

Now I'm going to rub with this unique cleaning tablet which removes grease, ink, coffee, wine, gravy—which removes everything except dried oil paint, and nothing can remove dried oil paint, it's like sin . . .

Marcel's mother, Edouard's grandmother, used to say, when she was in the yard at the washing trough: Water washes out everything except sin.

I take my cleaning tablet and gently rub. Up and down . . .

Jésus! said Marcel loudly.

Edouard spread his arms upwards like a Christ, and the apron, hanging from his neck, was white.

I'm not asking twenty francs. I'm not even asking fifteen. I'd be giving it away at ten. But because of that beautiful young lady wearing the dress with peonies on it, yes, Madame, you've melted my heart, I'M OFFERING IT TO YOU AT ONLY EIGHT FRANCS A TABLET. TWO FOR FIFTEEN. THREE FOR TWENTY!

It was not until several days later that Marcel confronted his son.

I saw you in A . . . the other day, said the father.

I heard you were there.

You were selling soap.

I've packed that in now. It was only a stop-gap.

Both men were standing in the kitchen, Marcel at the end where the floor was plain boards, Edouard by the sink where there was linoleum. Both of them were looking at the floor. Marcel raised his head.

You were robbing people. It was an authoritative accusation.

It took out a lot of stains, Edouard smiled.

Monkey-work! Why don't you practise your trade?

I like the outdoor life, I guess. He paused and then he shouted at the top of his voice, I must have got that from you! You wouldn't last a day in a factory!

The father shifted his legs, placing them wide apart, as if expecting to be jumped upon.

What you were doing in the market was fraud!

No, it was selling.

~~It was fraud!~~

~~It was selling!~~

In October Marcel and Nicole lifted the last potatoes. By November the small apples on the trees had turned red. Marcel climbed up to shake them down whilst the cows were still grazing in the orchard. Nicole waited in the cropped grass and the apples fell onto the sheet she had spread out. Each evening Marcel took the mare and tipcart and brought another ten sacks of apples up to the house. Altogether there were sixty sacks: fifty filled with apples and ten with pears.

As the afternoons became shorter, Marcel pressed the cider. The whole yard smelt of apples. He crossed it many times carrying buckets of apple juice to pour into the barrels in the cellar, and sacks of *marc* on his shoulder to empty into the vat. The vat was as tall as he and a good metre and a half in diameter.

One day, when the snow was not far away, Edouard came into the outhouse where the press was. Marcel scooped up a glass of apple juice and held it out to Edouard, who shook his head.

It gives me diarrhoea.

You can undo the press.

Edouard took off his belted raincoat and hung it on a nail.

You know, you could sell this thing as an antique, said Edouard, a wooden press with 1802 carved on it!

It's oak.

There's a dealer in A . . . who'd give half a million for it.

What would he do with it?

He'd sell it to a bank or hotel.

What?

As décor.

The world has left the earth behind it, said the father.

And what was on the earth? demanded the son angrily. Half the men here had to emigrate because there wasn't enough to eat! Half the children died before they grew up! Why don't you admit it?

Life has always been a struggle. Do you think it can ever be anything else?

You were dirt poor!

Marcel removed the fastening bolt without saying a word and the sides of the press opened. They were ribbed like a corset. Edouard lifted out the cake of *marc* which was as large as a cart-wheel, propped it on a bench by the window, and started to cut the *marc* into pieces with an axe. It was the consistency of damp bran and it smelt of all that had happened in the orchard since the spring.

It would be quicker to put it through the grinder, Edouard said.

It would be quicker but less good.

Why not use the grinder since you have it? Edouard insisted.

It makes better *gnôle* if you break it up by hand.

Why?

Marcel shrugged his shoulders. It's the nature of *gnôle*. I don't know why.

Edouard slashed violently with the axe at what remained of the wheel.

My father's a maniac, he hissed, a maniac!

When the vat was full Marcel covered the *marc*. The first layer of the covering was newspaper. The paper which came regularly each week into the house was the local one, full of reports of local councils, mayors' speeches, deaths, market prices, weddings and declarations from the Ministry of Agriculture. Over these news items he spread walnut leaves. And over the leaves he put earth. As the *marc* fermented each day and reduced its volume, he carefully pressed the covering a little further down.

