

## Being Belgian

For all I know, it's only waffles ... and mustard (that's supposedly from the Netherlands anyway). "It'll put hair on your chest," father shoves the small, bad-smelling jar in my face. Maybe so but I'm not into that – or the truncheon rule of the Congo, enslavement of natives for one more bloody barrel of wheat. Visions of bare-breasted women and whittling men beating into Euro-shape. And I'm not much into being short, stupid, and stingy. This is what I've heard but what do I know? Gagging on cold Brussels sprouts doused in child-proof Hollandaise. Grandparents close-lipped and grumpy with shingles. One night on the train station floor, sipping peach-flavored gin, in the capital of my heritage. So what's good about being Belgian?

*Amy Vaerewyck*