

## Evening hour

At nightfall on the river bank, a boy and a girl frolic about each other. Just like two early spring butterflies enjoying the sun, the moon, and the nectar in the flowers. Though I watched them from quite a distance from my writer's nest, they were clearly teasing each other. They laughed and gently touched each other playfully. They could have been brother and sister, but I think they first met and kissed on the market square of the girl's village.

The boy had a plastic box and conjured up a toothbrush and toothpaste. He had a cloth around his waist, but his torso was bare. The girl was wearing a T-shirt and some kind of shorts. The boy stood in the middle of the river and quickly brushed his teeth. The girl shrieked, and I suspect it wasn't about the toothbrush. She ventured to the river's edge, her shirt just in the water, and in an unguarded but hoped-for moment, the boy pulled the girl's arm, and they disappeared for a moment in the shallows. A little further on, the mother stood, apparently imperturbable, doing her laundry in the soft water downstream. She didn't look back but undoubtedly heard the cooing between the two youngsters.

The youth returned to the edge of the gently flowing river where he had placed his toilet box neatly and carefully. He removed a soap bar and dipped it into his jet-black hair. Then, with his nice foamy hair, he dived into the mild river. His dive made an impression as the girl followed him to the centre, where some swirling rapids made the tension of the river palpable. He handed her the soap, and gratefully, she lifted her t-shirt demurely and began to soap herself—her belly and then a glimpse of her small breasts. The boy stood there just like me and looked at it, although there was nothing to see. Then, on autopilot, she went into her pants with the soap in her hand and did what she had to do there. The boy kept looking. I didn't see his open mouth.

The girl teasingly approached him, and what he did not expect happened. She gave him back the soap, and as he stood there pointing in the middle of the chilly river, she dove to the bottom and brought up a glittering stone. She gave him the rock that sang a thousand songs of the future, and together, they went to the shore and dried themselves. They looked in a way only lovers can, and then they returned to the moment of the day and, at the same time, the day of their future, where the mother was washing the boy's laundry in the river.

