



My Farm Truck

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By Rick Gush

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What I do have now is the favorite vehicle I've ever owned: my 1982 Vespa PX125.

This little scooter James-Bond-cool, amazingly reliable, and perfect for the incredibly tiny streets here.

When something on the scooter does break, and it happens once a year or so, I simply push it to the closest mechanic, (seems like there's one on every other street) and they fix it, usually for some ridiculously low figure.

I routinely haul sacks of concrete, bags of manure from the local dairy, lumber, pipe and assorted supplies on the scooter, (I balance things on the foot rests) so it was no surprise that my mechanical problem last year occurred one day when I had just purchased two ninety-pound sacks of concrete.

The clutch cable snapped, leaving me two miles from home with a bunch of concrete and a broken scooter.

Sound like trouble? No way. I left the sacks of concrete on the scooter, pushed the whole thing a few blocks (it rolls very easily, even heavily loaded) to the scooter repair guy near the river.

He didn't even want me to unload the sacks, and proceeded to thread and connect a new clutch cable.

He charged me five euros, parts and labor included, and I was soon on my way again. The whole incident made me lose less than a half hour's time. I love my farm truck.

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