



Lovefool

Amalia Angellini

Published: 2009

Categorie(s):

Tag(s): love-

fool,love,europe,poland,germany,warsaw,philosophy,European legends

#1 PROLOGUE

#1 PROLOGUE

Because of the first situation, I was furious, disappointed, I took myself to my own borders and I am still politically correct and diplomatic as always. Otherwise, I would be on the lost position from the very beginning. Dead man is always walking on the completely thin red line. It is the 4th degree of danger. Damn it.

Because of the situation number two, which is overwhelming the previous statement with a great shadow, I feel powerless. And it hurts mostly. I am throwing myself inside of me. I am walking on the thin ice. Dead woman is walking instead of me. I am curious when it all crashes down. Scratches are there for a long time.

Thousands of words, millions of associations, lack of sense in the whole chaos and I am looking for some emotions anyway. Today I do not feel much. I feel empty inside and outside of me. I left him now which echoes through eternity. I am feeling a great nothing. I see just blood on the snow and logically seen I know it is my blood. Cogito ergo sum, I think, therefore I am. I suppose you can still see a shadow of me. Let me die. Let me rest in peace. There is nothing of me anywhere. I cannot live like this anymore.

Then I thought I needed one minute to notice him, one hour to judge him and one day to fall in love with him. Now I need the whole eternity to forget him. I do not have so much time. I am dying now. I love him and I am dying.

#2 RING OF FIRE

#2 RING OF FIRE

It was a very dark night. The moon was behind clouds and the stars were not shining at all. It was so gloomy that it was not possible to see anything. Some figures were gathered in a perfect circle and waited without a sound for something that should happen. It was too murky to say whether it was an open landscape or just a garden behind a house. However, it was for sure that these figures were standing outside.

One of the figures clapped twice and suddenly a fire came out of nowhere in the middle of the circle. Now you could see some faces hidden under white hoods of tunics. It was still very dark and it was still not possible to recognise anyone. There were 30, maybe 40 shapes who built this circle and everyone was focused on what happened in the middle of it.

A very old figure of a man with white hair and trembling hands and looked to the top. He stood in the middle near to the thinly stream of fire and suddenly above the tongue of the fire appeared a ball of flames. The old man bowed himself and took some earth into his hands, and then he diffused what he had in hands over the ball of flames. Suddenly the ball changed its structure and became solid and strong. It looked like a small version of the globe, but it was made just from the soil. Then the old man stretched his hand and from nowhere he took a wee bottle, he opened it and five drops of water came out of it. They dripped directly on the solid ball and mixed with the earth. Everyone could see that the ball became a real miniature of globe with oceans and seas and continents on it.

Then the old man captured some air with a rapid movement of his hand and directed the wind on the ball over the fire. In addition, the little globe started to rotate.

Everyone was looking quietly and without any emotions at this ritual.

The old man bowed a little to see better, what was happening on the

little globe. Others stayed covered under their white tunicas.

-Brothers and sisters. – whispered the old man and was still focused on the globe. - There will be a great war that will make the humanity much weaker than it was ever before. There is a sea of blood and sufferance. There will be emptiness and hopes will be broken. Moreover, after the end of destruction and mass murders the humanity will recover itself and will rise like a phoenix from the ashes. Moreover, a boy will be born and this boy will lead us a step closer to the one whom we are still searching for.

Everyone was still focused on the old man. They observed him very watchfully and listened to his every word with the highest attention.

-It will be in a land between Russia and Germany. – spoke further the old man and tried to look closer at the tiny globe. – Who will help the old man to read the signs? After the question was asked, one person came out of the circle and stepped closer to the old man.

- Julian, thank you. Here, look here. – The old man pointed with a trembling finger at a piece of the little globe.

Julian's face was better to see when he bowed above the fascinating creature of fire, earth, water and air. Julian was looking quite young: every human would approximately calculate his age for 20, maybe 25 years. He had sapphire blue eyes and short hair, which was blowing in the wind. He was taller than the old man was and had to bow himself much more to see what the old man was showing.

-It is a city which is completely destructed, it's a city which will be rebuilt by human hands and which will stay the capitol after the war ends.

Julian was looking at the globe and saw a small city, which was destroyed by all means, there were airplanes which dropped bombs on it, there were soldiers who were throwing garnets and there was fire and sufferance everywhere. These pictures looked like a movie or rather like a tiny living model of the city.