The vat gave him pleasure, like the hay in the hayloft, or the smoked sausages, made from the pig, which hung from the ceiling above his high double bed. They were achievements which made him feel, as the snow obliterated everything on the ground, that the farm was prepared for the winter. The winter came.

Every pine needle was covered with hoar-frost. The fox stood there, surprised, as though at this season he did not expect to have to hide.

In God's name he can see I haven't brought my gun! whispered Marcel.

He had no means to kill the fox and the fox knew it. It was the same fox who had come down and taken nine of Nicole's chickens before the haymaking, when the grass was high enough to offer him cover. Now he was thin, his coat more grey than brown. Neither man nor animal moved. Faintly from a distant farm, both of them heard a cock crow.

What makes him shake his head like that? Jésus and Marie! He's cunning, cunning, more cunning than all the rest put together!

The fox, certain of his rights, walked unhurriedly up the slope between the juniper bushes and disappeared under the rocks and pine trees.

There I stood, explained Marcel, empty-handed, and I said to myself. Tomorrow I'll take the *marc*. It was the fox who made me decide.

He broke the seal and the initial smell of the *marc* gave off a kind of warmth in the cold air. He shovelled it into sacks and arranged the sacks in the tipcart. On the way down to the village he rode on the sacks. When he reached the cemetery he got down because there the road climbs.

It began to snow and he swore. As he looked up towards the sky he could see in the distance two electric light bulbs, strung from the tin roof of the engine. They were alight. When he arrived, Mathieu, the distiller, was wiping the sweat off his face despite the cold. Under the engine was a steaming heap of muck, the colour of bile, and every minute the snow falling on the heap made the muck less yellow.

How is the Patronne? Mathieu asked Marcel. She who was the most beautiful bride of her year, the most beautiful mother and now the most beautiful grandmother! The distiller bowed from the waist.

When Mathieu toured with the distilling engines he was expansive and gallant. The pace of the work and the cheating of the state out of some of its taxes inspired him. The rest of the year, working in a furniture factory, he was taciturn and hesitant.

Beechwood, good beef, and a beautiful wife—keep them whoever can! said Marcel.

~~His voice was gruff in the cold, and the snowflakes on his eyebrows were unmeltable. He was still smiling with pride when he shook hands with the five or six men waiting by the engine.~~

The engine consists of a boiler, three vases and a condenser, mounted on an old chassis. The vases are insulated with planks of wood. The copper pipes which conduct the steam from the boiler to the vases and from these to the condenser are the thickness of a bull's horns. And they curve like horns too. At the bottom of the condenser was the outlet pipe and under it a small copper pail, filling up with *gnôle*. That the produce of this gigantic, shaking, copper-horned bull should come, drop by drop, out of a duct no larger than the open beak of a small bird, is a sign of its secret. Its secret is to transform work into spirit. What is emptied into the vases is work; what comes out of the beak is imagination.

Mathieu pulled a tragic face, waved his arms and bawled:  
Shut off!

One of his assistants shut off the boiler, and the other climbed up to loosen the holding nuts which clamped the lids to the vases. Scalding steam hissed out from under the loosened lids and immediately turned as thick and white as smoke. From the tin roof a tarpaulin hung down to the ground to protect the waiting men from the weather. Between the engine and this tarpaulin, the white steam now made it impossible for the men to see their own arms.

They've come! said one of them, invisibly.

Who in God's name?

The steam turned wet on their faces.

The inspectors!

In the white cloud they all laughed at this joke for the inspectors had made their inspection only two days before.

When the steam dispersed they saw Mathieu holding up, with the handle of his hammer, a string of glistening black sausages.

Hand me a plate! he shouted.

~~Emile, who was born in 1897, stepped forward with a plate, and untied the tape which held the fur flaps of his cap over his ears, preparatory to eating.~~

~~Sausages, the colour of black cherries, cooked in *gnôle*, warm the heart because they are hot, arouse because they are salty, con-~~

~~tort because they taste of wood smoke, confer strength because they are meat, and release dreams because they are saturated with alcohol. Sheltered between the tarpaulin and engine the men ate. As they ate, the collars of their coats touching their cheeks, and the juice running out of the corners of their mouths, they grunted with pleasure.~~

~~Amen! said Emile.~~

~~Half-way through the morning, it was Marcel's turn to empty his sacks of marc into the vases. He had twelve sacks, enough to fill the three vases twice. Once more the bull engine started its work of transformation.~~

