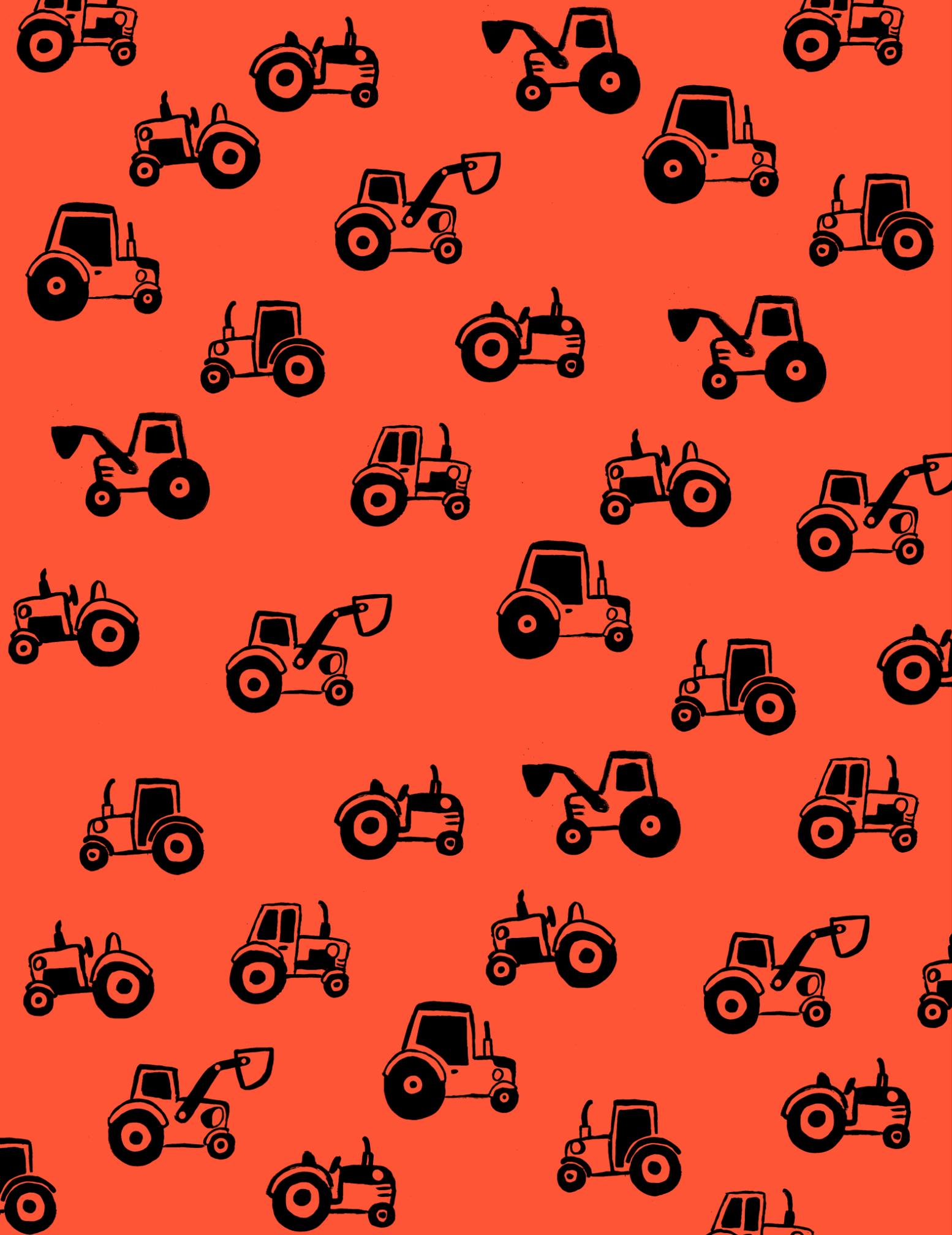


TRACTOR'S COMING TOO

*Finn-Ole Heinrich
and Dita Ziffel*

Halina Kirschner





TRACTOR'S COMING TOO

*Finn-Ole Heinrich
and Dita Ziffel*

*With illustrations
by Halina Kirschner*



'The moving van is coming at the weekend,' you say.
'Let's start packing.'



