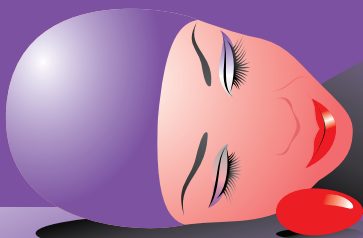


Bored in Vilnius

Agne Vei



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- a novel -

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for Deimante

About...

Snappy story is set in the city of Vilnius where a girl named Barbora beats boredom by intertwining three topics: books, men and dreams.

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1.

The people were cramming aboard, helpful flight attendants were smiling at them. A Scandinavian guy named Hans who looked about her age took the seat next to Barbora. He looked as if he had had taken an instant dislike to her thinking to himself: “Bitch” which would prove to be wrong within a couple of hours. Looking at him, she had similar thoughts: “Good-looking but so full of himself, my my.” She kept looking around and he picked up his newspaper. They were sitting with their brows furrowed looking a little bit annoyed. At that moment they were probably a reflection of each other like two mirrors who soon became one. After passengers were served with “delicious” on-board dinner, the “couple” began chatting and broke two glasses: a red wine glass on her part and a golden Scandinavian beer glass on his. The conversation heated up and then followed golden champagne on Barbora’s part and orange whisky on Hans’... As they were chatting entertainingly, they found themselves immersed in the fizzing champagne bubbles, various stories and laughter. They had such a

great fun that seven hours went by like water through a faucet, and they wanted to continue the flight, they really did... In the beginning Hans reminded her of a dangerous scorpion with a deadly sting. He looked slow both in terms of his thoughts and his dreams. But up in the sky, she made him awaken and open up and it was by far the most romantic flight in her life. The plane landed in Beijing. Before saying goodbye to each other, they hugged but quickly put their masks back and became two strangers who took different directions. While on the flight, he said that Barbora has beautiful eyes and an amazing smile and added silently, "I'd really love to see you again..."

At this point, her best friend Luka would say to her, "Mmmm... How sweet... Did he ask you for your number?" Yes, yes, Luka, he did, but what upset Barbora the most was Hans' attitude and fear while speaking about her country...He said that he would never go there... He said that he would never go to Vilnius*...(!) At this moment, her best friend Luka would yell out, annoyed "Hmmm... What an idiot!!! But why?" Luka, I believe he thinks that Vilnius is a **nuobodu**** place (Spoke Barbora to herself internally).

* *Vilnius is a capital of Lithuania (European Capital of Culture 2009).*

** *The word ‘**nuobodu**’ means boring, dull, eerie.*

2.

It all happened in Vilnius, but some “events” were so dizzying that they reminded of a large basket of red ripe tomatoes* each of which had a unique richness in their color, a unique size and shape; to avoid **boredom**, someone came up with an idea to name them all after cities...

** Tomato is a berry.*

3.

Her name was Barbora Lūšė*. She is the third child in her family – the jolliest and at the same time the most loved one, and let it be forever! (Ta-dah!)

** The meaning of the name: ‘Barbora’ has originated from the Greek word ‘foreign’; the name ‘Lūšė’ is derived from the Lithuanian word ‘lūšis’ meaning ‘lynx’ (the only feline species in Lithuania that has been included in the IUCN Red List).*

4.

One day Barbora's mother Saulė* whose maiden name was Paukštė** was hunted down and entrapped by Lūšis. A stunningly beautiful, fragile and naive bird one day ended up in the feline jaws and gave her heart to the man named Dovydas, the father of the baby girl. He was seventeen years older than she. He radiated masculine power gushing like a ripe mountain spring on the 34 Monks Mountain. She was only seventeen and she... made love with him on the Three Crosses' Mountain*** in the bluish-green light of the full moon shining over Vilnius. Saulė had snow-white skin, sultry full lips and large doll-like eyes. He was devouring her body like the King Gediminas' Wolf**** and she, feeling a little bit dizzy and overwhelmed by his masculine strength, opened her eyes from time to time to see the hair of his three-day beard leaving red lines on her body. He was her first and last love and to him, she was like a myriad of countless watermelon seeds but today Saulė was as soft as a peach who, when opened, contained one solid seed. It hit Dovydas that Saulė would be the future mother of

his children. He was not thinking about protection and she did not know there was something she had to protect. This was how one more Vilnius family came into being.

** 'Saulė' comes from the Lithuanian word meaning 'the Sun'
– tr.*

*** 'Paukštė' comes from the Lithuanian word meaning 'the
bird' – tr.*

**** Three Crosses is a monument located on the Bare
Mountain in the city of Vilnius.*

***** King Gediminas' dream. The legend has it that while
on a hunt, the duke settled for the night in the very place
where Vilnius now stands. That night he had a dream of
an Iron Wolf howling on a high mountain. After seeking
advice from the sage Lizdeika, he decided to pile a mound
on which Gediminas' Castle was built and the city of Vilnius
was founded.*

5.

After nine months, Barbora's brother Gustas was born. Cute and sweet, he was a real fruit of love. Once you saw him, you wanted to hug him and kiss him no matter how old he was – two, twenty-two or forty-two... All his aunts went crazy for him and each time they looked at his blue doll-like eyes that he inherited from his mother Saulė they wanted to punch his cheek. One year later a second brother Dangis was born. He was a true Jonathan Livingston Seagull*. Mr. Sky. A person born to fly. A passionate daredevil, always hanging on the thin line between the earth and the sky. At a single glance of him, you wanted to frolic around, to go wild, to break dishes in the Greek style, to run away... He also had blue eyes like his mother's but they were a little narrowed to slits and reminded of almonds just like those his father Dovydas had.

** Jonathan Livingston Seagull is a story by Richard Bach about freedom, friendship and love... All the main characters are seagulls at the seashore.*

6.

A beautiful and happy family one day turned into a very unhappy one. The father Lūšis started partying hard and you could hear all the bitches of the city howling with pleasure throughout Vilnius. The watermelon season began and a plentitude of seeds spilled out! One stormy night, the father came home and lost himself in range and raped Barbora's mother because it was the first time she refused to obey him.

That day, the brothers, still teenagers at that time, were cuddling up to their mother like two baby lynxes, all night warming up their crying violated mother. Gustas was caressing and kissing her gently, cuddled up against her (this made her feel calmer) and Dangis tried to devise different plans all night whispering to his mother: "Don't cry, mom, I'll grow up and kill him!" (this made her feel safer). The next day the three left the one. Something beautiful was shattered and one should not keep shattered things at home. They made their way to a tomato (berry) named Nida*. They moved to the house filled with the

sounds of the Baltic Sea** to seek their new Peacefulness.

Three months passed and one day Dovydas showed up in the doorway with tears in his eyes. He threw himself at Saulė's feet, kissed them and begged her to forgive him. That moment the mother got sick (she had been suffering from nausea for a couple of months) and after 5 minutes she fainted and when she opened her eyes she saw two pairs of blue eyes and one pair of green eyes and three smiles. The father screamed out, "It's a miracle!" and within six months Barbora*** was born. The third child in the family was the most jolly and at the same time the most loved one and let it be forever (Ta-dah!)

From that day on, they became a beautiful and happy family but this time there were already five of them.

** Nida is a Lithuanian resort town along the Baltic Sea.*

*** The Baltic Sea borders the Western coast of Lithuania.*

**** Friends and relatives started calling the little girl by different names: Barbora, Barborytė, Bo, Lūšė, Lūšiukė*

7.

