

# Seven Imps for Seven

Fiona Robertson, Glenrothes, Scotland



My partner Nicky and I set a date for our wedding back in September 2011 and I decided I wanted the other love of my life to be there too. Yes, that's right, my Hillman Imp! However, in February this year, I realised that seeing my Imp there on the day was not going to be the case as my car required too much work and was not going to be ready in time. At this point I was a little disheartened and felt sad that I wasn't going to be able to do the one thing I wanted at my wedding – apart from the obvious of getting married, that is!

I've had my Imp for 18 years now and still love it as much as I did the day I got it. When I passed my driving test, my dad had told me I wasn't getting the Vauxhall Nova I wanted as, he quite rightly explained, it would depreciate in value too quickly. Instead, he said I should consider a vintage car. So, taking his advice, I chose a blue 1967 Hillman Imp, which is now my pride and joy. At 16 years of age, all my friends thought I

# Bridesmaids!



Seven bridesmaids, seven Imps  
(with apologies to Stanley Donen's  
*Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, 1954)  
Photo: Fiona Robertson

was mad to buy such a car – but what did they know!

Heading through to the west of Scotland, armed with £300, I met a man who was almost in tears as he explained to me his wife had given him an ultimatum – it was her or the car! I made a promise to look after it as he handed me his treasured photographs of the car, the logbook and, surprisingly, £200 back. He said he didn't want his wife getting any of the extra money, so I got my little car for £100. A bargain!

I decided that, despite my car not being in shape to come to the wedding, I was going to have an Imp there on the day one way or another. I had been a member of the Imp Club for a few years but hadn't actually attended any of the meets. I felt like a bit of a fraud as mine hadn't been on the road for many years, but I managed to pluck up the courage to head along to Dunfermline, Fife to meet club member Scott Clements – who I had made my plea to in an earlier e-mail. Once there, I soon discovered that many of the people present had suffered similar Imp issues to my own in the past and, naturally, at some point they had, or currently have, an Imp off the road. Hearing this made me feel a whole lot better!

Initially, three people very kindly came forward and offered to help me get some Imps at our wedding. Scott invited my fiancé and me to Mortonhall in Edinburgh for the annual Imp Ecosse meet to have a look at the Imps in all their glory and to meet some of the other members of the club. I felt like a kid at Disneyland! The cars were all amazing and the people a very kind and helpful group – like one big Hillman Imp family! The number of Imps signed up for our Big Day had now risen from three to five, and I couldn't have been happier. My bridesmaids were now going to be arriving and departing the wedding in style!

When we had visited Mortonhall, my nephew and fiancé had had their eyes on Scott's rally Imp, but unfortunately he was competing the week before the wedding and broke it, and so was



Scottish car, Scottish wedding!

*Photo: Fiona Robertson*

**Seven Imps were the icing on the  
(wedding) cake for Fiona!**

*Photo: Fiona Robertson*



unable to bring it along on the day. Still, I have to give many thanks to Scott who managed to persuade some more Imp lovers to help and, at the Imp meet in May, I was to discover I now had *seven* cars for the day – one for each bridesmaid! I was now officially going to be in Imp heaven!

I had really wanted to be taken to the church in my own Imp but, unfortunately, the mechanic I had booked to fix the master cylinders let me down only two days before it was booked in for its MoT. Despite this, I still arrived at the church in style, in a pristine Mk 2 Jaguar belonging to my dad's friend, who I have to thank enormously for helping out at the last minute. However, my Imp is always with me as I have it tattooed on my right wrist!

So, on 12th May 2012, seven Imps headed to Glenrothes for our wedding ceremony. As the proud owners stopped for lunch on the way, the Imps caused quite a stir with the locals and, as usual, attracted the attention they always do.

Getting ready in my house, I could hear the distinctive sound of the Imps coming up my street – the excitement growing inside me at this point becoming relentless! As I looked out the window and saw them all I screamed, "They're here! They're here!" The seven Imps were lined up outside my house, decorated with ivory ribbons and at that point I couldn't actually believe it was happening – seven Imps for seven bridesmaids, with each bridesmaid running out to pick the car they wanted! I couldn't help feeling a little jealous as I pulled out in front in the Jaguar, looking back at the colourful line of Imps and big happy smiles on my bridesmaids' faces.

I must give a huge thank you to Scott Clements, John Collings, Jim Fraser, Sue and Andy Ellis, Alan Barran and Keith McCurrach for their generosity and kindness. Without them, none of this would have been possible and, for that, I am eternally grateful. Having the Imps there made the day more special than I ever could have imagined.

I now have the task of getting my little Imp refurbished and back on the road for 2013. Who knows, it might even be *me* driving to someone else's wedding in the future! Thank you again to everyone who helped make this happen. I'm hoping for many happy Imp years ahead with my car-mad husband, Nicky.