

Trabant

I went on some relief trips to Romania after the fall of the Ceauşescu, my diesel Range Rover, Tansit and an ambulance. On my first trip, my co-driver and I were billeted with an old lady from the Unitarian church we were supporting. We left our car at the manse, and she took us in her Trabant to her block of flats. Many might castigate it as a nasty little commie mockery of a car, but it was far better than gossip had it, at least for scooting across town three up with luggage. No doubt its freewheel eased the driving.

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