

Kiss my ass

I applied for an apartment many years ago. But unfortunately, I lived in the capitol city of Warsaw, where for state owned apartment people have been waiting in queue for 20 years. One day I got news that our company had received from the state one apartment to be distributed among 500 employees. So I ran quickly to the president of company. He listened to me and said, "You're right, that's true, the company got from government one apartment, but it will be not under my "jurisdiction". You should talk to the First Party Secretary, Zalewski. So I ran to his office. The First Secretary was short, fat, with a face like a bulldog. His head was shining bald. I also noticed that he was drunk. But it did not matter, drunk or not I would to talk to him. Business is business. I had to settle the matter of the available apartment as soon as possible.

"What brings you to me?" he asked.

"The apartment, I heard..."

"You heard well. We have one new nice, big family dwelling unit to give to someone from our company."

"I just came."

"Yeah, just only one apartment is available, but many employees want have it; a few hundred!"

"Comrade Secretary, I have been waiting for an apartment already

for ten years. I will reward you” I mumbled shyly.

“How can you reward me when your earnings are so small?” he asked with skeptical voice.

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He was right; I had no money to bribe him. I did not have anything to offer.

The First Secretary poured vodka into a glass and drank it. He shuddered and looked at me playfully.

“Will you kiss my ass if I give you this apartment?” he asked suddenly.

For a moment I was silent and surprised, but only for a moment!

Such an opportunity might never happen again in my life! The drunken First Secretary clearly got mad, but it was not my problem.

“Comrade First Secretary, for you I will do everything, I can even kiss your...” I stammered here, over the word “ass”, I could not get it out from my throat.

“Really? This kiss will be for the good of the Communist Party! Well, do not waste time. Drink the glass of vodka for the courage.”

He poured the vodka again into glass. I closed my eyes and drank it in one gulp. He walked to me on staggered legs, stood in front of me, turned his back, took off his pants and showed his fat ass. But this view did not scare me. I fell on my knees, closed my eyes and kissed his ass!

“Wow! Wow! I did not expect from you so much courage. Please come tomorrow to me for the assignment of your apartment,” he said to me kindly, pulling up his pants.

I ran out from his office as on the wings of joy. Finally, I could dwell with my wife and children under normal, human conditions. So far we were living in a single room, with a shared kitchen, no water, no bathroom, and no gas. The room was heated by a glazed tile oven.

Amazingly, I was so lucky. I managed to get an apartment without a bribe. For few second of humiliation I got an apartment!

At home my wife did not believe in the assignment. Of course, I did not tell her about the kissing.

“I do not believe as long I can not see it. For what reason would they give you an apartment? A minimum of a hundred members of the Communist Party in your factory are waiting for this assignment,” she was skeptical.

“But I have been waiting the longest period, and I have a big family, and we live in the worst condition without water in the building, with fungus on the walls and the highest density per square feet!” I answered.

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“In addition, how could you get the apartment, as you do not belong to the Communist Party, and worse... did not drink vodka with the

First Secretary or President of the company?”

“You will see tomorrow!” I said ending the discussion.

She shrugged her shoulders. The next morning, I was waited for the First Secretary. His secretary, tall, a plump blonde, came at eight.

“Do you have an appointment with the First Secretary?” she asked brewing herself a cup of coffee.

“Yes, yes, he told me to come today in the morning.”

“For him “in the morning” means ten o’clock. You came too early.”

So I went back to my office and was sitting on chair like sitting on pins and needles. Shortly before ten o’clock, I ran back to the First Secretary’s office. He arrived a few minutes after ten, haggard, with sunken eyes, barely breathing. He must have had a huge hangover. When walking to his office he even did not see me!

“Sophia, give me a strong coffee before my head crashes to pieces!” he complained.

“My advice is to wait for half an hour, let him come to himself,” the secretary said.

I had no choice, so I waited the next half hour. Finally, the secretary went to the First Secretary to announce me and she returned soon.

“The First Secretary does not have time today,” she said in a sad voice.

“How can that be? No time for me? Yesterday he told me to come!”

I pushed her to the side and rushed into his office.

“Comrade Secretary, yesterday you told me to come today in the morning!”

“Yesterday was yesterday; today is today, but let assume that it is true, but for what reason I called you?”

“You told me to come to pick-up my assignment for the new apartment.”

“Are you mad? After all, you are not even a member of the Communist Party!”

“But...”

“No more discussion! Get out from my office! You can even kiss my ass, but still I will not give you the assignment for the apartment. You should understand that there are no miracles in communistic Poland!”

“After all, just yesterday I kissed ...”

“Get out or I will fire you immediately!” Furious he got up from his chair and pointed to the door. I did not have any choice but to leave his office.