

home (1)

There he stood. Clean black expensive shoes, firmly standing on the carpet in front of our house. No flowery Gucci-suit I had often seen him wearing in pictures. He almost looked normal in this environment. (He was n-o-r-m-a-l; there did not seem to be an obvious abnormality from the average human, but his status did not fit the definition in our society apparently.) He was familiar; I knew a lot about him. Many people had heard about him; what was he doing here, standing on this red welcome mat, ringing on my doorbell? Was he lost and wanted to ask for directions? No, then he would have sent one of the guys in black suits standing behind him forward. Why would he even be in this country, in my neighbourhood, in the middle of nowhere? Theoretically not 'nowhere', but I have learned people do not always like to be specific. They like to use phrases like this to exaggerate and to seem accommodated to society's forms of small-talk.

After I was finished with my first analysis I looked him directly into the eyes; they were green and vaguely familiar. I was not the only one thrown slightly out of my accustomed surroundings; he seemed to be stunned as well. My apologies, 'as well' was an incorrect formulation: I am never stunned. The man was shivering. I could not tell, if it was from nervousness or because of the snow, which was covering everything it could reach. Probably both. Was there a reason to be nervous?

He looked me up and down, as if he was taking me in. My stare did not waver; my composure was perfect. Embarrassingly, I was wearing a XL sized T-shirt, which used to belong to my grandmother, and underwear. Normally I prefer to present myself for the first time wearing more clothes. He did not seem to notice I was still in my sleeping attire.

This situation was absurd.

He smiled; dimples popping out. Dimples are caused by a shortening of a facial muscle. It is a genetic defect. If the procreators do not have dimples, it is highly unlikely the offspring will have them.

"Maeve! Who is here?? Let me see!" My ten years and three-hundred-and-thirty-one day old sister said in German, while trying to shove me away. How dare she touch me? I glared at her and Percy retracted her hands immediately.

Instead Percy took a look at the human being. Her mouth fell slightly open, her eyes widened and her eyebrows rose = shock. She knew who he was.

The male specimen opened his mouth to produce sounds only I will understand between my sister and me. "Is your last-name Fu-Fuchs?" He struggled with the German surname. I only nodded; it seemed obvious to me: There was a sign with the words "Familie Fuchs" written on it on the wall next to the door. It was directly on eye-level for average sized people and three degrees crooked to the left. He let out a breath of air; relief? "Thank god. May I c-come in?"

"If you stop stuttering." He mimicked Percy's face from before; I assumed it meant he was shocked...