

Volkswagen Caravette

In my last vac at the LSE I went on a charter flight to the USA and visited friends in a bohemian converted warehouse in Manhattan, heated by gas from the wrong side of the meter. They owned a Caravette. What else? The traffic department had caught up with them, so, as the only holder of a valid driving licence, I became their temporary driver. We drove to Long Island on a rainy Sunday and were bored. I saw a massive puddle, by a gate where a family waited, their boy close by water, and drove hard through it. I apologise.

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