

Swiss Sushi vs. Swish Suzi

by strannikov

Swish Suzi, the world-famous Lapp dancer, while of authentic Lapp descent, was born in Dresden, although raised chiefly in Hamburg. (Contrary to reports found on numerous fan websites, her career began in Lubeck, not in land-locked Liechtenstein.)

Her career flourished until the year she was obliged to relocate to Lausanne, when and where she discovered Swiss sushi. Lac Leman, while justly noted for its beauteous scenery, is also the home of Swiss sushi. Swiss sushi, frankly, is more delectable than any other delicacy of which Lac Leman, or Lausanne, can boast. Served in a light sauce whose name resists easy spelling, Swiss sushi eclipses all others. Much more than the sauce itself, it was the fish that reminded Swish Suzi of the salted fish she'd enjoyed when visiting her extended family in Lappland. On summer visits to her paternal grandmother's place, Swish Suzi had delighted in the scrumptious fish. It was perhaps odd that the salted fish of Lappland should have reminded Swish Suzi of Swiss sushi: Lac Leman is, after all, a body of fresh water—but Swish Suzi was an imaginative Lapp dancer, and it was the fish that appealed to her, so much so that when back in Lausanne, she took to ordering the fish without the sauce.

There being so few venues for Lapp dancing in Lausanne in those days, Swish Suzi took a job in a Swiss sushi bar. When vacation time would arrive, Swish Suzi would return to Lubeck for Lapp dancing and to great acclaim. Afterwards, she would retreat to Lausanne and return to work in the Swiss sushi bar.

The troubles for Swish Suzi commenced some nine years after she'd first set eyes on Lausanne and Lac Leman. Over those nine years she gradually grew less and less enthusiastic about Lapp dancing in Lubeck. Her enthusiasm for Swiss sushi, however, not only was unabated but was positively enhanced. No longer satisfied with working in the same Swiss sushi bar, Swish Suzi saved for a Swiss sushi boat. Soon, Swish Suzi was fishing Lac Leman for the delectable fish served as Swiss sushi. Almost as soon, Swish Suzi

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began not even bothering to return to shore, since she'd eat her catch fresh every day. Swiss authorities cited Swish Suzi for over-fishing, although she compelled them to acknowledge the fishes' tastiness, flavor, and intrinsic delectability.

Small crowds visiting from Lubeck soon swarmed the banks of Lac Lemman hoping for some glimpse of Swish Suzi, still famed as a Lapp dancer. Swish Suzi would seldom steal ashore, she thrived comfortably on the Swiss fish of Lac Lemman. Despite the rebukes she earned for over-fishing, Swish Suzi became an accomplished oarswoman. Years as a Lapp dancer had firmed her buttocks, thighs, calves, ankles, and feet: rowing meanwhile was firming her shoulders, arms, wrists, and hands (and marginally her breasts, which exhibited natural firmness of their own). Her steady diet of Swiss sushi, while high in oils and omega-3 fatty acids, had in no regard impaired her health.

The sun dawning over Lac Lemman one day, however, brought to Swish Suzi's mind disconsolate thoughts. Friday the thirteenth came on a Tuesday that month, an auspicious occurrence in Lapp legend and lore. Swish Suzi now felt a genuine urge to dance, but the bottom of her boat was too narrow for Lapp dancing (she possessed a reasonably wide-bottomed boat, truth be told, but it was almost always strewn with discarded fish heads and fish guts): and Swish Suzi, despite her prowess as a Lapp dancer and as an oarswoman, was no swimmer. (The most exuberant Lapp dancing, after all, occurs on dry land, whereas dipping oars surely counts as boatly activity.) An accomplished and talented Lapp dancer, Swish Suzi could testify in at least two languages that Lapp dancing was incompatible with wearing any Swiss-made or even Swiss-approved or Swiss-mandated flotation device, a safety precaution she insisted on whenever plying the waters of Lac Lemman: yet, despite her oily boat bottom and her insistence on wearing her flotation vest, she had to dance.

For the first time in her life, she confronted the dual appeal of Lapp dancing and Swiss sushi. Could it be that these two enthusiasms, both so deeply rooted in her, could be incompatible,

could be mutually exclusive? The mere suggestion sent shivers up and down Swish Suzi's supple spine. She earnestly rowed Lac Lemman, the rhythms of Lapp dancing and the taste of Swiss sushi battling in her brain the entire time. Why Swiss sushi never caught on in Lubeck, and why Lapp dancing had never enjoyed immense appeal in Lausanne, bedeviled her with every dip of her oars.

Her arms and shoulders ached from rowing and her legs remained restless to dance, but Lausanne was just too far off. Just as Swish Suzi was about to pass Vevey, sudden inspiration overtook her. She rowed ashore still just east of Vevey and felt much lighter just taking off her flotation vest. Gathering up her day's catch of Swiss fish into a large leakproof plastic bag (while eyeing all around for any lurking Swiss fishing authorities), she trudged into Vevey.

—and now Swish Suzi began to smile in anticipation of making a pleasant discovery, though this sense of anticipation was not altogether warranted by anything she saw or heard walking into Vevey. All the time she had plied the waters of Lac Lemman, she had never once stepped ashore in Vevey. She could feel something as she entered Vevey, which was this: while the thrill of Lapp dancing had never hit Lausanne (the world capital of Swiss sushi), Vevey was Lac Lemman's capital of Lapp dance. The residents of Vevey began to spot her and were astounded at her arrival! A respectful but enthusiastic clamor soon was accompanying her into town. This reception made Swish Suzi cry quietly, so she set her bag of Swiss fish down and began a Lapp dance right in the middle of an intersection.

—but something even more amazing was revealed to Swish Suzi as she finished her joyous Lapp dance: the residents of Vevey enjoyed their Swiss sushi without the light sauce whose name was such a challenge to spell correctly!

Swish Suzi had arrived, she had found her home, and by the most unexpected route and quite by accident! While Lubeck and Lausanne would forever retain special charm for her, she never ever thereafter left Vevey . . . except to dip her oars in the waters of Lac Lemman, whenever no Swiss authorities were looking.

Naturally, a dispute soon ensued between residents of Lausanne and those of Lubeck over the merits of Swiss sushi (with or without the light sauce) and of Lapp dancing (which, while not native to Lubeck, remained highly esteemed there).

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