As a little girl, Lūšė adored shoes, especially her mom's! Her brother Gustas reminded her of black velvet elegant high-heel shoes and you would hear “Clack, clack, clack!” as they passionately hit the ground. When she was a little girl, she was an apple of her parents' eye and she would always get a kiss, especially when she felt **bored**. Her brother Dangis reminded her of sneakers you would like to wear when you ran or frolicked around, but he also often reminded her of shoes decorated with butterflies, especially when he was in love. One day, he got Barbora to lie on her back and started tickling and amusing her by poking her belly. The little girl suddenly pushed him so hard that he hit the edge of the bed and split his head. For a moment they were really scared. She had to explain herself to her daddy Dovydas who looked like a king. So the best way to approach him was barefooted and standing on one foot with the other placed on its top. Then she would hear him say, “Why is this child barefoot?” And the same moment the child would burst into tears out of fear or love. When two pairs of deep green

eyes would meet each other, you could hear silent and comforting words: “I love you, my little miracle, come to your daddy!” The doll-like green eyes would always win over the green almond eyes. The alliance between the father Dovydas and his daughter Barbora was sacred.

8.

Barbora Lůšě had a childhood surrounded with love. Whenever her legs hurt, she was a mermaid... When she was ill with chickenpox, she was Miss Amanita (the most stunningly dangerous forest mushroom)... When she was twelve, strange spots appeared on her leg. The whole family was concerned. Bo visited hundreds of doctors! However, according to the daddy, it was a secret mission and the spots had to be copied on paper because it was a map of hidden gold which disappeared with the onset of her first period...

Barbora's greatest life healer was Imagination. Already in her childhood, she realized that inner life is much more interesting than the one we live on the outside.

9.

When Bo was a little girl, she used to play with her eyes to beat **boredom**. She would pull them sideways to make herself look pretty. She would ask her mother to pull her hair back as tightly as possible and put them high up into a top bun. Then her eyes would become slanted and she would be the most beautiful girl in the world. She never liked her curly hair and always dreamed about long, silky lustrous hair straight as a fishing line and they preferably had to be black (Barbora was white-headed). Barborytė was so happy when her aunt, a businesswoman who used to go on frequent business trips to Poland, gave her a pair of embroidered velvet shoes which had been lost in shipment. But the left shoe was one size smaller than the right one. Looking at the right shoe, she felt irritated because she always liked the smaller foot and it did not matter if the shoes were too tight... The little girl adored white leather and never was too fond of the sun, even when she was a teenager. The sun rays that she got from her mom were enough for her. Her friends who once holidayed with her by seaside laughed at her saying, “We

are brown like village girls who spend their time raking hay and you look like a real aristocratic woman. Get out from under the umbrella!” If she did get out, she did so before heading home, saying to them that it was enough to tan. All her life she loved wearing clothes that would cover much of her body but they had to be tight fitting. She did not want to put her body on display for strangers. Since her teenage years, she started accentuating her eyes with black eyeliner.

Fast forward many years, during her trip to Beijing (she flew there to discover herself) where she met Hans who did not want to come to Vilnius (very likely, he thought that Vilnius is a **boring** place) she understood that she was a part of Asia: white as a geisha’s face on the outside, inside she was as colourful and wild as the patchwork of Asian nomads. “Hans, perhaps you’ll come here after all?” she spoke to herself looking at the star falling from the August* sky over Vilnius when she returned home after her long long journey. Barбора’s heart overflowed with warmth as she realized that you have to discover yourself within yourself rather than in the world’s tomatoes...

** In August, falling stars are a common sight in Vilnius. If you see one and make a wish you can be sure it will come true.*

10.

Bo was often short of patience. Her flames of passion would rise up quickly but burn out even quicker. Since her childhood, she felt that she needed to find/discover something. Lūšė's life was always full of mysticism and her mother would always tell her that "the third child is endowed with the clairvoyant powers". In her childhood years, when she felt sad, or was reduced to tears, she wanted to die but once she calmed down, she was happy to be alive.

Looking through the window, Barbora suddenly remembered a dance she had learnt at the kindergarten. One day, after having an argument with her best friend, she ran out to swing around with a giant doll in yellow dress to chase away **boredom**. She was swinging around and it made her feel very good. When she saw from the corner of her eye her friend standing in astonishment, she invited her friend to join her but this time in the company of three she could not get the previous feeling. "You don't know how to do it," she uttered and swirled

away with the doll and again experienced this exciting feeling. She was no longer friends with this girl. Soon after, she moved to a different school, and was said to have moved away to live somewhere else. She wrote down the words “Solitude adorns you” and drew a cloud on the dewy window.

11.

One morning, at the dawn of adolescence, something changed. The young lynx went wild, and Lūšis not only referred to her name but also to her inner state. A shout came out of the room:

– Daaaaad!!!

– What?

– Was it you who named me Barbora?

– Your mom did. What's wrong?

Suddenly you could hear lumbering steps down the stairs and a second shout went out:

– Mooom!!!

– What's the matter, honey? – her mom asked, alarmed.

– Why did you name me Barbora?

– Well, it's just...It's just that I loved you so much and I

wanted you to be special, unique... – Saulè said silently.

– Damn, but did you have a clue that it means ‘a foreigner’??!

– What’s going on, Barbora?

– Don’t call this name. I forbid you to. It’s ugly.... I hate you!.. – she uttered as tears came streaming down her face.

– My baby, I don’t get it.

– Leave me alone!!! – she slammed the doors making the whole house shake.

Yes, and it is still Monday! Tuesday brings you fat thighs... Wednesday – an urgent need to get your belly button pierced ... Thursday – “I want a tattoo on my back! A dragon tattoo!”... Friday – “You don’t have any right to keep me grounded! I’ll contact the child services!... Saturday – calls are made to all hospitals and police stations and the announcement is made on the news that “A fourteen year old girl went missing...” Sunday – “Mum, dad, I’m sorry!” (streams of tears)... Monday, a call from the school: “Barbora was caught smoking weed...” Tuesday...Wednesday... Thursday... Tension at home... And it continued like this till this

girl blew out fifteen candles on her birthday cake. Then everything changed... From Monday till Sunday it was quiet at home. Bo was studying, attending extracurricular activities (dancing, acting and singing lessons) and was a perfect child of Dovydas and Saulė...

At the age of fifteen, a feeling inside her started building up that she was a foreigner, especially in her own family (until now, she cannot explain why).

12.

