

# Fizz for Breakfast

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## Stories of a Reckless Girl

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January 2, 2011

The snow that froze the tree branches, covering them up protectively, the barking of the neighborhood dogs, the nights with a round and solitary fool moon, hanging on a starless sky, strangled by its own aura, empty benches in the park, icicles from which the weary water trickles down.

You can wander on forgotten streets, all you wish, waiting for something that's never going to come. No one will bother you. The beggars from the Unirii Street sleep squatted under the shade of ATMs, at times twitching as if showing that they are still alive.

Mac fries with mayo, and a Coke.

"Diet?"

"No, regular."

You sit down at a table, all alone in a corner, and you watch the stoned high-school kids who come to stuff their faces after having passed some weed from the "legals".

They're harmless, but very noisy.

It is good that they prevent you from hearing your own thoughts.

You bite your straw, museful.

One of the kids comes to you, and, laughing, asks for a lighter.

"I don't have one."

"You're beautiful."

"Thanks."

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

“Yes, several.”

“How many?”

“Three.”

“How come?”

“A handsome one, one who knows how to listen to me, and one who’s good in bed.”

All of a sudden he gets serious and goes back to his table. A philosophical debate over the importance of the hamburger for mankind initiates.

You dip another fry in mayo, and slowly chew it.

From a distance you can dimly hear the ambulance sirens. You think about the people who are dying. You don’t feel a thing. You think about the fact that you’re going to die some day. You don’t feel a thing.

You realize that, in your 20s, you haven’t lived that long and you’ve aged too quickly. At 50, you’ll be a kid with a wrinkled face.

You wipe your hands with a wet hankie with coconut scent, which you placidly take out of a coloured pack.

You take a last sip of Coke, and you get up. The evening bareback dress draws the attention of the stoned kid again. He looks at you with his mouth wide open. You put on your coat and wrap it tightly around you.

A doorman springs up to open the door for you. You thank him with a respectful smile. The coldness paralyses you. The snow from the trees gives you comfort and the moon makes you want to take a bite out of it.

You get home, you strip as you walk in and slip into bed. In the morning you drink a glass of champagne.

You’ve always enjoyed drinking fizz for breakfast.

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