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“This was a match made in heaven, but how would I pay the dowry?”

ME & MY CAR



I had to use my son's school fees to pay for the open topped sports classic that is my sleek and elegant Panther Kallista, but it was worth every penny, says Tim Henson

When discussing motoring one evening with my son, he casually pointed out that I had yet to achieve one of life's essential ambitions – to own a classic sports car. A Ferarri or Lamborghini perhaps.

I decided that if this was to be so it had to be before I reached the big 50 to dispel any suggestions of a mid-life crisis – either that or before I became too infirm to enjoy the experience. Time was starting to run out and my biological clock was racing.

The style of car was not an issue as I knew exactly what I wanted – something sleek and elegant with a distinctive style of its own.

But the big questions were where to find such a car and, more importantly, how to find it.

As it turned out, the internet proved to be an invaluable tool in locating a number of classic offerings. With the click of a mouse, it appeared that my dream might be fulfilled.

And so it was, filled with boyish enthusiasm, that I set off with my eldest daughter and son to Harlow, arriving at the

appointed destination to view the elegant and sculpted lines of a wonderful automobile.

On approach, the sleek virgin white doors swung open invitingly and that was it – from that moment our fates were sealed and I know there was no turning back.

This was clearly a match made in heaven, but how would I pay the dowry? Someone was going to lose out as loose change wasn't going to cover it, but my son's unselfish and inspired generosity was touching – use his school fees, he suggested.

We agreed that this was a brilliant solution – I get the car and he gets off school. It was a case of simple logic and it worked a treat.

As we left turned on to the main drag, the words “Nice car, mate” resounding from around the corner from a young but obviously discerning teenager were the cherry on the cake. I'd finally made it.

What wonderful car prompted this unsolicited comment? My Panther Kallista – an open topped sports classic which demands to be driven. It has no power steering, twin carbs and an endless bonnet.

