

Rent a DNA

by Piotr Kowalczyk

MP Paciorek's job was to carry a briefcase of MP Feller. He was perfect for the task — had the height of a security detail, dumb look on his face and a square skull, which very economically filled the hyperspace in the second row of Feller's entourage.

When it turned out that some members of that entourage had behavioral problems with their flies, the briefcase became very thick.

The second briefcase, heavy from the very beginning, appeared when Feller himself couldn't reach an agreement with his own fly, which was known for its attempts at gaining independence. To get ready to deal with that challenge, Paciorek started weight training.

Soon the atmosphere around this most infamous parliamentarian retinue got very hot. More and more new ladies were claiming that the members of first and second row of the entourage had fathered their children, and in the view of an uncompromising anti-abortion legislation (the protection of life from the moment of pre-conception of the male great-grandfather) those were serious accusations. When Ms. B. Kurka (name known to the editors) claimed that her child, Krzysio, was fathered by Feller himself (what a coincidence, first name also Krzysio), the issue became extremely sensitive.

It was then when from his position in the second row, Paciorek suggested a possible solution.

“Yo, Paciorek. Lend me your DNA, cuz I left mine on the farm, and I have a test tomorrow,” Feller ordered in a commanding voice, because he had gumption.

The square-skulled parliamentarian answered in an inspired tone of a genius, because he knew how to take credit for other people's ideas:

“Boss, I have a solution. I'll lend you my DNA for tomorrow, because you left your own on the farm.”

“Well, if you think it will work, then why not,” Feller answered timidly, because he was sly. “Are you sure?”

“Absolutely,” Paciorek said, because he was dumb.

The next day a DNA sample was taken from Feller, and after two weeks Paciorek was thrown out of the inner circle, because B. Kurka (name known to the editors) as it happened was also the daughter of an MP from the governing coalition, Jaromiř Kurka, who was pissed that the father wasn't Feller, whom he wanted to kick out of the Congress building, because of his nasty smelling suits.

“Paciorek, don't worry. I'll get you another job,” Feller promised grinning widely, and this time he kept his word.

Soon foreign and local government officials began to call in on Paciorek. It started with quiet visits by members of his former entourage. When it turned out that every time, the father was this currently unemployed ex-delegate from the second row, relieved MPs with fly problems happily gave him the leftovers of their parliamentarian allowances. The news about this brave man, who with his DNA was defending the integrity of the party and the nation spread quickly around the country and abroad. It was odd, however, that only government officials came to seek his help. But it worked every time, and Paciorek set up an unofficial “Rent a DNA” service.

After a few months problems began to appear. Court decisions, ordering him to pay child support started to arrive in his mailbox.

“I haven't thought of that,” Paciorek thought and took inventory. Turned out he fathered 45 born and 23 unborn children.

“Boss, I don't have the money for child support,” Paciorek said to Feller when he finally managed to get through his ten-row entourage.

Feller looked up at him from above a speech about the necessity to punish women, who had had an abortion within the last twenty years.

“Get lost, you dead beat loser.”