And finally came the peacefulness as if taken straight from the 'The Picture of Peacefulness' (by unknown author) that her mother had been asking in her prayers for so long. This piece of art could be described as follows:

Wrinkled panties were hanging on a metal bar, with their main function of seducing lost. A picture of the sun was drawn on the wall but Bo wrote "heart" on it. The elevator of the apartment building was out of order so the door kept opening and closing each time the sliding parts touched against each other and it was waiting for a technician. It did not felt like a kiss but in a way it felt like love. The doors will open, the technician will enter, the doors will close... A stray bug was humming in the corridor, all neighbours were asleep. It was dawning. They both were sitting on the ground in the balcony of the apartment building. He was sitting with his legs spread apart and his Lewis jeans pulled down and his laces untied, and she was sitting on him straddling his lap, covering part of his body with her flared skirt and

warming her hands up by caressing his chest. The sight was as if taken straight from a painting. The two, feeling dizzy, were already lit by the sun of early hours and were moving slightly. Two nipples were flashing underneath the blouse and he would catch them by his mouth and lick them until she would cry out “Softer!” There were moments he felt he was going mad and wanted to rape her, but when he looked her in the eyes, he quickly calmed down and wanted to be carried away with the moment. The morning backdrop intermingled with the city rhythm of which only the Sunday music remains today whose author has long ago moved to the other world. He suddenly uttered, “Can you turn around?” and she did not object. She felt good, and he did too. First voices came to be heard outside and they had to move to the roof of the Sunday house (to which his phallus was pointing) where they could do what they wanted. He got her lie on the ground and licked her and touched her until she whispered silently “Come inside...” His name was Justas and she was a member of a feline family...”

13.

The love sky was lit with battle flames. Days went by. Justas was replaced by Matas. Matas was replaced by Karolis. Karolis was replaced by Danielius who was again replaced by Justas (old love does not rust). Then came Vilius. After Vilius came Aurimas who was replaced by Karolis. After Karolis came Šarūnas. After Šarūnas came Johny and after Johny came... Finally she opened her eyes and rejoiced at the fact that she was sitting in the movie theatre with Justas. (Old love does not rust for sure, but is it really so?)

14.

One day Barbora woke up and found herself in someone's bed. She saw a very beautiful body next to her who took her instantly to the previous night. She came back to Luka's place and saw two young guys lying in bed. One of them happened to end up with Bo. She did not feel strange or ashamed about it, but, after lying down with him, her body no longer belonged to her once she pressed her body against him. That morning he looked like a sleeping baby. She did not want to stay in bed warming herself up any longer and decided that it was time to stop acting so protective of him and crawled out of bed like a snake. It was still dark outside. Putting on her leather riveted belt she kept stroking it with her hand wishing she could see the hands which had made it because that minute Barbora could feel them. The girl could actually smell the odor of leather coming from the masculine hands. Whenever she would see a man, she would look at his hands. "Hands shouldn't be huge and unwieldy or chubby and small like a baby's," she thought to herself. Bo liked long and elegant fingers of an aesthete... When

the belt wrapped around her tightly, the girl felt as if she was grabbed and kept tightly and she felt happy.

15.

From the moment she became 'a foreigner' in her life and reached the age of reason, she started adoring these things: books, men and dreams. These three things often intermingled in her life and it was difficult to tell the reality from the madness of imagination. She remembers very vividly when these three things came into her life.

16.

Her fascination with books goes back to her teenage years. The smell. The rustle of leaves. The curiosity. She remembers the rainy morning when she snuggled up in her bed like a cat and started reading the book “The Thorn Birds”*. She was a little **bored** so for the first time in her life she closed her eyes and experienced everything her way. It was a pleasant experience so it has become an excellent starting point for her fantasies which would know no boundaries.

** The Thorn Birds by Colleen McCullough is a story about a forbidden love between a young girl and a Catholic priest.*

17.

Her fascination with men goes back to her childhood days. She remembers sitting at the café bar in Pilies Street* drinking tea with her grandma who came from a noble family and who had passion for hats. An elegant white-haired gentleman started a conversation with the grandma. In a couple of moments Bo approached the grandma and whispered to her ear, “I’m **bored...**” She felt lonely but the grandma gave her a tender look as if saying to her, “Well, do something about it.” Squatting on a stone street pavement, she started playing with the sweets of four flavors: Tiramisu, Black Chocolate, Mint and “Paukščių Pienas” (Birds’ Milk)... Suddenly she raised her head and saw four men, four handsome men unique in their own way, whose laughter could be heard across the street. It awakened her from the deep girly sleep... At that time she was five... She stood up and took a look at the sweets, then at the men, then again at the sweets, and then again at the men... Tiramisu was very tall... He had curly, shoulder-length hair and greenish blue eyes... The Black Chocolate... She was a little bit intimidated by

his dark skin but what a glance and what a voice... The Mint one... was somewhat rough and had cold eyes... but something is wrong with him, oh, no, everything was exactly as it should be... The Birds' Milk... He was so innocent, stylish and mysterious...

Suddenly the elegant gentleman who had just told something to Bo's grandma that made her laugh, turned to the little girl and said to her, "Wow!.. Four sweets! That's a lot! Can I take one?" At that moment the four silhouettes were disappearing into the distance, and little Barbora, clinching tightly the four sweets in her little hands, said to him angrily, "They are mine! I want them all! Each of them tastes different!" This made the grandma flinch slightly. Gently cuddling the girl up, she said to her, "My little girl, it is indeed important to know what you want in life but the young lady should be more polite. You'll never create joy without a smile!" She then laughed and at that moment you could see her glow like an angel. As far as Barbora remembered her, she always had that glow. She even looked like a porcelain doll. Her eyes were sparkling and her grey hair was glowing. All her life, she used to wear red Chanel Fire lipstick...

On the same evening, to beat **boredom**, the little Bo fell in love with the most wonderful man in the world who lived in her house – her farther. For some time she avoided her mom. But soon it all passed, as she saw the fighting was futile.

** Pilies Street is one of the main streets in the Old Town in Vilnius.*

*** “Paukščių pienas” sweets is a sort of sweets produced by the confectionary plant Vilniaus Pergalė founded in 1952 and offering the widest range in the Baltic States. In 1996, it was awarded with a medal at the Agrobalt '96 exhibition as a product that will never disappoint you.*

18.

One year later the grandma went crazy. It was very strange because everything changed in a blink of an eye. She became very thin and frail, her belly fell forward. She started wearing her watch on her humerus because she could no longer put it on her wrist without it slipping off and she would always hold a pen in her hand. As soon as she would wake up from some dreamy state, she would ask us, “Where?” and then you had to answer her, “How many?” and she would answer back, “This time, five.” We would then pass her a few A4 sheets of paper and she would instantly start writing something passionately. Standing behind her back, Bo would see the same word scribbled down across all the sheets and this word was **“Boring, boring, boring...”** Then after about an hour of passionate writing, she would fold up all the sheets and put them in her handbag, light a cigarette, put on her hat and go for a walk in the courtyard. Crazy but stylish, she did not even resemble a real person and was always floating in the sea of her strange writing thoughts. Her only lifesaver was the bizarre and sometimes meaningless

word “**boring**”. Each time when she saw the grandma, Barbora would picture herself a candle whose flame was growing weaker and weaker until one day it faded out.

While blowing out six birthday candles she made a wish to never become **bored!**” She shouted out in her head and you could see little devils dance tango in her eyes. The smoke disappeared in the air and a big round of applause followed.

19.

She became fascinated with dreams when she was fifteen when, for the first time in her life, she let a man enter her and her dream ('The Picture of Peacefulness', the author has been identified already).

