

## Muscovite Spring (II)

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### Stories of a Reckless Girl

By Rozana Mihalache

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Valeriya Sinadina Pavlova admires herself in the big bedroom mirror. It seems to her that her lace wedding gown surpasses all that existed before and it would be impossible for any replica to do it justice in the future.

And as a matter of fact, no beauty more intoxicating than hers would be worthy of wearing it.

Anna, the blonde maid, with big eyes, huge violet-blue eyes, “mad colour”, as Sinadina would call it, and who wore her hair in two thick and thatch pigtailed, flowing over her shoulders, looks at the weeping bride.

Sinadina has her hair inwrought with japonicas and is getting ready to grab her bridal bouquet made out of the same type of flowers.

“Don’t you dare start griping of emotions, you’ll make me cry, too and I don’t want to cry on my wedding day”, said Sinadina with a kind of taunt mixed with loveliness in her voice, to the girl who was her lass and helpmate since they’ve known each other.

“I hope Aleksandr Nikolaevici is half as thrilled and happy as I am”, Sinadina continued, with a huge smile on her lips, and Anna started sobbing.

“Come on, please stop crying like a dummy. If you get so emotional with weddings, tell the grocer, what’s his name... Piotr! Tell him to hurry up and marry you as soon as possible.”

Anna tosses her head disconsolate.

Sinadina wastes time spinning around the room.

“My pearls, where are my pearls?”

“No, ma’am!”, Anna winced and covered her mouth with her hands.

“Now what?”

“Wearing pearls on your wedding day brings bad luck.”

Sinadina laughs out loud.

“Quit the nonsense and superstition and help me look for them! Look what time it is.”

Anna too looks at the pendulum clock which indicated 1 P.M. and suddenly a weird look appeared on her face.

Sinadina finds her pearls and puts them around her neck. She’s truly gorgeous, but not even by far as gorgeous as the seventeen year old girl who can’t stop fidgeting.

But Sinadina doesn’t give this much thought, and rushes out of the room, anxious to arrive at the church.

Sinadina is laying down the floor in front of the altar. The lace train of her wedding gown wipes a few steps and the japonicas in her hair and bouquet look lethargic and almost sear. The church is full and smells like smoke. The guests are whispering and exchanging meaningful looks.

A tall, handsome man, with gentle eyes enters in a quick step, carrying a letter. He’s Sinadina’s brother. He approaches her, taps her on the shoulder and gives her the note.

“Is he dead?”, she asked fearful.

“No.”

“You tell me.”

“He ran away with Anna. He left everything behind. Legacy, name, prestige. Everything. And ran away with her.”

Then a long pause when nobody says anything. Sinadina crushes some of the japonicas with her gloved hands. Some of the guests are preparing to leave, but Sinadina’s scream freezes them.

“No”, she said. “Nobody leaves, he’ll come.”

“Sinadina, please understand that...”

“Shut up, Ivan! He’ll come. I know it. If these perky clowns want to leave, let them. I’m staying.”

By night fall, Sinadina and Ivan are the only ones left in the church.

She’s in the same spot, frozen, like a white phantom. He strokes her hair.

“Cry, little sister, cry.”

Sinadina looks at him in a bizarre way.

“Crying on my wedding day brings bad luck.”

A few weeks later, Sinadina was taken to a mental institution, in Switzerland. Almost at the end of the trip, in the train, she stole a gun from the ticket inspector and pointed it at her brother until they reached the destination. She wanted to go back at the church and wait for her lover.

Talking to her without a rest was what saved Ivan.

Sinadina never got better. She died of old age in a sanatorium in Romania, where her family had transferred her, at some point.

In her rare moments of lucidity, she would only say that if she had cut Anna’s pigtails, her beautiful thick hair, Aleksandr wouldn’t have ran away with her.

Afterwards, she would fall into lethargy again and knit woolen vests, sitting on a rocking chair which she used to carry with her from one sanitarium to another.

And every time she would see a church, she would want to go in and wait “a little longer” for ”her” Aleksandr.

(Inspired from a true story)

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