Jeremy

Clarkson



Diddly Squat

A Year on the Farm

Diddly Squat

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Born to Be Riled

Clarkson on Cars

The World According to Clarkson

I Know You Got Soul

And Another Thing

Don't Stop Me Now

For Crying Out Loud!

Driven to Distraction

How Hard Can It Be?

Round the Bend

Is It Really Too Much To Ask?

What Could Possibly Go Wrong?

As I Was Saying . . .

If You'd Just Let Me Finish!

Really?

Can You Make This Thing Go Faster?

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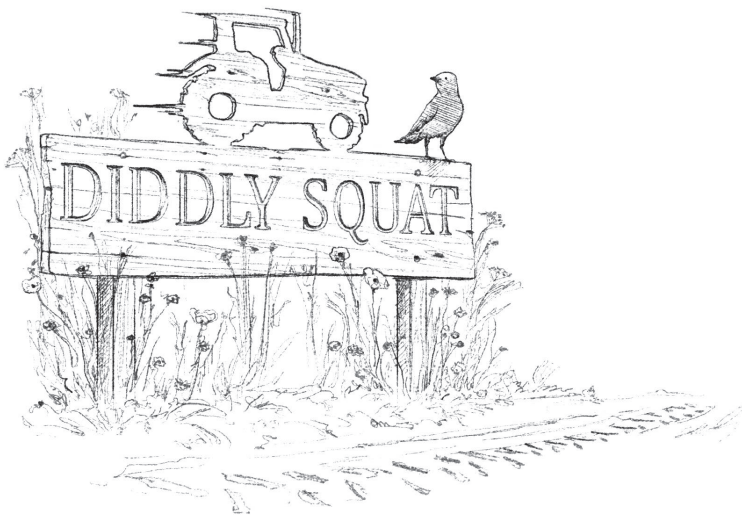
A Year on the Farm

JEREMY CLARKSON



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This book is dedicated to Kaleb, Charlie, Ellen, Kevin, Gerald and, of course, Lisa.

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The contents of this book first appeared in Jeremy Clarkson's *Sunday Times* column. Read more about the world according to Clarkson every week in the *Sunday Times*.

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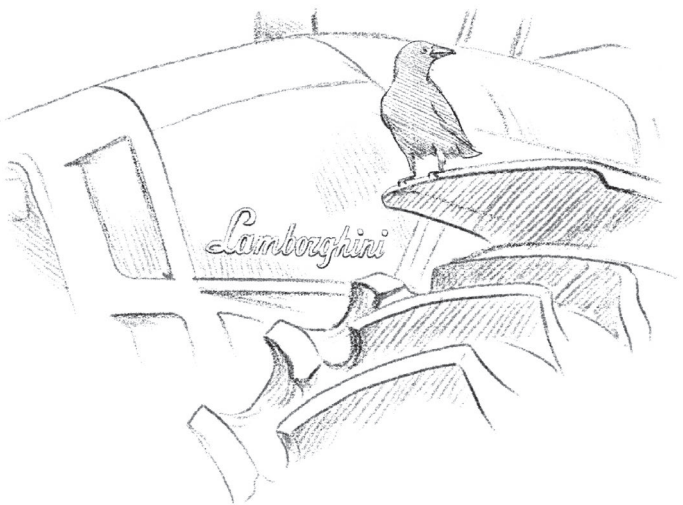
Introduction



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For more than twenty years I have written about cars in the *Sunday Times*. And then along came the bat flu, which meant the car-makers were forced to shut down their demonstration fleets. Which, in turn, meant that I had nothing to review.

Of course, I could have put my feet up, and instead of writing a car column every week, I could have written nothing at all. But I like writing. It's what I do to relax. Some people enjoy playing golf or doing the downward dog or walking up hills. I like sitting at my laptop, dreaming up similes and metaphors. So, I asked my editor if it would be all right to write about farming instead. And he said yes, and now, what we've done is put all those columns in a book.

It's strange. When I write about cars, I sort of know what I'm talking about. I know what understeer is and what a carburettor does. But I didn't know anything about farming. Literally nothing at all. Here I was then, the *Sunday Times* farming expert, and I could not tell

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barley from wheat, let alone how you made them grow. Nor did I know what rape was used for.

I certainly didn't understand any of the buttons on my tractor, and when I was told I'd need somewhere to store my grain, I didn't know whether I'd need a bucket, or a bath. It turned out I'd need a barn, and a big one at that.

All I could do then, is take you, the reader, on my voyage of discovery. And what a voyage it's been.

Since I began, I've learned that it is completely impossible to attach anything to my tractor and that the weather will always do something you weren't expecting, and don't want. I also learned that whatever you plan on doing with your day on the farm you will invariably end up doing something else, that sheep are an expensive nuisance, that wasabi isn't commonly grown in the UK for a reason, and that the government is endlessly annoying.

Most of all, though, I have learned that it is a great life. Being on my tractor when the sun is going down, watching the hares and the deer and the songbirds, is something I never knew I'd find so utterly joyful. And then stopping, briefly, at lunchtime to eat a sandwich made from my wheat and my lamb, and washing it down with my apple juice: well, it sure as hell beats watching James May organize his tool kit.

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This morning, I have to top my hay and then, tomorrow, I'll be starting my second harvest, which means I probably won't get much of a chance to drive the Porsche GT3 that's sitting in the farm yard, waiting to be reviewed. Still, not the end of the world, eh?

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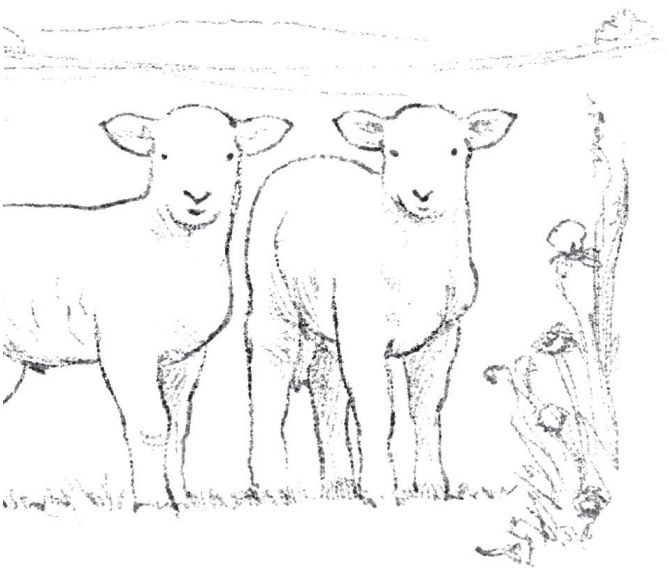

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