

<p style="TEXT-ALIGN: center"></p> <p></p> <p style="TEXT-ALIGN: left">"Mommy!?" </p> <p>"Yes My Sweet?" </p> <p>"Mommy, those shaggy people, don't they have soap? They pong!"</p> <p>"But Johnny, they are Hunters! Did you not see their splendid thick spears, and those heavy stone clubs?♦ And Hunters cannot use soap, because animals don't like that smell and run a mile!"♦ And with an amused look in my direction:♦ "Strangely for us that has all changed. I mean take Sandalwood scent for instance. That is used to attract prey!"</p> <p>And I thought that dash of Sandalwood in the morning was just to soothe the skin.</p> <p>Before I can put in a word or two about Tender Prada, little Johnny goes direct: "Mommy, you♦do perfume everyday, everybody does, even the men, and especially the big boys in class 9 and 10.♦ Are you all hunting?"</p> <p style="text-align: center;"></p> <p>Ouch.♦ I am really looking forward to Mommy's reply.</p> <p>She takes a bit of time uncrossing her legs and then straightens and tucks in her crisp white blouse, which does pleasant things for the general ambiance: "Look Johnny", with a sideways glance in my direction, "it is a fact that for a hundred thousand years our forebears have been hunters and foragers."♦ And even the foraging was a form of hunting, looking for edibles in hope and succeeding with a thrill of achievement. And farming? Well, when farming eventually came along, they say it was the underprivileged, who for some reason could not hunt nor gather, who did not have a choice, who became farmers. So yes, we are mostly all hunting, in one way or another, because that is us."♦♦ And not looking at me: "Maybe even with some nice after-shave".</p> <p>Right then I cannot think of a single appropriate thing to say, more so when I notice a faint flush appearing on her composed school mistress features, more than likely mirrored by my own appearance.</p> <p>Little Johnny is frowning, looking out at the fields of tall maize endlessly passing by our carriage window: " So that must be why big machines do the farming and everybody lives in a city.♦ Because hunting is better in the city.♦ When I'm big, I will try out this Sandalwood. You seem to quite like it, Mommy. But Mommy, what is there to hunt in a city? " </p> <p>{loadposition kpr2}</p>