Packing-schmacking, I say. I've done my packing.
I'm taking exactly one thing: Tractor.
Because there's no point in moving without Tractor.

**TRACTOR'S
COMING TOO!**

Or else I'm staying here.

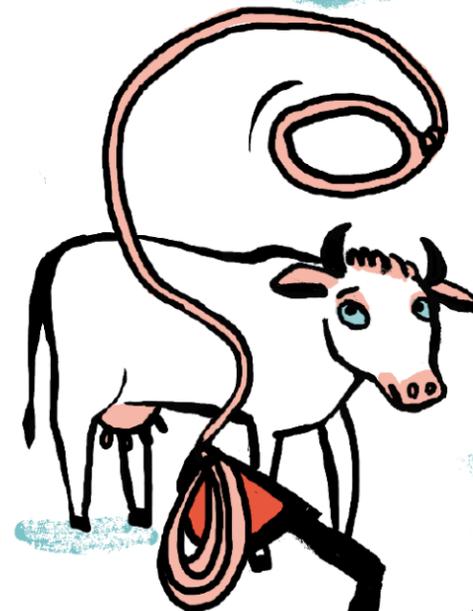
'Now look,' you say. 'Where we are moving to, there's nothing for tractors to do. We don't need tractors there. There are more neighbours, less gardens, no fields at all and lots and lots of traffic. And Tractor is just too slow.'



Pah. You try running as fast as Tractor! And anyway, Tractor always has something to do. Tractor is always useful. Even if it's just for standing around. To provide shade from the sun. As protection from the wind. To be a mobile roof. Or just for looking at, because Tractor's a real beauty. No matter what.



Tractor is useful for all sorts of things. For playing outside? OK, we'll drive to the woods. The woods are too far away? Tractor will bring them closer. There is no pond in sight? Tractor will dig you one. Bad weather? We can picnic underneath Tractor.



There are mountains in the way? Tractor will dig a tunnel.
Look at it this way: With Tractor, anything goes!
And so:

TRACTOR'S
COMING TOO!



If nothing is happening, Tractor is happy to wait. No one's as good at waiting as Tractor is, have you forgotten? Tractor stands by the pile of manure and sleeps. Sometimes for a whole week. Just dozing, like a dog in the sun. One eye is always open. Ready to go while storing up strength. While you and I and everyone else do our human stuff until we run out of steam and then need Tractor in the end.

It's inevitable:

TRACTOR'S
COMING TOO!



