

Translated excerpt

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TRACTOR'S COMING TOO!

Translated by John Reddick



TREKKER...

TRACTOR'S COMING TOO!

‘The removal van’s coming on Wednesday,’ you tell me, ‘so let’s start packing.’

Blow packing! I say: did that ages ago! There’s one thing I’m taking, and one thing only: Tractor. Because everything’s completely pointless without Tractor.

TRACTOR’S COMING TOO!

Or I’m staying here.

‘Look,’ you said, ‘there’s nothing for tractors to do where we’re going. They’re just not needed. More neighbours, less garden, not a field in sight - but lots and lots of traffic, and Tractor’s simply too slow.’

Oh no he isn’t! You try running as fast as Tractor! And anyway there’s always plenty for Tractor to do. Tractor’s useful all the time - even just for standing still. As a sunshade. As a windbreak. As a mobile roof. Or simply to look at, ’cos Tractor’s really beautiful. Every which way.

Tractor’s good for just about *everything*. Playing outside? Ok, off to the woods we go. Woods too far away? He’ll move them closer. No lakes within sight? Tractor will dig one out. Bad weather? Let’s have a picnic underneath Tractor.

Mountains in the way? Tractor will dig a tunnel. Look at it like this: with Tractor, nothing’s impossible. And that’s why

TRACTOR’S COMING TOO!

When nothing’s on the go, Tractor just waits. No one waits like Tractor waits - have you forgotten that? Remember how Tractor would stand by the dung heap and go to sleep? Sometimes for a whole week. Dozing, that’s all, with one eye open, like a dog in the sunshine. Ready to go at the drop of a hat, but all the time quietly tanking up on energy. While you and me and human beings in general go dashing about until we no longer know which way to turn, and end up needing Tractor. What could be clearer:

TRACTOR’S COMING TOO!

‘But there’s no room in the city for Tractor’, you say. ‘How could that work, do you think? Tractor wouldn’t get through the door or up the stairs or fit into the living

room, and outside he'd block the entire street. He needs at least three parking spaces, and there's never enough of those in the city.'

So I say: What sort of a place is that if there's no room for Tractor?? What an earth are you thinking of? Why would anyone want to live there? What would it feel like? Like being a cow in a suitcase? An eagle in a shoe box? Is that really how you want to live? Without Tractor? I'm telling you:

TRACTOR'S COMING TOO!

Tractor doesn't need much: a spot of oil, a bit of diesel, and me. Nothing in the world is more undemanding than Tractor: he wants to feel needed, that's all. Tractors are pack-animals, so Tractor's a pack-machine, more or less the same as a dog, but made of steel and rubber instead of bones and hair. No blood - just oil and diesel. Like a tree stuck in space he'd be finished without humans. Without me. For that reason alone it'd be a really dirty trick to abandon him here, lock him up, and leave him to rust away and be forgotten - just because he's not a good fit for this city of yours?

Do what you like - I'm staying with Tractor. *Go on, lock me up with him here. We'll manage. Have a great time in your city with no farmyard, no dung, no cows, no garden, no nothing. No Tractor. No me. Enjoy your life as a window cleaner or a bank clerk. Have fun in Balconistan, and buy yourself an aquarium with mini-fish in it, why don't you? It might even fit through the door of your grotty little flat. I'm staying here. Staying in the countryside! Staying True To Tractor! Fun in the fields, noises in the night, off into the deep dark woods, roaring through rot and rust and rubbish. Me and Tractor. Tractor and me.*

TRACTOR'S COMING TOO!

Or I'll be waving to you from far, far away.

'And it's also much too far for him to go', you said. That just makes me laugh, really laugh, ha ha ha! Cos surely everybody knows that no distance is too great for Tractor. Just climb in and tell him where to go, and he'll do the rest. Then you just turn off all the clocks, sit back, and let yourself be carried along. You'll get to where you want to go. That's for sure.

