



The role

She was known as a talented actress, a well-off woman who had married a famous director advantageously, and she lived out other people's lives without ever reflecting on the fates of the heroines she portrayed. The roles she was given varied greatly: dreamy young women searching for happiness, vengeful women willing to do anything to punish an offender, naïve fools, and cunning mistresses.

One day, she had to play the role of a deceived wife poisoned by her husband for the sake of his new lover. Filming was in full swing, and after another scene had been shot, she went to her dressing room. Sinking into her favorite armchair, she soon drifted off to sleep. Through her light slumber, she heard familiar footsteps. Opening her eyes slightly, she saw him. Her husband carefully approached the table where a glass of unfinished berry drink stood, dropped something into it, and quietly left. She understood everything at once, for she had long noticed strange things happening in her family.

"I've tried on this role," the actress thought.

Fantasies

Why can't people fly like birds? Wouldn't that be wonderful if we could!

You're walking down the street in the summer heat, cars rushing past, and you need to cross the road. The traffic light is a good two hundred meters away, and the sun is blazing down. If only you had wings — you'd spread them, flap once, and take off.

There you are, flying along, enjoying yourself. You get tired, land on a sturdy branch, and from above watch people racing along the roads, wiping sweat from their faces. Then someone else flies up, looking for a thicker branch to sit beside you. Right behind him comes a bird-man weighing a hundred kilos, trying to squeeze onto the same branch. And what if ten more like him land there?! There wouldn't be enough trees for everyone! Nothing but stumps would remain.

Alright then. Imagine this instead. You're flying along, get tired, and land on the roof of a supermarket. The roof is wide — plenty of room for everyone. You sit there enjoying yourself, chest open to the fresh breeze. Soon a skinny dark-haired fellow flies in carrying a heavy bag of groceries. Looks exhausted, so he decides to rest on the roof too. Before long, a second and a third arrive. They start chatting, asking each other about life, criticizing their wives. Soon a whole crowd has gathered on the roof, and more keep coming, and coming. Suddenly there's a loud crack — and all at once everyone crashes through the ceiling and ends up sprawled across the supermarket floor. Yeah... We'd smash every store to pieces that way. And where would we buy food afterward?!

Or imagine this. You're flying along, enjoying yourself... and then some big-eared kid aims a slingshot at you. By the time you land and fold your wings, he's long gone without a trace.

No, it's probably for the best that we aren't birds and can't fly. Better to walk on the ground. Safer that way. Thank God the earth still holds us up...



Bionote:



Olga Borisova is a poet, writer, publicist. Lives in Russia. Editor-in-chief of literary and nonfiction almanacs "Parallels" and "Wings". Winner of twelve International literary awards. The author of 19 books of poetry, prose and journalism. Winner and prize-winner of various international festivals and competitions.

Honorary member of the International Literary Association "Creative Tribune" (MLATT/ILACT); member of the Presidium of the International Literary Association "Creative Tribune" (MLATT/ILACT).