~~He had already filled three demijohns with *gnôle* when an old woman flung open a window in the nearest house and began to yell and wave her arms.~~

~~It's Marie, muttered Emile, she never lets me stay.~~

~~Reluctantly Emile left the engine and walked with his stick across the snow to his house. No sooner had he entered than he was out again waving his stick.~~

~~The men by the engine waved back at him, laughing, and continued to listen to the sounds of the copper bull. Soon they would say *Amen* again.~~

~~Mathieu! Mathieu! shouted Emile. Only when he had reached the engine did anybody take any notice of what the old man was trying to say.~~

~~The inspectors are coming! he gasped.~~

~~How do you know?~~

~~The baker telephoned. He said they drove past half an hour ago. The line was not working. Only just got through.~~

~~Everybody turned to Marcel.~~

~~How many litres have I got, a hundred? he asked.~~

~~I'm afraid so! said Mathieu.~~

~~Afraid so! My trees have never given so much as this year. Three thousand litres of cider! It's the best year I can remember. Last year there were so few apples, it wasn't worth pressing them. And you say, you are afraid so!~~

~~Marcel, don't play the fool! There's no way of fixing the papers if it's still in the vases.~~

The buggers even come in a snowstorm, whispered Emile.  
We hide nothing, commanded Marcel.  
Mathieu looked at him pityingly.  
They came the day before yesterday, said the youngest assistant.  
A car stopped on the bridge.  
The buggers have come back again!  
Two men got out, wearing city overcoats, spotless green wellington boots and, on their heads, tartan berets with woollen pompoms.  
Good morning!  
The chief inspector knew better than to hold out his hand. The younger one did so and nobody took it.

Gentlemen, boomed Emile, what have they always taxed? They tax whatever gives pleasure to the poor. Salt, tobacco, gnôle! the poor have no right to pleasures. If they had, it would discourage the rich!

The chief inspector deliberately ignored the old man. I don't suppose you expected us back so soon, he said to Mathieu.

There were thirty distilling engines in the region, and if the two inspectors did their rounds regularly, one could count on a month between visits.

It was the little question of the emergency tap which brought us back so soon.

The chief inspector spoke as if he were explaining to children, then, removing his gloves, he examined the tap of the serpentine condenser, put a finger to it and smelt the tip of his finger.

Old goat shit! muttered Emile.

The inspectors were like actors in a sinister theatre, sinister because everything they did was addressed to an authority who was not present.

You've drawn some off, said the inspector folding his arms across his chest.

What's been drawn off, said Marcel, nodding at his demijohns, is there!

Are they yours?

They are mine.

And the paper form?  
The paper form is yours.  
Have you filled it in?  
How could I? I don't know how many litres my marc will yield yet.

Are all three vases yours?

Yes, they are mine.

They are going to make a little more than the statutory twenty litres, aren't they? The chief inspector smiled at the absent authority.

Mathieu pretended to study the dials of the boiler.

A good year for apples, said the young inspector, hoping to be affable.

The chief took a pen out of his pocket.

Do you know what this means? Marcel addressed the question as if to the snow. His gnôle was running out of the beak into the copper bucket which he had just emptied.

It means I'm going to have to pay, pay money for my own produce!

He spoke as solemnly and slowly as a priest saying a prayer over an open grave.

Marcel's marc yielded one hundred and sixty litres of Eau-de-vie at fifty per cent, which meant that he had to pay on eighty-six litres the sum of two hundred and six thousand, four hundred francs: half the price of a four-year-old mare.

On his way home snow was blowing into Marcel's and Gui-Gui's eyes. He said afterwards that, as he rode in the cart, all explanations escaped him. All he could see was his next action drawing closer and becoming larger.

He unharnessed Gui-Gui and led her into the stable. The horse's stall, the large table in the kitchen, the ceiling-high cupboard where the gnôle bottle was kept, the cellar door—because the bottle was empty and he had to go and fill it from the demijohn—the wardrobe in the bedroom from which he took his shotgun, the bed on which he sat to change his boots, these wooden things, so solid to the touch, worn and polished, protected from the snow, placed

in the house before he was born, built with wood that came from the forest which, through the window, was now no more than a darkness behind the falling snow, reminded him with a force, such as he had never experienced before, of all the dead who were his family and who had lived and worked in the same farm. He poured out a glass of gnôle for himself. The feeling came back into his feet. His ancestors were in the house with him.

