

VERY JUICY MANGOS: BRANKA KRINGAS

It was a beautiful summer day. I was standing next to the kitchen sink and eating a very juicy mango. The juice was dripping down my cheeks and chin. My nose was involved also. Instead of washing my face I rubbed the juice in every pore on my face. The juice dried quickly and formed a mango face mask. It felt good.

I sat on a sofa, put my feet up and was listening to Stefan Grappelli creating magic on his violin.

Every time I eat mango, I think of my dear friend Marris. I used to work with her husband. Our office was at the front of their house. Every lunch time we would join Marris and the kids for lunch on a garden patio. Marris and I would eat mangos the way I ate earlier. The children would giggle and laugh. It was a very happy time.

My thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the garden glass sliding door. It was Ela. I let her in. Through a tightly closed mouth I mumbled, 'I can't talk to you, I have a face mask on'. 'I will talk,' she said.

We sat at the table. 'Jenny has hurt me terribly. She said to me, "I complain all the time...."', she went on and on. Then suddenly stopped and disappeared to the garden. I wanted to laugh but I couldn't because of my mask. I heard a knock on the front door. It was Jenny. I let her in.

Through my tightly closed mouth I mumbled, 'I can't talk to you. I have a face mask on my face'.

'It is alright I will talk,' she said and went on. 'Ela is no friend of mine. I will never speak to her again'. Ela's face appeared at the glass door. Jenny ran through the front door. Ela disappeared also.

I ran to the bathroom and washed my face and let my suppressed laughter free.

I saw the two friends two weeks later sitting on a bench chatting and laughing.

Every time I have a mango mask on, I hope no one will knock on the door.