month trial period, then they would review the situation. I had asked my neighbours to complain but no one seemed as bothered as I was.

I couldn't get out much. My car had failed its MOT, so I swapped it for £150 at the local scrap merchants. I was desperate for a day at the beach, so decided to put the money aside for that. I didn't want to save for a rainy day, I wanted to spend on a sunny one.

I had woken quite early one Monday morning. It was a beautiful warm day and the car wash was quieter than normal. I made myself a cup of tea and sat in my lounge enjoying the peace. Fifteen minutes later a car screeched to a halt and the normal 'Alright mate?' began.

'You're bloody late, where have you been?'

'Yeh, sorry Jake, I got held up by the misses this morning'

'what? Did she want a bit of hanky panky?'

'I wish!'

'Yeh that would only have made you five minutes late'

The raucous laughter pierced through my ears.

'Cor, a Ferrari, bright red as well, who's is that?'

'Some woman who has come to town on business. She's leaving it here 'til five. I have already polished and hovered the inside, it's a beauty. If I'm not here when she comes for it, it's a tall woman wearing a black jacket. Right, now you're here I am popping into the shop for a coffee'.

I went to my wardrobe to find my black jacket, slipped it on, grabbed my £150 and headed to the car wash.

'Hi there' I casually called as I walked towards the Ferrari 'Change of plan, I have been called back to my office, here's £20, keep the change.'

'No problem luv' as I pressed the twenty-pound note into his hand, he pressed the car key into mine.