

POT- POURRI
(Medley)

Stories for the....cinema

To my children,
Spyros and Matilda

THE TOMATO CONVENTION (THE RED CONVENTION OF CAN-CAN)

The tomato convention will take place in “Intercontinental” hotel.

At the entrance there are columns decorated not with flowers, but with tomatoes.

Into the convention room, on the committee’s table, and on all the other tables, there are bouquets with delicious shining tomatoes, and champagne glasses with fresh tomato-juice. Red velvet carpets cover the floor and ribbons in all the hues of red are hanging from the ceiling.

Exactly at 7 o’clock the guests arrive, all dressed in red.

Red dresses, red high-heeled shoes, red hats, red bags, and red stockings.

No, it’s not a convention of the communist party, it’s the red convention, the tomato convention.

The meeting starts at 7.30 o’clock.

1st item: the title of the convention. There are three proposals: red convention, purple convention or deep red convention.

2^d item: should the tomatoes be shined before each meeting.

3^d item: the renaming of the dance ‘can-can’ into ‘red can-can’ and its promotion throughout Europe.

4th item: election of presiding committee.

5th item: the publish of a magazine.

6th item: decide on a specific date for the convention

7th item: should red clothes be mandatory for the convention?

Drinking tomato-juice, the participants exchange opinions and thoughts, in order to make important decisions.

Although in the beginning there is agreement about certain proceedings and congruence of opinions towards the end they disagree about tomato recipes and they almost start throwing bags filled with tomato juice at each other!

Thank God, music saves the day.

With the first notes of the song, all disagreement stops and the dancing team climb on the tables and begin to dance can-can. Breathtaking women sway their bodies and kick their legs, showing their magnificent thighs.

At the end, all participants clap their hands and cheer the group. It's the greatest triumph of the tomato, through the dance of 'red can-can'.

After all this, they decide to promote and advertise Greek tomato aboard.

And not only tomato, but also other Greek vegetables and fruits, with advertisements of dancing can-can, in which beautiful girls will dance wearing clothes that would suit the vegetable or the fruit they advertise.

A COMPANY AT THE SPA

A Company of women shared three cars.

The fat, the thin, the medium, the short, the tall, we all were very anxious about the beauty that's leaving us, afraid of the old age that's getting close, but optimistic about the results of the spa therapies.

We all took the road of general repair, united for the first time in the face of beauty and.... eternity.

The cars were speeding.

We were all in a hurry to arrive.

We took no notice of the curves or the potholes of the streets.

Nothing could stop us; our craving for the spa was great. The moment we arrived at the temple of beauty, we were left speechless.

Such was the glamour, the luxury, and the comfort we faced. ‘Wouaou’, we all cried out as one person.

With extreme lightness, we took out of the cars our bags, suitcases and holdalls.

We gave our names at the reception, and went into our comfortable rooms, with the big beds, the small salons, the luxurious bathrooms, the whiter than snow bathrobes, the white trousers, the nylon hats for the pool, the perfumes and soaps. It’s an endless catalogue of small things of ‘elixir beauty’.

From our windows we could see the two Olympic-size pools with the small tables and the deck chairs around them.

We walked barefooted on the thick carpet, went in and out of the bathrooms looking like famous stars, lied on the comfortable armchairs and we confessed to each other our most inner thoughts drinking coffee.

We laughed like crazy at therapy-room with rain, relaxed during our massage-shiatsu, and we almost got drowned with seaweed at the sea-therapy room.

We took a nap at the hot-stone room and....and...and we even became Popeye dolls!

We left behind us the oasis of beauty ‘walking lightly’, because we had regained our self-confidence, euphoria, our inner balance, a vigorous body, a soft, silky and fresh skin, juicy and youthful breasts and marvelous thighs...just like the advertisement of the spa had promised us.

But the truth is that we’ve had enough of wrinkled faces full of make-up painting.

As for us, we went back exactly as we were before, future...grandmothers.

HOORAY FOR MY HOORAYS

Hooray for the hoorays of summer 2001!

Hooray for my journey to Smyrna!
Hooray for the dance shows!
Hooray for 'opa'!
Hooray for ouzo and for octopus!
Hooray for love!
Hooray for friendship!
Hooray for progress!
Hooray for summer cinema and its tables!
Hooray for beaches!
Hooray for peaches!
Hooray for baked eggplants with garlic and tomatoes!
Hooray for fun-loving women and men!
Hooray for ice cream!
Hooray for smile!
Hooray for kiss!

Hooray for the hoorays of Salonica 2001-2002!

