

CHAPTER FIVE

NARE'S FANTASY

Nare was sitting in the kitchen at her uncle's house. She heard her uncle's voice.

"Anna, why hasn't Nare switched on her computer for two weeks?" Nare's uncle said to his wife.

"I am afraid that she might have some mental disorder. I think her boyfriend, the American man discovered it, and he decided to forget Nare forever," Anna said.

"No, my darling wife, I don't think so. Nare's destiny is not kind to her. That's why she behaves like this, but she doesn't do anything wrong, does she? She spends most of her time in her room," Nare's uncle said.

Anna hesitated for a moment and said to her husband, "why doesn't she fancy watching TV with us either?"

"If she found a job, she would be able to rent a shelter," their daughter-in-law said suddenly, who had overheard their conversation.

"Something is wrong with Nare's brain. She keeps on saying that her childhood's toy bear has returned to her as a real bear cub," said Anna.

"We can't do anything. Nare lost her home and all her family members. She has nowhere to go," Nare's uncle said sadly.

"Arpi advised me to give her for mentally ill patients' care. Most of the places for such patients are free so we will not have to pay any money. She will find home there," Anna said and looked into her husband's eyes.

"Anna, forget it. She is my dead sister's daughter. I will never forgive myself," Nare's uncle replied with a bit anger in his voice. Anna, mind this, Nare has nowhere to go. She must stay with us. If her American boyfriend comes again to take her to America, she will go with him. I want her to be happy," Nare's uncle said loudly.

"Her American boyfriend? He will never come for her. Nare says that she can no longer find him among her contacts in the internet," Anna spoke even much louder than her husband.

They were arguing so loudly that Nare could overhear them.

At the moment Nare's eyes pictured the apartment where she used to live with her parents. It was their own apartment. There was a piano in the sitting room. Nare's mother was a teacher of music. Nare used to listen to those classical and folk melodies, when her mother was giving

classes to her pupils in their cozy living room. Those melodies became silent as if they had never existed. What about her flight to Paris? Didn't Pierre's silver bird take her there? Lucine's voice came into her ears. Nare thought of Lucine's father, who had promised Lucine's mother a roof, which meant home. Nare put her hand into the pocket of her jacket to touch the piece of paper, where Lucine's phone number and address were written. She smiled when she found it there.

"Ah, I haven't invented Lucine. What about Pierre? Have I ever met him? Yes, he invited me to sit at his table. What else? No, I have never been in the plane cockpit," she tried to separate fantasies from realities.

Nare was sure she had met Lucine with her little daughter, Yulia. She had also met the old man. Nare knew that she had met Pierre, but he had never shared his cockpit with her. She remembered saying goodbye to John at the departure gate. After his plane had taken off, she stayed at the airport. She couldn't understand why she didn't leave the airport, after John had flown home. The old man in tears was real. Lucine and little Yulia were real. Pierre, the pilot was real, too. Only her flight was unreal. It was her crazy fantasy, which appeared in her dream, while she was sleeping. She invented her seat in the cockpit to reach her destination, as her misery had never allowed her to travel. Her uncle's son opened the door of the kitchen.

"Nare, don't worry! Be a bit practical! You are so beautiful that you may have a chance to be happy with another man. Wow, girl, you may even meet a rich businessman," he said, trying to sound funny.

"What about love, Armen?" Nare said in surprise.

Armen didn't give a reply. He knew Nare looked like an angel. Nare still missed John. She still imagined the empty hut of the elderly man, whom she had met at the airport. The silver bird belonging to Air France was still floating in Nare's dark brown eyes. Nare switched on her computer again. She knew she had friends in many parts of the world. This time she wanted to talk to the angels, who used to be her family's friends in the same earthly life. She was disappointed, as she couldn't find a way to contact them.

"They will probably find me soon," she said to herself.

She typed her message, "Hello, my dear angels! Have you met my parents and my little brother, Levon? He was with his favourite toy elephant in the car. He was probably playing with it, when the accident happened. Have you met my cousin, Sargis? He joined you when he was eighteen."

