

STORIES MADE OF GLASS AND STORIES MADE OF PORCELAIN

The glassware in madam Erasmia's cupboard is bored. It has not been used for ages. Madam Erasmia is taking care of it more than she takes care of her own eyes. Most of this glassware belonged to her grandmother, who had exactly the same, not very ordinary name, and all this glassware is made of the best crystal and of the finest porcelain. Madam Erasmia's daughter, Helen, is a clever girl, with luminous chestnut eyes. Helen looks at the glassware through the cupboard's glass and says:

-When my mama gives this glassware to me, I will use it every day at lunch and at dinner and I will enjoy it the most.

The glassware smiles very happily. You see, even the glassware needs the human presence, even the glassware wants to be useful, to have some purpose in life, and not just to sit there boring all day.

Well, the bored glassware sometimes remembers old stories:

-I remember, the blue porcelain teapot says, I remember when our young Erasmia was engaged. How beautiful everything was. The house clean and tidy, full of flowers. In came the groom, tall and proud with that gorgeous moustache... Poor little Erasmia did not dare even to look at him. She served the tea with such trembling hands, God I was afraid she would drop me down and brake me into pieces. Then somebody put the phonograph on... That music...

-Phonograph? what on earth is that? asked a little crystal wine glass. The little glass of course has half the age of the blue teapot.

-Oh, the phonograph... It was the grand father of today's stereo or what else they call it. Those days we didn't have all that, pick-ups and cassetophones and videos. We had just the phonograph and we were very happy with it. It looked so handsome with that big brass funnel in the front. All you had to do was to put the disk on, then turn the handle a few times and there you were, the music started, so romantic...

-If you allow me, madam Tea Pot, said the little crystal glass, you are talking about the engagement of Grandma Erasmia, the Grandmother of our Madam Erasmia. Well, that was indeed once upon a time. Can you imagine, the bride not to dare even to look at the groom? And how about that: tea being offered at an engagement party. Gosh, tea is normally being served to sick people as far as I know.

The little crystal wine glass used this, slightly ironical tone when speaking to the old blue tea pot. Sure, the little glass had a totally different experience of an

engagement party.

-You should see the fun we had during the engagement party of our Erasmia(Helen's mother). The couple's friends had drunk so much wine that at the end they didnt really know what they were doing. All of a sudden, one of them started throwing the glasses out of the window, just for fun. My god, all my eleven brothers were gone in a matter of minutes. I was the only survival, because I hid myself behind a big vase. But anyway, it was worth it, that great party...Madam Erasmia still keeps me as a remembrance of that wonderful day.

-Well, I don't approve these things, said the large soup-bowl in a strict manner. The soup bowl is the oldest among the glassware. Everybody respects it because it is wise and grave, but I don't think there is even one single plate that indeed loves the large soup bowl.

-By all means I don't approve these things. How on earth can anybody have fun by getting drunk and breaking the glasses. In my time the young people did not ever drink anything but pure water. Don't you ever dare to say stories like this in front of me. Ever.

After that incident the boredom came back in Madam Erasmia's cupboard. The porcelain plates, pots and cups, the crystal glasses, vases and water bottles, all of them together and each one separately, deep into their dipression, had similar thoughts:

-God, this is not life any more, in this cupboard. Day after day and night after night the same things, without even the slightest change. If at least something happened, an earthquake for instance, so that the whole cupboard could fall down and its doors could open widely and all of us could be able to rush out to the wonderful world...

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