

483 Green Lanes
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Rory Harvey
Managing Director
Chevrolet UK Ltd
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Dear Rory Harvey

I have discovered Chevrolet. You were always there like the girl at the back of the classroom but I never noticed you. I've got the Tacuma. It's comfortable, well-priced, and got a big boot, plus of course is a great drive. It's taken me a while to get past the flashier types in the front row but now I'm here I'm not going anywhere else.

My boy Wayne loves the Chevy as well. He's going through his American phase. Burgers, Westerns, school murders, that sort of thing. I know the young don't take risks or responsibility any more. Instead I'm hoping he will learn some ol' fashioned manners and not swear at me when I tell him to get up in the morning.

Why I'm writing to you is this baloney about climate change. It seems the Europeans are making a big fuss about something that's a fiction. George Bush has the right idea. If you don't commit to something, then you can't be held to anything. And act stupid.

But the way things are going we will be driving around in cars with every nut and bolt regulated by the busybodies of Brussels. They've already banned bull bars. Who knows when you might encounter a cow in London? What next – we'll have to remove bumpers? At this rate we'll all end up in a green car that's straight out of Wacky Races, offering the steering of an oil tanker and the safety of a greenhouse.

What did Don McLean sing? Drive the Chevy to the levee. It would become drive the Chevy to the car dump if the Eurobullies get their way.

What I would like to know is how can you carry on selling great cars to people like me while the greens hold a gun to your head?

Good luck to you and your fine company.

Yours sincerely

Peter Shullot