-It is Warsaw. It has to be Warsaw. – Julian said without doubts.

-Poland? – The old man kept silent for a while and added then:

–Eastern Europe will play a great role not only for humans. Would you mind to take this task on you? – asked the old man and put his hand on Julian’s shoulder.

-I will be there. – said convinced Julian.

-Good, but don’t be too fast, you have some years until it happens and if you would like to, you can stay here until the war is over. – The old man was smiling friendly.

Then the tiny globe rotated faster and faster and exploded. The bang was undersized and the earth and the pieces of air with water fell on the flame of fire and doused the fire.

It was a very dark night and it was not possible to see anything.

#3 YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME

* MANY YEARS LATER ... *

#3 YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME

The first day in a new school is never the best one. She knew it already from her experience. Moreover, for her this was just another schoolish school. For her there were white walls, some teachers, and some lessons, masses of young people which she did not intent to learn deeply and who she would traditionally leave after one school year without any good-bye. Generally, goodbyes were not her strength. It was easier to do as if she would come back after the summer holidays and then nobody had a problem with it. Then she saved up many questions and this was the most important aspect of it. Anyway: how should she take a goodbye from people who barely knew her? She knew almost everything about them at the end of school year and they did not know much about her. It was almost her ritual.

Then she was not one of them. She was not the type of girl who has loving and warm parents, eats mushroom soup self-made by mother, argues with father, plays with the family's dog and has smiley-face posters on her wall. Some people are just broken inside and unbreakable outside. In addition, she did not establish any friendships. It was not her book.

For her new class mates, this time in Warsaw, it was not as easy and open. Everybody in the class knew there is a new pupil coming to town and everybody was curious what kind of person she is. Changes did not pass here as often as somewhere else did. People talked about it over a week, because the mother of Marta, the school nurse, shared this secret with her daughter and spreading news in a small school is not a very hard task. The last person who got the news was Tomek, who preferred to play soccer than to sit with girls and hear the gossip. Guys interests in sports started to get in conflict with another need: to get a girl who was your own girl. It was the silly age where you just have to think about your first love, about your first kiss and about girls who tried for the first time to put on some good make up and to wear high heels. Of course,

you had to stay calm about it, because such secrets should not become a weapon in wrong hands! In such mood the third class of Polish High School named after Szymborska, a Nobel Prize winner in literature, started this week.

This class was apparently calm. Tutor was not there until now and everybody knew already the stories from holidays, because one day after the beginning of school year was the point of time where you already got to see some pics from Christopher who was in Ireland or Martha who was in Paris for a week. Everybody knew, Justyna stayed the whole time here, in Warsaw, and had to look after her brother and sister. The only new thing in the air was the new pupil, which has the most daily, and boring name that you even did not try to remember it. Kowalska is just like Smith and you should be happy that you do not call such person Ms Doe. In addition, from another perspective she did not expect this city would hold her longer than she already planned. When she had at least a bad feeling, she would never come here.

Just Wiola, called by friends Viola, a blond wonder of nature and the class speaker since two years, one of the most beautiful girls in the class and even in the 2 million citizens' city, who knew the rare tricks of dating boys, the one who always knew the best solution in matters with boys, did not seem to be so happy. But as a professional she did not show why her mood is not as great as on any other day. She was sitting among others and she chewed on her lip.

Gosia, rather a bad candidate for clothes in the size zero or playing a leading role in High School Musical, was telling more jokes than anyone here was. Everybody was laughing and remembering the holidays, which seemed to be so far away from reality like the earth and the moon. Martha was speaking about her hunting results in Montmartre, one of the city parts in Paris. Boys were talking about cars, Formula 1 and football (what else?) and about their efforts in driving school. Christopher wanted to take the car of his brother to practice some things this evening.

At the same moment she already thought: another schoolish school.

Then into the classroom came Mrs Polanska and she looked around slowly. After some seconds, she already knew who was missing. One of these persons was the new girl. Moreover, Mrs Polanska had the honour

to inform her pupils about the new girl.

- Darlings, I know you already miss holidays, but do concentrate, please.

The youth was smiling and one of boys said:

-At the ceremony at the end of the school year we are always present.

-Yes, I know. I would rather see you all during the school time and not just once a year.

Mrs Polanska wanted to spread the news and she had noticed already that her pupils knew this news. The nervous atmosphere was not present in the class. She added quickly and just by the way:

-So, from now on there are more pupils in your class. We have a new girl. Her name is Kowalska, and her first name is Emilia. She should come today and I hope you will like her.

