

*Beginnings of an article for WHEELS magazine. Never finished. Never Sent.*

Bugger! I'm pushing 60 but when I get in the car I still feel 18.

I'm a better driver than when I was 18. Reactions a bit slower maybe. But more than made up by superior special awareness and a more sober assessment of my limits. When I was 18 perhaps I could respond more quickly when the Morris Elite was spearing off the dirt roads around the back of Brisbane, but now I can see it coming.

Not that I'm still driving a Morris Elite. Last year I accepted an offer from my newly licensed final offspring to take over the BMW.

"You've got a company car, Dad. You don't need the Beemer anymore."

I would have tried that at 18 too. But my Dad had the good sense to part with his *other* car when the company provided wheels. I kept the Beemer. Now it's still in the carport filled with music magazines and bits of drum kit.

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