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'Right, you will be squished and what do we tell your Mum and Dad eh?' Nanny asked.

'You will have to get another little boy. This one is squished.'

Nanny laughed and took a friendly swing at me, she missed. 'Cheeky boy.'

Meanwhile Grandad had secured the car with rope and bungees. He had to leave the hatch open. I then wriggled in behind Nanny's seat and pulled the blanket over me. We didn't have far to go. Nanny and Grandad lived on what had been a smallholding near Harefield. If that was a smallholding, I wondered what a big holding was. Grandad put the car in what had been an outhouse; well that's what they called it. I asked if I could eat my tea sitting in Austin. On the way home I had asked questions about the car, especially about the A with a wing on it. Grandad explained about the history of Austin cars. As I rubbed the dirt off the winged A I decided to call the car Austin.

I asked Nanny, 'May I have my tea sitting in Austin?'

