

MARCH 2014

## SHEET-LIGHTNING

A Fable



Acrylics 30 x 60 cm (14C01)

Sheet-lightning on the distant horizon.

For one person, this means an approaching thunderstorm, a storm or even signs for the fiery, apocalyptic doomsday, but another person sees the beauty of a natural spectacle in it, or thinks that behind the mountains fireworks mark the appropriate finale of a festival.

In our hysterical era, one always suspects the worst. The smallest sign of smoke produces great agitation in the wasp's nest. It whirs and buzzes and rushes and roars, but nobody really knows what exactly is happening, because the wasps, too, have no objective and neutral information. The main thing is: a mighty buzz.

Here we have a rabbit family searching for a new rabbit's cage because the old one might be smelly, or because it does not offer any protection against the rabbit eater.

Now, there are two options, either moving into the cage of a small shopkeeper's association or into the one that belongs to the fox. In the first scenario, one risks that the rabbits one day will be offered in the sales of a wholesaler, at bargain basement prices; in the second scenario, it can happen that the fox asks for the rent of the cage to be paid in natural produce.

Following the principle of self-determination of people, the rabbits decided in free choice for the second option.

Turmoil within the small shopkeeper's association and on the other side of the big village pond outrage in a pack of wolves (that already has hunted and bitten to death many an innocent rabbit). The small shopkeepers flex their muscles. The fat mealworm, thinking of being the proud rooster on top of the manure heap, crows as loudly as it can and lashes fiercely about with its imaginary wings. After all, it is the big boss of a world power (Sire, you have read too many Asterix books!)

The other small shopkeepers grind their teeth, make a fist in their pockets and roll their eyes because the fox had messed up a good deal for them. This goes too far, definitely too far.

There is the goose quaking, the noodle bug bickering, the creep sneaking; it fawns and barks and howls and yaps and grunts and croaks; and over everybody clocks the hen, the good, nice mother hen which lovingly spreads its wings over the upset horde to restore peace again in the coop.

And lo and behold, everybody knuckles under and listens now to the monotonous, soothing clucking of their leader.

The sheet-lightning will fade away, the world will not go on fire and the vultures have to look for a new prey...