

Awful Avalanche

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"

An Awkward Dinner Conversation – Part I

Posted on [November 16, 2019](#)

Dear Readers:

Today [I have this opinion piece from Yandex](#). I'm not sure, but I believe it is a social-media type post. The first-person author is an unnamed woman living somewhere in Russia. Here I just give the verbatim translation, and then, in Part II, I will translate some of the comments:

TRANSLATION

My family has some old friends, a married couple, he is a Chechen and she is an ethnic Russian. Every now and then we get together at my house to get caught up. Just the usual friendly get-togethers. This post is about one such event.

Friday evening. Last week, after work, my husband and I decided to invite the friends over, since we hadn't seen them for a while. We prepared some snacks and put out our favorite Monopoly game, and then waited for the guests to show up. The guests arrived on time and immediately sat down at the table. We turned the TV on for background noise and embarked on the snacks, while catching up on all our latest gossip.



Yandex hosts Russian social media sites

We were chatting away, and then suddenly Bulat starts to lose the thread of the conversation. This wasn't noticeable at first, but after a couple of minutes his wife, Julia, decided to ask him what's going on.

It turned out that Bulat had started to listen to the television, which was set to a news channel. Which, as is commonly the case, was reporting some news from the Ukraine. "I was just listening to this news report, and I got involved in it," Bulat admitted. "Well," Julia commented, "the Ukraine is such a burning topic, that it's not surprising that every day they have

something about it."

My husband and I glanced at each other, and I asked Bulat: "Well, what do you think about it? Myself, I couldn't care less what goes on there, I wish they would report more about Russia." Not realizing that, with my question, I had just stepped on a mine field.

Bulat gazed at me mournfully. And here are the words that he spoke, which I remembered and am repeating to you, Dear Readers:

"I really just don't respect the Ukrainians, and that's all there is to it. Do you know how Ukrainians and our own people relate to their own history? Ukrainians don't respect their own history. They are eternally rewriting it, and changing it. In general, they don't even know their own history. In our country people regard history differently; in

Russia, History is a whole science, to which we relate very seriously.

“For example, in the Ukraine, they think they are snow-white and pure, and everybody around them is at fault. Russians will never try to place the blame on somebody else. For sure, a Russian might say that the USA is our enemy, but would you ever hear a Russian accuse the U.S. of being at fault for everything [that goes wrong]? I never once heard anybody talk like that. But Ukrainians accuse everybody around them.

“Furthermore, the Ukrainians don’t love their own motherland, they never try to compare Ukraine and Russia, always they try to compare Europe and Russia. And that tells you a lot...”

After his mologue, Bulat fell silent, and right up to the end of the evening he remained laconic.

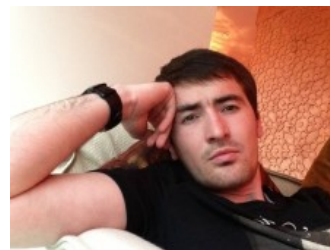
And that was a very interesting opinion that I heard from my Chechen friend, about Ukrainians.

END OF TRANSLATION

Next: The post sparked an interesting discussion among commenters...

[to be continued]

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Bulat: Sometimes just watching the news can be depressing...

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