

A WINTERS DAY ON AMELAND (a stroll by the sea)

It was the 23rd of December, 1990. That year, I wanted to be alone at Christmas. If I were a nun, one could say that "I go on a retreat". Thus, I had rented from a former female schoolmate's parents their little holiday house on Ameland. I drew a lot of pictures, drank lots of martinis, and strolled each day on the beach.

What could be more gorgeous than to be taken by the storm and tossed forward. One can live the most beautiful experience at the North Sea. The wind is combing the long hair of the beach grass in the dunes. The sea is churning and raging with white foam crowns, the surge is lashing at the beach. Loudly screeching sea gulls are being projected into the air, staggering, swinging themselves up again, and crashing down in a frantic nosedive onto the sea surface.

The wind is driving sea weed and foam crowns, the sand ist bristling with small, zealous crayfish. The variety of shells at the North Sea is not particularly good, but I find jellyfish, small silvery ones, also sea urchins, which are being flattened on the sand. The wind is chasing the waves, the sky looks like an unmade bed. One and a half hours later, I have enough of these superb scenarios. I am going back to my little holiday house, were the little oil furnace is already burning and spreading a pleasant warmness.

I drink a glass of red wine and wish myself "Merry Christmas!"

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