

Ujvári's satire

A satire for my János (Though he'd need to do a bit more studying to pull off the Travolta look).

Oh, are you a charming vision or rather the devil's spawn? Which one you are, I cannot say, for the cliffs of János Hill are crumbling. I have already climbed the summit, but number 4 let me down, for you are not with me and the twins, but with your wife and the dishevelled child. The apple didn't fall far from the tree; it's certain that your confusion is eternal. Oh, my God, what am I to do with this man? Shall I stab him with a spear or love him with my heart? For some time now, his leaden heart has given me no peace; perhaps I should revive it, so that it too might become leaven. He was once my favourite baker for every day, for he browned my soul to a golden hue, just as bakers do with bread. That soul blossomed so splendidly in that glorious year, which I have missed ever since, oh, my dear baker! Physics isn't my thing; I don't even know why you didn't stick with maths, and then my spirits wouldn't be in such a state. Oh, but never mind, I've got used to the fact that you're not normal, and you'd put your temper aside even if you were reading Chapman. I don't even know what to say, oh, you foolish man, for you are not a man at all, but some sort of gentleman's boy. You are simply Ujvári, a great mind, a magician. For you wave your hands about in every lesson like a mad Hocus-Pocus. If one day you look up at me again like Törpillád, perhaps this organic infatuation will start all over again. Until then, let me hate you and love you in turn; what do you think, aren't six people on the list enough for me? If perhaps we continue our Queen tour somewhere, I'd like you to know that next to me, you're playing second fiddle in the singing. There's just one last bit to come now, then the satire is over, and that is that Snow White longs for her knight. So mate, listen to me carefully, get hold of a horse sometime, and let's gallop across the Pyrenees instead of doing PE! If that's not possible, don't bother with me any more, because our horse Szilaj will kick you so hard that your son certainly won't have a sibling. Time's up, now for real, this is the end of the story, and perhaps, if you prove worthy, there'll be a sequel.