Fully Comp

From home insurance, to pet cover, my monthly outgoings (after rent and food) seem dominated by the fear of ‘something’ going badly wrong.

Everything is covered and protected. Taken individually, my plethora of policies seems to make some kind of sense, but as a collective? I suspect that I might be working for the sole pleasure of protecting against each and every possible disaster that might strike.

Home insurance. Fair enough, and anyway, there’s no mortgage without it. Same with the car insurance; I’d be illegal without it. Pet insurance? No, that one’s fine. Anyone who has ever faced a major illness/accident with a beloved pet knows that you just nod, half blind with tears when they offer you the choice to say goodbye or foot the bill. Pounds and pence don’t really come into it at that point. If you’ve gone through this once, pet insurance seems money well spent.

But it does seem to get a bit silly as I go through my bank statement and realise that it doesn’t stop there. The gas boiler, the freezer contents, the travel that I’ve not done, and don’t seem likely to do, for years; all insured. The TV is insured, as are guinea pigs, my teeth, and a bike that I’ve forgotten to ride for so long it’s now rusty.

Phone insurance. Hmmm. That one is increasingly hard to justify, as last time my phone broke I seem to remember I nearly had a police escort out of the shop when I refused to ‘pay’ for a temporary replacement phone. Surely, I reasoned, the hundreds of pounds their company received from a monthly direct debit that includes insurance, was precisely to cover me for this situation? Did I come close to physical violence when the (badly) suited sales assistant went on the ‘only company policy’ verbal loop, or when transferred to onto the call centre ‘customer services’, on the same ‘only company policy’ verbal loop. Hard to tell.

So, today I went into the bank to arrange an appointment with a manager, to halt the insurance on a loan taken, and spent, four years ago. It kind of seems like a futile outgoing. The cashier beamed at me as I paid in a cheque, I’d not even got around to asking for the appointment.

“Whilst you’re here,’ she smiled so enthusiastically, I had to listen, ‘perhaps you might be interested in a new product. Have you thought about life insurance?”

My exit from the bank was so hasty that I tripped over outside and was helped up by passer by.

“You could sue them for that you know,’ he said, ‘they’ve all got public liability insurance these days…”

About the Author

Home insurance is around, look for yourself where.

Source: http://www.spivo.com/articles