

Very Busy, Lissenamee

Vignettes from Azuaveria — Episode 15

@dressupgeekout

June 5, 2020

Marlsay Day, dat is not a good day to be lazine' 'bout. Well, no day is a good day to be lazine' 'bout, but 'specially today! Marlsay Day is very busy day. Very, *very* busy, lissenamee.

As always, I'm the first to wake. But this day, I *snap* awake! Like the light switch that other critters depend on so much. Bats don't need no light switch, lissenamee. I don't care if other critters can't see in me restaurant. Get bigger eyes! Or learn to use echolocation, matey. It's not difficult.

I swoop down to the kitchen and make somethin' super quick 'n easy for the pups, and for the matey. It don't matter what it is. Just 'nuff to get through this long, *very busy* day. Though I do want the pups to grow big 'n strong, I do. I'll make cricket-flour pancake. Whole stack o' them. Very easy. I can make them in me sleep. Why did I wake up, then? Coulda save this energy for work!

I'm grinding the crickets with the mortar 'n pestle. Me, I'm a-worried 'cuz the cactus merchant don't come yet. "Where *is* dat cactus matey? We need cactus plant!" I say to meself. Shoulda come yesterday. I see the whole store-room in the restaurant. No cactus plant! Maybe cactus van is broken. What I gotta do? Make Suunaa go out to the desert all by her lonesome? No time! I guess I must tell customers we are out of cactus plant. Dat's no good, lissenamee.

Suunaa flaps in. "Suunaa!" I say. "You might have to go to desert to get cactus plant."

"Aw, mom! You're still worked up about that?"

"Your mother is very a-worried. Very, *very* a-worried, lissenamee. You do remember Marlsay Day last year?"

"*Yes*, I do, and it was fine in the end!"

"Your mother still has night scares 'bout it. You in good shape to go to Resanna if you have to?"

“Yeah, I think so,” Suunaa tells me, flexin’ her wings big and strong.

“Okay, good girl,” I say. But then I say: “Where is your brother?”

“Sleeping, I guess.”

“Wake ’im up! And your dad, too.”

She flaps away. Suunaa is hard worker. She’d be good in the restaurant. But she’d be good in school, too. She understands why you can’t be lazyn’ ’bout. I mix the cricket-flour with water and a dash of green onions I chopped yesterday ’cuz why not. Matey tells me we could get an electric mixer for mixin’ but I don’t trust ’em. If we’re gonna do dat then let’s get a *big* one for the restaurant! Which we can’t afford, so never ye mind!

The griddle is hot. Ay ay ay! I pour the batter and it make a sizzle. Dat’s good. But it’s been two whole minutes since I last checked, and the cactus matey *still* don’t come!

Matey slowly flaps in. He looks tired but he wakes up fast when he smells me pancake. “Morning, matey,” he tells me as he kisses me.

“I tell Suunaa she might have to go to desert for cactus plant.”

“Aw, matey! You still tied up ’bout dat?”

“It’s not good, lissenamée.”

I jerk the pan. The pancake flip like floppin’ fish. Ay ay ay, the sizzle sound’s *so good*.

“Well, matey, let’s not a-worry ’bout it ’til restaurant opens.”

I say harumph. He’s right. Matey’s always right. But I had a night scare ’bout it!

Suunaa returns and pours herself a glass of guava juice from the icebox.

“Where is your brother?” I say. The stack is already four pancakes tall. Told ya, I can make ’em in me sleep!

“Still in bed,” she says.

“Here,” I say, giving her the pan. I flap back up to Maakeerees’ room. “Maakee!” He has his back to me. I think he just ignore me. I can tell when someone’s *really* asleep. “Maakeerees! You do know what day is today?”

“No,” he grumbles.

“Is Marlsay Day. Very, *very* busy day. No lazyn’ ’bout! Get down. We make cricket-flour pancakes. You like cricket-flour pancakes?”

“No,” he grumbles.

“Ay ay ay, you are *lasteesaa*, you are.”

“Am not.”

“Wake up quick, we’ll eat all the cricket-flour pancakes without you.”

“Okay, mom.”

I flap back down to the kitchen. *Lasteesaa*, dat pup. Sometimes I dunno what to do with ’im.

The stack is taller now. I thank Suunaa. They look good. Matey takes a bunch, pours honeysuckle nectar on ’em. It’s the most easy breakfast meal. We save the *very* good stuff for customers. And we’re gonna have *hordes* of customers today! Marlsay must be important critter. It’s no matter who he is or what he does. Critters must come from all over Azuaveria to do, I dunno, Marlsay Day activities. Did he even make cricket-flour pancakes? It’s the most easy meal!

Where is dat cactus matey?!

“You should bring extra water bottle in case I make you go get cactus plant,” I tell Suunaa.

She looks up and nods. I see she be choppin’ mango slices to put on her pancake! Good choice. Tastes good with honeysuckle nectar. Did I tell her that? Can’t remember.

The batter runs out. Three or four pancakes for Maakee, if he finally show. I don’t want to a-worry ’bout ’im, too. He better get down here. I do *not* like waste, lissenamee.

I eat me pancakes. I borrow some mango slices from Suunaa. Do we have ’nuff roasted termite? I’ll tell Buurruu to roast some termite when we see ’im. ’Cuz we must not run out of anything! I do like Marlsay Day, really. I like to see the critters dance and party. And give us money. Sometimes I feel that bats are the only critters who dance. Whole colony gettin’ together and crankin’ up the volume and don’t forget all dat sabal. What is the time? 8:27. I already need dat sabal. Dat cactus matey better come with a big, big bottle of sabal, so I don’t bust me head open from all dat a-worryin’!

We’re just ’bout ready to clean up when Maakee finally show.

“Eat quick!” I say. I toss him a plate of cricket-flour pancakes.

“You called me *lasteesaa* earlier,” he says.

Suunaa makes a face. They call it “yikes.” Matey looks sad. “Dat’s a li’l rough, Kessawwree,” he says to me.

“Well, maybe there’s a better word. I dunno it,” I say.

“...Flippant?” Suunaa says.

“What is ‘flippant?’” I ask.

“What is ‘flippant?’” Maakee asks.

“It’s like *lasteesaa* but... nicer?” she says.

“Flippant,” I say again. I can only think of flipping pancakes like floppin’ fish. Flippant. Strange.

“Well, let’s get a move on!” I tell everyone. I flap back up to me and matey’s room. I look in the mirror. Ay ay ay, Kess... I be gettin’ old. Grey fur? Can’t be. Wing’s a li’l damage. But dat’s been like dat long time. I take a deep breath. It’s just a day. Marlsay Day is just a day. There are lots o’ days. I’ve lived lots o’ days. You can tell ’cuz now I’ve got grey fur on me shoulder. Matey doesn’t even have grey fur, and he’s certainly not lazin’ ’bout. If only the cactus matey would come, then today’ll be good day, lissenamée.