Hooray for idling at the luxurious beach!
Hooray for cream-pie!
Hooray for Intercity train!
Hooray for tsipouro serving shops!
Hooray for Terkenlis' bun!
Hooray for Hatzis' kazan di pi!
Hooray for the woman who sold chickens and had knowledge
and views concerning the Balkans!
Hooray for smile!
Hooray for kiss!

Hooray for the hoorays of Christmas 2001!

Hooray for gifts!
Hooray for the Xmas tree's lights and decorations!
Hooray for the lightened up streets!

Hooray for stuffed turkey and for pork as well!
Hooray for staying out until very late!
Hooray for idling!
Hooray for small honey cakes!
Hooray for sugar buns!
Hooray for kissing and wishing merry Xmas!
Hooray for Santa Clause, fake or real!
Hooray for the New Year!
Hooray for smile!
Hooray for kiss!

Hooray for the hoorays of St. Valentine's Day 2002!

Hooray for little hearts that go ticktack!
Hooray for red ribbons!
Hooray for red panties!
Hooray for sucking kisses!
Hooray for heart-shaped chocolates!
Hooray for little angels with wings!
Hooray for smile!
Hooray for kiss!

Hooray for the hoorays of Carnival 2002!

Hooray for streamers!
Hooray for masqueraders!
Hooray for Panake day and cutlets!
Hooray for Venice, Rio de Janeiro, Patras and Zappeion during Sunday!
Hooray for maypole (in the very old days)!
Hooray for dancing horse and the gypsy (in the very old days)!
Hooray for confetti!
Hooray for masquerade parties!
Hooray for Latin music!
Hooray for children's faces proud in their masquerade dresses!
Hooray for smile!
Hooray for kiss!

Hooray for the hoorays of Women's Day 2002

Hooray for Woman!
Hooray for Woman!
Hooray for Woman!
Hooray, hooray, hoorayyyyy!
Hooray for smile!
Hooray for kiss!

Hooray for the hoorays of March 2002!

Hooray for our birthdays!
Hooray for our birthdays!
Hooray for our birthdays!
Hooray, hooray, hooray!
Hooray for smile!
Hooray for kiss!

Hooray for the hoorays of Easter 2002!

Hooray for cookies!
Hooray for buns!
Hooray for red eggs and for eggs of any color!
Hooray for chocolate eggs!
Hooray for children holding candles!
Hooray people in love holding candles!
Hooray for the soup of Easter night!
Hooray for church and psalms!
Hooray for Easter kiss and my friend Anestis (who's he?!)
Hooray for the flowers of spring!
Hooray for smile!
Hooray for kiss!

Hooray for the hoorays of summer 2002!

Hooray for writing!
Hooray for redecorating the house!
Hooray for calmness in front of the sea!
Hooray for diving!
Hooray for summer cinemas and their tables!

Hooray for smart responses!
Hooray for baked squid!
Hooray for colorful bathing suits!
Hooray for melon!
Hooray for sad songs!
Hooray for decisions!
Hooray for blondes!
Hooray for taverns with super fried potatoes!
Hooray for smile!
Hooray for kiss!

Hooray for the hoorays of September 2002!

Hooray for targets!
Hooray for the continuance of decisions!
Hooray for diet (again and again)!
Hooray for smile!
Hooray for kiss!

Hooray for the hoorays of Christmas 2002!

Hooray for staring at sugar buns!
Hooray for staring at small honey cakes!
Hooray for staring at Xmas cake!
Hooray for staring at turnovers!
Hooray for staring at the turkey!
Hooray for staring at pork!
Hooray for staring at staring!
Hooray for smile!
Hooray for kiss!

Hooray for the hoorays of summer 2004!

Hooray for suntanned bodies!
Hooray for dance!
Hooray for the Olympic games!
Hooray for the Greek islands!
Hooray for tiny bikini!
Hooray for swimming!

Hooray for surfing!
Hooray for beer!
Hooray for bellies!
Hooray for stuffed vegetables!
Hooray for rock and for every rock festival!
Hooray for smile!
Hooray for kiss!

HOW WOULD YOU PREFER YOUR LAWSUIT, WRAPPED IN CABBAGE- DOLMAS OR IN BACLAVA?

**They can spy at you day and night, but if you embrace yourself, you can fool them.
Despite all their cleverness they never managed to uncover the secret of finding out what a man thinks.**

George Orwell

**There's only one thing worse than being gossiped.
Not being gossiped at all.**

Oscar Wild

Technology

With the evolution of technology are things getting better or worse?

Really, where would we be without technology?