Sargis was her uncle's son, Armen's brother. He had suffered from blood cancer. Sargis had always been very kind to Nare. She believed he would give her good advice as he did. He was very clever. Whenever Nare was caught by depression, she asked him for help.

"Ah, Sargis!" she said. "I need to talk to you. Would you type a few lines for me! Ah, no reply again. Sargis, I know you are my facebook friend. You haven't unfriended me, have you? Mom

and Dad never visited facebook. Little Levon was four years old, so he couldn't read and write. Sargis, have you met them in Heaven?"

Nare cried looking at her cousin's profile.

"He won't answer you, Nare," Armen said, looking at the computer.

"Why are you messaging him? He is dead. He is out of the internet. He doesn't see and hear anything which exists on our Earth."

There was some sadness in Armen's voice.

Nare's eyes searched for John's profile. John was offline. Nare touched her cheeks. She wanted to find John's kisses. John's lips were away. She was still patting the shades of John's lips all over her face, when she noticed a new friend request. She moved her computer mouse to accept it.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "The angels have sent my message to my mom and dad."

The picture made Nare's tears flow. Her parents had been photographed together, before the car accident happened. Now they are looking at Nare with their peaceful eyes. Nare was too impatient to wait for them to send the first lines to her.

She started messaging in her haste, "Mom, dad and my little brother Levon, how have you been there?"

She suddenly recalled Pierre's words that she heard in her dream. His voice entered her ears.

He said, "Never do we meet angels."

"My parents are angels now," Nare whispered. "I am going to have a chat with them. Ah, ah, they are messaging me."

"There will be flights in your life," the message said. Nare read those lines a few times.

"My dear mom and dad, have you been watching me since you left?" she asked.

"Little Mouse, take care," the message said.

These lines appeared in her private message. Nare smiled, but her smile was sad.

"They still call me Little Mouse though I am twenty two years old,"

Nare said to herself, swallowing the tears up dripping from her long eyelashes.

She looked at the screen again to continue her chat with her parents, who had left for Heaven.

"They are not here any more," she screamed.

Armen's wife heard Nare's scream and rushed to her to see what had happened.

Arpi thought that something was wrong with Nare's brain. She did not like Nare, but she did her best not to show it.

"Arpi!" Nare exclaimed. "Your computer skills are good. I have lost them in the internet. Do your best to find them again!"

"Whom have you lost, Nare?" Arpi said.

Arpi was puzzled and a bit annoyed, but she tried to be polite.

"My parents," Nare replied.

"Take care, Nare," Arpi said without looking at Nare.

Nare's voice trembled, but she did her best not to cry.

Arpi left the room without saying a word. Nare was alone again. No, she wasn't alone. The wounded bear cub was with her. It wasn't snoring. It had woken up to talk to Nare. Nare's father was cheated by a dishonest dealer. Losing his property, he suffered so much. Nare was still in the school building, when that horrible news flew to her like a black crow. Her parents and her only brother were killed in a car accident. She was a high school student and old enough to understand why her father lost his control and crashed.

"He was driving his car, but his depression was driving him," Nare said to herself, crying louder and louder.

The wounded bear cub suddenly spoke in Nare's voice.

"Have you forgotten what Lucine told you?" the bear cub whispered in Nare's ear. "You don't forget what Lucine told you, do you?"

"No, I don't," Nare said to the bear cub.

Lucine's parents ran a cafe, where the migrants from their home country usually gathered to speak their own language not to forget it. The cafe was their small land far away from their native country, where they were born and grew up.

"Nare," the bear cub whispered in Nare's ear again. "I used to be your toy Teddy Bear. I am still with you. Pierre didn't fly you anywhere, but you will be able to get your own wings."

The silver plane began to float in Nare's dark brown eyes. A great idea was born in Nare's brain.

"What if I buy a plane ticket to Lucine's place," Nare said to herself.

"I will be away from my uncle's family," she said to her invisible bear cub.

"Fly Nare, fly high, and everyone will respect you," replied the bear with Nare's voice as usual.
She took a few coins out of her pocket. She counted them and laughed at herself.