

TRANSCRIPT PREPARED BY THE CLERK OF THE LEGISLATURE
Transcriber's Office

February 11, 2000 LB 922

the marketplace. But along the way Bartek saw this huge mansion and he was fascinated by it and wondered who lived there. And while he was going through these kind of wonderings, he decided that that was the exact kind of place that he would like to live. And just before he was recommencing his journey to the marketplace, the door opened and a man appeared. He said, say, young man, can I talk to you? So Bartek went up to talk to him. And the man said, I am a pharmacist; I've been called away on an emergency and I need somebody to watch my house until I come back. In those days and in that location everybody was deemed trustworthy. So even though this young man was a stranger, the pharmacist made this approach and the request. So Bartek said, sure, I'll do this. So the man showed him where the larder was, that's what they called it in those days, that's where the food was. So Bartek felt like this is a message from heaven, maybe he'll be able to stay here forever. So he loaded up on grub, curled up by the fireplace, was eating, which is another thing he did well, and there came a knock on the door. (Knocking) And Bartek went to the door, and there stood this peasant, wringing his hat in his hands, an old man. He said, my wife is desperately ill, I need help, somebody has to save her. And Bartek said, well why would you come here? The peasant said, this is where the pharmacist lives; see all those vials and bottles, that's where the medicine is. I need some medicine for my wife. Bartek said, well the pharmacist isn't here. The man said, well, will you give me some medicine for my wife? Well Bartek didn't understand the seriousness of giving medicine and such things, he just wanted to relieve the old man's agony, so he picked the smallest, most delicately shaped vial, with the most pleasant scent when he took the top off. So he took this and gave it to the old man and said, give this to your wife and she'll be better. And sure enough, after a couple of hours, (knocking) Bartek went to the door and the old man is beaming, and he said, the medicine you gave my wife worked and she is up and about already as though nothing was wrong, and I'm so happy, take this money, I worked years to earn it. And Bartek said, I shouldn't take your money. He said, this is worth more to me, what you did, than the money. You gave me my wife...

SENATOR COORDSEN: One minute.

SENATOR CHAMBERS: ...back. So he gave Bartek the money.