

A Cultural Experience

By Molly Hegman

Oh how beautiful it was in Garmisch! And look there was a restaurant with a menu in English!

We read the menu, walked inside and were seated with a man who spoke very little English. Ben tried to say hello in German which caused the waitress to giggle behind her tablet. The German man suppressed his grin and spoke to the waitress ... in German, of course.

The young fraulein handed each of us a menu. Alas ... it was in German. I tried to remember where my choice had been on the English menu and pointed to something. She nodded and smiled. We did likewise. Our companion for the evening smiled and pointed as well.

We smiled at him and told him our names. He smiled back and told us his name. The music was rather loud so we had an excuse not to pronounce it and be heard.

At this point in the evening I suddenly felt someone touch my knee. I looked at the man next to me. He smiled and nodded. I looked across the table at Ben. He smiled and nodded. I looked at Laura. She smiled and rolled her eyes.

What was I to do? I didn't want to cause a scene but neither did I like what was happening. I wanted to yell for help but that seemed silly. So I continued to monitor the touch. It seemed to be quiet and still for a while but suddenly it wasn't! As my friend turned to speak with the waitress, I quickly peeked under the table and discovered a big dog's head snuggling up to my knee. I had to laugh ... no one knew why but me. Everyone just smiled and laughed with me until our companion left and I told the whole story.