

My three famous drinks.

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The Balaton is Hungary's biggest lake, in fact Europe's biggest lake. No wonder that all Hungarians flock to this lake from early spring to late summer and even for some winter sports too. One side of the lake is mountainous, the other is flat and gives itself for wonderful beach life. When I was 6-years old, my parents took me up to one of the mountainside, where we had to walk through a forest path and arrived to the top. The top had a beautiful church from where you could see for miles onto the lake. In front of the church was a long promenade where a stone fence stopped the visitors from falling down the steep mountain. It was always a special treat to go up there because we had to visit the "Koloshetz" restaurant along this promenade. It was just a peasant house. In the summer their front yard offered a few benches and tables where you could order a meal. Their food was always good but the special treat was the ice-coffee. In those days, in the 1950's very few places had refrigerators in the country. Nevertheless this place served iced coffee and in the heat of the summer after walking up the hill, it was the most pleasant experience you could have had. They kept the ice from the frozen lake in the cellar, having brought the ice-blocks from the frozen lake in the winter by horse and carriage. They preserved the ice between straw. The coffee was excellent with milk and whipped cream and small ice shaving (with some straw at times) was served. The other treat was when the local children came to your table and told the visitors a local story in verse about the goats' nails that they found on the hillside. I still know the verse as learnt from the children and I can recite it in their local accent. The atmosphere and memory is unforgettable.

The second famous drink was when my father asked me if I knew what milk-shake was. As I never heard of it at the time, he took me to a Budapest café where they had an electric mixer to make a milkshake. I loved it and father paid for it, so it was a special day when I and father went to have a milkshake. It came only in caramel flavor, smooth underneath, fluffy on top, served in a long large glass. Gulping down the bitter-sweet caramel taste was a unique pleasure. The excitement is still with me, as it was always a special day when we went to have a milkshake, I and my father.

The third famous drink was when my husband and I purchased two tickets to Mexico. We couldn't travel on the same day, so I arrived a day earlier, he would have had to come the next day. He did not arrive during the next day, and I thought he ditched me

and my lovelorn self. In the evening, I went down sadly to the hotel-bar in Mexico City. The barman soon found out that I was a novice Mexican drinker and served me a free introductory margarita. Oh, that was wonderful, I never thought it had alcohol in it, as it totally tasted like a fruity lemonade. I had another one, then another one, then so on and on when I realized it must have been an alcoholic drink. I just made it to my room when I had to puke. It was 12 o'clock midnight. Who layed in my bed all dressed up, reading the Sunday papers? My beloved. Then I had to puke more and that's how the night was spent, the whole room was rolling around for me like a ship, I must have smelled awful and puky. There could not be much conversation between us, or anything else for that matter, then next day I was achy and unpleasant.

However, I was forgiven eventually.....
