

The Hitchhiker by Roald Dahl

I had a new car. It was an exciting toy, a big BMW 3.3 Li, which means 3.3 liter, long wheelbase, fuel injection. It had a top speed of 129 mph and terrific acceleration. The body was pale blue. The seats inside were darker blue and they were made of leather, genuine soft leather of the finest quality. The windows were electrically operated and so was the sun-roof. The radio aerial popped up when I switched on the radio, and disappeared when I switched it off. The powerful engine growled and grunted impatiently at slow speeds, but at sixty miles an hour the growling stopped and the motor began to purr with pleasure.

I was driving up to London by myself. It was a lovely June day. They were haymaking in the fields and there were buttercups along both sides of the road. I was whispering along at 70 mph, leaning back comfortably in my seat, with no more than a couple of fingers resting lightly on the wheel to keep her steady. Ahead of me I saw a man thumbing a lift. I touched the footbrake and brought the car to a stop beside him. I always stopped for hitchhikers. I knew just how it used to feel to be standing on the side of a country road watching the cars go by. I hated the drivers for pretending they didn't see me, especially the ones in big cars with three empty seats. The large, expensive cars seldom stopped. It was always the smaller ones that offered you a lift, or the old, rusty ones, or the ones that were already crammed full of children, and the driver would say, "I think we can squeeze in one more."

The hitchhiker poked his head through the open window and said, "Going to London, guv'nor?" "Yes," I said. "Jump in."

He was a small, ratty-faced man with gray teeth. His eyes were dark and quick and clever, like rats' eyes, and his ears were slightly pointed at the top. He had a cloth cap on his head and he was wearing a grayish-colored jacket with enormous pockets. The gray jacket, together with the quick eyes and the pointed ears, made him look more than anything like some sort of a huge human rat.

"What part of London are you headed for?" I asked him.

"I'm goin' right through London and out the other side," he said. "I'm goin' to Epsom, for the races. It's Derby Day today."

"So it is," I said. "I wish I were going with you. I love betting on horses."

"I never bet on horses," he said. "I don't even watch 'em run. That's a stupid, silly business."

"Then why do you go?" I asked.

He didn't seem to like that question. His little ratty face went absolutely blank and he sat there staring straight ahead at the road, saying nothing.

"I expect you help to work the belting machines or something like that," I said.

“That’s even sillier,” he answered. “There’s no fun working them lousy machines and selling tickets to mugs. Any fool could do that.”

There was a long silence. I decided not to question him anymore. I remembered how irritated I used to get in my hitchhiking days when drivers kept asking *me* questions. Where are you going? Why are you going there? What’s your job? Are you married? Do you have a girlfriend? What’s her name? How old are you? And so on and so forth. I used to hate it.

“I’m sorry,” I said. “It’s none of my business what you do. The trouble is, I’m a writer, and most writers are terribly nosy.”

“You write books?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Writin’ books is okay,” he said. “It’s what I call a skilled trade. I’m in a skilled trade too. The folks I despise is them that spend all their lives doin’ crummy old routine jobs with no skill in ‘em at all. You see what I mean?”

“Yes.”

“The secret of life,” he said, “is to become very very good at somethin’ that’s very very ‘ard to do.”

“Like you,” I said.

“Exactly. You and me both.”

“What makes you think that *I’m* any good at my job?” I asked. “There’s an awful lot of bad writers around.”

“You wouldn’t be drivin’ about in a car like this if you weren’t no good at it,” he answered. “It must’ve cost a tidy packet, this little job.”

“It wasn’t cheap.”

“What can she do that out?” he asked.

“One hundred and twenty-nine miles an hour,” I told him.

“I’ll bet she won’t do it.”

“I’ll bet she will.”

“All car-makers is liars,” he said. “You can buy any car you like and it’ll never do what the makers say it will in the ads.”

“This one will.”

“Open ‘er up then and prove it,” he said. “Go on, guv’nor, open ‘er right up and let’s see what she’ll do.”

There is a roundabout at Chalfont St. Peter and immediately beyond it there’s a long straight section of divided highway. We came out of the roundabout onto the carriageway and I pressed my foot hard down on the accelerator. The big car leaped forward as though she’d been stung. In ten seconds or so, we were doing ninety.