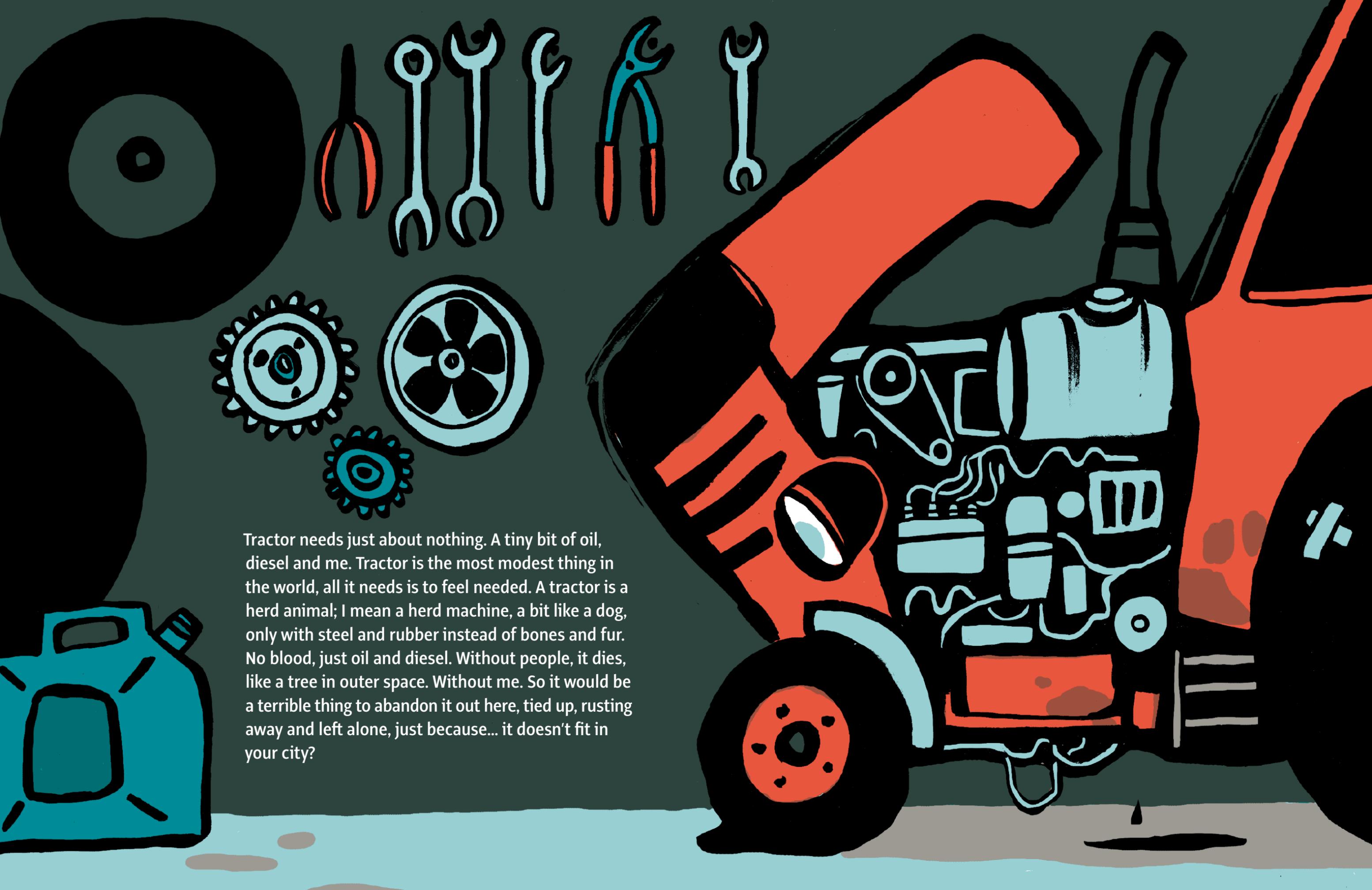
'But there's no space for tractors in the city,' you say. 'What are you thinking? A tractor can't get through the door or up the stairs, it won't fit in the living room and it'll block the whole street outside. It needs at least three parking spaces, and there's never enough of them in the city.'

And I say: What kind of a place doesn't have space for Tractor? Why would anyone want to live there? What does it feel like? Like a cow in a suitcase? Like an eagle in a shoebox? That's how you want to live? With no Tractor?

I say:

**TRACTOR'S
COMING TOO!**





Tractor needs just about nothing. A tiny bit of oil, diesel and me. Tractor is the most modest thing in the world, all it needs is to feel needed. A tractor is a herd animal; I mean a herd machine, a bit like a dog, only with steel and rubber instead of bones and fur. No blood, just oil and diesel. Without people, it dies, like a tree in outer space. Without me. So it would be a terrible thing to abandon it out here, tied up, rusting away and left alone, just because... it doesn't fit in your city?

You can do what you like, I'm staying with Tractor.
Tie me up here with it. We'll be fine. Have fun in the
city, without everything, without a yard or manure
or animals or a garden. Without Tractor. Without me.
Enjoy your life as a window cleaner or a bank worker.
Have fun on your balcony, buy yourself a fish tank with
tiny fish in it, maybe that will fit through the door into
your miniscule flat. I'm staying here. Staying outside.
Staying true to Tractor. Vrooming across fields,
crashing through hedges, snorting soot and rumbling
and roaring through the densest of forests. Me and
Tractor. Tractor and me.

TRACTOR'S COMING TOO!

I'll be waving from far, far away.

