

A celadon green glazed earthenware Buddha bought from a supermarket in Denmark (was it Fotex or from Super Bruggsen? And where do they make them? Is there some unfortunate kid in need of charity dipping some ceramic material into a mould made by an artist who would rather be doing something else in China? Are they Buddhists?) and the cause of a queue who had to wait as it had no price on its ass, squats benignly on an unplugged television set that has seen better days, indeed it is no longer operational or for that matter necessary, used now only as a shelf for odds and bods; and next to the Buddha are two USB sticks that seem to be beckoning for a port. One stick is full of movie downloads while the other is full of stories, such as this one. A discount buy-in-a-bag Bic razor rusting looks ready to brush off a pile of Euro coins that are useless in countries that adamantly refuse to give up their crowns. A bicycle light filleted of its battery lies exposed like a shellfish that has been scooped clean by the sea. Opening the curtains unravels a morning of undesirability, ushering a prospect of walking in the rain, but for now there is a mistiness that reminds one of a December morning prior to Christmas when global warming has got the better of winter – thus corrupting the natural tendency to be cold at the end of the year. Yes, it was an undesirable morning: an undesirable morning to start a story. Then it is left to percolate, and as the author writes, it is snowing. The sensation of crunching snow

This is not the complete story. To read further, please either register as a new reader or login now if already registered

acoustics. According to Milan Kundera's latest ruminations, short. That is all we know, it will be the length of a novella. There was no plot when he started. It just began. It began while they were walking near a spa hotel in Southern Sweden. There was a collection of bathing huts all closed up for the winter, barring a few for those die hard winter bathers who make everyone feel colder as they wade into the white crested sea as if it were a warm Jacuzzi. One shivers at the thought as a couple, Danes naturally, the husband in his sixties with a red potato nose and his wife with a small stubby pink nose on white faces, both portly in shape, with thin short legs, both grey haired, though his beard whiter, she has her hair man short, he has a grey mat on his chest, walk toward the sea. Both have varicose veins on their legs. It goes with the image. They are a couple who do things together. He holds her hand as they gingerly enter the foamy sea near a broken jetty. That's love for you. Or maybe it's rituals for you. They do this winter bathing every winter when they stay in Ystad. It has the predictability of migrating geese. There should be snow now. But there is none. A taxi driver, young fellow with an earring in his left ear said as much in his replies to his passengers when asked about the lack of snow. There should be snow drifts. It drifts unlike in the