Generalic: Weihnachtszeit

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The mountains move like beggars under capes and above them, thin ghosts of themselves hang in the air as moonlit hillocks. The trees wave giddy branches at these clouds: turquoise blending into black and black-edged snow. Below, red-faced Yugoslavs are busy in the yard. A man with a bag for a head walks toward the mill. His wife comes, dragging her sled, and their idiot son follows, hands in the pockets of his lavender coat. Their tracks join shed to shed like the only road between cities on an island. In the foreground orange birds yammer in a bush. The snowman is very traditional. A round-nosed child, son of the round-shouldered woman and the round-eyed man, has just finished building him. He stands, watching the man coming toward him: Your father, Josip, with a deer on his back? Hans Hilfer bringing your dead dog home? or the devil wearing his heavy boots, carrying a jackal by its stiff, red legs?