But the reality was different. Barbora was 19 and his name was Karolis... That day she sang to him, "Hey, Karolis, when you don't know why your wings are for, are you afraid, will you have the guts..." She was smiling to him, and inhaling the smoke, kept singing, "If all your dreams are haunted by her..." And finished it up putting out the cigarette, "Who will help you, if you won't help yourself..."* ... Then she got up, put on her jacket and ran out with a dizzy smile on her face. Before slamming the doors she shouted out, "Call me!" (In a couple of years, she quitted smoking after reading 'Easy Way to Stop Smoking' by Allen Carr**). At the midnight he called her. She crawled silently to the phone. She kept wrapping the phone wire around her finger. That night his voice was as soft as a summer breeze. He asked her,

“What does it feel to be a Woman?” and she said to him, “It feels like you never get **bored...**” (she smiled). Later in the evening she went to brush her teeth and she strictly followed the instructions she had been given by a doctor who worked as a dentist in Baltupiai***. Looking at the mirror, she kept repeating to herself, “First, you have to brush your teeth using a soft toothbrush and toothpaste... Then you have to floss your teeth and finally you have to rinse everything with a mouthwaaash...” Barbora kept saying to herself while making faces pretending to be a Woman in front of the mirror and changing the pitch of her voice. Soon she got carried away by a DREAM and from then on it would stay with her forever... The whole yard was filled with feathers floating up to the sky and she was diving naked in them as if in the water... She felt so joyful and good in a naive way.... She was laughing; she was blowing away the feathers and throwing them up into the air...

Summer came and Karolis went to America to earn some money. He worked as a bartender on cruise ships. At that time Barbora sang, “Strangers – the wind is raging outside the window, / Strangers – we will not be together, / Strangers – you hear the lake murmur, / Strangers – I’m no longer the same, / Strangers – a blind passerby

is screaming, / Strangers – morning dew is crying, / Strangers – I hear your voice – forgive me please, / But I'm no longer the same now, I'm not...”****

To beat **boredom**, they chose separate life paths – he returned to his ships and she turned to books...

P.S. The scene where she woke up and found herself in the bed at Luka's place was also a dream.

** Single 'Karolis' released in 1998 by the Lithuanian band Lemon Joy.*

***The book Easy Way to Stop Smoking by Allen Carr has gained popularity worldwide. 95 percent of those who have read it quit smoking for good.*

**** Baltupiai is one of Vilnius micro districts.*

***** 1998 song/album 'Strangers' by the Lithuanian girl group Mango.*

20.

One cold winter morning she decided not to continue education after grade 12 because she thought that it would be **boring**. For the remaining ten months, silence set in at home as a form of protest. The grandma had already died by that time, and Barbora, having no one by her side that would understand her (everyone was very busy living their own lives) decided to move out. Firstly she found a job in a bookstore near the river and moved in to live in the Old Town. Every morning she would read the words patterned in flowerbeds along the riverbank of the Neris river saying “I love you”*, and in the evening, walking on the other side, her eyes would catch the answer “I love you too”. While seeking an apartment, she kept her grandma’s words in her mind which also echoed in her head that day, “Live in a fine house even if it means living in its basement. Go to luxurious places even if you can afford only a bottle of mineral water. Try to look your best even when you are taking out the garbage.” And she followed her advice from the day she heard them. Bo moved in to live in Užupis near the Angel**. To be

specific, she rented a room from a young man named Rokas. He had both looks and money. He was always away travelling and you could never find him at home. Yes, her grandma had come from a noble family but from that day Barbora was a servant. Bo and Rokas agreed that she not only would live in one of the rooms but would also take care of the house: clean dusts, vacuum rooms, water his cactus and feed his cat Orange whose hair had the color of a carrot.

** Neris river banks with patterned words. Neris is the second largest river in Lithuania running through Vilnius. The words of love patterned in flowerbeds along the Neris riverbank (“I love you”, “I love you too”) is a tradition of blossoming Neris riverbanks started by Gitenis Umbrasas’ campaign “Love Shores”. The aforementioned words are a confession of your love to your city and an encouragement to create and strengthen social ties with people.*

*** In Užupis near the Angel. Užupis is the “republic of artists”, an equivalent of Montmartre in Vilnius, an ancient part of the city protected by UNESCO. Užupis Angel is a statue in the central Užupis square unveiled in 2001. It is an angel made of firm brass and bronze created by the sculptor Romas Vilčiauskas and the architect Algirdas Umbrasas.*

21.

So Barbora was living in the Old Town with Rokas (they met only on rare occasions) and was working in the bookstore near the river (from 10:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. including a 1-hour break), and to bring some passion in her life, she signed up for the French language courses having remembered that her grandma had spoken this language as if it was her mother tongue. Spring to summer, summer to autumn, autumn to winter and the latter would again change its dress to spring. Bo was living a humble but lovely life which was cozy like a cold winter evening, wrapped up in the blanket holding a honey-flavored tea. And one more thing... She had a dream to work as a stewardess on flights travelling between only two tomatoes – light pink tomato called Paris and a deep red tomato called Vilnius. Even more so now because recently she had been seeing a plane whenever she looked at the sky, and yesterday when she went to a movie she saw one more in the first scene and in the evening, she opened a book and again came across a text about flights. But the truth was that she had a fear of flying and, in an

attempt to erase her thoughts about flying, she became obsessed with vampire books. From that day on, one could see her spending time on the book floor, waiting for him, the One, the Vampire, to enter the room, bite her neck, wrap her up in his black mantle and take her up to the roof of the skyscraper... (not **boring** at all).

Oh, man, the things that were happening to her red blood cells – the red ones confronted the white ones!..

22.

This morning, when she was arranging books in the detective book department, a man with a book in his hand entered the spacious reading room and sat down on one of only two benches that were standing there. He was holding a book 'Delicacy' by David Foenkinos*. He looked about 42. His hair was beginning to turn grey and his body was covered with a black coat with large flaps. Her eyes immediately popped out and Barbora shouted out in her head, "Vampire craving a kiss!" He smiled at her and a star sparkled on his canine tooth. This smile enchanted Bo and she was about to run into his arms to get his magic kiss but at that moment this silent conversation was interfered by a girl in blue heels who, with her brow furrowed, was emotionally shouting out words as if sticking a knife straight into his heart, "Here you are! We can go now!" And they left... She saw no more vampires that day and Bo decided to go home by taxi and to close her eyes to the both words on the riverbank which spoke about love.

* *'Delicacy' by David Foerkinos is a novel about love and femininity and about a magic power that a single kiss can have.*

23.

In the morning, Barbora was sitting on the windowsill next to Rokas' cactus eating a sandwich** and trying to start a conversation with Orange who was “won't talk-won't listen-go away” sort of a cat (demonstrated no response whatsoever when called by his name, when seeing your gestures or when offered a piece of fish). Rokas was away. It was Tuesday, the Day of Restoration of Lithuania's Independence, so the bookstore was closed and she had a day off. Barbora was walking around her house in panties with the word “VIP” (Very Import Person) printed on the front wearing grey knitted strapless t-shorts she had bought in the Mango store for 15 Litas at Gediminas avenue during the summer sales. Rain was not pouring, nobody was laughing and **boredom** was about to set in when suddenly the postman Juozas rang the doorbell and Barbora put her signature on a document to accept the parcel sent to her. After she closed the door, she checked out the box which had no address on it. Before opening it, her brain was whispering to her, “A bomb is in it, I'll be killed in explosion... Who wants to kill me?”

