**[My Mate Brian](https://rproctorstories.wordpress.com/2012/03/03/my-mate-brian/)**

*My mate Brian*

*Bought himself a new car.*

*It’s got a 2.4 valve fuel-injected overhead underslung differential with a turbo-charged automatic trans-carby radiator cap.*

*Or something.*

*Brian likes cars.*

*And football.*

*And chicks.*

*And words of one syllable.*

*My mate Brian*

*Brought his new car round to show me.*

*“This is me new car,” he said.*

*“Good one,” I said.*

*(I never miss a chance to show off me knowledge of mechanical stuff.)*

*Brian and me*

*Went for a drive in his new car.*

*We were going to pick up a couple of chicks.*

*Or something.*

*Probably something.*

*So there we were,*

*Cruising down the main drag.*

*“Why don’t you floor it?” I asked,*

*Thinking that’s what guys with new cars like you to say.*

*“Ok,” he said.*

*And he floored it.*

*Right up the back of the ute in front.*

*Jeez I laughed.*

*Brian had to pay for the damage to the ute.*

*He doesn’t take his new car out much anymore.*

*Reckons the chicks are going to have to come to him.*

*So he sits there, staring out at his new car in the driveway,*

*Chickless.*

*I don’t know,*

*If he wasn’t me mate*

*I’d think Brian was a bit thick.*

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