

Warning - Don't Feed the Jeeps

I am currently looking to buy a new car. At the moment I am driving a 15 year old Jeep and I have come to the point where I just can't take anymore. It's not that I don't like Jeeps, I do, it's just that I can't afford the petrol!

The cost of filling my tank is much more expensive than when I first started driving. I stand at the petrol pump for gluttonous minutes feeling as though I am feeding a constantly hungry and demanding baby. It stalls when it doesn't get enough food and I'm the one reduced to a whimpering wreck as I realise that it's still a week before pay day and the measly tenner that's left in my bank account won't quench the engine's thirst.

I contemplate buying a bicycle until I steer myself. Me on a bicycle coupled with narrow windy country roads will surely equal suicide and I don't relish the thought of ending up embedded in the side of anyone's automobile, Ferrari or VW and, although I have always fancied myself sat in an Aston I would rather it was by choice than default.

I have fond memories of my very first car which was a present for my 18th birthday. It was an old Polo with no power steering. The car was a heavy old thing and with the narrow proportions of our drive I always ended up in tears as I pulled my arm muscles trying to park it. Yes, fond memories and excellent upper body strength.

My budget is around £1,500 which is not a vast amount for a car but enough to allow for my car insurance and tax to be paid without squeezing the budget too much. With all this talk of the credit crunch (yes I know it's supposed to be called the 'credit crunch' but 'munch' is just so much more fun) I thought it was about time that I kept a check on my finances. I'm sick of getting hassle from my last tenners when they come out of the machine complaining that it was lonely in there.

I am lucky that a few years of excellent driving mixed with a dash of not getting caught have awarded me with a great no claims bonus that has reduced my [car insurance](#) by a hefty chunk. I want to put this chunk to good use now as I am planning on buying a nippy little minx of a car to take on those stretching dual carriage ways that lead from the depths of craggy Cornwall to the south's underbelly of Bournemouth.

No more will I be a mother feeding its hungry child I will be a doctor swiftly administering an injection.

Unfortunately I can't get my petrol on the NHS but I have thought of other ways to save money. Unlike some overenthusiastic first time buyers I refuse to garnish my transportation with unnecessary flips and flaps to 'lower the suspension and ensure maximum aerodynamic performance.' I will instead use the money to buy an interior high tech sound system and enjoy my favourite Rachmaninoff pieces whilst resting my elbow out of the nice low window.

No more will I be reduced to tears behind my steering wheel and a good job too as no claims bonus might well not have survived any more misty eyed excursions.

About the Author

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