

Rade Jarak
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Translated by Marijana Javornik Čubrić

The third day, pink panties

I woke up late and saw the empty bed. Naja was already up. I found all three of them in a large glass-panelled room, at the north end of which was a small kitchen that was partly enclosed. Mia was squeezing an orange in the kitchen, and Naja had opened her laptop, put it on her knees and started surfing the Internet. Oštrić bent over her with interest, leaning on the couch.

I went to the kitchen area attracted by the smell of oranges. Mia was grabbing sugar from a bowl with a spoon and was putting sugar in the diluted orange juice. She was wearing a sleeveless green shirt, under which a pink bra strap was visible.

“Who was diligent?” I said sanctimoniously and somewhat articulately with parched lips, barely restraining myself from drinking the juice.

“Would you like some?” She asked.

I did not have the time to reply, and she already brought the glass to my lips. She mixed the juice and a vortex appeared on top of it - I saw small orange fibres whirling and sizzling foam appearing. I sipped it.

I emptied the glass.

“I am sorry,” I said. “I will make a fresh one. Here, just a second.”

I grabbed an orange, cut it in halves and started squeezing. The juice was bursting out of fleshy pores. I looked at Mia.

“I am sorry.”

She laughed.

“Those two are having a good time, aren’t they?” She added later. I looked over there: Oštrić was practically lying on Naja, explaining her something and looking at the laptop.

In the narrow cooking area Mia was right next to me, gentle and unreal. I felt her scent that was not a scent at all, because it combined a distinct feeling of the beach, the sea in stormy weather and screams made by swimmers. I shivered barely noticeably.

“Hey, you two,” Oštrić yelled and got up from the couch, “did you manage to make the juice?”

Naja removed her eyes from the screen. Mia brought juices to them.

Naja helped us make sandwiches, and then we went out to the balcony to eat them accompanied by the chirping of birds, sparrows that were jumping and chasing each other in the tree tops and garden ground. Noticing the uneasiness of birds, I thought that they are perhaps fighting for the territory, and then I remembered the way in which OπtriÊ had leaned over Naja and an unusual feeling that overwhelmed me in Mia’s close presence.

“Let us go to town and have some coffee,” Oštrić said while we were chewing our last bites.

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Perhaps the sun was too strong; we had some coffee in a coffee bar downtown underneath thick sunblinds. Instead of the tables, the coffee bar had old Singer sewing machine bases, and the coffee was dreadfully expensive. We talked about Portuguese fado and sudden success of Cesaria Evora. When the conversation started to fade, an acquaintance of Oštrić addressed us. His name was Željko and he

invited us to a party in his house garden that was only ten minutes of walk away from our villa. We accepted the invitation merely out of courtesy, knowing that we could always change our minds, but Oštrić looked delighted. He said that one can always find weed and other stuff at Željko's.

Then we went to the market to buy something for lunch, for we did not want to pay enormous sums of money for bad food at restaurants. We decided to have a vegetarian lunch. At the market cornered between stone houses Mia and Naja chose potato, skimpy broccoli, zucchini and cauliflower, selecting food between swarms of wasps; then olive oil as seasoning and apricots for the dessert. Oštrić spitefully commented that we would probably get diarrhea when we eat this and then we would not be able to get out until the end of the week. We returned home leisurely walking underneath the palm trees; Mia grabbed Oštrić around the waist, and Naja confided in me with a couple of her designing ideas.

After a meagre lunch that consisted of cabbage, I searched the refrigerator looking for the leftover ham from this morning in an attempt to fill my stomach and prevent a possible diarrhea. And just when I hoped that I could lie down for a while, it was time to go bathing again.

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While we prepared for the bathing, a thing that completely destroyed my wish for the rest occurred. Oštrić and Mia threw their things for the beach on the couch and a shirt, or a towel, fell on the floor. Mia leaned over to pick it up and her short skirt tightened and slid backwards, showing a gap the size of a fist at the bottom of her back. As I happened to be behind her at that very moment and just happened to be looking out of an appropriate angle, in a split second I glimpsed Mia's beautiful hips and two sides of her pink thongs embroidered with lace. Pink lace ribbon, like the tentacles of an octopus, cut into the pale flesh of her hips, implying the spot where they turn into juicy, pear-like buttocks. That image affected my senses with the strength of hastily sniffed heroin.

Pink panties seen by accident gave a completely different meaning to my assumption of a demure girl. Although I immediately averted my eyes, a strong turmoil continued inside me. I felt blood throbbing in my temples, I felt my veins wanting to explode. I wished to see her naked on the beach, or at least in the swimming suit. Life suddenly returned to my body; I wanted to see Mia, to see her flesh.

