

When the Winter Weighs

Written by Jaroslav Bednárík

Sunday, 22 November 2009 21:57 - Last Updated Friday, 27 November 2009 15:07



>From: editor <editor@bestofliterature.com>
>To: Johnny <johnny@bestofliterature.com>
>Subject: ?????
>Date: 1 April, 2002 11:55 AM>

Johnny, my little raven:

I'm ruined from that farce about Simone – I'm a beaten raven. the court said that it can no longer give her back to me. they got me by the shorts. I'm just waiting until the court takes my fatherhood away. it feels like when they pound the lump of salt in the heart every day round the clock without a break - weeks and years. to meet her only in a dream on the Moon is not enough for me. it's horrible. I'll die.

R.

>From: Johnny <johnny@bestofliterature.com>
>To: editor <editor@bestofliterature.com>
>Subject: RE: ?????
>Date: 3 April, 2002 08:35 AM>

My dear raven Rastislav:

Why can't even common ETs be happy?

Take care.

John the ET

>From: "Me" <jerry@bestofliterature.com>
>To: editor <editor@bestofliterature.com>
>Subject: To dear Rastislav
Date: 5 April, 2002 15:07 PM>

Dear Rastislav:

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Often it's only about a little piece of love towards your neighbor, but often we don't know who and where our neighbor is.

Jerry

>Attachment

WHEN THE WINTER WEIGHS

by Jaroslav (Jerry) Bednarik

When the winter gets bold, it hits as hard as possible. As in that morning, when John woke up at ten, he peeked through the window and found out that there was a blizzard raging outside. 'Why do I have such a bad luck?' he wondered and shuffled into the kitchen to get some mineral water. After yesterday's event his head ached and he felt pressure to vomit. He would rather cut out his guts, but he realized that he had already tried that last night, so not much has been left inside any more. He laid back in bed, shivering like a thirsty Bedouin. 'In this condition, I surely can't go anywhere,' he tried to convince himself, but he did not. So he at least took a restless nap, but he was constantly jolting awake and looking at his watch, because he knew well what to expect - and had no idea what will happen.

At 2 pm, he recovered, put drops into his eyes to clean the red and began to dig out his car from under the snow. When he made a cold snowball and stuck it into his mouth, he slightly revived and refreshed he took off as if nothing had taken place.

On the way he stopped at a gas station and bought a Coke and Tic-Tac. "The highway is drivable," the radio announced optimistically, but the car behaved insecurely. He slowed down,

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although he was aware that he would obviously not make it for the originally scheduled meeting. 'Perhaps she'll wait,' he reckoned. 'I should've had called her that I wouldn't make it today!' But then again everything would have shifted by one week and John didn't want to wait. He already wanted to see his unknown acquaintance whom he met over the Internet; he already wanted to make his fantasies recommending he leave his current partner come true. From the tense attention he paid to driving, his head started ringing. 'Heck, only that she wouldn't find out that I was drunk yesterday. Then she would think that I am an alcoholic.' He poured a half of a pack of Tic-Tac into his mouth. He tried to breathe under his nose but felt nothing.

He arrived at the meeting place about half an hour later in a smelly car interior where his farts mixed with a sour breath and peppermint dragées. He was convinced that the lass would no longer be waiting there for her prince on a white horse, and suddenly he was quite fine with it. He will drive once, twice around and then home to bed. 'Oh, if only Jenny were there, to whom I could squeeze! What glorious days were those when she used to take care of me. She would make tea for me and I would sweat out on her body!' Her skin had aroma of a pine grove and absorbed his vapor as a lively warm filter. Many times they laid like that, in an embrace like two spoons behind each other, he was breathing on her delicate neck while holding her so tightly that when he fell asleep, she often was unable to break free of his long arms - and she even did not want to, she felt so good and safe.

He turned off from the main street towards a gas station where he immediately noticed her. She stood under a roof and appeared helpless. He stopped by her and got out of the car. They introduced themselves to each other and agreed to go to a café. John had no idea what to talk with her about. His head swollen and heavy as a brick was buzzing; the top felt like a lid ready to come off from the pressure underneath.

The café was located on the mezzanine of a former cultural center in a large area. Distances among tables were great, and it gave him a little more confidence. The young lady was also clearly uneasy. He noticed her trembling hands. "So what shall we have?" he gaily asked her as a welcome. "Champagne or Cinzano?" he pretended to be self-confident. He would rather have a beer.

"I'll have a tea," she said.

