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# **Bill Allen (Cheltenham) Ltd**

## **Latest News**



### **Land Cruiser Amazon**

November 10, 2003

#### **News Headlines**

##### **Toyota have**

Safety is always a priority for Toyota, which is why the company has invested in advanced I-TECH technology to keep drivers in touch and safe on the road. More

##### **New Prius**

The world's first hybrid car, the Toyota Prius, has been named "Car of the Year". See what makes it stand out from the crowd.

### **Advanced technology features for 2004 Land Cruiser Amazon.**

#### **Toyota MR2 summer wit**

The Land Cruiser Amazon, the ultimate Toyota 4x4, now benefits from a series of new advanced technology features for improved performance and convenience.

The Toyota MR2 has been a head-turning sports car since its introduction in 1984. Its impact is set to continue with the introduction of the new model.

#### **Bluetooth™**

On sale now, the 2004 model year Amazon comes as standard with Bluetooth™ telephone interface, integrated into the vehicle's multi-information display. This allows compatible mobile telephones to be operated hands-free, without the need for a cradle or cable connection. Up to four separate on-board telephones can be registered with the on-board system.

#### **Toyota Previ extra featur**

Toyota Previa features at a glance.

#### **News Archives**

#### **DVD-based satellite navigation system**

The Amazon's DVD-based satellite navigation system has been upgraded to provide a number of useful additional functions. These include a "whole route" display option, the ability to programme the intersection of two streets as your destination and a telephone number search function. A "compass mode" screen can also be activated, showing the direction of travel and data on the vehicle's current location.

#### **Rear view monitor system**

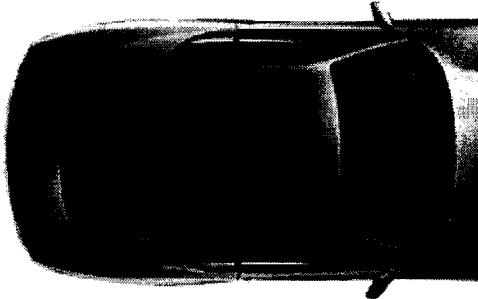
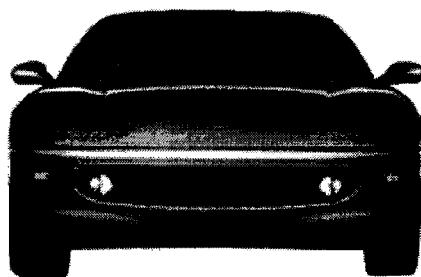
The Amazon is also now equipped with a rear view monitor system. On selecting reverse gear, a full colour image from behind the vehicle is transmitted to the display screen.

The 4.2-litre turbodiesel manual and automatic versions now benefit from the trip computer system already installed in the 4.7-litre V8 petrol model and the diesel auto transmission is now five-speed, in line with the V8. By adopting the new gearbox, acceleration, fuel efficiency and carbon dioxide emissions are all improved, as detailed below.

	LAND CRUISER AMAZON 4.2 TD4- SPEED AUTO	LAND CRUISER AMAZON 4.2 TD5- SPEED AUTO
0-62mph (sec)	13.1	11.5
Combined fuel consumption (mpg)	22.4	26.6
CO2 emissions (g/km)	340	282

New on the road prices for the Land Cruiser Amazon:

MODEL	OTR PRICE
Amazon 4.2 TD	£45,400
Amazon 4.2 TD	£46,995
Amazon 4.7 V8	£47,995

[Used Car Locator](#)**Current Models**[Past Models](#)[About Ferrari UK](#)[Dealer Network](#)[The Legend](#)[Formula Ferrari](#)[Finance & Insurance](#)[Club Fiorano](#)[Pilota Ferrari](#)[Motorsport](#)**NEW** [Classic Parts](#)[Parts](#)[Events & News](#)[Dreamflight](#)[Contact Us](#)[Maranello Store](#)[Introduction](#) | [Enzo](#) | [360 Spider](#) | [Challenge Stradale](#) | [360 Modena](#) | [575M Maranello](#) | **456M GT & G****456M GT & GTA**[Introduction](#) | [Design](#) | [Interior](#) | [Technical Specification](#)

**360° interior view**

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The 456M, in its GT and automatic gearbox 45 brings the evolution of a particularly well-rooms clients who in a real Ferrari appreciate roominess flexibility of use.

A further step in the company's tradition of 2-provides a high-performance 334 cu. in a V12 same time guarantees the comfort and roominess car. The most rational way to roominess performance in terms of safety and easy driving layout with a front engine and a rear gearbox. The aerodynamics being a top priority, the designed in a clear-cut way and a spoiler was in rear bumper.

The particular shape of the front spoiler and development of the rear extractor guarantee the 456M forecarriage lift and penetrative cap by Pininfarina.

