



Ella Pop

Fusion of feelings



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FUSION OF FEELINGS

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A book that was demanding to be written...

It has been a long time since I have read a book whose title reflected to such a great extent its content. "Fusion of feelings" is not exactly what you would call a marketable title. In fact, it may actually be quite the opposite. It doesn't catch your eye as you pass by the bookshelves, but as soon as you read the book, you might get the impression that you are starting to be influenced by a... fusion of feelings.

The first one is that of satisfaction, as you suddenly realize no one tricked you. In case someone wants to know what you are currently reading, you can naturally answer that it is a book... What about? they might insist, and your answer would spurt out just like that: why... it is about fusion of feelings.

One other feeling you're experiencing is that of curiosity. Curiosity to try something new. Something fresh, unshackled by common laws and patterns. You sort of feel yourself becoming more willing to accept a slight gawkiness, albeit intentional, than something predictable.

It is from that point on that the book becomes interesting. At first, you ask yourself whether it is the author herself who has experienced those smashers or whether she is at least familiar with those feelings, but you wind up desperately trying to solve what seems to be the most intricate puzzle, represented by a woman's mind.

Ultimately, as far as I am concerned, I avidly enjoyed the author's impetuous, even rampant desire to set her feelings free. At times, I felt the as if the action in the story was starting to lose ground, overwhelmed by the intensity of the feelings she had to exemplify. As a matter of fact, this is one of the keys to reading the novel – while captivating and having a storyline as well as a counterpoint, the action is but a sweet cover, meant to introduce you to a bitter portion of feelings. Or the other way round, it doesn't really matter.

It seems as if this book is written because it had to be written. As if there was no other option for it. Because who knows what would have happened if all of the things inside this book had remained unspoken. This is, of course, a personal perception, but it is what has made me devour this story. Upon trying to look at things from a distance, things might seem different. But one doesn't simply read "Fusion of feelings" from a distance. One lives it, just like that!

Gabriela Firea

1

It's dark. I can't see a thing, it is probably the middle of the night. I feel this cold shiver, numbing me. I try to move, but I keep hearing these whispers, followed by a set of peddling steps and a door opening. I start feeling more and more afraid. A wave of thoughts floods my mind and I start asking myself: why me? Why is this happening in *our* bedroom? Why would anyone want for me not to exist anymore? I can't seem to find an answer, so I just lie there, indifferent. A single tear rolls down my cheek and I start crying in despair, without even realizing... or maybe I am waiting for the end to come, without asking for it. I begin peering around the room, looking for some help, tortured at the thought of death. As soon as I start to think that the inevitable occurred, a thundering noise cuts my breath off. I then realize it was the window, breaking into small pieces because of the strong wind bursting on it. I hear someone's steps

clearing away. The room appears to be vaguely alight. I find myself alone, still having no idea what time it is. I can't seem to tell the difference between what is real and what is not. The terror, the slough of despond and the cold have weighed me down. I woke up next to my husband a few hours later. The sun had almost risen and he had just come back from work after a long night at the office. He told me was sorry for not letting me know he would be so late, but I continued to be unable to tell whether I was still alive or all of it had been nothing but a dream; and yet... the window was broken and he had been missing from home that night...

I married my husband ten years ago, we don't have children and my life partner is currently too busy to even consider taking on such a responsibility.

We met while we were both in college. This was in Cluj, where I was studying Geography and he was a Physics student. We decided to move in together and, after a while, as he was given the opportunity of a better paid job, we moved to Bucharest. At that point, I became more and more isolated from the world. That had never been my personal choice, but others were making decisions for me back then.

For years on end, I dedicated my time to writing poems, lyrics and thoughts. Every single thing that expressed sadness and melancholy reflected how I felt most days. I had become a lonesome person, who had never been given the chance to discover life's authentic savor.

I had no friends and the only people I engaged with in social gatherings were my husband's friends, who occasionally paid us a visit. Our neighbors were rather aged and lived a bit farther away from our house. Apart from all these, I had no chance whatsoever of making any friends at a so-called workplace, since I was more of a docile type of woman, tamely waiting for my husband at home. Those few acquaintances I still had lived in other (remote) cities, and any connection to them had gradually vanished. My parents had died when I was just seven, so I had basically lost myself among strangers. Having absolutely no one to confide my desires and passions to, I became more and more introverted. My husband, Patrick, left for work early in the morning and came back home in the evening. He worked in a government establishment and hoped he would one day run his own seismologic research lab, after receiving a considerable amount of money from his family.

Soon after the Revolution, his parents, along with his brother, had left for South Africa and settled there. Patrick had been raised by his grandparents, who died shortly after the two of us moved to Bucharest. This represented a rather difficult point in our lives and it didn't take long until we decided to get married. We had a small wedding, with few of his relatives and some former friends of mine from college as guests; this was also the first and last time I would ever see my in-laws. Our marriage had a calm and equally flat flow. I patiently awaited for my husband every evening, hoping he would

one day make time for me. That didn't happen. He was always more preoccupied with his work and his personal goals. I never complained though, because I knew he didn't like weak, incompetent people. I knew I was exactly like that, but I didn't want to draw any attention to my problems. I would obediently do what he suggested, because I had been taught that I was supposed to – that a wife should follow her husband under any circumstances. I used to hide and cry, wearing myself to a shadow, heading slowly towards self-destruction.

Mixed memories unravel in front of my eyes, a set of vague feelings, a wave of nostalgia and pain start taking over. The past is more alive than ever.

It's a new day and Patrick comes home a lot earlier than he usually does. He calls my name as soon as he enters the door.

"Alma! Where are you? Pack your bags, we are leaving!"

I come down from the attic chamber, where I was tidying up. I was somewhat confused, as I had no idea where we were supposed to run to. The worst scenarios came to mind. Something really bad must have happened to rush things to such an extent.

"What is it? Should we start packing the furniture as well? Where will we live?", I asked.

"No, no, you quaky woman! We're going on vacation. I got the tickets a long time ago, but I wanted for it to be a surprise", he says.

I took the hint and said nothing more. I wasn't like him to make such surprises – especially related to vacations. I find myself rather confused, but still, I am thrilled at the thought that we will spend some time together, just the two of us. I quickly change my clothes, throw some things into my traveling bag, along with my favorite book and come to the front door as soon as I finish.

"I am done packing! Ready to go!", I say in a loud voice, for I can hear Patrick roaming around the house and arguing with someone over the phone.

"Good, then, let us go!", he responds a few minutes later, as he returns to the entrance.

"Is there something wrong? Your face is all red and you seem quite mad."

"Yeah, there are some problems back at the office, but there's nothing serious. Come on, let's go, we should hurry so that we don't miss our flight."

At the airport, I am curious to find out what is our destination. He tells me he has chosen Cyprus, a wonderful spot for a nice holiday, with gorgeous beaches and landscapes. I can already imagine the view and how relaxing this vacation will be. The plane takes off and none of us says one more word until we reach our destination. I browsed through a series of magazines, while he slept all through our trip.

We get off in Larnaca, grab a cab and head to Ayia Napa. The driver tells us it will take about thirty minutes until we reach our hotel. As I look around, I am fascinated by the beautiful sights, the enjoyable weather, the gorgeous