

Jewish Wine

Written by Jaroslav Bednárík

Monday, 23 November 2009 15:43 - Last Updated Sunday, 29 November 2009 21:12



>From: "Me" < jerry@bestofliterature.com >

>To: editor < editor@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: There are special moments like no others

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>Attachment

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JEWISH WINE

by Jaroslav (Jerry) Bednarik

I was standing in a large dark and gloomy corridor of a former monastery. I was waiting for my fiancée who wanted to buy a Jewish wine, which allegedly was of such a high quality that it could rarely be found in shops if at all. The monastery's interior smelt of mustiness and rotteness. Water vapor was condensing on the walls and running in small streams down the green mold-covered coating. My fiancée disappeared behind a heavy metal door and did not come back for quite a while. When she finally got back, the bag she was carrying appeared empty.

"They're out of it for now," she said kissing me on the cheek. "But I know yet another place where they could have it. It's in the city."

Although God knows I am not some kind of a wine connoisseur, I agreed that we would try to stop over there because I was attracted to Jewish wine. We took a tram to an area of apartment buildings in the city, which was still under construction.

"You just wait here. These people don't like being visited by strangers, let alone foreigners. Maybe it will take me a bit longer, so be patient."

I sat down on a bench in front of the building and watched people in this foreign country. My spouse-to-be walked towards the building and I looked with relish at her long and nicely shaped legs. She got into an elevator and went up to the sixth floor. She rang the doorbell of an apartment in the middle three times. A man dressed only in underwear answered. He grabbed her hand and pulled her inside. He slammed the door, pressed her against it and passionately leeches onto her lips.

"No, not now," she moaned. "I have a fiancée downstairs waiting for me. I came to you just to say goodbye. I will not come to see you anymore. I'm moving to another country."

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The man looked like he did not hear her. He fished out an erected ramrod from the meat shop in his shorts and shoved it in her hand. In a pre-trained motion she gripped it and pulled on it up and down a couple of times. She bent down and in a trance she took it into her mouth. The time stopped. Then she came to herself.

“I really can't do it. He's a very jealous type. I have to go now.”

The man stepped back and gave her an incredulous look.

“I've been telling you that one day it would have to come to an end. The time has come. Pour me the wine into the bottle. I told him that I was going to pick up some Jewish wine.”

She pushed the man away and went into the kitchen.

“Where is the wine?”

When my dear appeared with a two-liter plastic bottle, I was delighted. So we did find the Jewish wine after all. According to ancient legends, a person who takes a drink of Jewish wine will speak only the truth.

In the evening we lit candles on the balcony and drank the superb wine.

“Why were you in the apartment so long?” I asked gazing at the stars. She smiled.

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“I was not long. It just seemed to you that way.”