

A Cheesy Kind of Story

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Truth be told, this was not one of her proudest moments. She was not a subservient woman, not a Disney princess who remained locked in her tower, holding her breath for the arrival of her chivalrous knight. In fact, her dating record proved quite the opposite. Mother had taught her right: during the course of her life, she had been the one who kept others waiting —her priorities were rightly established, and love was not one of them... or so she thought.

She could not remember when she had last allowed her emotions to get the best of her. There had been no place for that in recent months, what with a global pandemic and an unfamiliar virus roaming around. Hand sanitiser had become her closest friend, and her cat, the only company she would allow. It had been for her own good, and she had no complaints. But enough was enough. After a bitter winter, and an even more bitter quarantine, it was time she opened the doors to love again.

She was sitting by her bedroom window, her dark, ravenous eyes roving around the teeming street. She fidgeted with her watch as the moonlight rested on her face. Any minute now, the doorbell would ring. The throbbing of her heart matched the rumble outside. Men, women and children threaded their way along the pavement; cars and buses slid forward; motorbikes roared ahead. It was a Friday night, and the glittering city knew it. Not a minute ought to be wasted... How long had she been waiting for this moment?

The fact that patience was the key ingredient in these matters was no secret to her, yet all her brain's efforts to tame her heart proved futile. She could feel her feline stare of disapproval at her foolish 12-year-old-like behaviour. Yes, there was no denying that she had lost her ability to reason, and anxiety had taken over the reins of her —usually— composed self. One cannot love and act wisely at the same time, she thought. When a relationship like this came your way, the whole world turned into a dim blur, as if nothing else mattered but the both of them and the small portion of it that was theirs. Such was the spice between them that she no longer found these thoughts intense —or maybe she had befriended that fierceness long ago, when she first got a taste of it.

It is not that they were in any way similar. In fact, it was the substantial difference between them that she was most attracted to. When they were together, she felt a fullness which she had never found anywhere else—as if they blended and became one against the world. All existing troubles went away: wounds healed, poverty ended, hunger was satisfied. Their connection was unique, and she needed to remind herself so, for the wait was always worth it, in the end.

The ring of the doorbell startled her back to reality. She bolted towards the intercom.

'Who is it?' she asked, her voice quavering —as if she did not know the answer.

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‘Pizza delivery.’