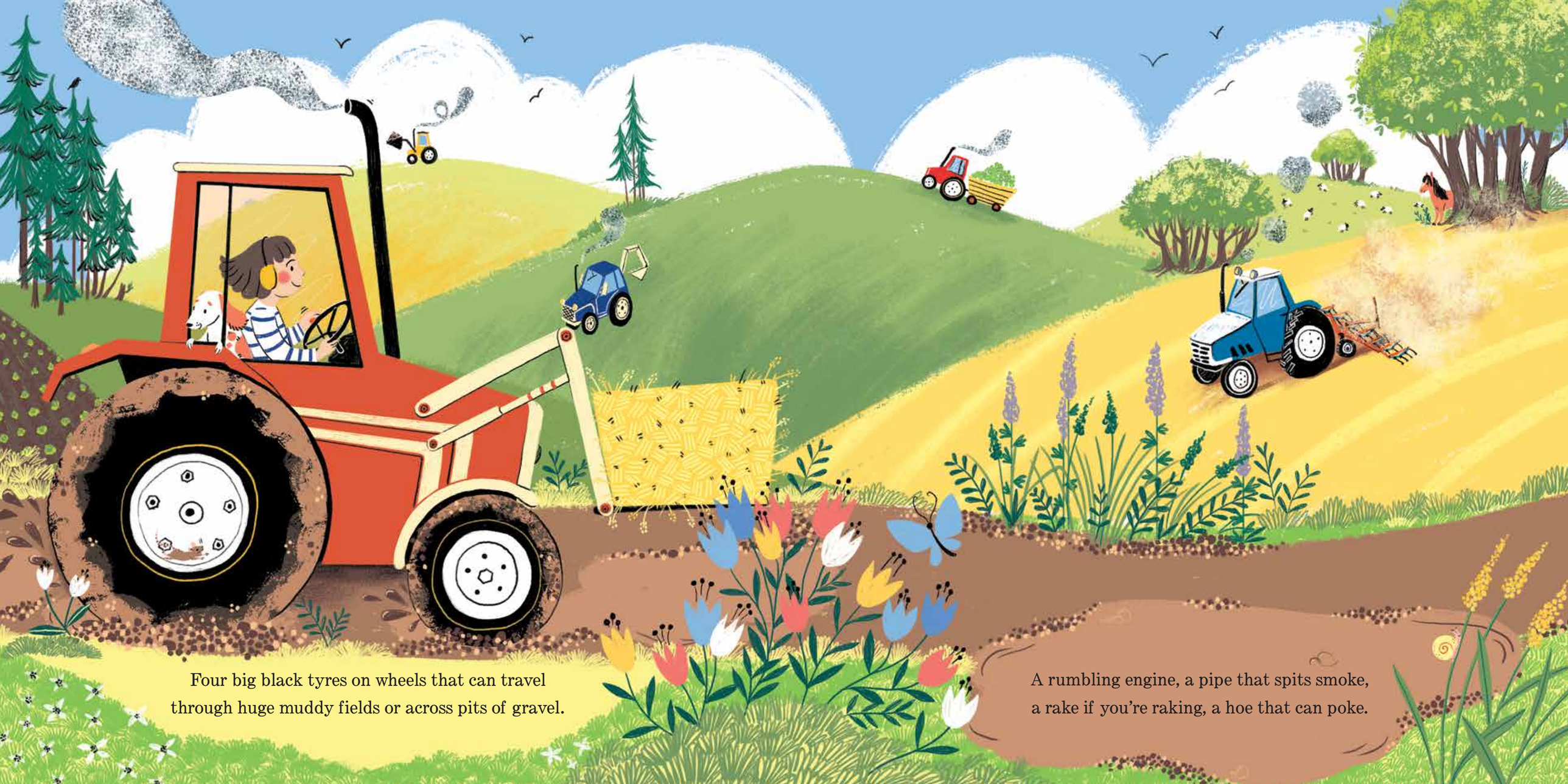
"Why, thank you for asking," I say with great glee.
"I'd love to explain why they're special to me,
and all of the various, glorious factors
that make up the love that I have for all tractors.



First...



Four big black tyres on wheels that can travel
through huge muddy fields or across pits of gravel.

A rumbling engine, a pipe that spits smoke,
a rake if you're raking, a hoe that can poke.

A seat for the farmer,
a wheel that she steers,
and a grumbling noise
as she changes the gears.

Levers and buttons
and pedals to press…”

“Trucks have those too,” Mama loudly protests.

“A little more hush, thank you, Mrs McGee,”
the librarian calls. “Use your library voice, please.”