No, maybe it contains a love letter from the Vampire... Oh, no, no, no, I am going insane!.. Maybe it contains... Well, enough making guesses, I take it and open it...” And the box was opened and in it, she found a greeting and words of thanks for her long smoking history and an encouragement not to stop and to accept a calf-skin handbag as a reward! That’s horrible, she thought to herself, and then looked at the sky and said to herself, “God bless you, my dear Allen! Rest in peace!” She decided not to accept the gift not only because of the fact she it was several months that she had stopped smoking but, most importantly, because of the poor calf who was only beginning to enjoy his youth when he was turned into a handbag with a zipper!!! It made Barbora feel sick and suddenly she got into her velvet sports suit ‘Joucy Couture’, put on yellow, green and red*** eye shadows and hurried to Vingis Park****.

* *The Day of Restoration of Lithuania’s Independence is celebrated on the 11th of March.*

** *Recipe: ‘Rugelis’ bread (loaf bread baked in Vilnius since 1961 the crumb and crust of which are filled with grains), butter, sausage ‘Daktariška’ (pink-colored sausage). How do*

you eat it? Take a bite of the sandwich, a bite of a pickle, a sip of black tea with lemon and honey. Chew until you count to 36. Then take a bite of the sandwich, a bite of a tomato, a sip of black tea with lemon and honey. Chew until you count to 36 and repeat this all over again until the sandwich is finished. It is advisable to sit on a windowsill and look through the window at the rushing people and if is raining cats and dogs, laugh at them running in rain soaking wet...

**** Yellow, green and red are the colours featured on the Lithuanian flag.*

***** Vingis Park is a park and a recreational spot surrounded by the Neris riverbend in Vilnius.*

24.

The sun was burning her eyes covered with dark-tinted sunglasses which by that time had already turned into a ‘cemetery of dead flies’. In her head, Barbora shouted out to all the flies flying around in Vilnius who had decided to kill themselves by crushing into her sunglasses, “Today you have to live! Today you have to celebrate! It’s not **boring** at all!” Suddenly she saw the Vampire trotting past the Parliament house with that strange girl who was wearing blue Adidas sneakers with three stripes, and, with her eyebrows furrowed, was saying something emotionally to him with spit coming from her mouth. Barbora thought to herself, “But you are supposed to run silently if you run with the Vampire...” And that moment, as they were walking across the zebra crossing, the Vampire noticed her and again gave her a smile... Bo’s heart started chirring like a bug in the grass before crashing into the sunglasses. She stopped and started following him with her eyes, trotting along him after pushing the owner of the blue shoes straight into the Neris River. She was running next to him and when

he reached Žaliasis Bridge* and turned left they were running seeing each other from the opposite slopes of the river. until they reached Mindaugas' Bridge* and in the background, the aforementioned words (“I love you”, “I love you too”) were flashing through them. When they reached Mindaugas' Bridge, he grabbed her, ripped off her wet clothes and... Oh! (the fantasy ends here).

Suddenly Bo sprained her foot and a car stopped in front of her. She saw a geziukas** behind the wheel who was about to shout to her, “You f...b.....” but then she smiled at him and she heard words coming from the open window, “Babe, watch your step!” In a few moments the black golf chased her up and the guy said to her with a smile, “Can I get your numba?” Barbora answered him, “I have a boyfriend...” and the car drove away straight to the depth of Žvėrynas*** making all the romantic atmosphere dissipate the love fruit of which would be the book entitled “A Vampire without a Name, Blue Shoes and Barbora the Servant”.

Ah!

**Žaliasis Bridge (built in 1952 over Neris; it has statues*

erected on its platforms) and Mindaugas' Bridge (built in 2003 to mark the 750th anniversary of Mindaugas' coronation) in Vilnius.

*** 'Geziukas' is a type of lad often seen in sportswear and when encountered you can read a question in his eyes: "You got a problem?" After hearing this question one should squat down and watch out for a punch.*

**** Žvėrynas is a micro district near the centre of Vilnius.*

25.

The next day was a work day but Barbora could not focus on her work... She was beginning to feel **bored** when something happened...

It was a lunch time and she rushed to the café next to the bookstore and ordered a cup of latte. Looking at the heavily tattooed arms of the bartender (“Maybe it was you who hammed the rivets to my belt?”) she was smiling silently and it got her into a dizzy state. “What beautiful fingers, long aesthete’s fingers... One more cup of latte please... And one more... And before I leave, I’ll take one more and when I’m about to leave, I’d take one take-away cup, sorry, I’d take two cups...” She felt hungry but she did not eat anything in this way getting even closer to the stories about vampires...

That afternoon her Vampire showed up in the doorway of the café wearing a black coat with large flaps. Barbora curled up into a ball like a hedgehog and was waiting as if in anticipation of a fox, thinking to herself like a hedgehog, “I’ll uncurl myself! Eat me up! Faster!” He

ordered a double espresso, gave her a smile for the third time and suddenly said to her, “Hi! How was your jogging yesterday?” (the ball started uncurling). She said to him, “I sprained my foot, it hurts a little...” Then a small chat followed and finally they started chattering like two old girlfriends as it turned out that the Vampire was in fact gay who worked as a lawyer, and the owner of the blue shoes was his sister, a journalist, who had recently divorced with her husband, an Italian tycoon owning a pizza and pasta chain. Ah!

Before saying goodbye to each other, Bo gave the Vampire a kiss but not the kind of kiss you could find in the book ‘Delicacy’. It was a kiss of gratitude that took place then and not after 20 years of being happily married with four children (Ah!)

The passion for vampires sank in the latte which had been prepared by the tattooed arms and long aesthete’s fingers who, in the blood-red tomato called Madrid, was trying to catch a wild bull and bring it down in an honourable fight and finally, after dressing down its skin, made a riveted belt ... Ah! Ah! Ah?! Ah...

26.

When Bo came back home from work and her French courses, she found a **'boring'** note on the fridge. It was from Rokas.

“Thank you for taking care of the house. Keep up the good work, Bo! I'll be back in two weeks. Kisses! Rokas”

It had already been three years that they were living together (it was the truest Love without seeing each other) and it was the first time he said 'kisses' and in a moment the concept suggested in the book 'Love Lasts Three Years'* was disproved. After the last kiss, she was not ready for a new one for at least two more weeks and again switched to the 'servant' role in Užupis castle whose kingdom was ruled by a mute king Orange, and whose Peacefulness was protected by the guard Cactus who was even more mute.

The servant sat down on the windowsill of the castle and wrote back an answer that wasn't **'boring'**:

“I accept your kind words of thanks, my prince of Užupis castle (please leave some money: ‘Bite bill: 299 Lt, toilet paper: ‘Wind’s Dream’, ‘Amway’ washing powder and Dish Drops, and plus food for the Orange / minus something like that...). The King Orange and the home guard Cactus are also ok. I will be able to accept your kisses only in two weeks because I’ve been attacked by a Vampire. Barbora” (She wanted to write “the princess” but then thought to herself, “Fuck! He will probably leave some money and go away for two more weeks... And after all, my prince, why are you calling be Bo? I’m just a simple servant, I’m Barbora... Ah...”)

** The main idea of the book ‘Love Lasts Three Years’ by Frederic Beigbeder is that love lasts three years; a year of passion, a year of tenderness and a year of boredom.*

***Bite is a mobile network operator in Lithuania.*

27.

