

STORY 3 - Inside Bar Mleczny

It was quite cold outside, and they haven't eaten much - a small breakfast from four hours ago was not going to keep them up much longer. Marek suggested going to have something quick to eat at one of Wrocław's famous canteens.

- So, what exactly is this place? - John inquired with curiosity in his voice.

- Ah, we call it "*bar mleczny*" in Polish - in English it would mean "milk bar." This one is called "Miś," or "*The Bear*." You can get some really cheap traditional food there, mostly meatless. The tradition of those places goes back to the communist times when the meat was scarce.

They walked inside the bar. The line was long but it was moving very quickly. You had to pay at a separate counter and bring your receipt to the court where the food was being served. The inside of the bar looked very plain, with a dozen of tables inside and a few outside; the majority of them were taken. People - mostly students and the elderly - seemed to be enjoying their dishes very much.

- What kind of food do they serve here? - John asked, examining the plates of people sitting close to the line.

- Well, *leniwe pierogi*, *kopytka*, *łazanki*, *pierogi ruskie*, *barszcz ukraiński*, *pomidorowa*, there are so many! And the food is super cheap because the city covers some of the expenses for you.

- You mean like a subsidy?

- Yeah. And the place smells real nice.

- What are these dishes that you have named? I don't really know any of those.

PROCEED TO LISTENING SECTION TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THOSE DISHES