Viola moved a little bit as she heard the name of the new girl and by the first name she moved even more. She had a bad feeling that the person who is coming to this class will be the person she already knew. And she was not so happy about it.

Other people showed a little bit of enthusiasm, finally they should not know until then about a new classmate. In addition, they were a little bit enthusiastic about the new one. They already knew each other from the primary school and not later than three years ago, they all started High School and knew each other well. Their school was a part of a school complex - the smallest one and the most hidden between old oaks. Excluding this High School there was a bigger primary school. The kids did not disturb anybody, because they had their buildings and the High School had its own.

In the meanwhile, Emilia Kowalska did not show up. She was walking right now among one of the main streets in Warsaw and admired Nowy Targ and other sightseeings. The Warsaw Castle was not as pretty as she was waiting for it to be. She preferred Cracovia with its atmosphere of the Middle Ages and full of artists' souls. Here she was missing any atmosphere. She walked step by step and was thinking about the new school.

It became already her tradition to leave out the first official day in her new school with its whole ceremonies and official parts. She hated it. Mostly it was the first day after holidays, because she preferred not to be the only attraction of the day and after holidays there is always so much to talk about and she was not such a surprise then. Now she thought she wanted to rest more after the house moving. She was almost 17 and her grandmother was with every year older and had not enough strength to deal with any further replacement. Besides, this time grandmother said it should be her last house moving. If Mia wanted to study next (in two years), she had still an open way to move on. However, grandmother was just twisted nerved by this whole action, which was repeated year by year. Now there was a condition: two years in one city and then do whatever you want.

Mia did not want to build contacts with her class mates, because she knew already from the beginning that she was going to leave the place she was currently living in for a year and she already lost so much that she did not want to lose more. She was not interested in things, which were important for girls - like make up, shopping and parties. She did not want to start any relationship, because she was convinced she was screwed for the eternity. She did not know why, but she had her history, her memories and did not want to share them with anybody.

Any kind of feeling was already gone away. The fresh air and walking through the new city were the best medicine. She did not want to think about her experiences and parts of thought she tried so hard to delete from her memory. She had to be always prepared. She did not know exactly for what, but she knew there was a person in the world, which she never ever wanted to see. She was escaping from the past and this past had the real annoying feature to catch her anytime she thought it is calm enough.

She did not have to think about excuses, because she always could say „I did not know where my class room is and you know, the new city, the new surroundings and girls just don't get it with the timeframe and so...". It worked great every time she had to use it. But she already knew best the plan of school, she already knew her timetable. She already memorized it as she was in this school to give her documents and write in for the next year. She chose the school with a good educational level

and was prepared for any test. There was no test. When tutors looked at her notes, there were no reasons to be afraid about IQ of the new pupil. There was not any negative notice about her, either. She was always a perfect, unproblematic case.

Furthermore, this girl was interesting because of another reason: some of her data was governmentally protected. You could just see the last education's placement and some other data, but nothing else. Teachers just asked her some questions and it was rather a formal thing than necessary. Thereby Mia had the opportunity to get to know the new school and one time would be enough to memorize everything she had to know. She knew how many exits there were, how you could get there in the fastest and slowest way and such things. It was a routine. She did her homework well. However, nobody should notice it.

Currently - as she was walking through the capital - she could not give a chance to her new class mates to get to know her. Not now.

#4 WORDS AND THOUGHTS

#4 WORDS AND THOUGHTS

Tuesday morning was as usual as a little bit chaotic. The third class was not as loud as it could be, but 25 young people in one place and their talks were just normal. In addition, anything but quiet. Everything but the girl. Mia was not there.

Everybody was sitting somewhere: on chairs, on tables. And this time it was the same game as usual: Mrs Polanska, Polish teacher, came into the room and looked nerved over her thick glasses at pupils who were sitting on tables. In just a few minutes, everything was in the best order.

-How do you dare to behave this way? You are too loud and rude! Does the further pride of today's youth look like that? - Mrs Polanska was not screaming, a teacher with great experience, authority, and with a very ear-splitting voice. She knew this class was not as bad as they might think after her criticism, but she was already older and needed to stay true to her manners.

Everybody sat down and some said even short excuses. At one time, it was so calm you could hear the wind outside, which was not so strong and just moved the weakest leaves on trees.

