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Russian Regrets

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I wish I'd learned more Russian growing up. My parents used it as a secret language to keep me and my brother ignorant. And they translated what sour-looking Russian diplomats said on the news, explaining what was left out in the English version.

They could Henry Higgins a speaker's accent and tell me where he or she was from. Better still, dissect the speakers' vocabulary and separate who was well-educated from who wasn't. They even explained what a person's name meant.

I had my own CNN commentator and a solo guided tour of that exotic. The same country I learned to "duck and cover" from in grade school because Russia was going to bomb New York someday.

Of course, knowing more Russian wouldn't have helped me survive. But to that, I could at least say "*Bozhe moy.*"

Oh my God.