At midday he was standing on the side of the road which led down from the hamlet where the distillers were still working. He had changed his leather jacket and wore an overcoat and cap. He waited for half an hour. For the Prosecution this half hour was to be proof that his action was premeditated.

At last a car came slowly round the corner. Standing in the middle of the road, Marcel waved his arms, the shotgun hidden under his overcoat. The car stopped.

The chief inspector wound down his snow-covered window. What is it? he asked.

Marcel uncovered the barrels of his shotgun.

A good year for apples! he said.

The windscreen wipers stopped. There was only the sound of the engine ticking over.

Give me the ignition key. Thank you. Now ask your colleague to get out and stand by the headlights. Tell him to shut the door. Good. Wait a moment, let's see. He and I will get into the back of the car. And you will drive where I tell you.

~~This hold-up in the snow, said the chief inspector under cross-examination by the Prosecution, was as terrifying as an encounter with the Yeti.~~

~~The judge asked what a Yeti was. The Yeti is an anthropoid monster who lives in the Himalayas.~~

After a few minutes Marcel told the inspector to stop the car. The pine trees were weighed down with snow, and on the left of the road was a steep escarpment.

From here we walk, he said. Give me the key. Wait a moment, let's see. Yes, open the driver's door.

They took a path which led down the escarpment. Only Marcel

knew where the path led. His two prisoners fell, lost their gloves and floundered in the waist-high snow. To tell the truth, testified the younger one, the prospect of falling over the edge did not disturb me much because I was convinced anyway that we were being taken to our place of execution.

At the bottom of the escarpment there had once been a farm. It had burnt down and only the wooden grenier, the size of a horse's stall, remained.

Marcel handed the chief inspector a large key, as long as a hammer.

Open the bottom door.

The door was no taller than their chests. The inspectors had to stoop to enter. There were no windows. The floor was stone, and the wooden walls were as thick as the door. Greniers were built like strong-rooms.

What are you going to do? asked the chief inspector.

Now at last he did not speak for the benefit of the absent authority. He was addressing directly the man who held the gun and sat in the doorway.

I'm going to shut the door and lock it from the outside!

You can't do that. We'll freeze to death.

Marcel shook his head.

Our clothes are wet.

They'll dry.

There's no window. We'll die of suffocation.

The silhouette in the door again shook his head.

There's no light.

No, there's no light.

There'll be a search party out for us!

Not yet.

I tell you, if you leave us here, we'll die of exposure.

I'm leaving you a bottle of gnôle. Marcel stood the bottle on the floor.

How long? asked the chief.

Without answering Marcel got to his feet, went out into the snow and locked the door with the key. The inspectors, who

belonged to the Special Section for the Investigation of Fraud of the Ministry of Finance, were thumping with their fists against the ceiling.

When Marcel reached the car on the road above, he hesitated. He tried to push it to the edge of the escarpment. His boots slipped in the snow. He knew enough about driving to drive ten metres. He had been right that it wouldn't have taken him long to learn to drive a tractor. Cautiously he got out of the driver's seat. This time he scarcely had to push. The car crept forward, and plunged down the shale slope. When it hit a pine tree it turned over and rolled further down. Finally it came to rest on its side and the snow started to cover it.

Is their car still there? he once asked Nicole when she came to visit him in the prison at B. . . .

Before nightfall he returned to the grenier. It stank of gnôle. The prisoners said they had knocked over the bottle in the dark. He suspected that they had drunk most of it, and then broken the bottle deliberately with the idea of using it as a cutting tool or a weapon. There was blood on the younger one's hand.

We use gnôle as an antiseptic, Marcel said. We also use it for preserving fruit and herbs so that we have something special to offer guests when they visit.

Our families will have notified the police, warned the chief inspector.

We use it too, continued Marcel, for dulling the pain of animals.

The chief had taken off his tartan cap and was using it as a kind of muff for his hands as he paced backwards and forwards. He could only take two very short strides in each direction.

To kidnap two state officials, said the chief inspector as he turned in circles, in pursuit of their official duty is an act of treason. You will be tried and sentenced. Make no mistake about it. They are already out looking for us!