“Lovely!” he cried. “Beautiful! Keep goin’!”

I had the accelerator jammed right down against the door and I held it there.

“One hundred!” he shouted. . . . “A hundred and five! ... A hundred and ten! ... A hundred and fifteen! Go on! Don’t slack off!”

I was in the outside lane and we flashed past several cars as though they were standing still a green Mini, a big cream-colored Citroën, a white Land Rover, a huge truck with a container on the back, an orange colored Volkswagen Minibus . . .

“A hundred and twenty!” my passenger shouted, jumping up and down. “Go on! Go on! Get ‘er up to one-two-nine!”

At that moment, I heard the scream of a police siren. It was so loud it seemed to be right inside the car, and then a cop on a motorcycle loomed up alongside us on the inside lane and went past us and raised a hand for us to stop.

“Oh, my sainted aunt!” I said. “That’s torn it!”

The cop must have been doing about a hundred and thirty when he passed us, and he took plenty of time slowing down. Finally, he pulled into the side of the road and I pulled in behind him. “I didn’t know police motorcycles could go as fast as that,” I said rather lamely.

“That one can,” my passenger said. “It’s the same make as yours. It’s a BMW R90S. Fastest bike on the road. That’s what they’re usin’ nowadays.”

The cop got off his motorcycle and leaned the machine sideways onto its prop stand. Then he took off his gloves and placed them carefully on the seat. He was in no hurry now. He had us where he wanted us and he knew it.

“This is real trouble,” I said. “I don’t like it one little bit.”

“Don’t talk to ‘im any more than is necessary, you understand,” my companion said. “Just sit tight and keep mum.”

Like an executioner approaching his victim, the cop came strolling slowly toward us. He was a big, meaty man with a belly, and his blue breeches were skintight around his enormous thighs. His goggles were pulled up onto the helmet, showing a smoldering red face with wide cheeks.

We sat there like guilty schoolboys, waiting for him to arrive.

“Watch out for this man,” my passenger whispered. “‘Ee looks mean as the devil.”

The cop came round to my open window and placed one meaty hand on the sill. “What’s the hurry?” he said.

“No hurry, officer,” I answered.

“Perhaps there’s a woman in the back having a baby and you’re rushing her to hospital? Is that it?”

“No, officer.”

“Or perhaps your house is on fire and you’re dashing home to rescue the family from upstairs?” His voice was dangerously soft and mocking.

“My house isn’t on fire, officer.”

“In that case,” he said, “you’ve got yourself into a nasty mess, haven’t you? Do you know what the speed limit is in this country?”

“Seventy,” I said.

“And do you mind telling me exactly what speed you were doing just now?”

I shrugged and didn’t say anything.

When he spoke next, he raised his voice so loud that I jumped. “*One hundred and twenty miles per hour!*” he barked. “That’s *fifty* miles an hour over the limit!”

He turned his head and spat out a big gob of spit. It landed on the wing of my car and started sliding down over my beautiful blue paint. Then he turned back again and stared hard at my passenger. “And who are you?” he asked sharply.

“He’s a hitchhiker,” I said. “I’m giving him a lift.”

“I didn’t ask you,” he said. “I asked him.”

“Ave I done somethin’ wrong?” my passenger asked. His voice was as soft and oily as hair cream.

“That’s more than likely,” the cop answered. “Anyway, you’re a witness. I’ll deal with you in a minute. Driving license,” he snapped, holding out his hand.

I gave him my driving license.

He unbuttoned the left-hand breast pocket of his tunic and brought out the dreaded book of tickets. Carefully, he copied the name and address from my license. Then he gave it back to me. He strolled round to the front of the car and read the number from the number plate and wrote that down as well. He filled in the date, the time, and the details of my offense. Then he tore out the top copy of the ticket. But before handing it to me, he checked that all the information had come through clearly on his own carbon copy. Finally, he replaced the book in his tunic pocket and fastened the button.

“Now you,” he said to my passenger, and he walked around to the other side of the car. From the other breast pocket he produced a small black notebook. “Name?” he snapped.

“Michael Fish,” my passenger said.

“Address?”

“Fourteen, Windsor Lane, Luton.”

“Show me something to prove this is your real name and address,” the policeman said.