How would we see, how would we listen, how would we watch insolently, how would we intrude?

How would we spy on the family, the life and the environment of our fellow man creating worries and even fear about the security

of his family, his own people, friends, relatives and especially his children?

They have no right to spy on us, no right to intrude, no right to violate the secrets of our personal life, no right to codify.

If a person believes in the independence of the spirit, in freedom, equality, honesty, respect of human beings, and rejects totalitarianism, tyranny and absolutism, then this person never offends human dignity and takes great care when handling technology.

It's time for sensitivity.

So, let us fight for the values of life.

After such an introduction comes the following message, which I send in e-mail: “ How would you prefer your law-suit, wrapped in cabbage-dolmas or in baclava?”, and I begin this short story.

A short story

I am in my kitchen, in front of a casserole with cabbage-dolmas and a pan with baclava.

Where did I put the lawsuit paper, in the casserole or in the pan? Where did I wrap it, in cabbage-dolmas or in baclava?

I'm so upset that I've forgotten where I've put it, and now I have to look for it inside each dolmas and each baclava.

But why bother?

After all, I'm just going to send him both, and the casserole and the pan.

I'm not going to hit him on his head with them!

He's bound to find paper, as he eats my goods.

If he swallows it and it gets stuck in his stomach, that's bad for me, because then I'll have to cook again and send him another casserole and another pan.

But in this case I'm going to lose valuable time and money, because the recipe's ingredients cost money, since Euros have destroyed us financially.

But I have no alternatives.

I can't possibly cook cabbage-dolmas without mincemeat or
baclava without syrup!

That's the only way to add taste to the lawsuit's paper.
Anyway, I hope it doesn't get stuck in his throat and that he
doesn't swallow it, so that the legal proceedings move fast.
I'm a bit concerned with what he's going to do in the court.
Is he going to bring along the casserole or the pan, one cabbage-
dolams or one baclava, inside which, wrapped up as a gift, will
be the lawsuit?

Who knows?

Anyhow, we'll see about it when the time comes.

He arrives at court accompanied by his mother.
He's holding the pan and his mother holds the casserole.
A company of friends and relatives follow them.
The judges are astonished, they ask themselves whether there has
been established a break for food, and they haven't been
informed about it.

They start looking for plates, forks and napkins.

I put their minds at rest and I explain the situation.

Their self-control returns and the court hearing begins.

Despite all this I can discern certain nervousness.

I quickly realize the reason for this.

It's the smell!

Oh, this smell of my goods.

I get close to judge and whisper in his ear.

- I would be glad to let you taste my cooking when you're
finished.

From what I've noticed, there's plenty of food left.

It seems that he found the lawsuit's paper almost immediately
and he lost his appetite.

- Thank God for that, he didn't come full.

But I have a question, I'm sorry if I....

- Please go ahead, I interrupt him, eager to give all the
information he needs.

- Why is he so thin, since you cook so many foods?
- He doesn't eat much that's why he remains thin, pale, and almost bonny, despite all the food I've often sent him.

As you understand, I've done all I could, in every possible way.

- I understand, but if a man eats so little and he's so stubborn, what else can you expect? The judge agrees compassionately and with understanding.
- The situation is exactly as you describe it.
- I have one more question, if you allow me...
- Please, go ahead.
I encourage him.

- Why are all these people with him? Does he need them to carry the pans and the casseroles?
- No, he's always accompanied by custody of people.
- But why?
- I've been wondering the same thing. Please, go ahead and ask him, so we'll both learn what the answer is.
- We're going to find it out during the proceedings.
- I hope so.

So the court begins, and, from what I can see, it's going to last for a while.

We're all rather nervous.

But I'm more worried about the food, which is left out of the refrigerator, and less about the verdict.

I went to so much trouble cooking it; I don't want it to be wasted.

As I sit watching my 'love one' I realize how very funny he looks as he stands between the casserole and the pan. I've always seen him in my dreams as a knight riding a white horse, and not as a knight of the 'cabbage -dolmas and the baclava' inside a court of law.

During coffee break, I approach my 'love one' and I politely ask him to give some baclavas to the judges for their coffee. But he stubbornly refuses, and when I ask him why, he answers.

- I am not going to offer them any because their syrup is too thick.
You've put too much sugar in the syrup, last time it was much better.

He blurts out, blushed because of his confusion.

- Ok, don't worry, in my next lawsuit I'm going to put less sugar.
But don't hold the pan like that, the syrup's going to spill out and make a mess of your clothes.
- I'm being very careful.
- Yes, you're always careful but you always manage to get yourself into trouble.