Marcel sat in the doorway, the gun across his knees, studying his prisoners.

You have no hope of escape, said the chief inspector. The weight he was giving to each word, before his voice fell over it to proceed to the next, suggested that he was drunk.

Marcel stared at him, wondering.

Suddenly the chief inspector stopped turning in circles and knelt on the floor.

Listen, my friend, listen carefully to what I'm going to say now. Release us. Take us back to our car. I shall have to report the matter but we'll say it was a practical joke. Nothing more serious than a practical joke. We'll call it a joke! shall we call it a joke now?

The chief inspector held out his hand to clinch the deal.

I've brought you bread, water, two blankets, matches and a candle, said Marcel. The candle won't burn all night so you had better economise with it.

The chief inspector was on his feet, pacing in circles again. For the last time, he screamed at the top of his voice, we're offering to consider you a joker!

Marcel left them and hid the shotgun in the upper part of the grenier to save taking it home. It was freezing hard and his boots squeaked in the snow as he followed his own tracks and planned what to do next.

The same evening he visited his neighbour Jean-François. All the village knew by now that Marcel had had the bad luck to be booked by the inspectors. Jean-François commiserated with him. What has happened has happened, said Marcel. Nobody yet knew that the inspectors had disappeared. Marcel came quickly to the point of his visit.

I want to borrow six sheep.

In God's name what do you want them for?

For a practical joke.

On who?

I can't tell you.

On me?

No.

Jean-François started to laugh. If it's not on me, what are you going to do with the sheep? You're going to put them somewhere unlikely, aren't you? Somewhere where you never think of a sheep. In the Chapel? Seigneur! What an idea. You're going to take them to the Chapel!

I can't tell you!  
 How long do you want them for?  
 A few days.  
 A few days. It's a joke that goes on then?  
 It's a lesson—  
 A lesson! I see it now. You're going to take them to the school!  
 You want them for several lessons. Why do you need six?  
 Wouldn't one be enough?  
 I need six.

The following day Marcel fetched the sheep in his cart. A bluish frost settled on the curls of their grey wool, and they buried their muzzles in each other's flanks. When he turned round to look into the cart he saw only one anxiously raised head. The others were huddled together, heads down.

To cross the field to the grenier he had to carry the sheep on his shoulders one at a time. In the upper room of greniers were stored bottled fruit, honey, the bed linen, the wool, the wedding dress, the coverlet for the cradle; in the bottom room were stored sacks of flour and grain, purified butter, the bacon and the demijohns of *gnôle*. Greniers were always built a certain distance from their farm so that if the house caught fire, the basic victuals and a few family treasures would be saved.

Marcel opened the bottom door. It smelt of urine. The two men hunched up against the far wall put their hands to their faces to protect their eyes against the sudden light.

You are moving upstairs, Marcel told them.

My colleague needs a doctor, said the young inspector. He has acute pains in his stomach.

He'll be more comfortable upstairs. Put your hands on your heads, both of you. Come on out! Let me see. Yes, go up the stairway on the left.

The two prisoners, having stooped to pass through the small door, did not bother to straighten their backs on the staircase, and climbed up on all fours. The younger one pushed open the upper door, and found himself staring into a ewe's eyes.

There's no room, he muttered, it's full of sheep.

They won't hurt you.  
 It's impossible! said the chief.  
 Marcel swore and jabbed his gun at him.  
 Bent double, the men entered and the sheep bleated.  
 There's a bale of straw in the corner, said Marcel.  
 His two prisoners sat on the bale. The sitting position made them less animal-like.

We can't survive another night here, said the chief inspector gravely. This is a form of torture to which you are subjecting us, you realise that, don't you?

That's why I brought the sheep. My grandmother used to say: It saves wood to sleep in the stable. She came from the other side of the mountains where there is no forest and wood is scarce.

We shivered all night, the young one said.

Tonight the sheep will warm you.

My colleague needs a doctor. He suffers from an ulcer, and has acute pains in his stomach.

There's bread and milk for you.

What are you going to do with us?

When you're ready to listen I'm going to talk.

Talk?

About justice.

Justice! yelled the chief inspector. The sheep turned their heads and looked at him with startled eyes. You are going to talk about justice! You'll soon be fleeing from justice!

