

Meeting an old lady

radio play

performer: child/young person

last part

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When my husband will not be, then I will think over the whole world, if there is some peace somewhere at all. Because not really. There will be a man, who thinks that doing something could be only for money and he spreads that I am not normal. I may write even a poem of it. Of that I work not for money and this is the real one.

A doctor comes in, actually she comes to die, she does not want to suffer in sight of her grandchildren. She will have brain tumor, next to her ear. The doctor, who gives her diagnosis, does not know she is a doctor, too. She looks at the sheet, and reads the future for herself. Then another woman will collect cloths. And then she selects which one fits to who. She thinks to the great-grandchildren of my brother, although she did not know them, but she just wants to give. Noway anything remains the same after she will not be anymore, because she is over 90. She does not want to waste.

If a certain word may not come in my mind, then I will be pointing. I will beware of that people, who does not have any idea about pointing and illnesses, I will avoid them a bit. It is not a nice behavior but useful.

My idea will be the following: until one's has the sense of humour, no problem. My brother will have a very severe diabetes, so he loses his sense of humour sometimes.

But for me, I will have a serious collection of jokes. Because I will have a severe patient who I look after for three years, til she dies. - I will look after patients totally for free. - So she will know that she can't be helped, but she loves jokes. That time I started to collect jokes. I heal very much with them.

One of my good friend will tell me, she is incurable and her husband has died, so at that time the period is coming when the friends die themselves or their husbands. It will be very hard to get over it.

Where I will live, there will be many dies who are not that old. They always told me: 'Easy for you, you are so young, 76 years old, almost a chit!'. But these things are not going like that. Then they start to calculate who is the next. But we will not be put in order.

- Who is wailing so much?
- Margit Molnár.
- Mari, not Margit. Mária. She lives in the first room. In front of me.
- I hear the voice from inner.
- She may be upstairs and you hear from there, because sometimes she is taken up and then upstairs she is weiling in the same way. When she wakes up, she is scared, she doesn't like to be alone.
- No any problem with her in phisically, just she doesn't know her's way around.
- She always says: I had no pain at all, just I get bored.

I'll never get bored. From the free library I'll swipe a thick book, The young lions from Irwin Shaw. This is a life story of four men and there are war topics in it also.

I will read the war stories, because I will have three sons and I am averse from war but I'll think I have to read at least about what a mother can feel when they are waiting for the news. I think I need to read this, because they had to be lived through. And I also will think, we do not know what we will live.

I will take some violets, which are blooming in the backyard, behind the church. They will have scent. And I'll have a corridor-mate, who will be mad at me for taking flowers. Despite I do not take them for me, only for the doctor. She is not able to come down, nor bend. Only she can do, going to the toilet and take a shower. Because of brain tumor. As the brain tumor will be removed, her balance will stop working. And then she will lean on the wall during walking. But she will not give up.

These violets will be so much suddenly, by a day. When I take some for her, there won't be good talking for long, because it is also exhausting for her to say a word. But then she says these are very pretty and asks me 'well, won't you take them away?' No, I didn't bring just for showing and taking away! And then we laugh.

I will be telling her one of my poems twice, which I only know by heart. I know only one by heart, I tell her that one twice.

As long as my friends will be living, they will be. I will be able to write more and more difficult. My spelling will remain but my handwriting won't be so nice that before.

I will have a dream: I am standing in an elevator and pressing the buttons confused, I don't know which way to go. When I wake up, I would start going to have breakfast and I will not know which way. So the dream are going on but it becomes true.