The teacher looked after notes in the schoolbook and pupils started to take out their materials for this lesson. A whoosh of books and booklets was drowning around the class.

It was one minute before eight o'clock (beginning of lesson) and Mia stood in the door and looked around quickly. She already knew where she would sit down. If you do not perceive people as human beings, it is not so hard to find the place you're looking for. She just came in and sat down on a chair near the window. Moreover, noone who would come to the classroom would notice her at the first look. Besides, that was the goal. It was caused by the wrong scenarios from her phobias.

Just as she was already sitting she looked at people around as human beings and her look did not force to look back at her. People were busy

talking and now the teacher came into the room, everybody calmed down and was silent. Then the school bell rang and everybody put out things they needed for this lesson.

Mrs Polanska started to check the attendance list and she did not wait long for announcement. It was enough to make any smallest noise and the teacher already knew who was present. Additionally, the woman did not even put up her head to check whether it was right or not. At the end, when she read the name of the new pupil she was astonished by the quiet "present" from the end of the room. Not only was the teacher confused.

Everybody looked into the corner where Emilia was sitting. Nobody was expecting the presence of the new girl, nobody noticed her until this moment. As if she would be invisible. Incredible! Emilia was already often confronted with such experience and was looking forward with a small, friendly smile on her face. She seemed to be a nice girl. She had big, green eyes, curly, brown and quite long hair and she looked pretty. She did not have branded clothes, but you saw she was classy. She preferred simple, almost cold colours like sky blue and a shirt with a white collar. In addition, everything looked sporty, although she had blue jeans and inconspicuous ballerinas. It was a sunny September and it was warm enough to walk without a jacket. Nonetheless, she had one. It was put on an empty chair next to her.

Her face did not change just because 26 persons were looking at her. It was the OMG moment. Nevertheless, Mia did not react to this sudden attention as normal people do. She did not turn red, she did not move, she did not even breathe.

Everybody seemed to ask how nobody could notice a new girl in the room? Even Mrs Polanska was astonished although she already knew every kind of walking and could say by the way of walking who it is. She would even hear the most quiet talk at the end of the room (it nerved every pupil of course) and now she did not get it. She breathed two times deeper and looked at her class register for a while. Reading names was not necessary for her, she knew from the start who was and who was not present and the whole experience had changed today. She tried to look at the new girl, but she could not just stare

She asked some questions about some literature figures from the previous class. Of course, she asked the new one, too. It was a good possibility to look at her without looking for excuses. In addition, questions about new material were not any problem for the new girl. She answered every question with plain sentences, simple logic and good arguments as if she had already prepared answers.

In addition, it was not disrespectful. It was self-conscious and somehow classy. From this day on Mrs Polanska tried to learn the way of walking of her new pupil, but it was hard to get. Emilia was so quiet and so elegant at the same time and it was almost impossible to solve this riddle.

During the break came first questions from other pupils: how did she get here, why and other things you ask a new person.

- Please, call me Mia. – said Emilia and of course she had to answer how she liked the city and school and this and that. Tit for tat. She answered plainly and shortly and you could not get much information about her, even if some of pupils asked things, which you cannot answer with a simple “yes”, or “no”.

Everybody who was looking at Mia was convinced to know her for years although nobody knew much about her and she did not make the impression of letting to get to know her easier. However, it seemed to be impossible. She was polite and very well educated, but she did not share much information about her. Instead, she asked someone about something and then the discussion was about a completely new topic and it was hard to come back to the main question: who is that girl?

Just Viola was looking in another way at the new girl. She already noticed Mia did not change so much and it was still possible to recognize her. In addition, for Mia it was neither good nor bad that everyone looked at her and that many people would have liked to talk with her. She had manners, style, and such simplicity of being.

Viola was complicated and to keep her mask of a totally blond was a challenge right now. She hated the feeling of being near to Mia. The last time she saw Mia, it was years ago, they were kids. However, she knew something that nobody else here knew. What is more, normally she would make a great scandal out of it, but the secret of Mia was

connected with Viola. Viola respected her anyway. She did not like her, but she respected her. Some people are just broken and you do not touch them so that they do not fall apart. As a result, that was the reason why Mia's secret was safe.

