

Kidnapped and Carjacked

Friday, 31 August 2018

After a nice dinner off the Via Veneto in Rome, driving back to my hotel, a big bang. From behind. I assume a can of fizzy drink had blown open, drove on. A little car full of big men pulls alongside me gesticulating frantically. I wind down the window. CRACK he says, pointing at my front wheel. Big mistake - it was behind, not in front. He furiously gestures to me to pull over, grinning and pointing. They look like pantomime Mafia thugs or police (criminals and police tend to share looks). I smile and drive on. They pull alongside waving to me to pull over. I nod and wave them past me which they do, assuming I'll pull in behind them. I do a hairpin turn (I know Rome's streets very well - impossible for them to follow me). But I'm sure they were after the Rolls, seeing a stupid English queen. Not so stupid.