The sheep kept turning in circles looking for a way out, and finding only the walls and the legs of the two seated prisoners. One of the sheep raised her tail to piss. Marcel, standing on the outside staircase, straightened his back so that his head was no longer visible from the inside of the room. It was as if the two men had already been left alone with the sheep and the fact that they were herded so closely together with these animals made their isolation sharper.

You are right, said the older inspector. Why not talk?

Marcel heard the remark but did not put his head back through the door.

John Berger

Tell me, the inspector went on, how much are you asking for us? You may be asking an unrealistic sum—in which case we could help you.

Marcel bent his knees and looked again at his prisoners.

If you are asking a billion, it's too much. They won't pay that for us. Are you in touch with our families or the Ministry?

Marcel gave no sign of having heard the question.

We have a right to know. How much are you asking? Is it more than fifty million? I'd say fifty million is the maximum one could expect them to pay for men like us.

Despair, irreversible as the sound of an avalanche, suddenly engulfed Marcel.

If I'm asking too much, he spoke with his mouth almost shut, why do you care?

We are both married men with children. We are worried for our families.

Once again Marcel appeared not to have heard.

How much are you asking? insisted the chief inspector. You must understand that we have more experience than you of the value of money.

Marcel thrust his fists into the fleece of the nearest sheep and spoke as though to the animal. The value of money! he cried. The value of money!

The other three sheep raised their heads towards the wailing figure in the doorway and started to bleat. The value of money! The value of money! He grasped at the wool.

Slowly his fists relaxed. The sheep quietened. He looked at his two prisoners and spoke.

You are worried, he said. I regret to have to tell you that there is a tax to pay on worry! There's also a tax to pay on pain and a tax on shivering. A thousand francs a shiver! You say you both shivered all night? If only one of you had stayed warm, it would have saved you money! Still, tonight the sheep will save you hundreds of thousands. Last night, though, you are obliged to pay for! Have you filled in the form for your pain? You spoke of an ulcer, that's a sharp pain, and the sharper the pain, the higher the tax!

He has gone mad! The younger inspector took hold of the chief inspector's shoulders and began to shake him. Do something quick, he's gone out of his mind.

The chief inspector drew out his wallet and threw it over the backs of the sheep towards the peasant.

The wallet lay on the top step. Marcel put his boot on it, and turning his foot, pressed it, as if killing a salamander. Then he left without uttering a word.

He did not ride in the cart. He walked beside Gui-Gui. Walking is a form of thinking. After ten minutes he said to the horse:

It ends in defeat because you can only take revenge on those who are your own. Those two up there belong to another time. They are our prisoners and yet no revenge is possible. They would never know what we were avenging.

Next morning after he and Nicole had milked the cows, he stayed alone in the stable, as he did every morning, to brush and groom the animals until their haunches shone like polished walnut wood. Then he harnessed Gui-Gui to the cart and returned to the grenier.

The prisoners made no attempt to leave when he picked up a sheep and, leaving the door open, carried her away on his shoulders.

Why don't you go?

You have a gun.

I'm releasing you.

Why? asked the chief inspector suspiciously.

You do not have to know that too.

Backs bent to pass through the tiny door, the two men stepped outside and shielded their eyes with their hands from the sunshine coming off the snow. Their clothes were filthy. Their faces were creased and unshaven. They stood there, uncertain what to do next.

When the police handcuffed Marcel that afternoon the sky was blue and cloudless, the blue extending far beyond the furthest mountain. The snow on the peaks looked as innocent of the past as a baby after sleep.

He was charged with rebellion against officers of the state, armed



robbery and the wilful destruction of public property. He served two months' preventive detention and, at his trial, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

In the prison at B . . . he looked at his hands which lay idle and heavy in his lap. What has been taken away from me, he said, is the habit of working. I will never again be able to load thirteen tipcarts and take Gui-Gui to the top field.

## Hay

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The flowers in her hair  
wet in the morning  
are dry by ten

Her apron clings  
stones like hands  
press in her pocket

Tomorrow  
the scythes will gasp  
as her clothes fall down

On this slope she'll lie  
hands on its shoulder  
feet on the road below

Gathered in lines  
her cocks will crouch  
like couples in the moonlight

Next day in the sun  
she'll walk on her hands  
to get as dry as fire

Combed by the women  
lifted by men  
she'll ride the carts