#5 JUST MY IMAGINATION

#5 JUST MY IMAGINATION

After two days, she already had a new work. She did not look like 17. She looked like at least 18 or even more. Without make-up. It was the significant difference, if you try to get a job in a point where you have to be an adult. Furthermore, although she was not 18 on the paper, she made such a good impression and she got it. She had to take care of an old lady. It is not a normal case in Poland to pay somebody to take care of your grandma. Mostly people do not have enough money and live with their parents or with their kids and in this way you don't spend money for such extravagant things. However, there were some people, who became rich after the change of system and earned enough money and they did not want to show it and cause envy by their best friends and the beloved tax office. Nevertheless, they needed supervision for their weakest family members.

This work was illegal, but it was not a problem for Mia. She needed money. In addition, that was not the only reason why she needed this job. Looking after the "grandma Zofia" was easy. Zofia, an old woman, was over 80 years old and was almost a vegetable. She could understand what you were talking to her, but she was not able to answer. She just tried to communicate using her eyes and sometimes it worked. It worked when she wanted to hire Mia. Mia was a young girl and had this energy of young people, which has to be stolen from them, when the old ones don't get it in another way. Zofia's eyes were so enthusiastic as if she would get too much drugs. This work was not so hard. It was all about sitting there, talking with Zofia, reading to Zofia, listening to the music or any other form of spreading some young energy in the room. Besides, Mia should just come 2-3 times a week and in the case of emergency there was in a second another team of people who should take care of the old lady.

Grandma Zofia had the hands of an old person, full of traces from the past. They were delicate and warm. And she always wanted to keep something in her hands. She used to say earlier that she wants to feel life as long as she was still living. Grandma Zofia's hair was white as snow. And short like women used to have it back in the 20ies. Mia used to

comb it like that and Mia even brought a hair slide in style of the early 20ties. Grandma Zofia was always very pleased when Mia was around. What grandma Zofia was even more pleased about was when Mia talked. Mia's voice was like medicine.

Mia usually just talked about what she saw in the city or read books aloud and grandma Zofia was pleased to hear this young, friendly voice like a drug for her willingness to live. The old lady thought then that God was maybe busy, but sometimes he sent some extraordinary people to be met in life.

Mia used to read aloud. She could imagine better what the book was about. She could imagine better than people from Sienkiewicz's trilogy, the favourite book of grandma Zofia's. It was about knights from the 18th century who were fighting with swords and honour, who always followed their codex and never broke the rules. Mia could almost feel the green meadows of Poland and Ukraine and feel the wind on her face, the wind that brought her news about results of battles and complicated fates of the main heroes.

She was almost bleeding like the main characters and she was very enthusiastic when they were happy. It was a strange feeling and hard to describe - how do you describe a feeling anyway - but Mia was almost a part of a book she was reading aloud. Moreover, grandma Zofia liked to hear the emotions Mia had apparently in her voice. As she was reading aloud, she forgot about the whole world, everything from her surrounding was further away than things about she was reading. She had an impression to know these landscaped she never had seen and to know such knights she never had met. Mia did not know since when she got this gift, but as far as she could remember her life, it had always been there.

#6 COSY IN MY MIND

#6 COSY IN MY MIND

Because the medicine for Mia's grandmother was expensive and Mia did not want to use the small pension of her grandmother for them, she needed another job. Then she found an offer about translator's work. Her own grandma was not as nice as the old "grandma Zofia" and Mia would not ever call her grandma a grandma. It was just "grandmother". No emotions, no talks, no taking care. Mia's grandmother was a cold old lady. Mia herself was the greatest problem for her grandmother and Mia should not demand more than she got. Even if she had to work more or less hard.

In the last time, she bought some new books and schoolbooks. Her grandmother was not so happy about it and said such books could be gotten in every library. There was no necessity to have a library at home. Yes, home sweet home, without books, without fantasy worlds and without any warm feeling. But with a history.

Mia looked at the announcement and called the number she saw there. She talked shortly and made an appointment. Of course, from the beginning she knew where she wanted to meet this guy. She never risked too much. The voice on the line was very warm and cosy. And professional. And curious. They did not have to talk for hours and they did not. On the next day, they should meet in a small and likeable place called "Casablanca". The guy suggested meeting in "Sunshine", one of the new clubs, but she turned it away in her proposal. She already knew that place, because she stepped in there on the very first day in Warsaw. It was in the centre, but not so obvious to find. Moreover, the atmosphere was good enough to read books. She loved books and never had a place for reading them. At home, it was impossible, because she did not feel well there. There was no possibility to read, aloud or not. At school – yeah, who is reading books at school? Such small teahouses, which you could easily find in every bigger city, were the magical places where you could sit for hours and read, read, read.

