

IN TEN YEARS

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„Roxana, Roxana! Where are you? Please, can you show me?“ Suddenly, I hear her voice: „I am here, my love.“ She sits on a swing. She laughs to me! I run to her and I kiss her.

Roxana's beautiful – she's tall and slim. Long black hair is waving on her shoulders and her eyes are black too. Her complexion is smooth like a moon shine. She wears simple white dress with one rose on it.

I want to kiss her again, but she pulls away. Then she asks: „Do you love me?“ „Yes!“ „So, why don't you get marry me?“ I know that it must come, I slowly start: „You are...“ „What? I am poor and without an origin! But if you love me, it isn't any obstacle.“ „If YOU love me, you don't mind!“, I shout. „OK, as you want, I haven't got more patience. Goodbye!“, she pauses and then she adds: „Dear.“ She smiles sadly and she leaves.

I was unhappy but after some time I forgot it. Because I haven't got sense of my life I devote to my career fully. Maybe by a play of destiny I lose everything in ten years.

Now, I am a beggar who depends on charity of others. Every morning I go in front of a church and beg for alms. Without Roxana my days are dark and grey. I am constantly thinking of her. If I could return to the past I would propose to Roxana. I wouldn't refuse her again – I would never do the same mistake. At that time she was only fun for me, now I would give her my heart. I would say her, that she would be my everything. I would say her...

Fall of three pence disturbs me from my contemplation. They are spinning for a moment and then they stop. I look up and I get ready to thank by quiet murmur. It is Roxana! Still beautiful and fresh. But I can see sadness in her eyes, like she is worried about someone. I hope she is worried about me. I believe that she didn't forget me. Maybe she still loves me like ten years ago. I quickly stand up and I shout to her: „Roxana! I am here ! Do you remember me?“ She turns round with hope in her eyes – she still remembers my voice! But light in her eyes quickly goes away. I don't wonder her. She believes that she will see handsome and an attractive young man and she can see dirty, ugly and foul older men instead of it. She throws disappointed glance. Probably she thinks: „It is a stupid joke from a beggar.“

Since this accident I constantly look for her. I went through a hundred streets and a hundred squares. I asked a hundred people if they know Roxana Harrison. No one knows her. Yet I will never give up.

Three weeks passed, but Roxana wasn't anywhere. Maybe we are not to be together. I slowly lose my hope. „Now I will ask last time and if it brings nothing I will forget Roxana,“ I decided. I ask a young man with brown hair my last question. He looks like a parrot, because he wears yellow diner jacket. Besides that he is attractive and in style.

„Do you know Roxana Harrison?“ I ask. „Roxana Harrison? Of course! She is my fiancée. Are you her friend?“ he answers. „It can be said this way. Where can I find her?“ „Oxford street 17.“ „Thank you!“ The blood is again circulating in my veins. Now I know where Roxana is living.

Immediately I go to Roxanas' house: she sits on blue chair and she reads. I say: „Roxana do you still remember me?“ She looks up and she sees me: „Jack,...? Is it you?“ At the moment I don't endure it, I go down on my knees and I say: „Sorry.“