

How to eat a Krapfen

Instructions based on the observation of self-proclaimed "Krapfen-engineer" Liselotte, 74 years old

Liselotte had terminal lymphoma. She had a tumor above her right sternum - on the right side from her point of view.

This tumor had a life of its own, it even got a name, it was affectionately called Kilimanjaro because it was as big as a mountain.

It may have felt like a huge mountain, but from the outside I would rather compare the size of the tumor to a Krapfen.

Liselotte would have loved to eat a Krapfen every day, but her Krapfen-dealer, who also took care of all Liselotte's needs, only brought a fresh Krapfen every few days when she went shopping.

So a few times a week, Liselotte ate a Krapfen, which was as big as the tumor, which was only a few centimetres away from the Krapfen-eating spectacle when she was lying down. And she ate the Krapfen in a way I had never seen before:

Eating Krapfen - you would think that everyone could do that. And I am sure that eating a whole Krapfen is nothing special. Although the jam and the powdered sugar can leave their mark on your mouth and hands.

But Liselotte did it differently. She did it differently because she liked it better when she did it her way. She ate the Krapfen from the outside to the inside. The inside is the reservoir of jam, which is especially enjoyed at the end as a reward for all the hard work.

It seems almost impossible to eat a Krapfen so gently and carefully that the jam remains undamaged and uneaten, while the entire dough of the Krapfen disappears around it.

To achieve this, Liselotte inspected the Krapfen carefully, looking for the hole through which the jam was poured into the Krapfen. This place had to be avoided, so Liselotte took tiny bites and checked after each bite that she had not come across any jam. If she saw any jam shimmering through the dough, she changed the side of the Krapfen and approached it from another side, taking small bites at a time.

Such an undertaking needs time and calm nerves, as well as the extraordinary pleasure of eating a Krapfen.

After about an hour and countless tiny bites - as well as checking glances - Liselotte reached her goal: the jam reservoir was exposed. All that was left was a thin layer of pastry to hold the jam in place.

Proud and satisfied, Liselotte ate the best part of the Krapfen, which she really deserved. One might think that it would be difficult to eat a reservoir of jam held together by a thin layer of pastry without the jam escaping in other ways, but Liselotte managed to do this by turning and twisting the reservoir in order to be one step ahead of the force of gravity.

Towards the end, when the Krapfen and its jam reservoir had been consumed, Liselotte licked her fingertips, which - believe it or not - were left with only a hint of powdered sugar (and not a trace of jam).

It takes years of practice and probably talent to master the art of eating a Krapfen (and a preference for eating the dough and the jam separately).

For these reasons, it is explainable to me that Liselotte has achieved such an expertise on this field - as only a Krapfen engineer can have.

I wonder how many years she practiced to perfect this technique.

She told me that she only started eating Krapfen again, after the doctor allowed her to.

Before that, she did not eat Krapfen - she watched her figure, and Krapfen and figure did not go together well.

Why did the doctor allow it? Because it made no difference, neither to her life's chances nor to her figure, she kept on losing weight, with or without Krapfen, because the Kilimanjaro on her key bone, which was as big as a Krapfen, needed all the energy it could get to outgrow itself, and it did. It became powerful and showed it by the fact that the skin over it stretched and had to be moisturized to withstand the strong stretching through elasticity.

The Kilimanjaro was also warmer than Liselotte's hands, so much that she often warmed her cold hands against it. She invited me to warm my hands as well. And I was afraid to warm my hands on Kilimanjaro, but I did it anyway. It was warm, and very soft, the skin was very soft from the diligent creaming and because Liselotte generally had very soft skin. The Kilimanjaro itself was not soft, it was more like a solid mass, I would like to compare the surprising firmness with something, but I cannot think of anything, especially not something so warm.

In the end, the Kilimanjaro, which was as big as a Krapfen, took advantage of his position of power and robbed Liselotte of her strength with dramatic speed, he grew with a restlessness that could be seen with bare eyes, it was really greedy.

The Kilimanjaro did not eat her, they died together, even if the Kilimanjaro had hoped in its growth spurt to be able to escape the situation and reach heaven first, in hopes of not having to die as well. But in doing so, it unfortunately forgot that without Liselotte and her loving and precise work in eating Krapfen, it would not be able to survive.

And so they passed away, Liselotte and her Kilimanjaro, who was both friend and foe to her. And as big as her favorite dessert: the Krapfen.