



A Tale of Two Kitties

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I, along with many of you, have always admired the sleek lines and seductive shape of the XK8 – Jaguar’s replacement for the hugely successful XJS grand tourer. For a long time we had the grand total of NIL of these desirable models in the club, until recently; in February we were lucky enough to catch up with 2 almost identical 1998 Amaranth Pearl convertibles – belonging to Geoff & Eve-Lyn and Julio – on our Tablelands Weekend. I’m sure you’ve all heard the story of how these two cars initially met up!



Geoff & Eve-Lyn’s car on the left, and Julio’s on the right – at the Gillies Café at the top of the Range

The sight of these two cars lit a spark in quite a few of us, and I know there was a lot of discussion and much daydreaming and surfing through auction sites etc – but we all secretly expected it to remain a delicious fantasy!

I was certainly not immune to all these goings-on. I discovered a series of videos on You Tube called “Secrets of the XK8” and learned a lot more about this lovely car and the enthusiastic following it attracts. I have been talking for many months (years?) now of reducing my collection, and eventually I managed to get one ad into www.carsales.com and who knows? Maybe I could generate enough cash to justify an XK8.....

This thought soon evolved into congratulations for actually taking the 1st step into slimming down my fleet – so surely, I deserve some kind of reward for that? (haven’t yet got to the 2nd step – an actual sale).

I soon “accidentally” came across a lovely black convertible in Perth, and paid the required deposit to the dealer – only for the deal to fall apart shortly thereafter. I wasn’t looking for a coupe, but my second choice was in Brisbane, so I arranged an inspection, and soon enough I was the proud owner of a very early 1996 Jaguar Racing Green example. All I needed to do now was fly down to collect the car and drive it back – and a flight was organised for Monday 20th June.

I had deliberately kept my cards very close to my chest – no-one was told about my purchase except my 2 children in Brisbane and Lee’s carers, who would have to provide 24/7 cover while I was away. Certainly, no-one in the club knew what was going on. My intention was to just turn up for a Sunday morning Prowl and surprise everyone! I couldn’t wait to see the reaction

Safely back home by Tuesday evening, my new pride and joy was safely hidden away in my shed, so when Wednesday morning came around, there were no visible signs of the new purchase, so it was “safe” for Glenda and Doug to come around for coffee. We just chatted about “normal” things, and I thought to myself – the secret is still safe, and we’re on for Sunday! Just then, carer Ingrid arrived from taking Lee out for a drive and a walk, and the first thing she said was:

“Have you shown Glenda your new car yet?”

“What new car is this?” I replied, with a frantic wink and a nudge.

“Your new green one” she replied, refusing to take the massive hint.

“Have you got a new car? I must see it!” interposed Glenda.

The cat was well and truly out of the bag, there was little point in continuing with the deception – when Glenda wants to see something, Glenda gets to see it! – so I reluctantly raised the garage door, barely suppressing a huge smile.

At this point, Glenda and Doug exchanged a knowing puzzled glance. Then they admitted they were themselves about to leave for Brisbane to collect a new car – a British Racing Green XKR Convertible, and they were keeping it a secret so they could have their own Big Reveal!

I promise you all, faithful readers, that I knew nothing of Glenda and Doug’s plans to buy an X100 (as the first generation of the modern XK is known), and they knew nothing of mine. It was an almost unbelievable coincidence that we both went out and bought a green XK within a week of each other, and that we both deliberately kept it quiet, looking forward to surprised and possibly envious reactions!



The 2 latest additions to our club, together at Balgal Beach on Sunday 24th July.



I initially wanted a convertible – but now I’m glad I went for the coupé