"Casablanca" was one of them, but it was even classier and at the same time young. The air smelled like true roiboos, delicious vanilla, and

seductive chocolate cookies. The walls were not naked. There were modern, blue and green patterns on a sand-yellow background. The furniture had an old style and was made of real wood and not wannabe-wood. Here and there, old dried out flowers were hanging and candles on the tables had different shapes and colours. "Casablanca" was just perfect.

#7 WHISPER OF A THRILL

#7 WHISPER OF A THRILL

Sebastian was driving along the streets and was angry because of the plenty stops (these traffic lights!). He was talking with his best fellow, Julian. It was not about very important things and it could be ended in every second without any need for further excuses by every site. There it was: just a short "sya" was a sign for the end of the discussion and Sebastian reversed his own car into a parking space. It was almost one of the newest type, and the most important was that this car was completely his. He worked for it and he earned it with his sweat and honest work. Moreover, he was proud of himself every time he looked at his deeply blue Audi A2. It is not an average case in Poland to have your own car by the age of 24. In addition, if you already had had one than it was a legendary car like Polonez or Fiat, which the rest of the world knows just from the stories. Lately young people had increasingly old used cars like VW or BMW, which were brought to the best condition in Polish workshops. Poland became mobile.

Sebastian knew this teahouse, he liked it until one of "their" girls started to work here, and he was not as open for a relationship with her as she was. Mostly he was sitting in "Sunshine", because it was a restaurant and disco club of his friend. Julian never ever had to ask for money, if he wanted to get something. If he wanted to travel somewhere, he travelled. If he wanted to buy a new car, he bought it. He was a young guy with a great bank account, stylish Ford Mustang and his own club. Many girls wanted to have this guy, his contacts and his money. And so it was. Julian was like a King Midas who touched something and it became pure gold. What a lucky guy! Therefore, Julian started with his own club, with his own stuff, with the music he liked and pretty girls he was dating sometimes. Sebastian even thought that Julian helped to push up "Casablanca", too, but he was not sure. Julian always was saying something very important while others were talking silly things and if you were smart, you could easily notice such remarks and use them.

Julian convinced Sebastian to start his translation's work here in the same way and thank to his advice Sebastian won first customers. In the meanwhile, he had already a good image on the market and therefore he

had the luxury of being just a chief and a student. In addition, he had time to make parties with his friends and to see how Sunshine became the best club in the city. Funnily enough, Sunshine was living because of the word-of-mouth advertising.

Sunshine was THE place where young people met to show themselves and their importance. Nobody was remembering the times when parties were organized at home and how much fun was present in rooms, which were much smaller than a dance floor here. It was not so far away in the past. Then they had to decide where to study and what to do with their life. And so they moved to the capital and it was obvious they were not going to make other cities unsure of their presence. All you wanted to get in Poland you got surely in Warsaw. The cultural life in Warsaw does not slow down even for a moment. You have Jazz Jamboree Festival or Warsaw Autumn. Music and Film Festivals cause a wave of artists visiting the capital and you can always impress girls by taking them to such events. Warsaw has many tourist attractions which make it easier to get to know the city better and which are worth taking advantage of. You are never bored there.

Therefore, Sebastian and his friends were happy finally not to meet just High School girls and finally to live in a city which is vivid by day and night. A higher way of driving as you say it in Poland. This way two almost brothers started their life here. It could not go wrong, because King Midas was there. In this way, they got every girl they wanted and everything they planned.

With such thoughts Sebastian came in. "Casablanca" was still a place with atmosphere, with a smell of tasty vanilla and pure roiboos. Besides, you got chocolate cookies there, self-made of course! Already at the phone, he noticed that the girl is rather smart and professional. Was she solid? He had to check it. The last girl he hired was fired after a week. This was just the beginning of a terrible season of finding a new girl for work. Mostly girls were interested in getting to know him or Julian; they presented rather their breaths than skills in English, German or any other language – except body language. It was sometimes so hard to find anyone reliable. Now he came in and looked around to see her. He was thinking about how he would test her to prove her skills. In addition, he was prepared for another lack of success. He had already understood from her voice that she was a professional, but just to make sure he had

to be prepared anyway. He was looking around and he first noticed her after a longer time. She was not hidden; she was just sitting with the book, which was read by many girls now, something about vampires. Girly stuff.