My passenger fished in his pockets and came out with a driving license of his own. The policeman checked the name and address and handed it back to him. “What’s your job?” he asked sharply.

“I’m an ‘od carrier.”

“A *what?*”

“An ‘od carrier.”

“Spell it.”

“H-O-D C-A. . .”

“That’ll do. And what’s a hod carrier, may I ask?”

“An ‘od carrier, officer, is a person ‘oo carries the cement up the ladder to the bricklayer. And the ‘od is what ‘ee carries it in. It’s got a long ‘andle, and on the top you’ve got two bits of wood set at an angle . . .”

“All right, all right. Who’s your employer?”

“Don’t ‘ave one. I’m unemployed.”

The cop wrote all this down in the black notebook. Then he returned the book to its pocket and did up the button.

“When I get back to the station I’m going to do a little checking up on you,” he said to my passenger.

“Me? What’ve I done wrong?” the rat-faced man asked.

“I don’t like your face, that’s all,” the cop said. “And we just might have a picture of it somewhere in our files.” He strolled round the car and returned to my window.

“I suppose you know you’re in serious trouble,” he said to me.

“Yes, officer.”

“You won’t be driving this fancy car of yours again for a very long time, not after we’ve finished with you. You won’t be driving *any* car again, come to that, for several years. And a good thing, too. I hope they lock you up for a spell into the bargain.”

“You mean prison?” I asked, alarmed.

“Absolutely,” he said, smacking his lips. “In the clink. Behind the bars. Along with all the other criminals who break the law. *And* a hefty fine into the bargain. Nobody will be more pleased about that than me. I’ll see you in court, both of you. You’ll be getting a summons to appear.”

He turned away and walked over to his motorcycle. He flipped the prop stand back into position with his foot and swung his leg over the saddle. Then he kicked the starter and roared off up the road out of sight.

“Phew!” I gasped. “That’s done it.”

“We was caught,” my passenger said. “We was caught good and proper.”

“I was caught, you mean.”

“That’s right,” he said. “What you goin’ to do now, guv’nor?”

“I’m going straight up to London to talk to my solicitor,” I said. I started the car and drove on.

“You mustn’t believe what ‘ee said to you about goin’ to prison.” my passenger said. “They don’t put nobody in the clink just for speedin’.”

“Are you sure of that?” I asked.

“I’m positive,” he answered. “They can take your license away and they can give you a whoppin’ big fine, but that’ll be the end of it.”

I felt tremendously relieved.

“By the way,” I said, “why did you lie to him?”

“Who, me?” he said. “What makes you think I lied?”

“You told him you were an unemployed hod carrier. But you told *me* you were in a highly skilled trade.”

“So I am,” he said. “But it don’t pay to tell everythin’ to a copper.”

“So what *do* you do?” I asked him.

“Ah,” he said slyly. “That’d be tellin’, wouldn’t it?”

“Is it something you’re ashamed of?”

“Ashamed?” he cried. “Me, ashamed of my job? I’m about as proud of it as anybody could be in the entire world!”

“Then why don’t you tell me?”

“You writers really is nosy parkers, aren’t you!” he said. “And you ain’t goin’ to be ‘appy, I don’t think, until you’ve found out exactly what the answer is.”

“I don’t really care one way or the other,” I told him, lying.

He gave me a crafty little ratty look out of the sides of his eyes. “I think you do care,” he said. “I can see it on your face that you think I’m in some kind of a very peculiar trade and you’re just achin’ to know what it is.”

I didn’t like the way he read my thoughts. I kept quiet and stared at the road ahead.

“You’d be right, too,” he went on. “I *am* in a very peculiar trade. I’m in the queerest peculiar trade of ‘em all.”

I waited for him to go on.

“That’s why I ‘as to be extra careful ‘oo I’m talkin’ to, you see. ‘Ow am I to know, for instance, you’re not another copper in plain clothes?”

“Do I look like a copper?”

“No,” he said. “You don’t. And you ain’t. Any fool could tell that.”

He took from his pocket a tin of tobacco and a packet of cigarette papers and started to roll a cigarette. I was watching him out of the corner of one eye, and the speed with which he performed this rather difficult operation was incredible. The cigarette was rolled and ready in about five seconds. He ran his tongue along the edge of the paper, stuck it down, and popped the cigarette between his lips. Then, as if from nowhere, a lighter appeared in his hand. The lighter flamed. The cigarette was lit. The lighter disappeared. It was altogether a remarkable performance.

