

# All You Need is Love

*Fruits that grow to the heart!*

Dear Peter,

My Aunt Lissy is now over ninety-ten years younger than her Royal Mumness. Here and there is it not more so as it earlier with her was. Clear, such an older can you not so light off-shake like a wet poodle the water. One day has she it in the cross; the other day are it the knees, which not more withmake will. But mostest is it nothing earnest. It are these little zipperlies, which also much younger people like you and me from one day on the other befall can. All in all is Aunt Lissy quite good thereupon, special mental, as some people say would. Lastendly play itself all solikeso in the head off.

Aunt Lissy is not only good in shot for her older, but also a phenomenon in many a to sight. To byplay loves Aunt Lissy crossword-riddles. A newspaper without a riddle is no newspaper for her. She knows not only an animal – product with three letters, but all rivers and side – rivers, all mountains, countries and all head – towns in the world. But this is longest not all. On lovest goes she into her garden. Offseen from her beautiful flowers, are it her tomatoes, which her to the heart grown are. There go you the eyes over and the water runs you in the mouth together. I get rule – messy into swarming. How her tomatoes mouth! Fantastic! I guarantee you: The taste – loose watersack out holland, which you over the whole year in the supermarket become, can, throw you slippery away. These genetic programmed time – bombs can me stolen be.

I wonder me but, it is me a total riddle, how Aunt Lissy that so makes with her tomatoes. My Cousin Walter pulls tomatoes in his garden, which you as tomatoes forget can. They are an offence for the eye and taste like sour cucumbers with a touch of lemon. Opensightly has Aunt Lissy a green thumb. But is there much light also a trick by? Who knows? One morning's in this summer, when I by her overnighed, became I great eyes. First heard I a loudstark noise in the house. It was about six clock, and I thought with fear and horror: This must an inbreaker be! A goose – skin ran over my back. Aunt Lissy had me namely before two years told, that she one night's some policely seeked criminal elements with her firehook into the flight beaten had. Slept she this time like a murmel – animal and heard nothing?

But after a while fell me a stone from the heart. It was only she self – Aunt Lissy highest personally, who in this Mister God's earliness upstood was. Through the opened window of my sleep – room could I this true – take: My aunt went to the tomatoes and spoke to them with these words: "Good morning, you fruits of the heavenly paradise. How goes it to you today? Have you good slept?" Thereby touched she the plants quite soft with her hands. True – shinely says she also good night to the tomatoes or sings an evening song extra only for them. Perhaps: The moon is upgone, the golden starlets are pranging on heaven, bright and clear. Or this may also into question come. Sleep my little prince, sleep in.

Now understand you the world not more, or? Has Aunt Lissy a bird, is she ripe for the clap's mill? Or have plants a soul, can they us hear and feel? The beautiful ripe fruits give her right: Tomatoes need love.

From the other side seen: My Cousin Walter has middlerwhile an outspoken hate on his tomatoes. No wonder, that they there not longer withplay and their ghost upgive. It is quite simple, the tomatoes follow the Beatles and will us say: *All you need is love!* Had you so what from the tomatoes thought?

There comes me an idea: It is yes all world beknown, that King Charles with his plants and trees speaks and that they before him down – bow, when he through his park lust-wandles. Next weekend will I it but know and itself outprobe – quite early in the morning, here in Munich, in our English Garden. What Aunt Lissy and King Charles right is...

Quelle: ?