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**Chapter Fifteen: 7pm (pps139-145)**

**(Make this 6pm?)**

*Craig dents Stanley's Ferrari*

AZ: Craig may succeed in covering up his panic, but the actions should be as much about how frightened and miserable he feels as about the physical details of his losing control of the car.

Better, too, if he sees Sophie in the context of other girls he has seduced or tried to seduce. He would be more sympathetic if he were irresistibly drawn to Sophie in a way he's never felt before. Maybe he tries to talk himself out of pursuing her, but he's powerless to stop.

In the family, who does Craig like and admire? Who does he dislike and despise? KF: He admires Stanley, dislikes Kit. He has issues with his father, who is a hypocrite.

What has Craig learned about love, sex and women from

- Olga
- Hugo (a womaniser—does Craig know that?)

Other boys

# 7 p.m.

Craig's relationship with Sophie was moving very slowly; in fact, the movement was imperceptible.

He had spent all afternoon with her. He had beaten her at table-tennis and lost at pool. They had agreed about music—they both liked guitar bands better than drum-and-bass. They both read horror fiction, though she loved Stephen King and he preferred Anne Rice. They had shared their experiences of marriage and, in her parents' case, divorce.

But she gave him no encouragement. She did not casually touch his arm, or look intently at his face when he talked to her, or bring into the conversation romantic topics such as dating and snogging. Instead, she talked of a world that excluded him, a world of nightclubs—how did she get in, at fourteen?—and friends who took drugs, and boys who had motorcycles.

As dinner approached, he began to feel desperate. He did not want to spend five days pursuing her for the sake of one kiss at the end. His idea was to win her over on the first day, and spend the holiday really getting to know her. Clearly this was not her timetable. He needed a short cut to her heart.

*felt like her way of letting*  
*was designed to let him know he was just a kid, even though he was older than Sophie by a*

year and seven months. He had to find some way to show her that he was as mature and sophisticated as she.

At seven o'clock, slumped on the couch in the barn, he decided he had watched as much MTV as he needed for one day. "Want to go over to the house?" he asked her.

"What for?"

"They'll all be sitting around the kitchen table."

"So?"

Well, Craig thought, it's sort of nice. The kitchen is warm, and you can smell dinner cooking, and my Dad tells funny stories, and Aunt Miranda pours wine, and it just feels good. But he knew Sophie would not be impressed by that, so he said: "There might be drinks."

She stood up. "Good. I want a cocktail."

Craig knew that his grandfather was not going to serve hard liquor to a fourteen-year-old. If they were having champagne, she might get half a glass. But he did not enlighten her. He shrugged on a coat and they went out.

The yard was brightly illuminated by lamps mounted on the walls of the surrounding buildings. Snow swirled thickly in the air, and the ground was slippery underfoot. They crossed to the main house and approached the back door. Just before they went in, Craig glanced around the corner of the house and saw Grandpa's Ferrari, still parked at the front, the snow now two inches thick on its long bonnet. Luke had obviously been too busy to put it away.

Craig said: "Last time I was here, Grandpa let me drive his car into the garage."

"You can't drive," Sophie said sceptically.

"I haven't got a licence, but that doesn't mean I can't handle a car." He knew as he

spoke that he was exaggerating. He had driven his father's Mercedes a couple of times, once on a beach and once on a disused airstrip, but never on a regular road.

"All right, then, park it now," said Sophie.

Craig knew he should ask permission. But if he said so, it would sound as if he were trying to back out. Anyway, Grandpa might say no, and then Craig would have lost his chance to prove his point to Sophie. So he said: "All right, then."

He went over to the car. It was unlocked, and the key was in the ignition.

Sophie remained leaning against the wall of the house by the back door, arms folded, her stance saying: "Okay, show me."

"Don't you want a ride in a Ferrari?" Craig said. "Or are you scared?"

That got her. She came over and they got in.

Craig turned the key. The car started with a roar like a jet plane. He half hoped the noise would bring Luke running out of the house, arms raised in protest. However, the Ferrari was at the front door, and the family were in the kitchen, which was at the back of the house, overlooking the yard. The rumble of the big engine did not penetrate the thick stone walls of the old house.

Craig switched on the headlamps. Two cones of light reached out from the front of the car, stretching over the sea, filled with snowflakes. He rested his hand on the gear stick, touched the clutch pedal with his foot, then looked behind. The driveway went back in a straight line for a hundred yards or so before turning into the wood.

"Come on, then," said Sophie.

Craig put on a casual air to conceal his reluctance. "Relax," he said. He released the handbrake. "Enjoy the drive." He depressed the clutch, engaged reverse gear, and touched the

accelerator pedal. The engine snarled menacingly. He released the clutch gradually. The car went back, slowly at first.