“I’ve never seen anyone roll a cigarette as fast as that,” I said.

“Ah,” he said, taking a deep suck of smoke. “So you noticed.”

“Of course I noticed. It was quite fantastic.”

He sat back and smiled. It pleased him very much that I had noticed how quickly he could roll a cigarette. “You want to know what makes me able to do it?” he asked.

“Go on then.”

“It’s because I’ve got fantastic fingers. These fingers of mine,” he said, holding up both hands high in front of him, “are quicker and cleverer than the fingers of the best piano player in the world!”

“Are you a piano player?”

“Don’t be daft,” he said. “Do I look like a piano player?”

I glanced at his fingers. They were so beautifully shaped, so slim and long and elegant, they didn’t seem to belong to the rest of him at all. They looked more like the fingers of a brain surgeon or a watchmaker.

“My job,” he went on, “is a hundred times more difficult than playin’ the piano. Any twerp can learn to do that. There’s titchy little kids learnin’ to play the piano in almost any ‘ouse you go into these days. That’s right, ain’t it?”

“More or less,” I said.

“Of course it’s right. But there’s not one person in ten million can learn to do what I do. Not one in ten million! ‘Ow about that?”

“Amazing,” I said.

“You’re darn right it’s amazin’,” he said.

“I think I know what you do,” I said. “You do conjuring tricks. You’re a conjurer.”

“Me?” he snorted. “A conjurer? Can you picture me goin’ round crummy kids’ parties makin’ rabbits come out of top hats?”

“Then you’re a cardplayer. You get people into card games and you deal yourself marvelous hands.”

“Me! A rotten cardsharp!” he cried. “That’s a miserable racket if ever there was one.”

“All right. I give up.”

I was taking the car along slowly now, at no more than forty miles an hour, to make quite sure I wasn’t stopped again. We had come onto the main London-Oxford road and were running down the hill toward Denham.

Suddenly, my passenger was holding up a black leather belt in his hand. “Ever seen this before?” he asked. The belt had a brass buckle of unusual design.

“Hey!” I said. “That’s mine, isn’t it? It *is* mine! Where did you get it?”

He grinned and waved the belt gently from side to side. “Where d’you think I got it?” he said. “Off the top of your trousers, of course.”

I reached down and felt for my belt. It was gone.

“You mean you took it off me while we’ve been driving along?” I asked, flabbergasted.

He nodded, watching me all the time with those little, black, ratty eyes.

“That’s impossible,” I said. “You’d have had to undo the buckle and slide the whole thing out through the loops all the way round. I’d have seen you doing it. And even if I hadn’t seen you, I’d have felt it.”

“Ah, but you didn’t, did you?” he said, triumphant. He dropped the belt on his lap, and now all at once there was a brown shoelace dangling from his fingers. “And what about this, then?” he exclaimed, waving the shoelace.

“What about it?” I said.

“Anyone around ‘ere missin’ a shoelace?” he asked, grinning.

I glanced down at my shoes. The lace of one of them was missing. “Good grief!” I said. “How did you do that? I never saw you bending down.”

“You never saw nothin’,” he said proudly. “You never even saw me move an inch. And you know why?”

“Yes,” I said. “Because you’ve got fantastic fingers.”

“Exactly right!” he cried. “You catch on pretty quick, don’t you?” He sat back and sucked away at his homemade cigarette, blowing the smoke out in a thin stream against the windshield. He knew he had impressed me greatly with those two tricks, and this made him very happy. “I don’t want to be late,” he said. “What time is it?”

“There’s a clock in front of you,” I told him.

“I don’t trust car docks,” he said. “What does your watch say?”

I hitched up my sleeve to look at the watch on my wrist. It wasn’t there. I looked at the man. He looked back at me, grinning.

“You’ve taken that, too,” I said.

He held out his hand and there was my watch lying in his palm. “Nice bit of stuff, this,” he said. “Superior quality. Eighteen-carat gold. Easy to Hog, too. It’s never any trouble gettin’ rid of quality goods.”

“I’d like it back, if you don’t mind,” I said rather huffily.

