Written by Jaroslav Bednárik Thursday, 19 November 2009 16:24 - Last Updated Saturday, 21 November 2009 13:24



>From: "Me" < jerry@bestofliterature.com >

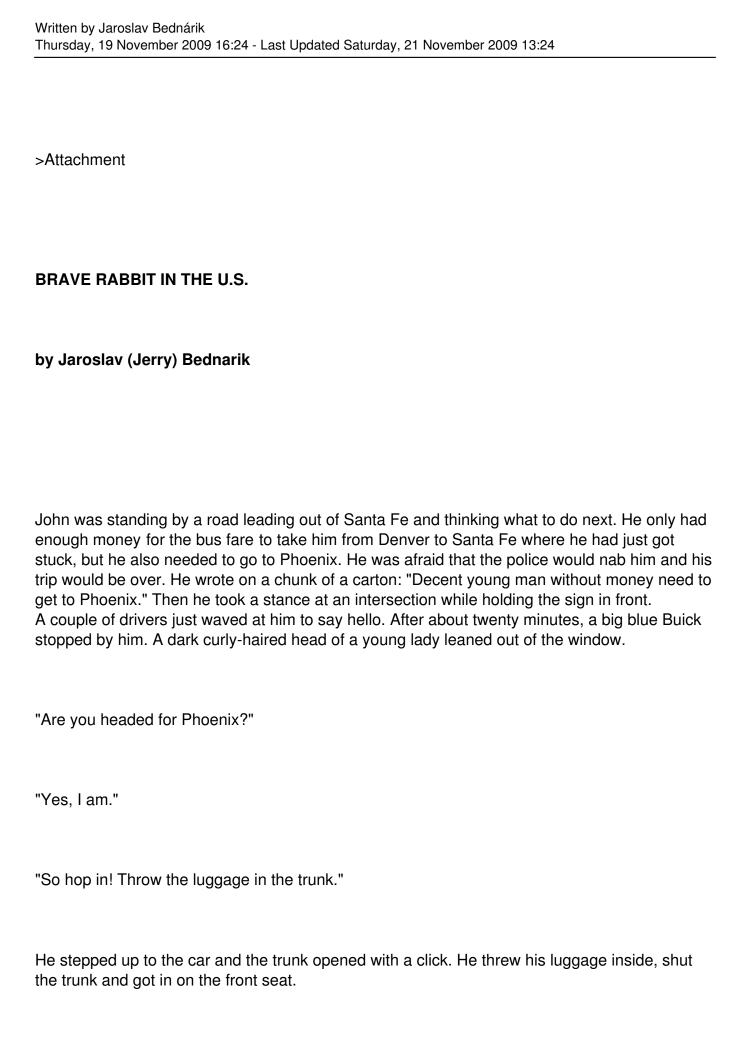
>To: editor < editor@bestofliterature.com >

>Subject: The Brave Rabbit

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No human being makes a move if it does not desire something or it does not try to avoid something if, of course, we exclude a forced movement.

