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Love through the time

Romantic story

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Sometimes, in order to find happiness, you just need... fall back in time. It is a romantic story about a medical student called John. He met beautiful Mary. It could be a very happy tale. But is it real to cheat the fate? Will the time come when young people will have to break up? And is there a way to manage someone's life, space and time? Look for answers in the story by Olga Mitkina "Love through the time".

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One day Ivan, a second-year student of a medical university, as usual, went out and headed for the bus stop. He wandered, whistling his beloved song. His overgrown dark hair waved in the cool wind. He wanted spring very much. The sun did not fry, as in the summer, but only affectionately, gently warmed. Ruffled sparrows bathed in puddles and twittered, infecting people with their unrestrained fun. Continuing to go, Ivan threw his head back, enjoying the first warm. He even closed his eyes with pleasure. Suddenly he stumbled and stretched to full length on the wet land.

Probably, the guy lost consciousness for a while, when he woke up, the world around him has totally changed. High-rise gray concrete buildings disappeared, cars, too. Wooden and red brick buildings with facades and pilasters surrounded him. Women with hats of different models and color and in gorgeous dresses to the floor with numerous ruffles and frills passed by Ivan. Men in dark frocks and high hats rushed for their business, waving their elegant canes. Carriages harnessed by horses racked on the cobblestone pavement, and horses under riders clattered. Ivan, petrified with amazement, realized that he had fallen in the past. But what was the country and the century?



The young man judged that the most reasonable would be to go into the tavern on the opposite side of the street and listen to conversations to understand exactly where he was.

The hall was very noisy. The breakfast time. Ivan looked around. Two men in cotton shirts ate fried eggs with toasted ham with an appetite, washing it down with freshly brewed fragrant coffee.

At the next table, three friends had pancakes with maple syrup. And a group of local residents in the corner discussed loudly yesterday's news, from time to time raising their mugs with cider.

Ivan settled not far from that company and listened to the conversation. Visitors laughed at the coward escape of the local governor on British ships because of the scandalous case with illegal gunpowder's exportation. There was an English speech. Noting terse remarks about the Foggy Albion natives, having studied the menu and watching the people's clothes, Ivan guessed, that he found himself in America of the nineteenth century.

He moved into a corner, trying to be almost invisible, and began to think how to get out back in his era. His gaze lingered on a lonely girl standing at the bar with a beautiful, but very sad face.

The young lady was dressed in a long brown dress with an overhead lace collar and a snow-white bonnet with lace along the edge. Ivan decided to come and get acquainted. Approaching the girl, he saw an elegant ring with blue sapphire on her forefinger.

–
Hello, miss!

Thank the English school teacher; Ivan did not have any problem with the English language.

– Hello! What would you like, sir? Maybe, cider? My father has the best apple orchards in the whole Virginia.



– O, no! I do not drink in the morning. I only wanted to ask how did you get this wonderful ring?

It's a family heirloom. It was given to me by my mother before her death; it belonged to my great-grandmother before. All women in our family believed that it brings the mistress happiness and luck in love. This sapphire came here from England: many years ago my grandmother fled from the religious persecution. However, I am not very lucky. May I ask you about something?

– Ask, – Ivan nodded.

– You have such a strange accent, and I have never seen you in our tavern, although I have been helping my father since I was six years. Where are you from?

– I'm from Russia. – Ivan did not compose any legends.

– Are you a sailor? – asked the girl. – My brother also went to serve in the fleet. Before leaving, he said that, he would find a paradise on the Earth, because we did live here very well.

Taxes are so high that even working all day around, we hardly survive. Someday the brother will return and will take me and our aged father to that wonderful place, – sighed sadly, she looked away. Although it has been five years since he left for sailing, we know nothing about him. Maybe evil pirates attacked his ship. I heard that now a lot of them wander the oceans. They rob commercial and military vessels and capture the crew, and sometimes even kill people. Recently, one traveler stayed at our inn, and he told me about it.

– "No, I'm not a sailor." I'm a future doctor, I'm still learning, for some reason Ivan wanted to tell only the truth to this lovely girl.

– "How wonderful that you are a doctor!" Our friend's son felt sick. Could you please look at him? Local doctor, mister McQueen, came to them yesterday and said that he could not do anything. Believe me, Peter is an extraordinary boy! I know him from his birth. He is very kind and cheerful. When he sees that I'm coming back from the market with baskets full of vegetables and fruit, he always helps me to convey them telling such funny stories that I laugh even in the dull day. Please save him!

– "All right, I'll look at the boy." How do I find the way?

–

It will be much less visitors in half an hour: the breakfast time will end; and I'll accompany you. Once again, thanks for your help.

Soon Ivan walked along an unfamiliar street, paved with large cobblestones. Nearby was a charming girl in a low-key, but neat dress and raincoat – so long that she had to raise a hem when they met puddles or mud on the way.

– I forgot to ask ... And what is your name? – Turned the guy to his companion.

– My name is Mary. And how is yours?

– In your country I'll be John.

– Very nice to meet you, – answered the girl with a polite smile.

–

Mutually.

Mary was so shy and lovely that Ivan involuntarily admired her: so much charm and modesty in one person you can seldom meet in the modern world. Although most of the road he looked around, studying the exotic town.

They passed an old church from red-brown brick with huge stained-glass windows surrounded by white frames and with a spire sharp as a sword. It seemed, a little bit more – and it will pierce through floating clouds in the sky that the priest, feeling the curiosity, could look briefly to where, presumably, God lives.

Then the young people drew attention to the pompous house, similar to a small castle with round towers. The banner of the British East-Indian company fluttered on the roof of the building. Ivan wanted to stop and study more closely the building and the flag, but they were in a hurry: a sick child was waiting for treatment, and it was necessary to return to work for the girl.

Finally, Mary turned to a rather modest house. A pleasant elderly woman with sad eyes opened the door. Ivan guessed, it was the mother of a boy. They followed to a cramped but cozy room with a narrow bed at the corner.

The boy of eight or nine years old, with a light, but disheveled and wet from the heat hair and huge blue eyes, in a long thin shirt, lay on the bed. Ivan approached the patient's bed, listened to breathing and touched the very hot kid's forehead. Symptoms indicated that, most likely, the boy got the pneumonia. The medicine of that time was powerless against such a disease. Miraculously in bag that hung on Ivan's shoulder and served as the university beg, were effective antipyretic and analgesic pills, he took with him in the morning at the request of a friend.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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