"So I'll have a beer," he became glad and comfortably sprawled in a big chair. Her face had typical Slavic features, which is pleasant to look at and at certain moments beautiful. John has

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distanced himself from very pretty women long ago - knowing that the uglier ones are better in bed. Actually, it was all right for him as long as a woman was not some kind of a freak with a fucked up or distorted face in all sorts of ways. After a brief conversation it became clear that this was her first date in response to an ad that she liked.

'Oh, that ad! I guess I formulated it well,' he praised himself in his mind. 'A financially secure middle-aged man looking for a sensitive and charming girlfriend ... yes, especially financially secure is a formula that works. This young lady has confided to me that she had not had anybody for a long time, she lives in a one-room apartment alone and would like to find a trustworthy and interesting partner.' John did not need to know any more. He asked her if she believed in life after life. She agreed that it might be interesting. He ordered a Juniper brandy and another beer for himself. In twenty minutes he explained her everything about this life and the one after death. The fact that they had met in the past life is more than certain, so they actually know each other and they are old acquaintances. The young lady was sipping tea, and what was even better, she was still listening to him. John was gaining confidence and points. "Do you really find it interesting?" he was repeatedly asking her.

"Yes, I always wanted to talk with someone about this, but I had no one to do so with."

'Great,' he thought in excitement. "And what about UFOs?"

"Tell me more since I don't know much about them. You sound so interesting. I have never met such a man before."

John was blabbering in a confused way whatever saliva had brought on his tongue. He ordered Vermouth for her and vodka with beer for himself for a change. He went to the bathroom and got his pants wet. He tore off a piece of toilet paper and used it to absorb the wet spot. Through a small window he saw that it was still snowing outside. He came back and started talking to her about his business trips around the world, which he supposedly goes on as a routine. He was telling her that when a person does not make dollars, s/he cannot survive here in Slovakia. The young lady was glad that such an interesting man was interested in her. She felt that all her colleagues would envy this relationship of hers. It was snowing more and more heavily. Snowflakes were reaching gigantic proportions. It had been the biggest snowfall in the country during the past twenty years. When they came out, he was holding her by the hand. His car was transformed into a large snow pile. He offered to drive her home.

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"I live nearby," she responded.

John imagined her cozy one-room apartment and intensely longed to lie next to her like two spoons behind each other in a warm bed while breathing on her back and holding her in an embrace. They would be under feather bed covers, sweaty, and away from snow and frost. He grabbed her chin and told her: "I'd love to lie with you in bed like a spoon behind a spoon while breathing on your back and holding you in an embrace as we lie under feather bed covers, sweaty, and away from snow and frost." The girl's inquiring and uncomprehending eyes widened. "No, please don't take it wrong. I don't want to sleep with you. I mean ... I do, but not to have an intercourse ... not that, just to lie in an embrace, holding each other, cuddled up and feeling one another. Do you understand? We won't make love! Are you afraid of that?! I will not even touch you ... I mean, I will, but not the way you think!"

"But we see each other only for the first time."

"I know, I know, but you don't have to be afraid of me! I know there are a lot of cheaters walking around the world, but I'm not like that! Really, believe me! I feel we belong together and we surely shouldn't throw this chance away! Take a look at what's happening, how it's snowing. Indeed, the road isn't even drivable. What if I get killed on the way? Who's gonna hold you? Who will you sleep with like two spoons behind each other? I know, maybe with someone else, but, after all, we get along so well." John's voice began to skip. "Yet we are people. We have to be good to each other. We should be happy together, right?"

The girl – we are talking about the creature who would be very happy to be loved – emancipated herself out of his hands. "You know, maybe another time, but the first time?"

"And big deal if the first or second time. In a while the ETs will come or we'll die. We don't have much time left!"

The girl was desperately thinking. 'Should I trust this man?' Something was telling her to go ahead, but she was afraid. John was also afraid that he would not convince her and that he would not be able to explain how sincere he was. The falling snow was setting on her brows and nose. "If we don't go together today, we'll never see each other again," said irritated John his last argument and opened the car. The snow from the roof buried his legs up to the knees.

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"So what?" She shook her head slowly, very slowly, slowly. He saw her in the rearview mirror as she stood there and watched him. The car was skidding like on ice. When he got out of the city, he completely lost his orientation. He was unable to discern the road from the field. He did not dare to go faster than in the second gear. There was a solid white mass everywhere, snow and frost. The car pushed its way forward and soon disappeared beneath the heap of snow. John's cold words weighted out and John found out that there was no weight to them.