

## CRAZY

After one of my rare breakfasts I'm sitting in the taverna, reading a book. It's a very very hot day, hardly bearable, no wind at all. The air feels like breathing glowing cotton wool. Most people are in the water or at their siesta. Behind me three new arrivals are having a chat with Stella, the host. From time to time I catch a word or two, it's mostly about what the island holds in store for tourists.

Suddenly I hear my name. I'm all ears now. I hear Stella in a low voice: *Oh, this is Yochána from Austria, ze comes chere many years. Ze's a very nice lady, dzust a little bit crazy. And then, on the quiet: ZE SPEAKS WITH ANIMALS!!! ... Ze dives and plays with octopus.... And dzust an hour ago ze let the disgusting wasps eat from cher breakfast choney... One fell into it and was completely gummed up: ze even washed that one on cher bare chand...*

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(With a little help from my friend Lynne)