

It is wise to be extremely careful when using the M47 as it may not exist

While taking my regular mid-morning brain-restoring power-break of doughnut and champagne at the Toppled Bollard last week, I was thrilled to cast eyes on my old chum and celebrated motorway thief Sir Hardly Knowyou-Dearboy.

Sir Hardly first came to public attention in 2001 when the Daily Telegraph described him as having “a sinister interest in the nation’s highways” shortly after which he was charged with the theft of the M47 from a service station near Maidenhead.

At his subsequent trial Sir Hardly admitted that he had been near Maidenhead at the time of the theft but claimed he was buying a bulldozer – a claim accepted as reasonable by Lord Justice Payback-Thyme who was hearing the case.

Prior to the case the Ministry for Transport was thought to be as exciting as the Westmorland Telephone Directory. But Sir H. used the trial to trace his activity back to the coup of 1929 when the Ministry of Transport was taken over by the Mates of Mistakes who locked up the minister and refused to let him out until he rescinded the global 20mph speed limit and allowed unlimited speeds to be attempted on all roads, urban and rural. Which he duly did.

Sir William Joynson Hicks (one of the Mates) then made a speech on how he had done over 120 mph while driving in Southampton and had subsequently entered another universe. Cars started approaching Mach II down the Strand, and an attempt to stop this behaviour by introducing a driving test was thrown out by Lord Russell, who had just been convicted of bigamy and wanted to join the Mates.

Since then no one has wanted to go near the ministry and the Mates of Mistakes have worked with impunity. They paid for their research by faking the death of Lord Russell and other nobles (Lord Lucan was one of their victims), seizing their property and leaving their Lordships subject to either arrest or ridicule or both.

By suggesting the Prime Minister and Duchess of York were Russian spies (claims that recent testimony has proved to be all too correct) Sir Hardly and the Mates of Mistakes have been able to amass a considerable fortune, and I am delighted to say that he paid, not just for my mid-morning break, but for my lunch as well.



Tony Attwood

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