'It's too far away for tractors,' you say.
And that makes me laugh, really, ha ha ha. Because
everyone knows nothing's too far for Tractor. You sit
down and say the direction. And Tractor does the
rest. All you have to do is switch off the clocks, lean
back and let yourself be carried along. You'll get there,
that's for sure.

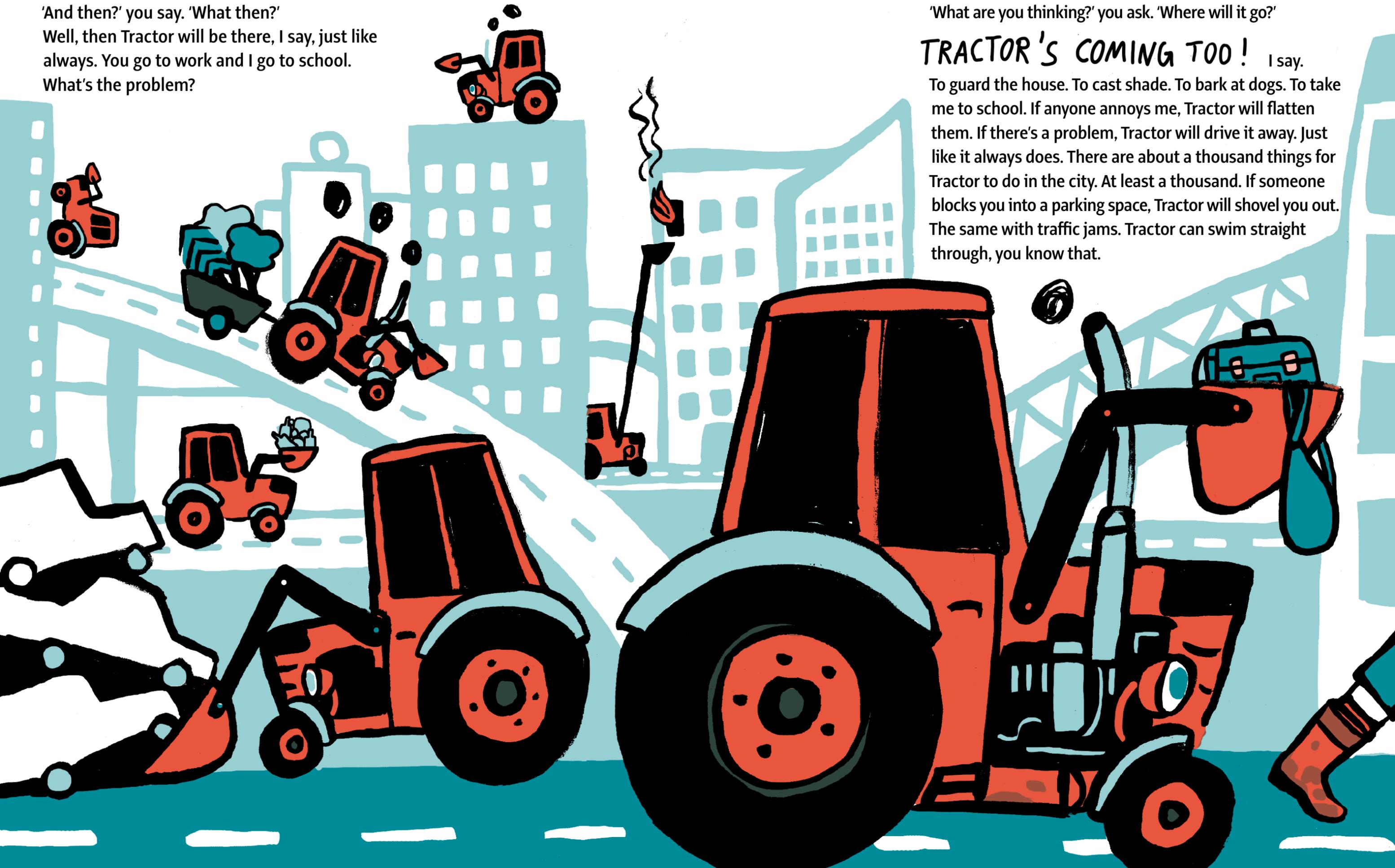


'And then?' you say. 'What then?'
Well, then Tractor will be there, I say, just like
always. You go to work and I go to school.
What's the problem?

