The story of 1001 bread rolls

The watchful inspectors found 1001 bread rolls in the main cellar of a restaurant called Bella Italia. This has been the greatest sensation of the past year. People say that the owner went white for a split second and muttered some ancient Daco-Romanian proverb: whoever is willing to silage the studs for free, may not expect more than molded radishes as payment. Thereafter, he spread his hands helplessly and turned his palms to the heavens. What else he could have done, and what else he could have turned, one may wonder, after being caught in the act.

Their ripe age – not that of the inspectors, but of the bread rolls – is roughly around four to five years, according to the experts. There were, amongst other things, a molded chair, a bandstand, some rusty tray, and a discarded stovepipe, all of which could have filled 25 vans (including the bread rolls). A mitigating factor though: there were no battered nuclear reactors, no dance cards, not a single piece of frozen horse lung, Sári Fedák’s skull x-ray recording, any peppermint, or even the collective works of Rákosi in a seal leather binding to be found there – the facts so far. As the newspaper claims, “An in-depth investigation was initiated”.

There is something, however, that needs to be addressed. The bread rolls were allegedly four or five years old, a paper claims. The junior ones, let’s say, were four, while the more doyen ones were five years of age. In other words: not a single inspection has been carried out over the past half of a decade.

Or: there has been. Oh boy, but what a major one. Let’s say: two years ago. At that time, the inspectors still considered the bread rolls decisively fine. After all, they had only reached the young age of two to three years. Which makes a huge difference, to be fair. When it comes to bread rolls, two to three years is the prime of their lives – I come from an old line of bread roll fetishists, so I should know it well.

Nevertheless, I have no choice but to point out the essence of the story: sometimes even the inspectors need to be inspected. It should not always be about those sturdy, tough, rugged but clean-cut, fine Hungarian bread rolls.