He came to her and his first thought was: she is normal. Thank you, God! He said "Hello" and sat down. He shook her hand and looked at her. She had big deep green eyes. She smiled friendly. She did not move. She had such energy in her body and such depth in her eyes. You could simply fall in love with her although she was not the greatest beauty in the world. He was so impressed that he did not start to talk. Therefore, they were sitting towards themselves. He was just falling in the great depth of her green eyes.

Mia started to talk. Her voice was even more fascinating than her eyes. He concentrated on the sound of the voice at first; therefore, he did not get what she was talking about. He took two deep breaths and asked her politely to repeat what she said. She wasn't unsecure or touched and repeated politely:

- I am Anna, hello. So how does it look like with this job? You seem to be a little busy and I will not take too much of your time.

Then he was, the old Sebastian, he was the boss and explained her everything. She said she knows English, Italian, Latin and a little bit of French. Moreover, for the first time he was missing the interest of any other thing than work. She was very professional. She did not use any unuseful words and she was very polite. He trusted her just from the very first second like he trusted Julian. It was new for him. The talk was too short for him.

He looked at her more intensively to see what was inside of this girl. From the very first moment, he had liked her already. He did not even check on her skills. He just confirmed her that she was on probation and she could get a contract if she wanted. She agreed. He said it was going to take some time to prepare the contract and asked whether he should send it to her by snail mail or by email. Does it matter?

Of course, it does matter. She never ever gave anyone her real address and he got like all others one of her e-mail addresses. She preferred to

meet somewhere on delivery. Great!

He was happy with that solution. He smiled, maybe even too much. In the history until now there had never been any kind of feeling similar to what he was living now. He was just happy and had a feeling of meeting a person who he had been waiting since he was born. Was it love at first sight? Was it so easy to be caught in it? Probably not. It was maybe a fascination, attraction, desire. But love? Maybe rather falling in love?

Anyway, he had not enough time to catch his thoughts, because he already was in love with her. In addition, he did not even manage to order a coffee. Moreover, strange enough to be in love with her, he did not show it, although he was sure, it was so obvious to see for her.

She saw a friendly smile in his eyes and she knew he is a good person. She was from the very beginning connected with him in an unspoken way. Mia had this kind of rare feeling to like someone for real, to be interested in his values and his life. She knew it was not professional and she even thought they could be friends, if everything would be different. She did not have any friends because of many replacements and because of pieces of memories in her head.

Mia promised herself to keep away from people, as far as it was possible. After a couple of years, it was not even so hard. Of course, you care about people from your surroundings, you talk with them, but it is just on the surface level. You do not allow them to get to know you and you do not let yourself get into their lives. It was the simple solution, even if it was sometimes hard. Mia was not the type of person who talks much and did not need to be in contact with people. At least that was her perception and receipt for her life. The dark chapter of her childhood hurt her mostly and although she did not remember so much about it, finally she was three years old at that time, she had some feeling, the way she acted and the way she was living is the right one. Mia was convinced it was her fate to be between people and to stay alone.

Then came a waitress and asked what he would like to drink. And at the same time the waitress with Barbie-like pink nails smiled broadly and asked whether he wishes the same extra black coffee as usual.

It was no wonder that Sebastian was popular around girls. He was

looking like Brad Pitt, but he was naturally younger and rather blond. His hair was cut perfectly to the dissimilar length up to his ears. His face was welcoming bright and his eyes were friendly smiling with a tiny grey sparkles. He was tall, even if he would not be taken to a basketball team in the NBA, but for a High School basketball team he was tall enough. Even through his cool style, Mia could see that he was rather sporty and he put the emphasis on comfort. He was wearing sporty shoes and jeans. His jacket was yeasty, but had the business presence as well.

He looked over and saw a familiar face. It was one of the girls from Julian's club. She did not work there anymore. Her career in "Sunshine" took two nights. Then Julian decided not to have her on his team. Julian always had a way with people. He could perfectly characterize any person, his first look was never wrong. Maybe this was the key to his success. Sebastian was curious what Julian would think about Anna. She had a simple top in an unremarkable blue colour. And jeans. And something inside of her which forced him to watch her.

Sebastian smiled back at the waitress and looked even longer at Mia.

-Would you like anything?

-Thank you, I already have my tea.

-What are you doing here, Sebastian? – asked the waitress.

-Business stuff.

