

LITTLE MR

JAROMIR

BY

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Mr Jaromir Moves House

Little Mr Jaromir lives on the sixth floor. Each time he gets into the lift, he jumps as high as he can and presses a button. He usually reaches the fourth floor and walks up the last two flights.

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Little Mr Jaromir
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Mr Jaromir Moves House

Early one morning little Mr Jaromir was standing in front of a big block of flats in Forest Rd and waving away the approaching cars. He was keeping two parking spaces in front of the building free. The car drivers sounded their horns in annoyance and drove on.

At midday a removal van stopped in the free spaces. The removal men carried wardrobes, tables and shelves into the building. Also a cooker, a refrigerator and lots and lots of cushions.

By evening the furniture van was gone again.

“Well, that didn’t take too long,” said little Mr Jaromir and went inside.

He now lived on the sixth floor. He took the lift, but not quite all the way. The buttons were so high up, that Mr Jaromir had to jump to reach them. He jumped as high as he could and reached button number four. So he only got as far as the fourth floor and then walked up two flights of stairs.

“So, this is where I live now,” said Mr Jaromir. He liked the new flat very much. But there were still boxes lying around everywhere and the shelves were still in pieces all over the floor. Again and again Mr

Jaromir walked from the kitchen into the living room and from the living room into the kitchen. And he said, “It’ll be even nicer when everything is in its place.”

But because it would take some thought, how to fit all his things into the little flat, Mr Jaromir didn’t start unpacking at once. It’s a better idea, he thought, if I go for a little walk first and take a look at my new neighbourhood.

So little Mr Jaromir walked along Forest Rd. All the buildings on this street looked exactly like the building in which Mr Jaromir lived. They were all twelve storeys high and had a flat roof, and they all really were as like as two peas!

Mr Jaromir turned the corner from Forest Rd into Chestnut Way. There were no chestnut trees here, any more than there was a forest in Forest Rd, and here, too, all the buildings looked like the one Herr Jaromir lived in. It was exactly the same in Elm Way and Lime Tree Way.

“It really is amazing,” said Mr Jaromir to himself. Then he had seen enough and wanted to go home again.

That was really quite simple: Little Mr Jaromir only had to turn two corners and already he was back in

Forest Rd again.

But that's where it got difficult. Mr Jaromir stood in front of all the blocks of flats on Forest Rd, each of which looked like all the others. He read the street numbers 325, 327 and 329 and struck his forehead with his hand.

“How can I be so stupid!” he exclaimed. “Now I've forgotten the number of my block!”

Little Mr Jaromir went from one building to the next and tried to find something by which he could recognise his own one again. Perhaps after all there were small differences between the buildings, which one didn't notice at first sight. Mr Jaromir made an effort and tried to remember, but he couldn't think of anything. All the houses were twelve storeys high, had a flat roof, a brown metal door and there were bells and letter boxes to the left of the door and bells and letter boxes to the right of the door.

“The name plates,” said Mr Jaromir. “My name must be there!” But then he shook his head. Because he had just moved in, the name of the previous tenant was probably still on the name plate.

Mr Jaromir brooded for a while.

If there's something you don't know, then you have to ask someone, he thought.

At first he asked people, who happened to be passing, but they all lived in Beech Way or Lime Tree Way and were unable to help him. But then a woman came out of one of the blocks of flats and walked over to the dust bins. Feeling relieved, Mr Jaromir ran towards her.

“Good afternoon. Has someone perhaps just moved into your block?”

The woman shrugged her shoulders and said: “No idea. There’s always someone moving in or out here.”

Mr Jaromir went up to a street door and pressed one of the bells. After a moment he saw a little red light come on and heard some crackling coming from a small loudspeaker.

“Who’s there?” asked a grumpy voice.

“I’m Mr Jaromir.”

“We’re not buying anything,” said the voice. The little light went out and the crackling stopped.

“But I just wanted to ask something!” cried Mr Jaromir but no one answered.

He tried somewhere else. Again the little lamp came on.

“Yes?” said a woman’s voice.

“Perhaps I’m your new neighbour,” said Mr Jaromir.

“That’s nice of you,” said the voice.

“But I’m not quite sure,” said Mr Jaromir.

There was a brief pause, possibly the voice couldn’t think of a reply right away. Then it said: “Perhaps you should call again, when you are sure.”

The lamp was no longer lit up and Mr Jaromir thought, I’m never going to find it like this!

Meanwhile it had grown dark. Mr Jaromir walked along Forest Rd and thought about where he could spend the night. He decided on the tram stop. The tram rails ran exactly down the middle of the road, and the cars drove along to the right and to the left. There was a shelter at the tram stop and that’s where Mr Jaromir went. He sat down on a metal bench and thought: I won’t get wet here if it rains.

A fat man with a plastic bag was sitting two benches further along. He was eating bread and sausage and drinking wine from a big bottle. After a while he stood up and spread out a newspaper on the floor. Mr Jaromir looked at him curiously.

“Never seen a tramp before?” said the man. He lay down to sleep. “I’m called Gustav by the way, Gustav the Tramp. I live here.”

“Have you been living here long?” asked Mr Jaromir.

“For two years now,” replied Gustav. “Actually I’ve got a nice little flat”. He sat up and raised his arm, his finger pointed at the other side of the road. “In one of the blocks over there. But I can’t find it again.”

“Oh,” said Mr Jaromir suddenly afraid.

The fat man nodded sadly. “That’s what happens, if you don’t pay attention and don’t make a note of the number of your house.”

Mr Jaromir was about to say something in reply, when he noticed a removal van coming down Forest Rd. It wasn’t any removal van, but, and there was no doubt about it, the very removal van with which Mr Jaromir had moved house a few hours earlier. Mr Jaromir jumped up. He waved Gustav goodbye and ran across the road.

The removal van had stopped outside number 319 and one of the removal men got out. He was holding a folded piece of cloth in his hand.

“Oh, Mr Jaromir, we’ve got something for you. This was still in the van.”

It was a tablecloth with a colourful floral pattern.

“Thank you! That was very good of you!” Mr Jaromir

pointed at the block in front of which the furniture van was parked. “I live here, don’t I?” The removal man looked at him in surprise. “Of course. You moved in today. Or didn’t you?”

The removal van drove away again. Little Mr Jaromir went into the building. In the lift he leapt high in the air and reached button number five.

“Great!” he exclaimed. “I’m getting better and better!” Mr Jaromir only had to walk up one flight of stairs, then he was in his flat. There he tied the colourful table cloth to a broom handle and hung it out of the window. It flapped in the wind like a jolly flag and you could already tell from far away: This is where Mr Jaromir lives.

