

I FINALLY buy my new car

I was feeling very anxious about making the journey to Southampton to buy my most expensive car yet, the last of the great V70 Volvo SE's. We decided to get a hire car from Frome because my current car is unroadworthy. It was a most glorious and warm day. The Wiltshire countryside is definitely different from Somerset. It is less undulating, more devoid of trees, resplendent with wheat growing at this time of year.

We turned up to what is apparently a normal house. We drove in through the security gates and behind the house we found a fleet of cars awaiting sale. We met the affable Chris, the owner of the car store who said that he preferred to exhibit his cars in a discreet position because he was so fed up with people coming along casually and kicking tyres not really intending to buy anything at all.

It appears that he was an expert on the political situation behind COVID, principally the long-standing feud between Russia, China and America and he regaled us for at least 20 min with the back story of current events. More importantly and relevantly he had an encyclopedic knowledge of cars. He has particular disdain for the french makes which are evidently designed to wear out after 60,000 miles. He also said it is more difficult to get spare parts because a number of elements are made in one unit so if one breaks, you have to replace the whole unit. Diesel is not good for run around as the engine never gets hot enough to burn off the carbon. Diesel is better for regular work and long distances. Hence taxis use diesel.

There was my gleaming new V70 actually the same colour as my old one but my goodness was it in better condition. All the seats are leather. I have a nice little indicator on the dashboard saying how many miles worth of petrol is left in my tank. There isn't a mark or scratch on it. I have a three

month warranty of the bronze variety which basically means that anything that goes wrong can be repaired up to a cost of £250. I can get a silver warranty where the claimant value can go up to £500 and I think the gold claim up to £1000. I was quite glad to have this certainty but the salesman said with a twinkle in his eye, the car is so good that you won't need it.

The whole thing has been quite a strain ever since my old car failed its MOT and I had to search around for other vehicles. Most of them were either too far away, too costly, or too near the end of their days. Let's hope finally I got it right. On the drive back there was a feeling of great solidarity; everything runs true to form.

I shall now dispose of my old V70. A local firm will come along to pick it up and pay me £60 for the privilege.