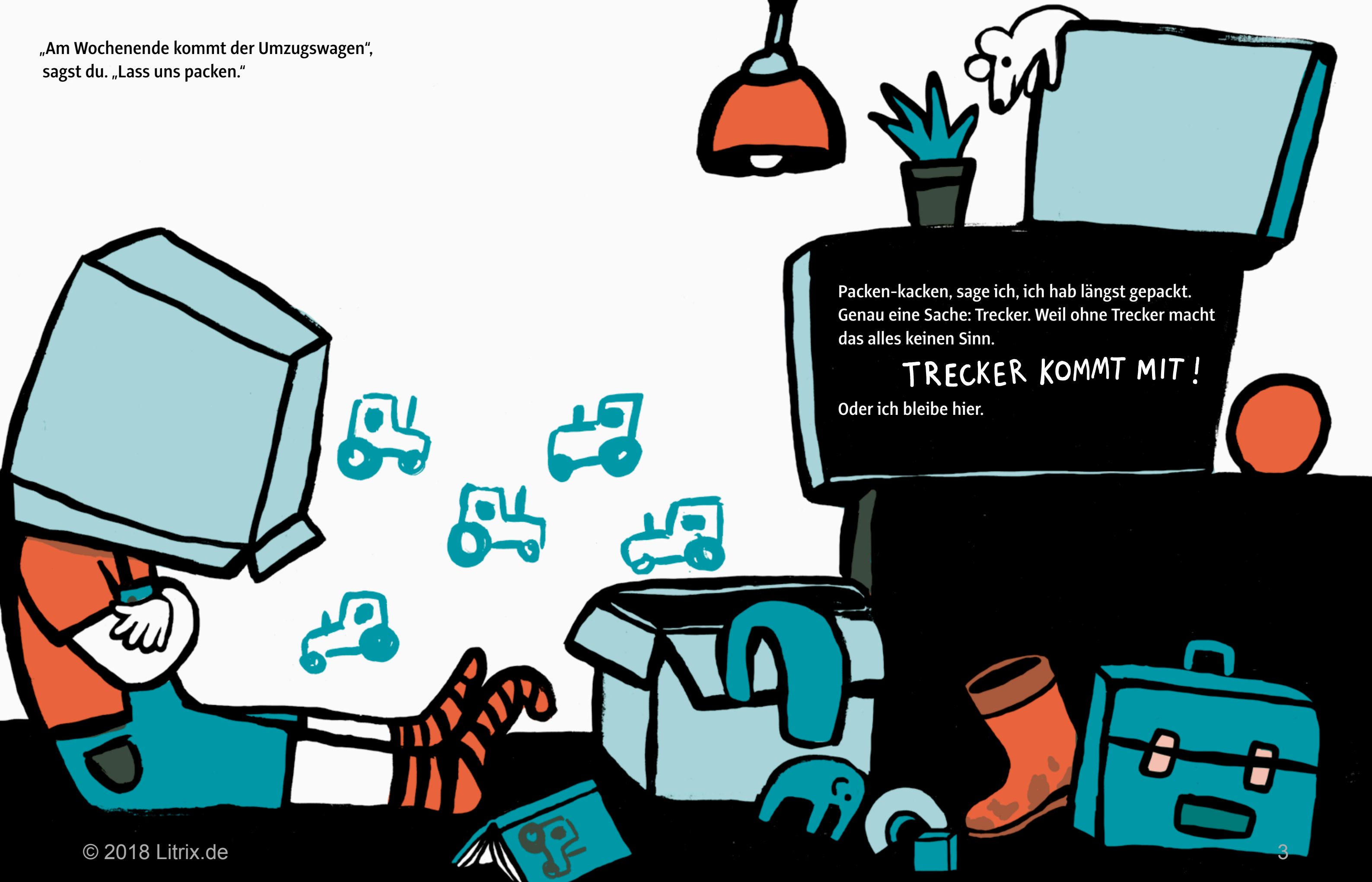
'And what then?' you say. 'What then?' Well - I say - then there he is, just like always. You go to work, I go to school. What's the problem?

'So how do you think that would work?' you ask; 'where's he supposed to go?'

TRACTOR'S COMING TOO!

I say. He'll guard the house. Throw shadows. Bark at dogs. Take me to school. Flatten anyone who bothers me. If problems arise, he'll cart them away. Just as he's always done. There are approximately one thousand different things for Tractor to do in the city. At least. If someone parks you in, he'll lift you straight out. Same with traffic jams. As you know, he can always get through.

„Am Wochenende kommt der Umzugswagen“,
sagst du. „Lass uns packen.“



„Guck mal“, hast du gesagt, „da wo wir hinziehen, da haben Trecker nichts zu tun. Da werden Trecker nicht gebraucht. Mehr Nachbarn, weniger Garten, Felder gar nicht, dafür jede Menge Verkehr, und Trecker ist einfach zu langsam.“



Pah. Renn erstmal so schnell wie Trecker! Außerdem hat Trecker immer was zu tun! Trecker kann man ständig brauchen. Und wenn's nur zum Dastehen ist. Als Sonnenschutz. Als Windschutz. Als mobiles Dach. Oder einfach nur zum Angucken, weil Trecker eine Schönheit ist. Ganz egal.



Trecker ist für so ziemlich alles gut.
Draußen spielen? Ok, wir fahren in den Wald.
Wald weit weg? Er schiebt ihn näher ran.
Kein See in Sicht? Trecker hebt dir einen aus.
Wetter schlecht? Picknick unterm Trecker.