'What are you thinking?' you ask. 'Where will it go?'

TRACTOR'S COMING TOO! I say.

To guard the house. To cast shade. To bark at dogs. To take
me to school. If anyone annoys me, Tractor will flatten
them. If there's a problem, Tractor will drive it away. Just
like it always does. There are about a thousand things for
Tractor to do in the city. At least a thousand. If someone
blocks you into a parking space, Tractor will shovel you out.
The same with traffic jams. Tractor can swim straight
through, you know that.

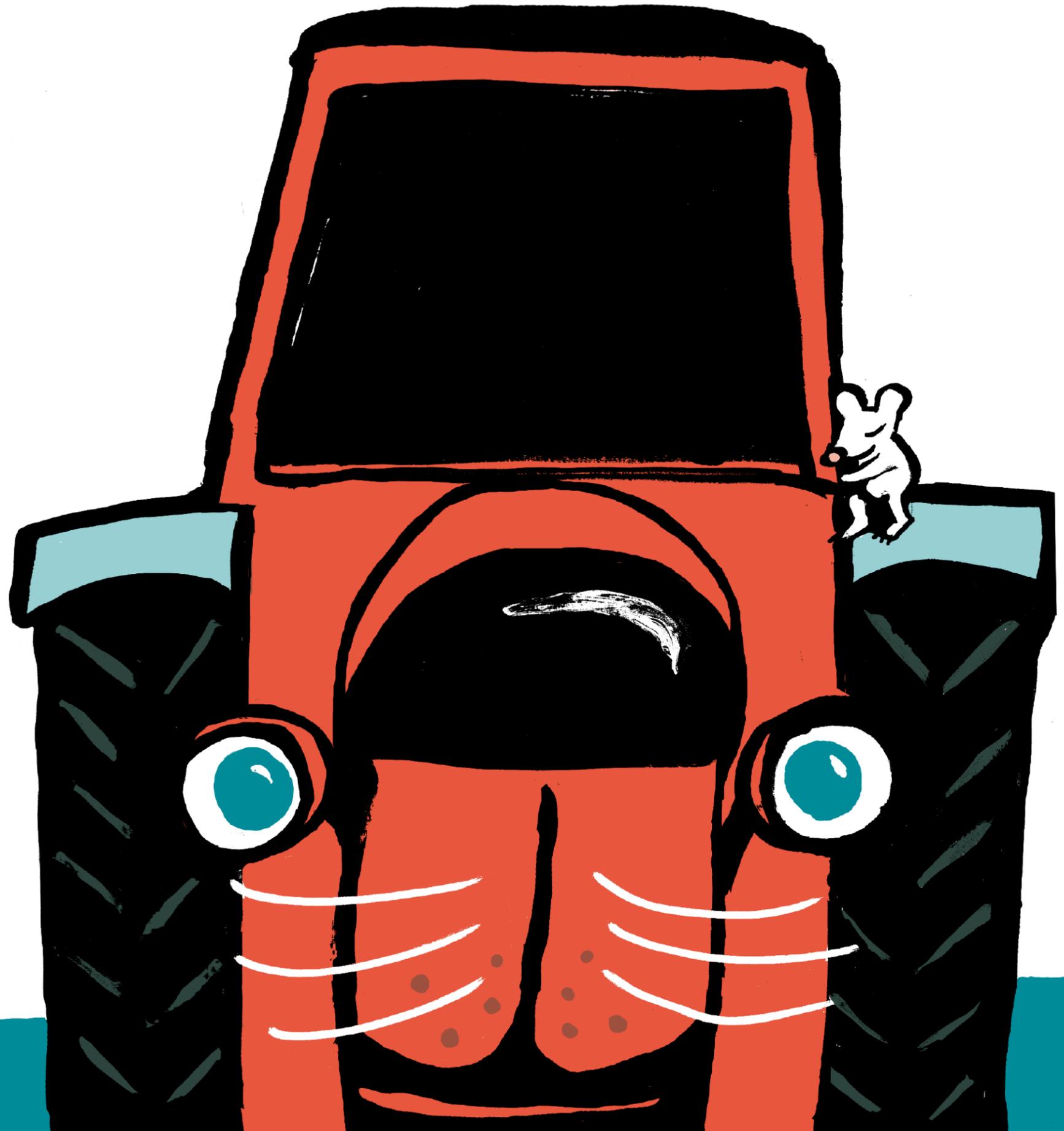
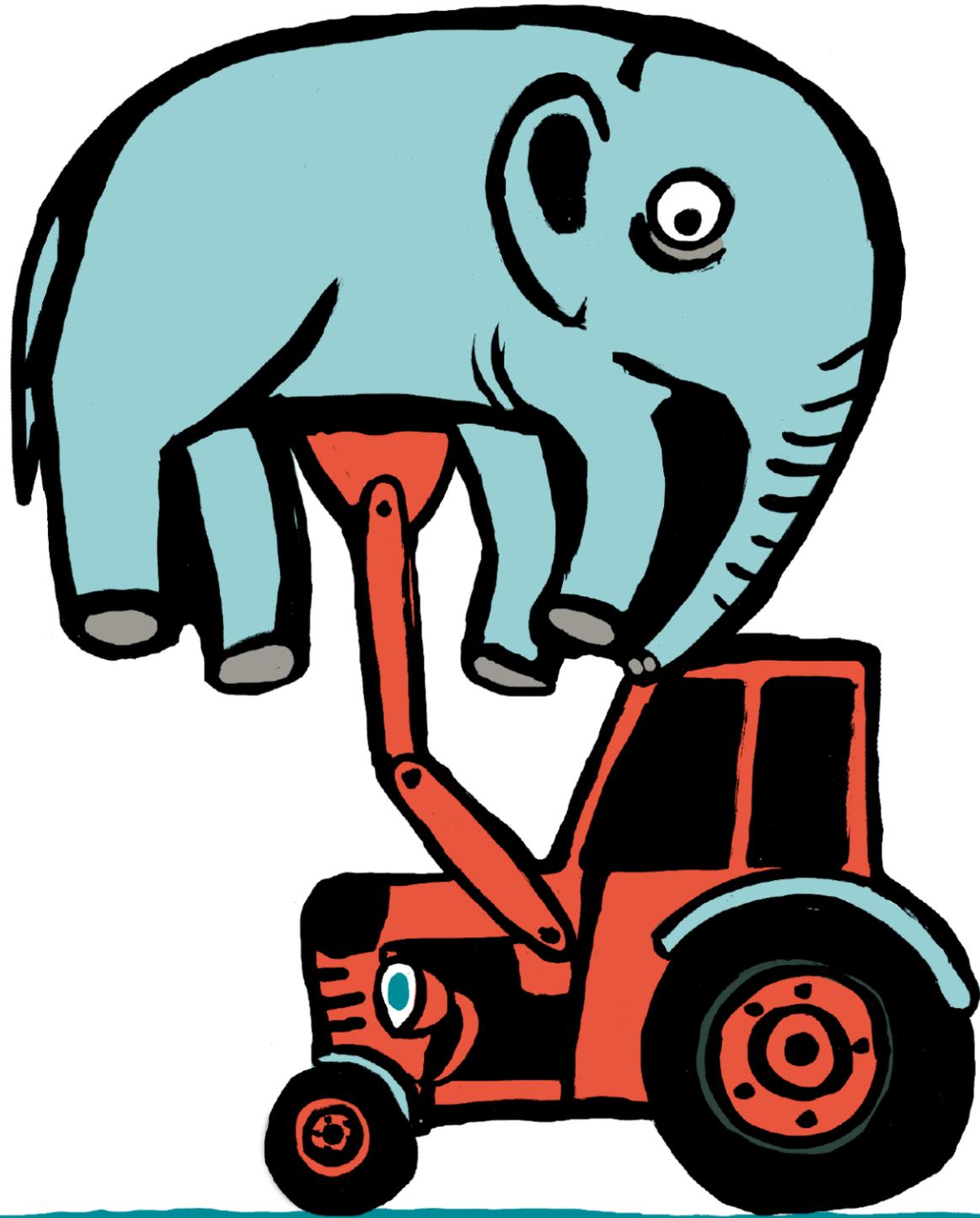




