

## **SATURA: Willi's Daisies.**

(written by Joschka A. Hüllmann, translated by Gabriella Wong, August 2020)

“That sucks. I want everything back to normal,” sighs Willi the wolf. It is a hard time for wolves in the year 1433. Willi and his wolf buddies Bobby and Sheila rest by the outskirts of the woods, reminiscing over the last few weeks. “For weeks, I couldn’t get close to Tilda. We are only allowed to wave at each other from afar. While others play together, sing, and have fun, Tilda is forced to stay at home. That is unfair!” Expecting agreement and empathy from Bobby and Sheila, Willi is let down. The others just lie in silence, hiding their snout under their paws. Disheartened, Willi turns away and hisses: “You guys just don’t understand me.” Bobby and Sheila just stare at him, while he starts making his way down to Wolf Village.

As he trudges out from the thicket of trees, the sun glares at him from the sky. In front of him, daisies and dandelions glow on a lovely green meadow. A beautiful mix of green and white line the path of long grasses up until a purling river, where right next to the cold blue, a lonely apple tree paints red fruits into Willi’s view. Wolf Willi takes the scenery in, and a wave of nostalgia sweeps over him, as he crosses the meadow and starts picking daisies. “Tilda and I really loved to come here and look at the flowers when we spent time together”, he recollects to himself, “She adores daisies.” Unfortunately, no matter how much he thought about doing it again, this was impossible as of late. Tearily, Willi recalls the recent events that led to his misery.

A year before, the doctor of wolves, Doctor Lupo, came running into the village. Distraught, he reported from the neighbouring village, where wolves started to feel unwell. The wolves got sick, Doctor Lupo explained to us. It started with one wolf. Shortly after, the family, then his friends, and ultimately, everyone started feeling unwell. “And then nothing was ever the same again”, mutters Willi to himself. One wolf in our village started to feel unwell—same as in the neighbouring village. Doctor Lupo reacted immediately. Since the sickness spread from family to family, the sick wolf and his family were barred from leaving their home. During that time, Doctor Lupo lamented that they just didn’t know enough about the sickness. To prevent further spread, every wolf who started to feel unwell was ordered by the doctor to stay under house arrest. On top of that, they had to protect the wolves who were already ill before that sickness came, so that they would safe. “That’s how it came that Tilda and I couldn’t see each other anymore,” ponders Willi, “because she is particularly susceptible. While the other wolves are still allowed to meet up, we got a no contact rule.”

With paws full of flowers, Willi sits by the apple tree, feeling the quiet wind caressing his fur. In the river, fish jump downstream towards Wolf Village, while the frogs hold a croaking concert. Eyes closed, he reflects on the time that came after, “We had to be creative. Because of the house arrest, Tilda and I have been yowling at each other from a distance just to stay in touch. That’s how we

chatted, kept each other updated, clowned around and played our little games. However, the monotony of it all caught up to us. We had nothing more to say to each other, at some point we yowled less, and finally we didn't yowl anymore. Then, we tried using smoke signals. It was very exciting at first, but still couldn't compare to actually meeting face to face. Ever since then, we just wave at each other. Feelings sweep over him, feelings that he fights to ignore. Full of sorrow, he throws the daisies away and weeps, "I feel so lonely..." After pausing for a moment, he stands up and leaves the meadow. The way to Wolf Village isn't so far anymore.

To get home, Wolf Willi needs to walk past Tilda's house. Normally, he would try to walk past quickly, but the thoughts he had at the meadow linger in his mind. He stays still at Tilda's gate. Grey dust had sprawled across, making itself at home. The dried grass in the front yard had paled. Willi fixes his gaze onto the door. When he can't get himself to peel his eyes away from it, his legs, with a mind of their own, start to move himself towards Tilda's house. His paws wander to the cracked wood of the door, knocking several times.

A moment later, the door slowly opens. Through the gap, a fatigued laugh shimmies through outside. "Hey, we've not seen each other in so long!" exclaims Willi, "Are you still alive?" he lingers in front of the door. They hadn't been so close in almost forever, and he senses a long-forgotten happiness bewitching the air, seeing the face of his long-lost friend. "It's just so nice to see you, I miss you so much," he whispers, "I'm just really happy right now." For a moment, the world is wonderful—like everything is back to normal again.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Willi asks his friend, "You've always been chatty." An unpleasant feeling overtakes his excitement. "Tilda?" Her smile vanishes, giving way to a dry cough. Frightened, Willi repeats, "Tilda? Are you feeling unwell?" His wolf friend isn't looking so great. Only now does the young wolf notice the wad of hair that had fallen out lying under Tilda, and her bloodshot eyes. "Ayayaya, that's exactly what Dr. Lupo described." A thought shoots through Willi's head. What can he do? "I'm fetching Dr. Lupo," he shouts and sets off.

The wolf doctor's house is not too far away, and Willi arrives a few minutes later. Hammering on the door, he shouts, "Help! Dr. Lupo, please help us!" The doctor speeds towards the house's front door and while it opens, Dr. Lupo is already poking his nose out. "Dr. Lupo, Tilda's not feeling well. She's coughing, and she needs your help!" The wolf doctor immediately changes gears, scrambling through his medical box. He then accompanies Willi to Tilda's house. "What's going on with Tilda?" asks Willi anxiously, shivering with fear. But the doctor doesn't answer, instead he disappears into Tilda's house, not before implying that Willi has to wait outside. Willi sits nervously on a rock, noticing a single daisy in the yard. To distract himself from disturbing thoughts floating in his mind, his imagination brings him back to the green meadow full of daisies.

Like a yellow carpet of clouds, the flowers stretch from the shadows of the treetops to the riverbank. The sun beams through the clouds and dives into the meadow, shining in all of its glory while the light breeze tickles the grass. Willi sits among the flowers, listening to the bees quietly buzzing away, while the frogs sing in the background. Some time later, he sees Dr. Lupo making his way towards him on the horizon. When the wolf doctor nears Willi notices his bowed head and desolate gaze. Dr. Lupo shakes his head. In that moment, the buzzing and singing ceases to exist. In silence, Willi's memories blur, and the last daisy among the grey dust withers away. Wolf Willi's feels unwell.

(For all risk groups, and couples and families who are separated for other reasons)

