

Crazy Instructions

“Meddie, can you count those sheep for me?”, Vorisa requested smingly staring at the picture of sheep.

“Sure”, Meddie accepted, “Why?”

“Well, I don’t know. Just”, Vorisa quickly responded.

“Um...okay”

Hesitating at first, Meddie began counting the sheep. She wondered why could Vorisa bother with the number of sheep in the picture. The picture was hung on the wall. It was the dumbest painting, that’s what

Vorisa said when it arrived. It was the most repulsive looking in Vorisa’s eyes and she willingly to take it off. However, that painting was actually one of a parcel her

grandmother sent as a gift and she had no choice but to keep the painting on the wall. She had told Meddie to take care of it. And if anything happens - *anything* “disaster-some” happened, she could always



blame it on the parcel deliverer and said that he probably didn't handled the parcel carefully. But; Meddie was left in charge of the painting. She still was puzzled as to why could her mate wanted a sheep count? It were not as the sheep could come to real life and one of the baby sheep-, which Meddie was just counting, could actually get out of the picture.

"Meddie, are you finished?", called up Vorisa's voice from another room.

"Nearly", answered Meddie who was just nearly counting the second last sheep. She replied to herself, "Done".

Vorisa came. She saw and smiled. She gave her next instruction:

"Very Good. Now the next thing you gotta do is greet those sheep"

Meddie stared astonishingly at Vorisa. *Count the sheep?* She thought. *Has she gone mad?*

"Yes I am not mad", suddenly replied Vorisa breaking the thoughts of Meddie as though she was reading her mind. "I am not mad", she repeated. Meddie stared at Vorisa and Vorisa at Meddie. They were staring at each other. Then Meddie asked how exactly will she *greet* the sheep when they aren't even real?

“Don’t know”, Vorisa mumbled staring emotionlessly at the picture. “Just say “Hi” to them”, she spoke again changing her expression. “You know you can also do that”, suggested Meddie who was carefully examining the painting. “You are better in greeting”, Vorisa excused. “Greeting is a skill? But you only have to say one word”, Meddie casually said. “Now, now, it doesn’t work like that”, Vorisa said. “You greet with *emotion*, an emotion that only you know how to do it. You have to do it with your heart, not your brain. Just like you make a speech, you take it from your heart, not brain. There’s a difference between greeting and saying”, Vorisa explained slowly. Meddie listened. But she still had a doubt if Vorisa had gone mad. Talking to sheep. *And why in the world did she want a sheep count for?* Meddie impatiently wondered tapping her chin in thought. “Then why don’t *you* do it?”, suspiciously asked Meddie wondering behind the reason Vorisa had chosen her. “That’s daft. I won’t even think of talking to sheep!”, Vorisa exclaimed in response. “Of course, I get it. I will only greet those sheep if you tell me first what’s the reason behind in these crazy instructions”, Meddie said.

That's when the doorbell rang unexpectedly. Vorisa paused and held up her hands in defense.

"Okay, okay, you got me. I must get the door", she said walking away. After fifteen minutes she returned with a paper.

"It says right here", Vorisa said taking her spot not even explaining what Meddie asked, "Alright, it says right here", she repeated.

"Says that Granny got a collection of useless paintings. She had said that this painting she sent was taken at a farm actually.

No, *painted*, actually. Uh, what's the difference between taking and

painting? Gosh I got that

confused. Anyway she confided that there's this very odd system this painting follows. She first told me to follow these rules when she sent the parcel.

One, you have to count the exact number of sheep. Second, you greet them. Third, you observe the painting. The reason if these weird rules are that when you count the number of sheep, you



know how many they are. Second is when you greet the sheep, there's a hidden microphone or tape that sends the greeting to the farm. I

know....weird right?", Vorisa read.

Meddie stared at her, emotionless.

"So the painting is called "crazy instructions"", Vorisa completed for her. Meddie still didn't move. It was though she had frozen. She didn't even blink.

"Well? Any thoughts?", questioned Vorisa.

"Yes", Meddie emotionlessly raises her hand. "Can you greet the sheep?"