

The mysterious disappearance of potatoes

It is early spring. Although officially spring is already here, we can see muddy boots, light rain, bare arms of trees; a strange time of the year. Behind the dark clouds, a stronger sun breaks through, announcing the real spring.

In Kazimierz on the Vistula, at this time of the year there are very few tourists. Despite the changing weather, you can wander on the Vistula promenade or in the gullies. After such a walk hunger makes itself known. By the road, just behind the Market Square, is a small renovated manor house, inside there is a restaurant. What can we eat and who can we find here?

Impoverished intellectual

A couple with two children of school age enters the restaurant. You can see that they are tired. They approach the waiter standing behind the bar confidently and ask:

- Good morning, have you got something tasty we could eat?

- There are no more potatoes and dumplings! - The waiter replies, handing them the menu. The family sits down at the table, the wife goes through a list of dishes, after some time she puts it down and returns it to her husband:

- Choose something for yourself. You know that I hardly eat, the children do not want anything as well.

The man looks at the elegant and tasteful lamps.

- I am tired, but that is fine, we will look for a cheaper restaurant.

They leave.

The young entrepreneur

The door opens and a young couple comes in. The man is wearing a leather jacket; a big, gold ring sparkles on his finger.

- There are no more potatoes and dumplings! - They hear from the threshold.

Undiscouraged, they sit at the table. The man is reading the menu, he shakes his head. A moment later the waiter approaches them.

- What can I serve you?

- Two roast chickens, please.

- There is no chicken left.

The man gets up slightly annoyed and loudly asks the girl.

- As there is no chicken, you will catch a rooster in the yard.

The girl smiles shyly, they leave.

Wealthy older people

A few minutes later, elegant, older people enter the restaurant. They browse the menu and approach a waiter standing behind the bar.

- We would like to order dinner for six people, but in the room with the fireplace.

- We do not open the fireplace room during the week.

They close the menu and go out without making any comments.

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These pictures are allegories of our time. On the outside everything looks nice and clean, but when we look inside, it turns out, that there is only a facade of normality.

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1995

Poland

A chapter from the book: "Okrucy z okrągłego stołu", Norbertinum, Lublin 2000