

RAINBOWS

While Beaver was still busy mentally preparing himself to cannonball – something he was notorious for – the turret girl had already jumped headlong into the river.

The spray came high enough to catch the sun and created rainbows, which were almost prettier than the girl herself.

“If you bear in mind”, Beaver mumbled (who bore much, well, often even *too* much in mind) “that all those colours have always, always!, been in the air ... But only since you’ve been here”, he added quietly, so quietly that no one, not even the girl could hear it, “I have been able to see them.”

AND HERE, IN THIS YELLOW BOX IS MY BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR YOU:

A lettuce, said Beaver.

Oh let us, rejoiced the girl.

(Excerpt from: Andreas Unterweger *The Yellow Book*, © Literaturverlag Droschl 2015, translated by Johannes Wally)