Euphemism

It was one of those nights, I am sleeping in my study, and here the phone

rings. I lifted up the receiver:

-Hello.

-Has Kalman gone already? Asked a man’s voice.

-Which Kalman? I asked in return.

-Fool! Roared the man angrily and he put the phone down.

Why does he hate me? I thought – what have I done to him?

Just because I am not Kalman? He is a fool himself.

I felt that I started to get angry. Who does he think

He is? Who is he anyways?

I lifted the phone receiver and I dialled a number.

-Hello, answered someone.

-What do you mean, Hello? I screamed. I D I O T!....

It was good. The anger in my heart started to disperse,

and everything was fine again.

And then again my phone rang.

-Hello! I said.

-for heaven’s sake, is it you again? Screamed that one who was looking

for Kalman. Get off my line, fool!

That thing just made me lose it completely. He’s calling

me a fool again! Soon, I’ll show him!

I dialled a number.

-Yes? Answered a guy.

-Scoundrel! I shouted.

-Yoel? Asked the guy.

-No! I roared – your end will be bitter, you scoundrel you!

By that time I was in full swing. I dialled a few numbers, and blessed with similar language.

Once a woman answered and she burst into tears. When I stopped ringing, again my phone went:

-Hello, I called, you yourself are Kalman, Golem that you are.

But it was someone else.

All night the phone rang at my place. The town woke up.

We are possibly a slightly nervous people.