

Kia Picanta

One wet November evening, stopped on red, I saw a neat little car through my Land Rover's dirty windscreen. It was small, black and very shiny, and the raindrops on its roof showed it had recently been polished. It moved off on green, and some aluminum letters on its boot lid, glimpsed out of the corner of my eye, set me musing on the oriental genius for naming cars with a vaguely English sounding word, such as Kia Sportage or Toyota Previa. Not even my recollection of the association of midwives with Morris Minors had prepared me for the Kia Placenta.

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