

Leseprobe

A Mosquito Story or Sheherzade under the mosquito-veil

June, the month of growth, green splendour, birdsongs and – mosquitos!

Our yet to be finished house seemingly is the breeding grounds of a very happy and healthy zillion of this species. In order to get my thoughts straight I'll retreat under my mosquito veil, gathering the odds and ends and thereby unveiling the beginning of a story from times long ago as well as from tomorrow, wherever a grandfather might revel in capturing the imagination of his grandchild.

I caught him as he just administered a tincture to his grandchild's arm. „So, there, let's put this on the bite and the itching will stop.“ „Grandfather, why do we have mosquitos, why do they bite and buzz and itch?“ „Well, yes my dear, that's a good question, but as to every good question there is no short answer, let me lift you up here on my lap and listen:

It's a very long time ago, millions of years ago actually, and things were quite different then. Everything was new and looked just perfect. God, our creator felt he had accomplished most of what he had wanted. So he left his gigantic studio, had a cup of coffee and looked at the world.

Meanwhile all the little angels in the studio who had helped God with finishing, coloring and so on were left on their own.

And I have to say although most of them behaved just like little angels, sweeping the floor, cleaning the brushes and singing heavenly songs, there were a few little chaps who must have had a very early fit of hyperactivity. Anyway, some were reported to have been seen splashing color around with brushes and that sort of thing. That's the reason for the extraordinary colorings, spots and freckles of some of God's creations.“

„But Grandfather, the mosquitos, you wanted to tell me about the mosquitos!“ „You are absolutely right, darling. I just got sidetracked here. You know, so many important things happened at the time. Now, where was I?“ „The freckles!“ „Exactly, so these guys were splashing away and enjoying themselves immensely when one particularly adventurous angel caught sight of a ball of clay, which was leftover from God's creation, sort of covered by tools and stuff.

„There!“ he thought, „that's it! I'll have my own creation!“ And with that he grabbed the ball of clay which was about the size of a football and disappeared under the table. Here he sat all excited about his idea and tried to figure out what he wanted to create. He got so excited he started to sweat, dug his hands in his hair and bit his tongue. He didn't want to create anything which already existed. It mustn't be bigger than a football, it had to have an impact, he wanted to impress the others and it had to be done quickly. God might be around the corner any minute!

It struck him right then – to get most out of his ball of clay he would make tiny, tiny things and quick, quick it had to be done. „Mostquickos“ he would name them therefore. (The name got altered over the years.)

Well, and these little things had to impress – he wasn't just one of the angels, ha! He too could create – creating a world wasn't so big a deal after all – if you had enough clay – so what's all the huff-puff about God?

His temper grew hot and hotter and his color turned red and redder and he made all these little animals, gave them as loud a voice as possible for their size and topped them up with a needle-like instrument to suck blood and „terrific terror“ he thought, make the sting itch!

This, for sure, would impress all of God's creation!

But he forgot he was one of God's creations, too. So – when he had just finished his work, two of his »mostquickos« stung him right on his dark red head and two horns grew, never to vanish again. »Lord of the flies« he was called after that incident.

Since it was his own clay of creation, God didn't want to alter the little beasts anymore, but he gave them a very short life span and added that they would be most welcome food for all the birds to nourish their offspring.

And all these little angels with a temper who grow red in the face and have a tendency towards mischief it has to be said that the world will be freed of all mosquitos as soon as all these angels are

truly sorry for what they've done. But this might be a long time ahead."

When grandfather had ended his story he looked at the little angel, sleeping in his arm. So I asked him whispering so the child wouldn't wake up, why it still might be a long time ahead and he answered me with a twinkle that the trick is, they all have to be sorry for their mischief at the same time!

This of course makes me wonder how much longer I have to stay under my mosquito veil.

But then, there is August and I'll feel like in paradise when the cold nights make them disappear – at least for this year.