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My first 50 years

I don't have a name but I'm often referred to as the two door. I was born on April 27, 1965 in Cowley Oxfordshire. My parents were East Surrey Water Board but in May 1967 they put me up for adoption. Steve adopted me and ever since I have basically remained in his care ever since.



My adoption didn't get off to a very good start, as Steve's girlfriend Sue had different priorities to having a new car and as a result of my arrival she kicks Steve into touch.

I had to work hard for Steve but he looked after me very well, keeping me fed and watered, catering for my every need.

In addition to taking Steve to work every day we participated in many recreational drives, usually with a young lady as a passenger. My memory of these trips are that my interior was usually left smelling very nice. I was never left very sure why, but on occasions we would park in a secluded layby, where Stephen's girlfriend to the front seats out and sit in the back. I felt it was wise to turn a blind eye and mind my own business. However I suppose like most people if the price was right I could be persuaded to tell all.

I thought at one stage Stephen stop loving me when you got a job on a natural gas pumping station. He used to leave me out in the freezing cold all night when he was on his shift and by 6 o'clock in the morning when he finished work I was usually covered in frost. However this only lasted nine months and I was soon snuggle and warm once more.

There were three significant events that are strong in my memory. The first was when Steve Marie Georgie in 1972. I was proud to be there and apart from having all sorts of strange things attached to my rear bumper at the end of the day, it all went without a hitch.

The second was a bit of an adventure, in 2001 we drove from John O'Groats to lands end. The drive was completed in 15 1/2 hours. Of course we had to get to Scotland and then back from Cornwall, which meant we travelled a total of 2200 miles in 10 days.

The third event was Steve's daughter Sarah's wedding in 2006 when Paul, Sarah's brother, drove Sarah and Steve to the venue. Another proud moment for me.

In 1975 I went to stay with Steve's Dad Bill for a year of you years where I was equally well cared for. On my return my age was

beginning to share so I underwent some reconstructive cosmetic surgery, most of which Steve completed himself.

I returned to the road in 1986 and since then I have been in semi retirement. Steve keeps me fit with regular exercise and medical checkups including very frequent body pampering.



So here I am enjoying life, lapping up the sunshine, meeting people from all walks of life, often chuckling to myself when hearing folks saying things like “My mum used to have one of those”.

Written by Steve Chater in 2017