“You are not creative at all!” Bo said to herself while eating the famous sandwich on the windowsill next to Rokas’ cactus who had produced a berry (“How did you, being a bachelor, manage to produce such a beauty? But if a Vampire can be gay, why can’t a lonely cactus have children...”) and kept looking through the window while chewing the sandwich in the 36 style. Again, nobody was laughing because for seven days in a row it was sunny in Vilnius and not a single Vilnius dweller, soaking wet, could be seen on the street... It was Sunday and all book consultants were working except for her and Barbora decided to go to the Vingis movie theatre to see the movie ‘Bel Ami’** to distract herself from the thoughts about the kiss from Rokas she was longing for...

Oh, after watching the movie she began to wish she could have such a Friend... So for the remaining two weeks she was waiting the one whose name was Friend. And it did not take two weeks or even two days for him to show up. Yes, she met him after the movie at Rimi store***

near the movie theatre. Yes, she was standing and looking at the carps swimming in the Rimi aquarium when she was approached by a man dressed in black. He looked around 33 years old and she could see the reflection of his t-shirt slogan on the aquarium glass, and she read “drauG ytiruceS“ and her eye eraser removed the word ‘ytiruce’ and the word “Draugas’ (lith. ‘friend’, - tr.) was replaced by the grandma’s pure cheese ‘Draugs’ with a wonderful aroma (the actual words were ‘Security Guard’)...

Barbora was about to throw herself into his arms when a girl in striped shoes took him by his arm and at the very same moment a saleswoman asked Barbora, “Would you like something, miss?”

In shock, Barbora asked her to weight a live carp for her who was later named Good Friend. When Bo came home, she put it in a bathtub and later released it in Neris when she was in her way elsewhere than to work, under the bridge to the other side where a strange iron bubble hangs****...

**Vingis movie theatre is the biggest and most modern cinema centre in Lithuania.*

***The movie 'Bel Ami' directed by Nick Ormerod and Declan Donnellan about one of the most popular literary characters and womanizers George Duroy.*

**** Rimi is a chain of stores in Lithuania.*

***** A stainless steel sculpture 'The Royal Apple' by Kunonas Vildžiūnas portraying the birth of Lithuanian statehood and religious shift to the Western Christian world.*

28.

During the remaining thirteen days Barbora bumped into Andrius Mamontovas* on the street and felt as if she knew him. Why not? She listened to his songs since her childhood and had all rights to say to him, “Hi, Andrius!” She stopped and watched him as he was walking away and she said to him in her head, “You know, I don’t know, but you probably know, but do you know or don’t you know that Vilnius loves you.”

“Then she ran into Marijonas Mikutavičius** in the same old Vigis movie theatre while she was trying to kill those thirteen days before she could see Rokas carrying a large bucket of popcorns and she thought to herself, “He looks a little sad... But why? You are loved by three million people of Vilnius and of other tomatoes...” And finally she bumped into Igoris near the river who was riding a bike. He is the guy behind the song about her Karolis thanks to whom she became what she is. And Barbora wanted to shout out to him, “You’re hot! Vilnius loves you too!..”

And in the St. Germain wine-bar, she saw Oskaras Koršunovas**** in person. She winked at him behind her dark-tinted glasses and shouted out to him in her head, “Bored in Vilnius” would make a great play! Vilnius looves you!”

The message she got this weekend was clear. Barbora thought to herself, “Vilnius would be a **boring** place without Andrius, Marijonas, Igoris and Oskaras!”

** Andrius Mamontovas is a founding member of the legendary band Foje (1983–1997), currently continuing his career as a solo musician, actor, photographer and producer.*

*** Marijonas Mikutavičius is a singer, journalist, actor and TV host.*

**** Igoris Kofas is a front man, lead singer and a founding member of the band Lemon Joy.*

***** Oskaras Koršunovas is a Lithuanian theatre director, Art Director at Vilnius Theatre and a scenographer.*

29.

Three days later, she was folding a bus ticket with five perforated holes... At that point five angry inspectors* got on the bus...

“Ah, hang in there, Vilnius, while they’re in the bus”

Finally, one girl who smelled like a sweaty farmer and whose stench permeated throughout the entire Vilnius bus, shouted out loud speaking on the phone, spreading her joy across Vilnius, “I’m so happy because I’ve found God!” Barbora could not understand the girl’s concept of ‘God’ but today she was well aware of her own. That day her God was hiding in the black sneakers... That day her God was Roger... She bought one TRUE treasure, a book “Running the Spiritual Path” by Roger D. Joslin. She loved people who see the smallest details in this life and who are able to wear the life like a dress and feel it in all senses, i. e. to enjoy its quality and if it has none, to change it/to buy a new one. To smear it, to wash it, to tear it, to patch it, to sew it up if it tears, to unbutton it and button it up or let it just die, letting in a new

shape, color or pattern. Roger suggests that we have to make deliberate efforts to prepare ourselves for running: to prepare ourselves slowly, methodically as if you were a priest and your dress were a holy piece of clothing and meant for prayers and the mankind. The author says that a special attention should be paid to the process of putting on your socks and lacing up your shoes because your feet will serve as a link between you and the earth.

Roger's running is a prayer and a conversation with God. Barbora's running is a prayer and a conversation with God.

“Rogeeeeer!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I love you!!!” she was shouting in her head while kissing the sentence written by him.

** Inspectors – you got it right, if you take a bus in Vilnius, you'd better have a ticket (Warning!)*

30.

On Saturday, Barbora decided to go to the kibinas-shaped tomato called Trakai*. After stuffing herself with kibinai** she got her sticking belly back to her beloved Vilnius. It was a day when Rokas was supposed to return home.

“Fuck!” she shouted out suddenly after she entered the kitchen. The cat did not react to her, just as the cactus.

She saw a **boring** note on the fridge and **boring** money left on it:

“Thank you, Barboryt, you’re the best. Unfortunately, I’m leaving for two more weeks! When I’m back, you can be sure you’ll get my kisses! Prince Rock”

** Trakai is a town and a home to Trakai island castle surrounded by Lake Galvė.*

*** Kibinai is a dish of Karaite cuisine.*

31.

Barbora took a hot bath. Then she covered her face with a moisturizer and performed her hair beauty routine. Then she sat on the sofa and, looking at the mirror, did her eye make-up and put on some lip gloss. In half an hour, she was ready in her elegant dress and high-heels. She sprayed on some Mochine perfume “I Love Love”. She put three things into her little handbag: a phone, a purse and red Chanel Fire lipstick which her grandma adored. She checked if the iron was off and left the house with a loud “drink” sound caused by slamming the door.

Vilnius streets were crammed with bikes with reflectors. A couple was kissing leaned against the glowing cash machine. The statue of Vincas Kudirka at the square of the former city council resembled a Vampire. At the Post Scriptum** café, near the Central Post-Office, somebody was sitting wrapped up in a blanket drinking hot wine... Islandijos Street*** was full of joy and smiles, and you could hear the words “Fantastic!” coming from the window of the passing roofless car which were meant for

the girl named Leila who had come from a grass-coloured tomato called Amsterdam.

Yes, Vilnius loves. Vilnius is making noise. Vilnius is dancing. Vilnius is acting in a movie. Vilnius is a place where leaves are falling from the trees. Vilnius is a home to crows. Vilnius is a place you want to die in. Vilnius is a place you want to live in. Vilnius is a place you want to paint, to kiss, to tickle, to warm up... Vilnius is a place you want to swear in. Vilnius is a place you want to make love in.... Vilnius makes you want to run... Vilnius makes you want to disappear or melt in the rain... Vilnius is a place you want to pray in and, stepping on the Miracle Tile****, to make a wish, a killer-wish, and kill your dreams with it! Vilnius is a place you want to throw berries at each other!

