

A Canadian Romanian Jew in the U.S.

As I'm driving every morning through the picturesque rolling hills of rural New-York state, I have ample time to observe and enjoy the sighting of some wild life, but also of some road signs, that I had no idea if they are wild or not. One of them is "Repeal the Safe Act", kind of counter intuitive for common sense.

This morning, I asked my colleague, the Chief Controller, a smart financial guy and a true New-Yorker, if he knows what that sign meant. He immediately explained that this is the voice of the people who are against the USA Government Safe Act, that attempts to regulate the types and amounts of guns and ammunition every good American citizen can possess and use.



So I said : "And that is not to the liking of some Red Necks, isn't it?" Before the Controller could reply or comment, a very young, quite pretty, gentle and soft spoken accountant girl from the department, looked at me and said in an unusually strong and irritated voice: **I don't want anybody to tell me that I can only load seven bullets in my clip, if it can hold ten !**

I nodded and smiled politely, and nicely went back to my office, to mind my own business and shake my head, very privately.

George Kun, Nov. 26, 2013

Well my friends, besides mostly working and enjoying here and there some wilderness, I also need to do occasional shopping. I discovered in Henrietta, NY State the "Wegmans" food supermarket chain, with one store within five minutes of driving distance from where I stay. In its 50,000 sq.ft of American culinary atrocious junk, one can find maybe 200 sq.ft of true European delicatessen like specialty comestible breads, tasty cheese, gourmet chocolates, all of the highest quality, and that's the best on can hope for on American soil.

The other day, I was walking in the cereal box aisle looking naively for some low sugar high fiber brand, when my wife called me on my cell phone and we had a brief conversation. I noticed that a tiny and very short woman, a store employee, was arranging some merchandise on the shelf, but stopped shortly after I started talking on the phone and was staring at me. I could not think of

any particular reason why she would show any interest in me, but her stunned look and lightly dropped jaw, started annoying me.



When I finished talking on the phone, I asked her: "Did I talk too loudly, because sometimes I do?" She said: "Not at all, I just get very excited when I hear **an out of town voice**". (one possible plain English translation for this could be : "bloody immigrant with a funny accent")

So I said: "Well, if you really want more excitement in life, rather than waiting for me to show up again in your store, why don't you take an out of town trip, and you'll be surprised of how many out of town voices you'll hear."

I expected that both the conversation and my story end here, but the woman said :



"Wow, I've never thought of that..."

which of course is in line and at the same level of her "excitement" in the first place.

George Kun, Nov. 27, 2013