

A normal journey

After two hours of zigzagging across the province visiting clients, I still had a two-hour continuous route to negotiate, precipitated by unusual circumstances

I could do without the sun in my eyes I mused as I literally set off into the sunset. Initially the A7/E15 was fairly clear so the cruise control was set at 120 KPH and the wonderful music of Adele kept me company. Clusters of traffic started to appear so my cruise was on and off like a teenage romance. Three hot cars went by at speed with the drivers swapping testosterone

The enormous toll plaza loomed and course was set for the only lane unique to those of us with a Via-T zapper which allows us to approach the barrier, wait for the green light and zoom past all those that earlier whizzed past me. Bugger! Some prat without a zapper has got himself stuck in the lane and is trying to reverse out with other vehicles queuing behind him. The lane is painted blue so even if you are not sure what it means it has to be something special so probably not for you pal. I joined a normal lane and was reminded why the zapper is so useful as drivers stretched to place their ticket and money in the machine. These devices are available from your bank who will bill you on a monthly basis determined by use and are a boon to those with right hand drive cars

The long tunnel at San Juan approached, oops almost forgot to reduce speed to 80! Again there were cars with no lights and the usual self-righteous sods who hog the left lane at 75. Now the traffic got denser as Alicante approached, with cars exiting and entering every few hundred metres, time to be wide awake. A toll motorway was built at a cost of zillions of euros to ease this traffic, but as the road is longer and costs money to use, the owners have recently filed for bankruptcy, another case of planners going against human nature

The traffic reaches about 100 KPH, a long line in front of me and a large Kia seemingly hooked onto my tow bar behind. The coach that I am about to overtake jumps left, the heart pumps adrenaline as my brakes are jumped on and I hunch for the inevitable crash from behind, but no, he must have the reactions of a jet pilot. As the motorway opens to three lanes we both overtake the coach which is fast approaching a Sunday driver caught in the middle lane; the Kia undertakes whilst I undertake. Well that woke the him up!

A smooth drive to Murcia where the traffic is always horrendous, this time exacerbated by road works which brings us all to a grinding halt. Off again, the motorway is rammed with artics hauling parts for cars, packets and jars, dresses and bras. Their speed relative to each other is small, so a truck wishing to overtake waits for that optimum moment when the vacuum created by the truck in front gives him a tug and then pulls out with no warning; more heavy braking

Arriving at the sprawling urbanisation where my next client lives, the lack of street lights makes avoiding the potholes impossible: no doubt the councillors don't live here. Pity they didn't employ Indians as builders instead of cowboys. Job done so back onto the normally pitch black motorway, dazzled by oncoming traffic with full beam lights. The knee high cats-eyes impassively watch my progress

Adele is replaced by Meatloaf, but passing Murcia again, driving like a bat out of hell is impossible. The lane hoppers and undertakers are out in force in the dense traffic, aided and abetted by more idiots hogging the fast lane at 90 KPH. Whoops, there's the Guardia in an unmarked patrol car having a friendly chat with some poor soul. Bad luck mate.

Journey's end at last. Managed to find a parking space and trundle to the front door, Mastermind, my favourite TV programme is just finishing, dinner is ice cold as it its maker, glad we don't have a dog

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