

# Still Waters

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Jean dozed by the pool on a lounge. It was mid-afternoon. They had walked nearly fifteen thousand steps. This holiday was a present from her two sons for her special birthday. Her husband Mike had refused to join her:

'No way, Jean. Tenerife is far too hot in June. Anyway, I've got a package booked to Turkey with the guys from the golf club.'

Jean had asked her friend Jenny their church organist to join her. Jenny, secretive about her age, was quiet as a mouse but always willing to listen. She had never married - *waiting for Mr. Right* - but still slim and fit as a fiddle.

The Germans, Swedes and Norwegians were dominating the pool as usual, playing a fun sort of water polo, shouting to each other in a version of English. Gretel, a very large German woman joined them, breaking the rules by diving in, causing a tidal wave to splash on the two ladies from Falkirk.

Her husband came to apologise:

'Meine Frau says sorry for yuz but she says yuz sitz to near pool. Wait, I get you dry towels. Ja? Do you eat an ice cream from me. Ja? I get to you Gin Tonikz. Ja?'

Jenny answered in what seemed to Jean to be fluent German:

'Danke Hans. Kein Eis, danke, aber zwei große Gin Tonics mit Eis und Limette wären sehr willkommen.'

Hans gave a little bow and walked towards the bar.

'Oh Jenny, I did not know you could speak German.'

'Yes, Goethe Institute. Nice chap Hans. We've been meeting at the gym early when we get the place to ourselves. Sometimes we borrow the free bikes and cycle for an hour instead. He's such a lovey man. He drives a Mercedes E-class, top of the range model.'

'Oh!'

'Yes. Hans says he's keen to try salmon fishing. I told him about the Falkirk Wheel, the Kelpies and Stirling Castle. He's coming to stay with me for two weeks in August, when his wife goes to her health spa in Switzerland.'

'Oh!'

'Yes, could be fun, eh?'