I return to my seat. I now realize that he's adamant about offering baclavas.
The court continues and finally it ends.
The verdict is against him.
It's another miracle of cooking!

Next day I send him meatballs with tomato sauce and rice and a pan of nut-cake, with no paper in them.
Also, I send him the CD 'willow' so that he can dance some folk dance 'tsamiko' listening to it and a note enclosed in an envelope with painted hearts on it.
It says:

“ My dear, never do to the others what you wouldn't like them to do to you.

Despite your craziness, your irresponsibility, your stupidity, your imbecility, your thoughtlessness, your idiocy, your foolery, your vindictiveness, your cowardice, your unmanliness, your badness and your insolence, I wish you good luck.

Your ‘ tasty’ who hopes to a better future, much better than the one you're wishing for”.

P.S. I hope you like my meatballs with the red sauce.
This time I was careful and I put less cumin in them.
My mother sends her love.

THE SWEETEST COFFEE

I sit at a table at the end of the hall and so I have the best view. Maybe some people are looking at me with curiosity, because I sit alone drinking my coffee, but I don't care.

I've found my own 'corner', and either by listening to music through the earphones of my CD player or by a reading a book or a magazine, time goes by happily.

I usually watch the other customers or the people that pass by, the couples.

It's one of the things that I really enjoy.

The owner of the coffee shop and the waiter like me a lot.

Lately, a gentleman comes by and drinks his coffee, around 11 o'clock.

He's tall, calm, with a quiet attitude, simple manners and modern clothes.

Each time he sits at the same table.

He seems to be indifferent to the people around him, including me.

As days go by I try to make no absence, and so does he.
So every day, same time, we both have our coffees while
reading.

I read my magazine and he reads his newspaper.

The atmosphere becomes even more pleasant when I listen to my
favorite melodies, when the sun brightens up the coffee shop
with its rays, when I listen to happy voices and laughter, when I
smell nicotine mixed with the sweet coffee smell.

Time goes by pleasantly, everything seems beautiful, the
philosophy of coffee has changed, and so has the meaning of my
life.

Now I realize that.

Today I haven't brought a magazine to read; only one of my CDs
to listen to.

It's a song that I really love.

My sweetheart- as I call him in my thoughts- hasn't brought a
newspaper, either.

We sit at our tables and we enjoy the music and our black
coffees.

I've overheard that he, too, likes his coffee with no sugar.

I stealthily look at him from time to time.

But it's obvious that he pays no attention to me, whatsoever.

What a pity!

Suddenly he starts to follow the rhythm, tapping his leg on the
floor.

Hmm.... He seems to like my choice of music and in doing this
he's showing me that we have the same taste in music.

Next day I bring with me another CD.

The same thing happens.

My 'cute' one again taps his leg on the floor, following the
music.

It looks as if he again agrees with my choice of music.

I notice his shoes, which are smart and expensive.

Not that I care whether a shoe is cheap or expensive.

What really makes me glad is that my musical choices excite
him.

On the third day we listen to rock ballads.

Again his feet follow the music.

I whisper the lyrics.

“La-la” I sing, tapping of leg follows “la-la” I sing, tapping of leg follows, “la-la” I sing, tapping of leg follows.

Oh, how I wish I could talk to him, to offer him a piece of my chocolate, to help him relax.

But what I really wish is to soften him up with my kisses but...better let it remain only a dream.

It's a fact, he charms me and I think that I've fallen in love with him.

It's a spring day, warm, and my mood is perfect.

I enter the coffee shop with a vacant happy look in my face, which I immediately lose when I look towards his table.

I feel like someone has punched me in my stomach.

He hasn't come today.

Although my happiness is gone, I walk to my table without showing it.

As I approach it, I see on the marble table a bunch of roses in a small Chinese vase, a cup of warm, sweet smelling coffee and I big almond chocolate.

At first I suspect the waiter, who used to flirt me occasionally.

As I have my first sip of coffee, my first smell of the roses and my first bite of the chocolate, he comes and sits beside me, with a warm smile.

His superb fragrance and the warmth of his body are added to the atmosphere.

He's lovely!

Sitting beside me is the sweetest, sweet-scented coffee-man of the world.

A kiss with the tongue sends him to heaven.

“A sweet kiss my dear! Thank you”.

He bursts into laughter.

I take another sip of my coffee.

- Excuse me, why did you put sugar in my coffee? You know that I like it black, I ask the waiter.

- But it is black, lady.

LE ROUGE VIF

Thank you for giving me:

Love

Power

Happiness

Hope

Thank you for giving me:

Life

THE END