He placed the watch carefully on the leather tray in front of him. “I wouldn’t nick anything from you, guv’nor,” he said. “You’re my pal. You’re givin’ me a lift.”

“I’m glad to hear it,” I said.

“All I’m doin’ is answerin’ your question,” he went on. “You asked me what I did for a livin’ and I’m showin’ you.”

“What else have you got of mine?”

He smiled again, and now he started to take from the pocket of his jacket one thing after another that belonged to me—my driving license, a key ring with four keys on it, some pound notes, a few coins, a letter from my publishers, my diary, a stubby old pencil, a cigarette lighter, and last of all, a beautiful old sapphire ring with pearls around it belonging to my wife. I was taking the ring up to the jeweler in London because one of the pearls was missing.

“Now *there’s* another lovely piece of goods,” he said, turning the ring over in his fingers. “That’s eighteenth-century, if I’m not mistaken, from the reign of King George the Third.”

“You’re right,” I said, impressed. “You’re absolutely right.”

He put the ring on the leather tray with the other items.

“So you’re a pickpocket,” I said.

“I don’t like that word,” he answered. “It’s a coarse and vulgar word. Pickpockets is coarse and vulgar people who only do easy little amateur jobs. They lift money from blind old ladies.”

“What do you call yourself, then?”

“Me? I’m a fingersmith. I’m a professional fingersmith.” He spoke the words solemnly and proudly, as though he were telling me he was the president of the Royal College of Surgeons or the archbishop of Canterbury.

“I’ve never heard that word before,” I said. “Did you invent it?”

“Of course I didn’t invent it,” he replied. “It’s the name given to them who’s risen to the very top of the profession. You’ve ‘eard of a goldsmith and a silversmith, for instance. They’re experts with gold and silver. I’m an expert with my fingers, so I’m a fingersmith.”

“It must be an interesting job.”

“It’s a marvelous job,” he answered. “It’s lovely.”

“And that’s why you go to the races?”

“Race meetings is easy meat,” he said. “You just stand around after the race, watchin’ for the lucky ones to queue up and draw their money. And when you see someone collectin’ a big bundle of notes, you simply follows after ‘im and ‘elps yourself. But don’t get me wrong, guv’nor. I never takes nothin’ from a loser. Nor from poor people neither. I only go after them as can afford it, the winners and the rich.”

“That’s very thoughtful of you,” I said. “How often do you get caught?”

“Caught?” he cried, disgusted. “*Me* get caught! It’s only pickpockets get caught. Fingersmiths never. Listen, I could take the false teeth out of your mouth if I wanted to and you wouldn’t even catch me!”

“I don’t have false teeth,” I said.

“I know you don’t,” he answered, “Otherwise I’d ‘ave ‘ad ‘em out long ago!”

I believed him. Those long slim fingers of his seemed able to do anything.

We drove on for a while without talking.

“That policeman’s going to check up on you pretty thoroughly,” I said. “Doesn’t that worry you a bit?”

“Nobody’s checkin’ up on me,” he said.

“Of course they are. He’s got your name and address written down most carefully in his black book.”

The man gave me another of his sly, ratty little smiles. “Ah,” he said. “So ‘ce ‘as. But I’ll bet ‘ee ain’t got it all written down in ‘is memory as well. I’ve never known a copper yet with a decent memory. Some of ‘em can’t even remember their own names.”

“What’s memory got to do with it?” I asked. “It’s written down in his book, isn’t it?”

“Yes, guv’nor, it is. But the trouble is, ‘ee’s lost the book. ‘Ee’s lost both books, the one with my name in it *and* the one with yours.”

In the long, delicate fingers of his right hand, the man was holding up in triumph the two books he had taken from the policeman’s pockets. “Easiest job I ever done,” he announced proudly.

I nearly swerved the car into a milk truck, I was so excited.

“That copper’s got nothin’ on either of us now,” he said.

“You’re a genius!” I cried.

“ ‘Ee’s got no names, no addresses, no car number, no nothin’,” he said.

“You’re brilliant!”

“I think you’d better pull in off this main road as soon as possible,” he said. “Then we’d better build a little bonfire and burn these books.”

“You’re a fantastic fellow!” I exclaimed.

“Thank you, guv’nor,” he said. “It’s always nice to be appreciated.”