Shopping with Tractor? Nothing could be easier. Tractor will lift fifty-four crates of water off a supermarket shelf and not even lose its breath. Want to buy fruit and vegetables at the market? Perhaps a bit more, what do you say? Sure, give us three or four hundred kilos more. Tractor will do the carrying. With Tractor, anything goes. I say:

**TRACTOR'S
COMING TOO!**

Tractor's my friend, my loyal pet, my rusty workmate.
Tractor can pull a truck, lift a crane, wrestle an elephant.
It's an unstoppable, gentle tank that growls like a bear,
barks like a dog, and purrs like a cat.



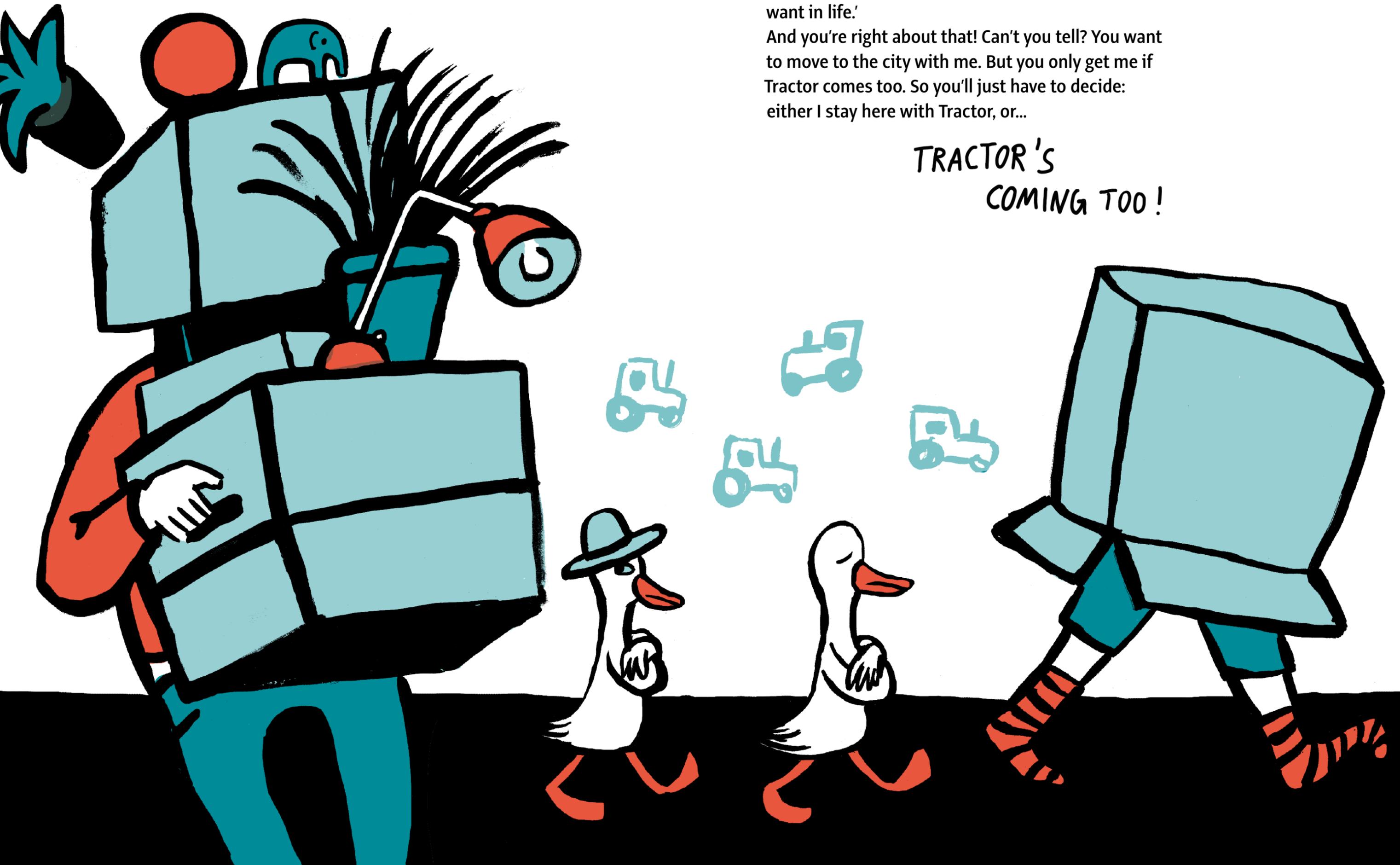


Tractor flattens, mows, digs. It doesn't ask questions, and gets the job done. It doesn't wave a magic wand, doesn't waver, and doesn't waste time chatting. It just gets on with it. It stirs around, it digs about. It is a hero with an engine. That's the way it is, no other way, and I won't budge on the matter.

