

One Previous Owner

The advertisement was placed the week before and I had been waiting for the publication to come out. It's a daunting thing to have to deal with people in this way. I never had to worry about or do all this malarkey; the cheating rat took care of it. But then that's how things turn out isn't it? Life I mean. It just throws stuff in and we are left floundering around in the aftermath trying to piece it all together and doing the best we can with what's left.

I hadn't even had a chance to get to the shops to see if the advert was actually in before the phone calls started. Well, this was a promising start, good; it might be easier than I thought. Oh yes, welcome to real life.

'You've got a Honda, is it still for sale? It's not gone yet is it?' I was surprised. It was just before eight in the morning and they hadn't even said hello. Maybe that's how these things are done, I surmised.

'Yes, it's still for sale.'

'Is it alarmed?'

Oh, how I wanted to retort 'No, but then, I don't let it watch television after nine.' Or 'It looks reasonably placid at the moment'. I decided it was best to be sensible and just stick with the basic facts. 'Yes.'

‘What sort of an alarm is it?’

I was now becoming irritated, I hadn’t realised I would be getting such technical questions, I considered asking him about aortic valves, see how he fared on the spot with spurious questions.

‘I don’t know the make. It makes noise and immobilises the car, is that any help?’

‘I’ll get back to you if I want to see it.’ And the early bird put the phone down, worm unviewed. I smiled to myself. It takes all sorts they say.

I then had three missed calls. They phoned while I was showering. They didn’t leave a message. Or recordable numbers, so I had no way of knowing if it was different callers or the same impatient one. Either way I hoped it wasn’t Mr. Early-Bird, I really didn’t fancy having another conversation with him.

When I placed the ad, the office had said it was better if I left a landline number rather than my mobile, but I wasn’t convinced. Their argument was the buyer could see the telephone code and work out which area the car was in so they could plan viewings before making calls.

My argument was, there was no way in hell I was placing my home telephone number in a car magazine in this day and age, with all these nutters about. It didn’t help that I was now living on my own and feeling more security conscious than I used to. I think it was the vulnerability side-effect of the rat deserting. Oh God, did that make me the sinking ship?

The conclusion to this story can be found in Joshua Gray's *Tea Break Tales*.

Available from [Amazon](#).