

Car Thief

I am a car thief, probably the best there is in Cape Town. I can make your car disappear as if it had wings. One moment it will be sitting happily in your driveway, the next it will in Big Bernies chop shop being turned into spares. That is for the small inexpensive runarounds. The more expensive Beamers, Audis such things, they end up hidden in garages and then on big covered trucks on their way to feed the ever growing demand for cars over the border. Big Berny is a good customer. When he phones and asks for a car, I am all ears. He pays well, his intel is good and he is trustworthy. Well as trustworthy as a car fence can be, if you know what I mean.

So one day about 10 days ago, he phones me and asks me if I want a really well paying job. Of course I do say I. He chuckles and says he has given my number to a friend of a friend who will be in contact.

Well I waited a couple of days then this man phones. Says I come well recommended and that he has a job for me that requires absolute discretion. He also says that there is a bit of danger and, knowing that I am a married man with dependents, he is willing to not only pay me, but to take out R500 000 life insurance on me to be paid to my wife and kids if anything goes awry. He insists on meeting me at the top of Ou Kaapse weg to iron out the details. A bit exposed I would have thought so it seems a bit strange but hey, who am I to argue with a customer.

When we meet he is driving a very nice SUV. Says his name is Kim. Kim? Oh well, what is in a name? He says he wants a car stolen in Cape Town and take it to a warehouse in Hermanus. Wait while his people check it out, then drive it to an address they will be giving me where it has to be neatly parked inside the yard. For this I am to be paid R1 000, a better than normal fee for a nights work. I agree, provide details of my wife and myself, for the insurance. He is also going to provide a driver and that he will keep my car "in safe keeping till the job is done".

The driver and I hit the road and we end up in Blouberg Hills were a small yellow car stands in a driveway. The driver drops me and I work my magic and soon we are driving to Hermanus in convoy. We stop at the garage and the boss man of the outfit takes me off for some coffee and a chat. After about an hour I get back in the car which has been carefully cleaned and even an air freshener added to the rearview mirror. Now that does make me feel exposed. I am now driving a car with a plastic pine tree on the review mirror. I just hope none of my friends see me. However, money is money so I don't argue and we head on out to a quiet suburb of Hermanus, I pick the lock on the front gate and park the car under the car port. We cover it neatly with a plastic cover and the driver takes me back to Ou Kaapse Weg where I am paid in well used R100 notes.

Before I leave Kim says that there might be another job in a week or so. I hit the down road feeling the power of my own wheels. I miss that power when driving the small runarounds everybody wants me to steal and Ou Kaapse Weg is just so exhilarating, especially that second hair pin bend going down. I love the sound of my wheels on the tar was we scorch around there at 110 km/h.

About 10 days time, Kim phones again. Can we meet at Ou Kaapse Weg again? The other job has come alive. So I trundle out there again and he immediately pays me for this new job and says that he has forgotten my insurance papers, but he will give them to me after the job is over. It is, he says a simple job. I must take the spare tyre he will give me and swap it with the spare tyre in the car. I am a bit surprised, but hey, the man is paying R1 000 for this, who am I to argue. The driver and I head on out to the suburb where we stole the car. The care is there, but it has a steering lock now. I ignore the steering lock, open the boot, swap the spare tyres and we are gone in less time than it takes to roll a zol.

At the top of Ou Kaapse Weg, Kim is waiting. We hand over the spare tyre and he immediately slashes it open. To my surprise there are packets of white powder, lots of them. He slits one open, offers me some. So I sniff it and a full charge of coke hits me. The most potent I have ever experienced. He grins. "Sweet hey? The cops found the car in Hermanus, tow it back past the road blocks and we just went in and fetched our prize. Sweet."

He takes out my insurance policy, looks at it and then apologetically tells me that the beneficiary is wrong. Apparently the insurance is in his wife's name rather than mine. He needs to get this sorted. He shows me the form and truly there is his wife's name. He is very apologetic. I shrug. I have gotten R2000 out of the deal an insurance policy is way beyond my needs. I won't want money once I am dead. My wife can fend for herself.

I get in my car and, fired by that extra strong coke I hit the down hill. I am gonna make that last hairpin bend 120 this time. As I get to the right point I hit the brakes, just to ease us into the corner. Suddenly there are no brakes and the steering wheel has gotten very loose and the hairpin is now almost here, I down gear and the engine screams, but it is too late and my car hits the side of the road and starts to describe a beautiful arc over the edge of the embankment. My last thought before we hit the ground is, "Kim's wife is gonna be pleased." I am a car thief, probably the best there is in Cape Town. I can make your car disappear as if it had wings. One moment it will be sitting happily in your driveway, the next it will in Big Bernies chop shop being turned into spares. That is for the small inexpensive runarounds. The more expensive Beamers, Audis such things, they end up hidden in garages and then on big covered trucks on their way to feed the ever growing demand for cars over the border. Big Berny is a good customer. When he phones and asks for a car, I am all ears. He pays well, his intel is good and he is trustworthy. Well as trustworthy as a car fence can be, if you know what I mean.

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