



## A Flock of Cheese

There is no shade for the sheep on the moonscape island of Pag off Croatia's northern coast. Among the sheep is a 40-something man named Mate (rhymes with "latte"), his brown hair ruffled by the Mediterranean breeze. Mate lets out a gentle singsong call: "Na mala, na" ("Here little ones, here"). The sheep come running to his voice. Mate perches on a stool behind one female and squirts her milk into a dented metal pail. It will take a lot of time, and many sheep, to fill the pail.

Mate takes me aside and cuts a chunk of cheese. It crumbles like Parmesan and is often served with olive oil to bring out the intense nutty flavor. I think I detect a hint of sage on which the sheep grazed. Mate waves and says "Bok," a Croatian phrase that means hello and goodbye, and rushes out to the pasture to check on his "little ones." — KRISTIN VUKOVIC