

## SUNDAY MORNING

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Nobody had the slightest –

In the distance a church bell rang, breaking through the mist of early morning in the valley. The chickens began to circle their roosts, clucking hard.

She found a stone there.

Small wonder. That time of year, the thin air. The donkey, tired old thing, began to bray, loudly enough that the children dashed to the heavy door and began to push.

Someone should have stopped them.

Someone tried. The mothers, thin as birds, ran across the plaza and cried out –

They knew it was a trick.

Yet the village woke up as always, intending nothing more than to gather herbs and paint their sheds the customary green.

But instead.

They found themselves shouting through the mesh of pounding fists and tiny barefoot kicks and braying donkeys. The children, of course, paid no heed.

It was still the holiday.

With a whoop of excitement the children burst open the bolts of the church door and fled, like goats, into the damp hills.

Their mothers stopped their racket.

Yes, there was no sound at all.