I went out on the balcony, closed my eyes, and then opened them again. I saw the sea and that island, basked in the sun and indifferent in a way that only the nature can be indifferent and expressionless. And then I saw Mia's buttocks and the pink thong string. I wanted to eat something, just wanted to eat. To chew meat.

On the beach of a luxurious hotel that was situated near our villa were many well-known people. Starlets, models and last year's Miss Universe candidates, more or less known actresses, actors, singers and tattooed body builders who strutted around like roosters showing their muscles and animating bathers, as well as other mixed bunch of somewhat less attractive people sunbathed on the scattered stone terraces that had been fretted by the sea and polished bodies of bathers. We occupied one terrace some four to five meters above the sea. Mia bought a new *Mila* and an enigmatic magazine, and I took the summer issue of *Zarez* at the news stand, but, having turned several pages, I put it away.

Mia changed that pink underwear that turned me on so much and put on a blue one-piece swimming suit, a garment in which she looked perfectly modest. But I could not stare at her bottom too much because of Oštrić who was hanging out in the vicinity and who would immediately understand the intention and direction of my gaze. Naja put on her bikini in which she looked like an Amazon.

I wished to appear cool, so I jumped off a three-meter high rock without much thought, risking the possibility of my heart breaking from the abrupt contact with cold water. I hit the water noisily, dived over a rock full of sea-urchins and rose to the surface looking back to the beach. My jump was nothing

special, but it nevertheless attracted the attention of a small part of the beach. Naja was swimming towards me, and Mia and Oštrić were waving from the rocks. - Well done, buddy! - It was Oštrić yelling.

Then, probably intending to humiliate me, a well built and tanned young man with a long black hair who looked like an Indian jumped from the rock and made a perfect swan dive with a bend in the air. Compared to his, my jump was similar to a sack of potatoes falling into the sea. The Indian rose to the surface proudly, Mia applauded him and Naja - who was already in the water - laughed at me mockingly, risking to gulp some sea water. I swam to the shore.

Naja tried to catch up with me, but I swam fast, with all my strength, grabbing the water with the palms of my hands and furiously beating with my feet. I got out of the water and went back to the shade, to the rock where our clothes and towels were. Naja remained in the water pouting. I cast another glance at the beach: the young Indian got out of the water confidently and was entertaining some horny young girls at the lowest terrace.

In the meantime Mia and Danko went to bathe, and I looked through their things hoping to find something good to read. To sink into the tunnel of my own thoughts seemed to be the best choice. Apart from the aforementioned *Mila* and the enigmatic magazine, I found Danko's comic book: Zagor. But after five, six pages I became bored with reading, so I closed the comic book and retired to the deeper shade.

Then I observed a group of girls who were embarking on a big plastic boat, a little yacht with a cabin; when they climbed to the deck they screamed with joy, and then the boat moved towards the island.

Oštrić was climbing a narrow path made of concrete towards the spot where I was. I looked for Mia and Naja who were going towards the shower at the other end. Even from that distance I could see the reflection of Naja's belly button ring. Oštrić climbed to the small terrace and sat beside me. He was still wet, small drops of water were gliding down his cheeks and dripping from his chin.

- Have you seen the babes here? - He said.

- Yes, but next to that guy who jumps brilliantly I don't stand a chance.

- Are you sure? Maybe these chicks prefer intellectuals?

- You mean those models with big boobs? Their highest intellectual achievement is some muscular centre half, provided he sold himself well abroad. The left half is a Nobel prize winner for them.

- Models, yes. They have pea-sized brains, but actresses are a different thing altogether. They read, man.

- There is some truth to that, I said. - Some of them know entire Shakespeare by heart. That is what their job is like.

Mia started climbing towards us, and Naja was still somewhere near the shower. Mia looked demure in a blue swimming suit, like some intelligent fish, like a dolphin from stories for children. I was silent for a moment, watching her climb a narrow path between the rocks. She was even more desirable when she looked that demure.

- Do you like her? - Oštrić asked.

The question puzzled me: I did not have the chance to answer anything to it, nor did I have a ready answer, simply because I had not asked myself that yet.

- I see the way you are looking at her. I think you would like to get it on with her. Come on, say it...

- No, I wouldn't...

- Look...

- ...

Mia was already very close, three to four steps away from us, and so the conversation ended.

She did not say anything. She dried her hair with a towel, and then went down to a sunny side of a flat rock, near the spot from which I jumped to the sea. I did not want to comment Oštrić stupid offer in any way, not even with a look. Just two or three days more and I will never see them again, except sometimes perhaps, in the flurry of the city, in the trams... I picked up *Zarez* again and read an article in passing.