

The following excerpt is taken from Chapter 12 'The Way In' from the novel 'In Many Ways' by Peter Carroll.

Motorway driving in Britain has steadily become tedious in the extreme. It seems that no matter what time of day you decide to travel, it has coincided with the arrangements of millions of others. In particular, the over seventies towing caravans. The sheer volume of vehicles is one thing, but the corresponding rise in contact with incompetent or careless drivers is far more stressful.

You get the people glued to the middle lane who appear to have decided that turning slightly to glance in their mirrors is too much like hard work. Either that, or they do look and don't actually understand that the middle lane is not for 'cruising', so fail to move out of the way. Therefore, you get hemmed in behind them, reducing your speed from 75mph to 56mph, as ten vehicles zip past you at the speed of sound in the outside lane. You too could have been going at slightly less than the speed of sound, if only these middle-lane-lovers did not seem to have such an aversion for the thoroughly empty and available inside lane.

You get the trucks that are determined to overtake each other on two lane stretches, despite a difference in their speeds of approximately 1mph (or slightly less in some cases). It takes them fifteen minutes to complete the manoeuvre, and in the meantime, a two mile queue of snarling, spitting bile forms behind them.

There are the tossers who must have been offered indicators as an optional extra when buying their car, which they clearly declined. Presumably, because other drivers would find it more exciting to try and second-guess what their movements across lanes or onto slip roads might be.

Most hated and reckless of all though are the tailgaters. Almost always driving BMW's or white vans, they career along the road a matter of inches from the bumper in front, practically breaking the stalk from their steering columns as they flash their lights to indicate just how much of a hurry they are in.

Of course, all of this drama occurs when you are actually driving.

Unfortunately, a great deal of time is spent not moving at all, or creeping along at less than ten miles per hour, thanks to the seemingly infinite ribbons of red and white cones strung out along the highways. These are generally used to cordon off a fifteen foot section of road, actually under repair for a full five minutes out of every twenty-four hours, for a month. At those times, you encounter all sorts. The nutter bikers who like to drive at break-neck speed between rows of cars, causing you to jump in surprise as they belt past. They are kept company by the (apparently self-appointed) police trucks. They like to block the outside lane, well in advance of its actual closure, trying to prevent anyone daring to go as far up it as possible before filtering in (even when there are signs saying use both lanes) and in so doing making the queues infinitely worse.

Finally, meet the lane weavers. They pull out into free moving traffic in any lane that appears to be moving faster than theirs, and instantly concertina it to a standstill in the process.

The actual driving and not driving bits are not the only things to be endured. The process of travelling for hundreds of miles down Britain's main highways is made all the less enjoyable by the range of catering facilities provided along the roadside. Expensive, nutritionally dubious rations, served up to you by teenagers with all the charm, but none of the warmth, of a freshly laid turd. Not to mention significantly overpriced fuel.

Davie experienced the full range of these delights on his journey, and was not in the best of moods by the time the signs for Hull finally loomed into view.

If you enjoyed this excerpt, why not get the rest of the novel from Amazon.co.uk or Amazon.com? If you do - thank you and I hope you enjoy it!

http://www.amazon.com/In-Many-Ways-ebook/dp/B005JLO9ZC/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1320093936&sr=8-1

http://www.amazon.co.uk/In-Many-Ways-ebook/dp/B005JLO9ZC/ref=pd_rhf_gw_p_t_1