

IN THE RESTAURANT

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“I want lasagna.”

That little woman, four-years old at the maximum and sporting an ultra mini skirt, entered decidedly into the restaurant. She did not need a menu, she did not need a table, she did not need anything. She knew exactly what she wanted. She wanted lasagna.

The father, who had just miraculously finished parking the car, appeared to direct “Operation-Dinner”, that is, or was, the responsibility of older parents.

“My love, come here.”

“I want lasagna.”

“Listen dear. First, choose a table.”

“No, I have already chosen. Lasagna.”

The father’s face read “what a challenge.” Reluctantly, the little girl complied, first sitting down, and then ordering her dish.

“I will want lasagna.”

“Child, why don’t we order shrimp? You like shrimp so much.”

“I like it, but I want lasagna.”

“I know, and I know you also adore shrimp. We will ask for a nice big plate of fried shrimp ok?”

“I want lasagna daddy. I don’t want shrimp.”

“Let’s do something. After we eat the shrimp, we will devour some lasagna, ok?”

“You eat shrimp and I’ll eat lasagna.”

The waiter approached, and the girl started instructing him immediately.

“I want lasagna.”

The father corrected her.

“Bring us a large fried shrimp for two.”

The little thing sulked. She couldn't want it then? They wanted to make choices in her name? Why was ordering lasagna prohibited? These questions read on her face, but her lips were sealed. When the waiter returned with the plates and services, she approached him.

-- Mister, is there lasagna?

-- Most certainly, little lady.

The Dad counterattacked-

-- Did you arrange for the fried shrimp?

-- Yes, taken care of, Sir.

-- The really big shrimp?

-- Those exact ones, Sir.

-- Great, then bring me a beer, and for her . . . what would you like, my angel?

-- A lasagna.

-- Bring an orange juice for her.

With a beer and orange juice in hand, the famous fried shrimp arrived. With great surprise to the whole restaurant, who had become interested in the unfolding of these events, the little lady did not refuse it at all. On the contrary, she ate it, and ate it well. The silent chewing provided proof of yet another time in the world of the victory of the strongest.

-- Well that was something, huh? --commented the Dad, with a smile of satisfaction.

--Next Saturday, we'll do this again . . . sound like a plan?

-- Now it's time for the lasagna, right Dad?

-- I am full. Those shrimp were fantastic! Are you really going to eat more?

-- You and me, ok?

-- My love, I . . .

-- You have to join me, got it? Ask for the lasagna.

The Dad lowered his head, called for the server, and asked. Then a couple at the nearest table began applauding. The rest of the room joined in. The Dad did not know what to do with himself. The little girl, impassive. Should in a historic moment the power of youth stagger, then comes, with full force, the power of the rising generation.