-Oh, I get it. And how does it work? Why you are not in Sunshine? – continued the waitress, apparently she did not wanted to go away so soon. Her pink nails were impatiently slapping on the table.

She intentionally did not perceive Mia and asked more and more questions. Then Sebastian stopped this flood of talking and came back to the really important stuff for him. With the same power of a waterfall, he would ask Anna right now so many things.

As much as the waitress was trying to get any information and any advantage for herself as much he was trying to let this moment be

immortal. He heard about a shot of love, but he never thought it could happen so rapidly like a summer storm. Or maybe it was calm before a storm.

Back in the reality, he answered the questions of the waitress shortly and then he continued a talk with Anna. As he got his absolutely black coffee all stuff was already cleared. And Anna stood up and wanted to leave. Fortunately, he had her cell number and could contact her anytime. She thought she wanted to give him a message when she finished her work. Great. Then she smiled, shortly and politely, said goodbye and left.

There was just a yellow cup of tea and a white pot, which she left as the only proofs of her presence there.

He was still sitting there and the feeling of happiness was still there. She did not disappear for long and they will meet again. That was a great perspective.

And it so was. She called him two days later and they met again. In these two days, he was not unfocused as he was expecting. He had just a feeling of happiness escorting him. If falling in love was just this way he could be in love for years. Falling in love was like waiting for a great, friendly surprise. The world became a better place and you really could swear to have pink-glasses on. An irritated seller in the shop at the corner was not so annoying anymore, a girl who was going down the street was smiling even brighter and there was a good luck on his side from the moment he woke up until the moment he went to sleep. Yes, indeed falling in love was a very wishful feeling.

More information, you will find here:

http://www.scholar-online.pl/viewpage.php?page_id=108

Available as:

pdf (.pdf) epub (.epub)

PDF (.pdf)

RTF (.rtf)

Kindle (.mobi) (.mobi)

Plain Text (.txt)

Palm Doc (PDB) (.pdb)

Sony Reader (LRF) (.lrf)

Buy this book:

http://www.scholar-online.eu/viewpage.php?page_id=113

From the same author on *Feedbacks*

Głupiec w miłości (2009)

„Zamówiłam i przeczytałam. Chyba z przekory, bo nie wierzyłam, że można napisać coś podobnego do *Zmierzchu*, a mimo wszystko tak innego. A jednak Amalia stworzyła coś, czego się nie spodziewałam. Zamówiłam, dostałam, zaczęłam czytać i nie oderwałam się, póki nie doczytałam do końca.“

Projekt Scholar Europa pomaga młodej włoskiej autorce książki. Amalia stworzyła coś niesłychanego w swoim pierwszym dziele. Jej opowieść wykazuje podobieństwa do znanych elementów fantastyki jak wampiry, superbohaterowie i spółka, ale znajduje się tam również coś nowego i szczególnego.

Jest to opowieść o trzech osobach, którymi są Mia (Emilia), Sebastian i Julian. Każde z nich jest wyjątkowe. Każde z nich ma własny sposób pojmowania rzeczywistości, własne problemy i marzenia. Książka porusza prawdziwe, obecne problemy każdego młodego człowieka, który odkrywa czym jest miłość i który musi radzić sobie z tym w rzeczywistości. Jest to powód, dla którego książka ma głębie, a nie tylko porusza się na mieliźnie emocji jak inne opowieści dla młodzieży.

Głębia przemyśleń zmusza czytelnika mimo woli do śledzenia historii. Jest się na fali emocji, które odczuwają bohaterowie i czuje się to wszystko wraz z nimi. Co jakiś czas pewne szczegóły pojawiają się na powierzchni i powodują zdumienie, zaskakują.

Opowieść jest napisana tak dobrze, że ma się wrażenie, że jest to świat rzeczywisty. Jedynym momentem, kiedy wątpimy na chwilę w rzeczywistość, a widzimy część fantastyki, są fragmenty, w których występuje Julian. Nie jest człowiekiem. „Kim jesteś?” pojawia się pytanie w książce. Dajcie się zaskoczyć odpowiedzi. I nawet jak będziecie już znać odpowiedź, sami będziecie się pytać: „Czy to naprawdę fantastyka czy może jednak prawda?”

Pojedyncze losy krzyżują się. Tak jak się od siebie różnią, tak bardzo się ze sobą splatają. Historia zaczyna się tajemniczo, a kończy się niespodziewanie. Dajcie się zaskoczyć!



www.feedbooks.com
Food for the mind