

Quarry

For ten months I was a student at the University in Wroclaw, but in the summer, during my vacation time, I worked for state owned insurance company, called PZU, as an inspector estimating the damages in the fields caused by hail and floods. It was a seasonal job.

One year I worked in the vicinity of Przemysl and Jaroslaw. We, inspectors, worked in the fields from Mondays to Fridays and on Saturdays we gathered together for a conference with our superior. The conference was held in the library in one of the villages.

Mostly all the inspectors arrived for the meeting on time, only two inspectors were constantly late.

“Why are you guys late?” asked the superior.

“In the quarry located next to the road, every Saturday morning is an explosion and for safety reasons road is closed. So we had to wait,” they answered.

One day I asked a librarian, a resident of the village:

“What kind of stone is extracted in this quarry? In my area where I live, we have a quarry too, where granite is extracted.”

“What are you talking about? What quarry? In the whole province we do not have one quarry!”