Sometimes you cannot resist getting drunk in Vilnius!..

That was exactly what Barбора did that evening. She took a Vilnius Taxi cab to go home, paying 20 Litas for the cabdriver. The ground in Vilnius was swaying beneath her.

**Vincas Kudirka (1858–1899) was a Lithuanian physician, prosaist, poet, publicist, critic, translator and author of the Lithuanian national anthem.*

*** Post Scriptum is a cosy café near the Vilnius Central Post Office.*

**** Islandijos Street is a very busy street crammed with cafes, cars where you can feel a pulse of the city.*

***** The Miracle Tile is a tile embedded in the Vilnius Cathedral square with a word “Miracle” in colourful letters engraved onto it. The author of the work is an artist Gitenis Umbrasas. If you step on this till, make a wish and turn around, you can be sure your wish will come true.*

32.

The People* magazine was publishing stories about people. Something made a complaint that the number of book readers dropped. The movie theatre “Fairy-Tale”** kept showing fairy-like movies and Cofee Inn*** kept making delicious Vilnius coffee. Everyone was busy doing something, even those who thought they were doing nothing. Pilies Street was full of Italian guys. A young man named Tomas came in the bookstore whose gorgeous winking green eye was making “tick, tick, tick” sound and in some Vilnius cloud it made him very vulnerable.

“Hi, I’m looking for some Soulful stuff...” he said stopping Bo as she was walking across the book floor.

Bo kept silent for a moment. Then she put the books she was holding on the floor, looked around and looked at her watch, then looked both ways and finally said to him, “Please wait a moment!” and disappeared somewhere. In a couple of minutes she was back and said to him, “Come with me!” Tomas looked confused and suddenly he asked

her, “I’m sorry, but I need a book on...” In a moment he heard her answering, “There are no such books in the bookstore near the river. Let’s run!” And they started running until they climbed into the Three Crosses’ Mountain. In the foot of the Gediminas Castle they ate two plombière ice creams (vanilla and chocolate), then donated some money to the amateur singers of Pilies Street, bought some flowers from a little girl, took a bus / took a risk riding a bus without a ticket and when it got dark they found themselves climbing Vilnius roofs moving antennas which was their way of telling people to get off their TV sets!

This evening ended with one question, one answer and one statement:

– Are you **bored**? – Barbora asked.

– Not anymore... – answered the young man and smiled at her.

– Tomas, VILNIUS is the best book for your Soul if your Soul is crying right now, read it!

** The People magazine is a Lithuanian version of the global*

People magazine.

*** Movie theatre 'Fairy-Tale' is the only movie theatre located in the Old Town of Vilnius. It shows independent, artistic and critically acclaimed movies.*

**** The Coffee Inn cafe is a takeaway coffee pioneer and the ambassador of delicious coffee in Lithuania.*

33.

Days were falling down like the dehulled shells of the seeds* from Kalvarijai market-place. It felt so GOOD! Barbora, having opened the Vilnius book, was enjoying the most subtle details. She loved riding across the bike images on Vilnius streets; she loved staring at the woman near the house walking her enormous black & white dog who looked like a cow's brother.

She loved making soap bubbles looking at the Vilnius sky full of hot air balloons** and stare at the Vilnius mood while running!

She loved...

She also loved chatting on the phone with Luka leaning against an iron 'sliver' on Baltasis Bridge*** (it felt like you could have all your friends in one Luka)

Luka: Listen, just how long are you going to continue working as a shop girl?

Barbora: Well, I don't know... I love it...

Luka: And how long are you going to live at Rokas' place?

Barbora: Well, I don't know... I love it there...

Luka: Listen, I'm really worried... You are stuck in Vilnius working in that bookstore and living with some strange guy with his cactus and his cat... Think about it... You're no longer nineteen...

Barbora: Well, I don't know... I love it...

Luka: Oh, my friend, I don't know what to say... When was the last time you holidayed by the sea?

Barbora: I'd like to get married in the love tomato Nida with the orchestra of the Baltic sea waves playing in the background...

Luka: What? Marry whom? Perhaps a Vampire? For heaven's sake, Barbora, pull yourself together! You are a beautiful girl but you've gone cuckoo...

Barbora: At least I'm not **bored** (she mumbled silently)

Luka: Did you say something???

** Seeds from Kalvarijai market place. Kalvarijai market place is a unique market place in in the centre of Vilnius. The “seeds” refer to sunflower seeds fried in oil.*

***Vilnius hot air balloons – the Vilnius sky is often full of colourful hot air balloons.*

**** Baltasis Bridge is a pedestrian bridge across Neris in Vilnius.*

34.

Bo came home feeling exhausted because she always felt a little drained by people's faces and their questions: "What? When? How many and how much?" She then would take a book in her hands and it was the best thing, a real laundry washing machine for her brains making her understand that people are colourful, people are different, people are unique in their own way and each has their own way to live... She would not think of excuses; sometimes she would cry but recently she had been trying to escape from something, maybe it was herself, maybe them or Vilnius.

But the thing is, since she was six, she had never been **bored!** And Barbora's mind was racing with books, men and dreams!

35.

Deivis. Mmm!.. Tall... blue-eyed... Short brown curly hair... Polo t-shirt... Baggy jeans... Aesthete's fingers! Reads books (cool!), works out (plays tennis, woo hoo!) has a job / earns good money (IT, Internet – sounds promising)...

Luka: Did he call you?

Barbora: Yep...

Luka: Did you go on a date with him?

Barbora: Yep...

Luka: So?

Barbora: I'm not attracted to him...

Luka: What?

Barbora: Maybe he's not my type...

Luka: So are you saying that your type is Rokas with a cat

named Orange???

Barbora: Listen, let's drop this subject... I feel a little bit sick from Vilnius men... I need to buy a belly button ring... Look, maybe this violet one in the color of the brain (1)...

Luka: Bo, you're nuts! Violet is the spinster's colour (2)...

Saleswoman: Girls, violet is just like green, blue or red. It makes no difference (3)...

.....

Here you have three opinions. Which one to believe?

36.

So Bo decided to withdraw and no longer listen to / hear the world surrounding her but since you are a part of it one way or another, you cannot ignore it completely... That evening, after she came back home, she found a note on the fridge:

“Hi, Barbora! Are you alive? Rokas” (Bo had forgotten to reply to his second note)

She sat down at the table and wrote him back: “Barbora is dead for a short while. Who are you?”

When she woke up in the morning, she found the answer: “Well undie then. It’s Rock”. She then returned to her room and not even men, books or dreams could cheer her up... She was staring at the ceiling and felt empty inside. She called her work and said that she was terminally ill and that she could no longer work... But the next morning was bright and clear and after taking a run she made a resolution not to have terminal diseases in her life and, after putting on elegant make-up, she rushed

to the paradise of books. Before leaving, she left a note on the fridge saying: “Rokas Burokas!* :P”

** A Lithuanian nickname given to people named Rokas, usually by children.*

37.

Yes, Barborytė was thinking a lot these days but definitely not about Rokas Burokas but about her life who lately looked so small and narrow... After the lunch time during which she stuffed herself with borscht and fried potatoes, she decided to widen her horizons. “I’m not going to let my life be **boring**. I’m going to study (her eyes brightened up and the Cathedral choir started to sing).