'But darling,' you say, 'you never get exactly what you want in life.'

And you're right about that! Can't you tell? You want to move to the city with me. But you only get me if Tractor comes too. So you'll just have to decide: either I stay here with Tractor, or...

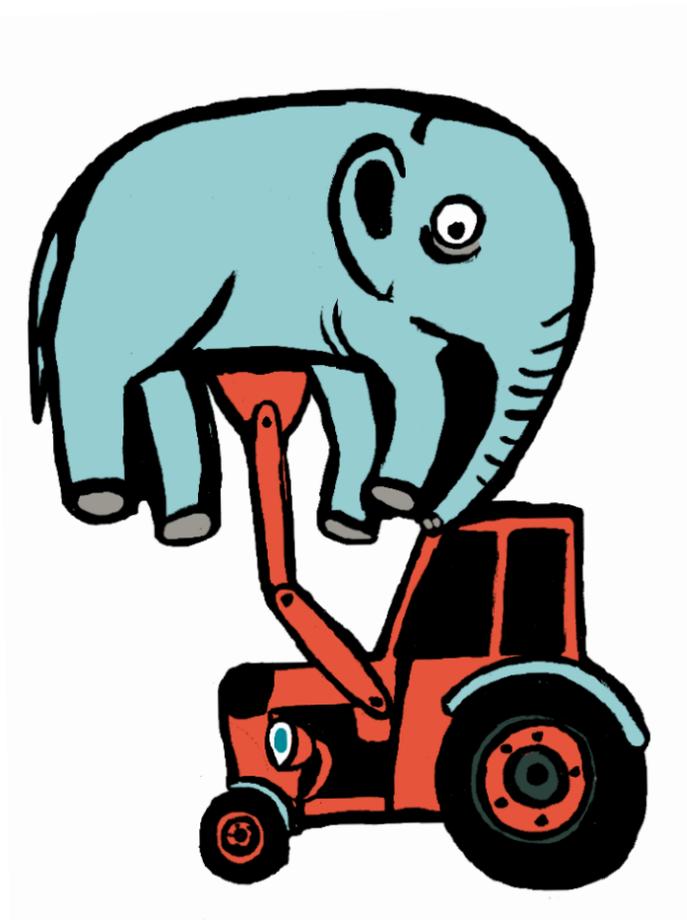
TRACTOR'S
COMING TOO!





Dita Zipfel and Finn-Ole Heinrich are tractor scientists and breeders. They live in the north of Friesland and the south of France, where people say hello with a double savoir vivre and catch wild asparagus in the spring. Their favourite tractor is called Rollbert and lives in the shed next door.

Halina Kirschner lives and works as an illustrator in Leipzig. Just the other day, she saw a beautiful red tractor chugging along a busy road.



[mairisch 63]
1. Auflage, 2017
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Druck: Beltz Grafische Betriebe
Alle Rechte vorbehalten
Gedruckt in Deutschland
ISBN 978-3-938539-48-4

www.mairisch.de

