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**Bauer Beck fährt weg**  
***Farmer Beck Goes on Holiday***

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"No way", said Bauer Beck. "A farmer doesn't go on holiday and a maid doesn't do so either."

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"And why not?" cried Toni the maid angrily.

"Someone needs to milk the cow", said Bauer Beck.

"But someone also has to lie on the beach", said Toni.

"Someone needs to feed the chickens", said Bauer Beck.

"But someone needs to build sandcastles", said Toni.

"Someone, however, has to take care of the dung", said Bauer Beck, "And I am the farmer and you are the maid and the farmer decides. You are not going on holiday."

"See to your dung on your own then!" Toni angrily thrust the pitchfork into the dung heap. "I am going to the sea to take a holiday now!"

"There is nothing like an orderly farmyard!" farmer Beck called after Toni. But she was already on her way down into the valley.

We'll see, thought farmer Beck. If Toni can go on holiday, so can I.

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But who will milk the cow, feed the chickens and take care of the dung?

"Butcher", mumbled farmer Beck, "They'll all have to be butchered."

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He imagined what it would look like if he took all the animals on his trailer to the butcher.

The cow Mr. Smith, the calf Smithy, the two quarrelsome cocks and the chickens, the horse Urban, the sheep, the pig and the goat.

And as farmer Beck imagined what the people would say if he drove through the village with all his animals like that, he couldn't help but smile. And as he stood there smiling, he suddenly had an idea.

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The customs officer was very surprised to see farmer Beck and all his animals approach. The cow Mr. Smith, the calf Smithy, the two quarrelsome cocks who did nothing but fight during the journey, the horse Urban, the dog Alban – farmer Beck had taken them all. Except the cats, they had stayed at home to look after the mice.

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"This won't work", said the customs official. "Have you got the necessary papers for the animals? They can't cross the border without passports."

"No chance?", asked Beck.

"No chance", replied the customs official.

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"Humpf", grumbled farmer Beck and imagined what it would look like if the cow Mr. Smith showed its passport. And as farmer Beck imagined the reaction of the customs official, he had to smile. And as he smiled, farmer Beck had a sudden idea. He took his Polaroid camera and made a passport for every animal.

"There you are", said the customs official as Beck showed him the passports. "Why didn't you show these in the first place?" And he waved farmer Beck and all his animals across the border.

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"Oh!", said farmer Beck quietly when he saw the sea. Even the two quarrelling cocks held their beaks for a moment. The sea breeze tickled the horse Urban in the ears and the dog Alban happily sniffed the air. It smelled salty and very different from the dung heap at home. "We're there", said farmer Beck and got out his swimming trunks. The animals were very surprised, because they had never seen farmer Beck in swimming trunks – and without Wellington boots.

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Farmer Beck splashed in the sea and was very happy to be finally having a holiday.

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"No, no, no – that's not possible", cried the beach warden when farmer Beck wanted to put up his tent. "Camping is not allowed on the beach."

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"No chance?", asked farmer Beck.

"No chance", replied the beach warden.

"Humpf", grumbled farmer Beck.

"You can camp for as long as you want to on the camping site", said the beach warden. "But not on the beach."

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"No, no, no – that won't do", cried the lady at the camping site. "Dogs are not allowed on the camping site."

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"No chance?", asked farmer Beck.

"No chance", replied the lady at the camping site unkindly.

"Humpf", grumbled farmer Beck.

"The hotel allows dogs", said the lady. "But no dogs on the camping site."

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"One person, one cow with calf, one sheep, one goat, five chickens and two quarrelling cocks, one horse and a dog", listed farmer Beck. "Is that possible?"

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"I would have a room for you," contemplated the hotel director, "but...."

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....it is on the fourth floor."

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"No chance", mumbled farmer Beck. And the animals went quiet. Puzzled, he loaded all animals back onto his trailer.

"It simply won't do", he said. "We're going home."

Farmer Beck very slowly drove out of the village in the direction of the motorway. And as he drove along the country road, he suddenly saw a sign

#### Holiday on the farm

The farmer waved friendly at farmer Beck as he drove into the farmyard. "One cow with calf, one sheep, one goat, five chickens and two quarrelling cocks, one horse and a dog", listed farmer Beck. "Is that possible?"

"That is fine", said farmer Hamm.

"Ha!", said farmer Beck and laughed. "I knew it: If Toni can go on holiday, then so can I!"

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"Humpf", mumbled farmer Beck the next morning, as he sat in the wicker beach chair. He wore his swimming trunks, looked out to the sea and felt pretty much relaxed.

The wind blew from in-land and Beck realised that the farmer Hamm's dung heap didn't smell any different from his own at home. And as the horse Urban neighed on the pasture and the chickens clucked on the roof, farmer Beck mumbled:

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"Holiday yes or no – there is still nothing better than an orderly farm."