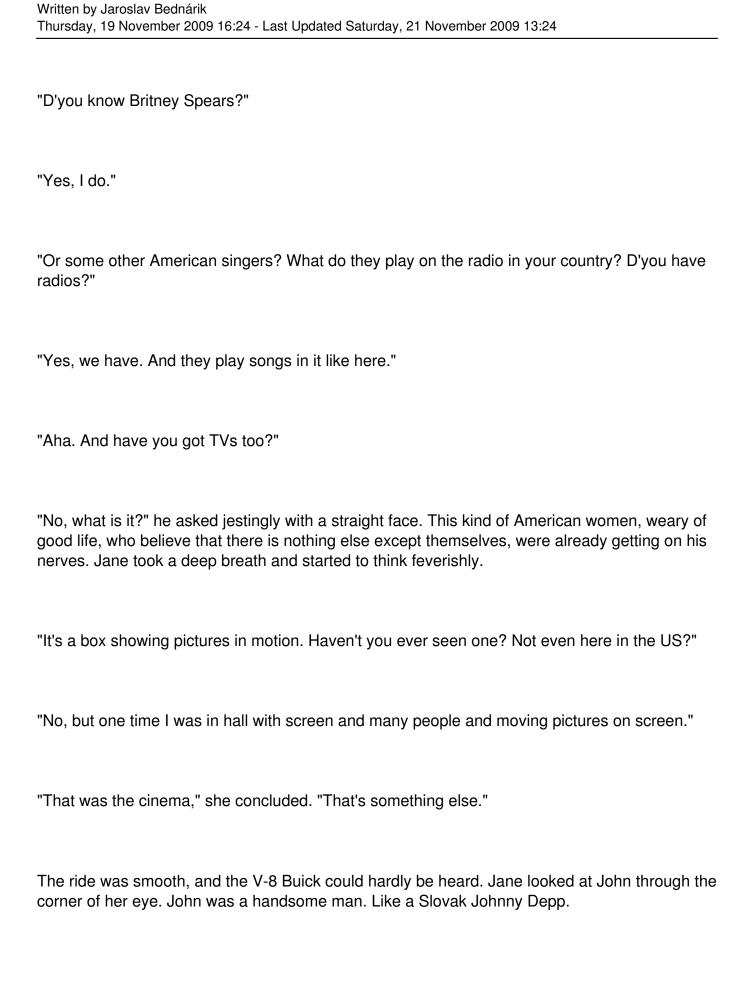
Aristotle



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"Hi, I'm Jane," said the young lady with a smile. She had dark eyes, and she was wearing a light make-up and red lipstick.
"I am John," he introduced himself trying to hide his accent.
"A foreigner?" Apparently just three words gave him away as a non-native.
"Yes, foreigner," confirmed John.
"Where are you from? Europe?"
"From Europe. From Slovakia. Before was Czechoslovakia," he added as he was accustomed.
"Czechoslovakia? Is that in Russia?"
"No, is in middle Europe. But Czechoslovakia don't exist no more. It was divided to two countries."
"Aha," she thought for a moment. "You had a war, didn't you?"
"No, we didn't have war. War was in Yugoslavia. But Yugoslavia don't exist no more too."
She was tuning the radio for a while. She ended up at a song by Britney Spears. She started singing along.

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Written by Jaroslav Bednárik Thursday, 19 November 2009 16:24 - Last Updated Saturday, 21 November 2009 13:24 "I'm kidding," he said. "Of course I know what is television. We don't live on trees, baby." "I almost thought so too. But I wasn't sure. So I figured I'd rather ask." "It is OK. I'm used to it." "Are there terrorists in your country?" "Not really. We have politicians. And those are not so much terrorists like thieves." She laughed. "We have those here too. You speak good English. Where did you learn it?" "We have language schools too, where native Americans teach." "Would you care for a hamburger?"

Close to Albuquerque, they stopped at a gas station. For an American woman, Jane looked quite pretty. Her T-shirt was revealing her cute salacious belly-button above the jeans barely above her pelvic region. For the last five dollars John had, he bought a hamburger and cola in a covered cup from which a straw was provocatively sticking out. They finished the meal in the car and continued on their way.

"Look," she said after a while pointing at the sky where a brain was flying. And then a cow. And pooh-bears. And a camel. And a cigar. It was a balloon show. There were more and more

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balloons of different colors and shapes. John has never seen anything like that before. As far as he could see, the lovely clear blue sky was covered with colorful balloons. He felt like in a dream. Looking at flying balloons can lighten up one's mind.

"Have you ever made love to a woman after meeting her for the first time?" Jane asked all of a sudden.
"No, I don't do it."
"Why not?"
"I afraid of AIDS."
"I don't have AIDS."
"I can't know it. And what if I have AIDS?"
"And do you?"
"No, I have not. They don't admit nobody in the US who have AIDS."
"Have you been tested?"
"Of course."

Written by Jaroslav Bednárik Thursday, 19 November 2009 16:24 - Last Updated Saturday, 21 November 2009 13:24 "When?" "Before two months." "Have you made love to anyone since then?" "No." "Why not?" "American women are very self-important. Only dollars interest them. And besides that, our women are more nice." "Do I look ugly?" "I didn't tell that." "Do you want to get to Phoenix?" "Yes, I want it." "OK." Jane got off from the expressway onto a highway. They were passing by houses hidden among

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trees. After the next turn-off from the highway they got on a country road and continued farther and farther away from residential areas until they completely lost the sight of them. They were still pretty far from Phoenix. John felt anxious. This woman must definitely be crazy, he thought. Who knows what she is up to.

"Are you afraid?" asked Jane with tightened lips.
"Maybe yes, maybe no. Where are we going?"
"You're going to Phoenix. What did ya come to the US for? To have a better life?"
"Yes, that too."
"Many people come here to have a better life. The US is the best country on earth, isn't it?"
"I don't know if it's best."
"But there are opportunities here which don't exist elsewhere."
"Maybe yes."
Jane tossed her curly-haired head. She stopped the car somewhere in the middle of a field.
"Opportunities that should be taken advantage of. But you mustn't be afraid to do so."

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Thursday, 19 November 2009 16:24 - Last Updated Saturday, 21 November 2009 13:24 John was waiting what will come out of it. He had already cursed the moment he entered into the blue car with red leather seats. The woman leaned her head over the steering wheel while grasping it by both of her hands so hard that her knuckles were turning white. "People should never be afraid," she mumbled under her nose. "If I had the power to change just one thing in this world, I would eliminate all fear. Fuck it, to hell with fear!" she yelled out so loud that John shook. She leaned over his knees toward the glove compartment in front of him and pulled out a revolver. She pointed it at his head. John got stiff. "D'you wanna make love to me?" she asked. John shook his head. "Why not?" "I'm afraid," he conceded at last. "Of what? AIDS or this here?" and she twirled the revolver. "This and that." "Oh, double fear! O.K., get out!" she ordered him. John got out in front of the car with his hands up.



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"Well, then step on it motherfucker and stop being afraid so much!" and she pointed the gun at him.

John, scared like a rabbit, stepped on the gas pedal. The V-8 Buick took off with a low-pitched noise, and after burning rubber a couple of times it disappeared in a distance. Jane waited until the yellow dust settled down, blew into the gun barrel and stuck the gun behind her belt.