Craig held the steering wheel lightly, not moving it to either side, and the car continued in a straight line. He touched the throttle again. The Ferrari shot backwards. Sophie let out a scream of fear. Craig transferred his foot from the accelerator to the brake. The car skidded on the snow but, to Craig's relief, it did not waver from its a straight line. As it came to a halt he remembered, at the last minute, to engage the clutch and prevent a stall.

He felt pleased with himself. He had kept control, just. Better yet, Sophie had been scared, while he appeared calm. Maybe she would stop acting so superior.

The garage stood at a right angle to the house, and now its doors were ahead and to the left of the car. Kit's car, a black Peugeot, was parked alongside the garage at its far end. Craig found a remote control under the Ferrari's dashboard and clicked. The farthermost of three garage doors swung up and over.

There was a side path off the main drive that led in an S-bend to the concrete apron in front of the garages. However, the entire ground was covered in snow, and Craig was not quite sure where the path lay. He supposed it did not much matter. He simply had to avoid a clump of bushes at the near corner of the garage and steer clear of a large tree on the far side of the apron.

He moved the gear stick into the top left notch in its gate, touched the accelerator pedal, then released the clutch. The car moved forward, going a little too fast for comfort. He turned the steering wheel, and the car obediently turned left, picking up speed. He swung right, aiming for the open door, but he was going too fast. He touched the brake.

That was his mistake.

The car was moving quickly on snow with its front wheels turning right. As soon as the brakes were engaged, the rear wheels lost traction. Instead of continuing to turn right and head for the open garage door, the car slid sideways across the snow. Craig knew what was happening but had no idea what to do about it. He spun the steering wheel farther to the right, ~~but~~ trying to turn the car in the direction he wanted it to go, but that only seemed to make the skid worse. The car drifted inexorably over the slippery surface, like a boat blown by a gale. Craig stamped on the brake and the clutch at the same time, but it made no difference, ~~in fact the car skidded faster. The entire garage building slid away to the right of the windscreen.~~

Craig thought he would crash into Kit's Peugeot, but the Ferrari soon lost momentum. It slowed down. Just before it came to a complete stop, the front nearside wing touched the big tree.

"That was great!" Sophie said.

Craig put the stick in neutral and released the clutch, then sprang out of the car. He walked around the front ~~and looked at the wing where it touched the tree.~~ The impact had felt gentle but, to his dismay, he saw, by the light of the lamps on the garage wall, a large, unmistakable dent in the ~~wing~~.

"Shit," he said with feeling.

Sophie got out and looked. "It's not ~~a~~ very big dent," she said.

"Don't talk bollocks," he said. It did not matter how big it was. The dent was there and Craig had done it. He felt a nauseous sensation in the pit of his stomach. What a Christmas present for Grandpa.

"They might not notice it," she said.

"Of course they'll bloody notice it," he said angrily. "Grandpa will see it as soon as he

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KF: Mention here the possibility that Luke might take the Nissan Patrol?

looks at the car.”

“Well, that might not be for a while,” Sophie said. “He’s not likely to drive it in this weather.”

“What difference does it make when he sees it? I’ll have to own up.” He felt impatient with the rubbish she was talking.

“Better if you’re not here when the shit hits the fan.”

“I don’t see—“ He paused. He did see. If he confessed now, there would be uproar, and his Christmas would be blighted. If he said nothing, but confessed later, perhaps there would be less fuss. Even if the fuss were the same, the prospect of postponing it for a few days was tempting.

“I’ll have to put it in the garage,” he said, thinking aloud.

“Park it with this side right up against the wall,” Sophie suggested. “That way it won’t be noticed by anyone just walking past.”

That was a good plan, Craig thought. The other cars in the garage were a sport-utility vehicle with four-wheel drive, used by Grandpa in weather like this, and Luke’s old Toyota, which he used for driving himself and Lori between this house and the cottage they lived in a mile down the road. Luke would certainly enter the garage this evening to get into his car and drive home. But if the Ferrari were hard up against the wall, the dent would not be visible.

The engine was still running. Craig sat in the driver’s seat. He engaged first gear and drove slowly forward. Sophie ran into the garage and stood in the car’s headlights. As the car entered the garage, she used her hands to show Craig how close he was to the wall.

When he had parked, he got out and looked. It was impossible to see the dent.

He closed the up-and-over door, and they went out through the small side door. They

headed for the kitchen. "That was cool," Sophie said.

Craig realised that at last he had impressed her.

Craig may succeed in covering up his panic; but the action should be as much about how frightened and miserable he feels as about the physical details of his losing control of the car.

Better too if he sees Sophie in the context of other girls he has seduced or tried to seduce.

On second thought, Craig would be more interesting and more sympathetic if he not only wanted to get into Sophie's pants, but he's also irresistibly drawn to her in a way he's never felt before. Maybe he tries to talk himself out of pursuing her, but he's powerless to stop.