

LASTWORD



WITH JANINE ADAMSON

The final mile

been through so much together. We've survived losing our exhaust on the way back from a Hutchinsons conference in the depths of winter, the mysterious case of a broken hazard warning light button (how?) meaning I appeared rude for weeks, and countless road rage-fuelled idiots driving up our backside and bullying us into ditches. For the latter, even on a casual Sunday... the audacity.

I've managed to successfully transport a fully-assembled exercise bike on the backseat because her boot is the size of a postage stamp. We've driven to British Sugar's Wissington factory and back with only an 'opera greatest hits' CD on repeat to entertain us. Our collection of leather chamois blocks and microfibre mitts is enviable, given her demisting capabilities are so lacking.

However, after some numpty sped past me on the M6, propelling a chipping into my windscreen and creating the most curiously-shaped crack, I've had to admit defeat. Along with her annual tivitations, it just isn't going to be worth it.

Even though under the bonnet is holding strong, Pepper's exterior has let her down, including needing some new shoes, a full 360 paint job and for someone to finally figure out the conundrum of the broken key fob. In today's world, it makes little financial sense to keep repairing something that's old, and on paper, worth so little.

Now, how do I feel about this? It makes me very sad actually, as the one thing I'm passionately against is consumerism and waste. I wear mostly second-hand clothes, I'll eat wild combinations from the fridge because sell-by dates are fast approaching, I frequent our local car boot. Also, I *insert rude word* love old cars. They're quirky, fun and full of personality.

As a child, I remember my mum explaining why her vehicle had a choke; my childhood bassoon teacher drove a creaky old brown Volvo estate with a boot full of oboes and a rather dubious aroma. Oh my, the cassette collection in the centre console of my grandma's baby blue Ford

Escort – Annie Lennox, Daniel O'Donnell and Elvis Presley.

I'm not against progress, I just see charm in trusty, well-loved things. The history, the stories, the long-enduring loyalty. As for Pepper, it's the places she's taken me to during those thousands of miles together, the tiny parking spaces we've squeezed into (if you know, you know), and the pennies saved in fuel efficiency given her small yet perky engine.

And while I admit I've personified my car beyond the realm of normality, there are parallels with my own status. Hopefully I'm not abandoned just because my appearance isn't what it once was, after all, looks may fade but the old grey matter persists. Please don't scrap me in exchange for a shiny new model.

So while the final curtain is about to fall for my cherished 'Pepperami' car, I guess I offer much sympathy to those of you who are reluctant to let go of something that's served you well. For all of those Trigger's brooms out there – patched-up farm pick-ups and wonky wheelbarrows – I whole-heartedly salute you. ●

“All good things must come to an end’ – I rather loathe

that phrase, mainly because more often than not it's annoyingly true, said through gritted teeth. And just to be clear early doors, no, I'm not departing!

In this particular context, it's saying a rather tearful goodbye to my trusty steed, Pepper – a 2011 red Toyota Aygo. For those of you who I've visited in person, you'll be familiar with my little Noddy car and her off-road ambitions. No road is too rough!

The reason why I'm melancholy about her departure is because we've

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YOUR EDITOR

Janine Adamson began her journalistic career writing obituaries for a local newspaper but fast found her stride within agricultural communications. Now, more than 15 years later, she finds herself at the helm of CPM. A proud Staffordshire girl from the Moorlands, Janine takes pride in tackling subjects which although aren't exclusively farming, affect everyone.