Luka: What are you going to study?

Bo: Don’t know yet.

Luka: What do you enjoy most?

Bo: Books, men and dreams.

Luka: What about erotic massages?

Bo: Don’t be silly! You have a dirty mind...

Luka: Tee hee... ok... Philosophy?

Bo: Maybe... Perhaps tourism?

Luka: For men? (giggles)

Bo: For polar bears! Stop it!

Luka: I cannot stop laughing...

Bo: Go on, keep laughing...

Luka: So?

Bo: I want to become a geisha...

Luka: Japan? You have to be born there... I think you're bonkers...

Bo: I'll be a stewardess!

Luka: Stop being silly... That's a really tough job... Don't even think about it.... You'll get old prematurely.

38.

Barbora started taking flight attendant courses. While studying, all her fears vanished (Dalai Lama was right – studies, i. e. thirst for knowledge is the key to all answers). Besides, she excelled with high scores on all tests and was one of the best students and she was definitely not **bored**. She was waiting with anticipation for her first flight and this sent her pleasant shivers down her spine. The feeling was equivalent to the feeling you get when you become something.

As Bo was putting on her make-up, she was thinking about the word ‘stewardess’ which was banned in 1960s in some air ports because it had direct associations with the word “prostitute”. Yes, when the first flights began operating, they had to come up with something because they were carrying rich men and somebody came with an idea of a Woman Doll who would serve as a great distraction from the fear of flying. And she, the Woman Stewardess, was born, flaunting a mini skirt, sexy figure and red lips. Since that time, it has become every man’s dream to sleep

with this Gorgeous Creature. Unfortunately, finally this bubble inflated and burst. Strict rules were introduced and, the first thing they did with the uniform was making the skirt longer.

And indeed her few years' job was worth a book entitled "Memoirs of a Stewardess" but Barbora had no talent for writing, or maybe it never occurred to her that anyone would be interested. However, speaking about this stage of her life flights, it is important to mention her three life-changing turns.

AND THE UGLY DUCKLING TRANSFORMED
INTO A SWAN.

No.1 came into fruition).

That day His/Her life turned into a picture which He/She will remember for the rest of their lives, especially when they will begin to get **bored**.

After dinner in the Elysian Fields, a clause No. 2 came into fruition at a little and cosy Paris hotel. The unity of Barbora and Christopher was two strict uniforms which were undressed by Paris clocks when they stroke exactly 12 (heart/body/passion/lust/curiosity/adventures/kisses/dizziness/sound/colour/pace/scream) strikes.

Two Souls that had met unexpectedly did what you want to do in Paris... (see No. 1 and 2 above). This could not be repeated so the two Souls never saw each other again.

40.

– Barbora?

– Rokas?

It was not a love at first sight. It was love at first sight in the sky flying at 800-kilometre an hour speed. He was in shock, just as she was. He was looking at her and could not believe that after flying so many carpets with orgies and having travelled to all corners of the world, he kept God's most beautiful creation in his own home like an art collector, just three rooms away... At that moment the only word in his head was "Idiot!"

That day, they got off the plane together and landed near the Angel in Užupis castle where they could fly.

Yes, you can see America from Vilnius, if you look hard enough and if you have eagle eyes ... But do you always have to look so far? (for Rokas). Yes, it is important to feel/to listen/to follow your heart but it is important to understand that everything has its own time. (for Barbora)

When Monday came he stayed at home; when Tuesday arrived he stayed at home; when Wednesday rolled around he stayed at home, when Thursday was born he stayed at home, etc. And she was 'flying' only in Vilnius.

What were they doing?

They were carrying out the clause No. 2 (like mad and has continued to do so up until now in the very heart of the capital) and, hugging each other, were reading the best book for Souls entitled Vilnius and has continued to do so up until now and, my dear reader, it is not **boring** at all.

41.

When you live in Vilnius Paris-style, the difference from the real Paris is that one day two become three!

This what makes Vilnius so fascinating! (Ta-dah!)

42.

And here we reach the end because it is starting to get a little bit **boring**:

So for some reason ‘a city’ in Vilnius is referred to as ‘a tomato’, and now ‘a berry’ as well.

Hans’ plane landed in Vilnius on a rainy weekend and the same weekend it took off. He got an impression that it is a cold, dull, boring, unsafe, etc. place. It is a shame that such misconceptions happen... He will not go to Vilnius again...

Saulė and Dovydas moved out to live by the sea and found new passions: Saulė has taken up painting and Dovydas started fishing the cods of the Baltic Sea (open to interpretations).

Gustas became a family man. He married a model, Iračka, and now the couple is expecting one more child to expand their brood. They already have twins Ievutė and Adomas.

Dangis became a pilot and started working for an international company. He is rarely seen in Vilnius. One love after another; it's hard to find the right girl... The watermelon season still continues!

Justas grew up into a very handsome man who has gone away to seek happiness and to explore wider horizons. Now he is teaching English in a sushi-shaped tomato called Tokyo. He is madly in love with a Japanese girl named Lolita with doll-like green, though fake, eyes.

The grandma is sitting on the edge of a cloud over Gediminas Castle. Orange has recently joined her and you can also see him sitting on her lap. My dear kitty, you have to react to life, no matter how 'colorful' it is. If not, there is always enough room on the cloud.

The cactus did not produce any more berries but he grew a leaf resembling an ear.

The sandwich became a legendary Vilnius specialty which is enjoyed by many Vilnius residents while sitting on a Sunday windowsill.

Karolis spent a few more years on cruise ships before returning to live in Vilnius. He got married and he spends his evenings watching TV, belching, farting and drinking beer.

Yes, in Vilnius, summer keeps coming after spring, autumn keeps following summer, and autumn keeps changing to winter before spring comes back. However, one question is increasingly asked among those who have recently moved to Vilnius: “Which winter do you prefer? The green one or the white one?”

The Vampire is still on the lookout for Mr. Right (in Vilnius); his sister has returned to live in Vilnius and is working as a journalist. She still adores blue shoes.

Good Friend is still swimming in Neris, frustrating local fishermen.

The four Vilnius’ men keep creating because of an unexpected increase in the fan base.

Tomas has written his own a book on some Soulful stuff (available in Vilnius bookstores).

Deivis married Luka who gave birth to a boy and a girl in Vilnius Maternity Hospital (Luka seems to be expecting again).

Barbora is still fascinated with books, men (Rokas Burokas is her No. 1) and dreams. When she is about to get **bored**, she always remembers Christopher. He had

once came to Vilnius and fell in love with it so hard that he keeps travelling here on weekends to visit his girlfriend named Skaistė.

In Užupis, from time to time you could still hear the “drink” sound of the slamming door. But this time you could see two people stepping out who cannot live without each other (FUCK!).

Barbora’s God is still living in her sneakers; meanwhile Roger has become a priest.

Bo and Rokas are now taking their flights in the company of three. Full of ideas and thoughts, they are working from Vilnius to the World.

You know, YOU CAN NEVER GET **BORED** IN
VILNIUS*!

** And one more thing... The French language courses were really helpful: the word ‘boring’ melted like spring snow and it has been replaced by a stream (phrase) murmuring with spring sounds. It should be uttered with the lids of your right eye narrowed slightly and it sounds as follows: “C’est la vie” or “Such is life”. (Ta-dah!)*

