

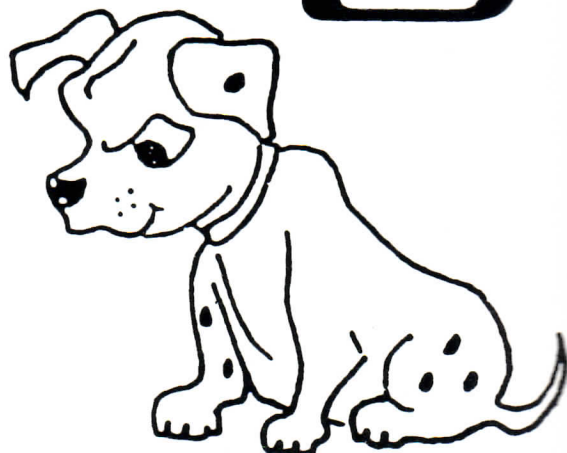
**DAWSON'S**

# Danbury

**It's a dogs life being a**

**DANBURY**

**Shall I tell you why?**



**Well** most motor caravans sit comfortably in the drive for months without being disturbed, (they're normally too big, or too thirsty to be used as a car) NOT ME – How would you like a week like this – every week of the year! Every day – Monday to Friday – I'm backed out of my comfortable little garage, no matter what the weather's like, to take HIM to the station.

Straight back home, hardly time for my pistons to take a breath, and it's off to school with the twins and drop Lofty (he may be only 18 but he's over 6ft tall) at the College. I've got sliding doors both sides, so it doesn't matter which side of the road I'm parked they can all get out safely onto the pavement.

Then it's off to the supermarket – straight under the height barrier, where my bigger friends can't go, and after waiting for hours in the freezing cold, she comes back, fills my lovely deep lockers with shopping, and then expects me to start first time and drive her off for coffee!

No sooner than I'm home it's off again to collect the twins, then Lofty, and then the Master.

You'd think that would be enough for one day – but NO – just after they've had their supper (None for me – I'm lucky if they spend a measly £10 a week on my petrol) Lofty asks if he can borrow me – He's got a date! and I'm more comfortable than his car and they can get all their friends in – I ask you?

I've even been used for moving house – How would you like a wardrobe loaded in through your tail-gate?

Then the weekend comes,

I begin to dream of a lovely shampoo and a gentle, loving, leather down – BUT NO – there's no time for those luxuries – because I'm only 6ft 4ins tall I get taken through one of those awful car washes – Ooh! those bristles really tickle.

Then some bright spark says 'How about a trip out for the day' – and I'm dragged off round tiny country lanes, and out into the wilds – good job I've got 5 gears and can coast up hills with this lot on board.

Would you believe it, while the children go off and play, I have to brew up the tea, cook the burgers and beans, and if that's not all – when the washing up is done – HE puts the bed down and has an afternoon nap!

SEE WHAT I MEAN – IT REALLY IS A DOG'S LIFE BEING A DANBURY  
BUT IT'S THE LIFE OF RILEY FOR MY OWNERS

If you want a life of Riley – for under £9,000, why not write or phone the kennels – (we have an excellent Pedigree). Ask to speak to Joy or Danny and they'll send you a free colour brochure of me and my big brothers.

**DAWSON'S DANBURY CONVERSIONS LTD.**

**KIN ROYAL FORGE, MELLIS COMMON, EYE, SUFFOLK IP23 8EB**

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