

A Love & Travel Very short novel by

SABRINA
BARBANTE

BELGRADE

THE SERBIAN
WEDDING





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I was looking at the *bride* side of life: Adrijana was amazing in her slight pink dress, perfect blond hair. A blinding blond among the blondest Serbian girls. She was finally making that one way trip round the altar, crowned with the love she and Pablo had been waiting for, for so long. He was the luckiest man.

It looked like a community celebration but it actually was a private, very private party. The wedding wasn't swarming with people as in the common Serbian habit, and despite of this, it felt like a public celebration.

The folk soul of that Saturday was so deep in me, coming to my friend's wedding from my cold Denmark, it almost made me drunk.

The rite, the music out of the Orthodox Church, the ladies dressed in local dresses, standing there for some reason I hardly knew.

Among them, Blanka.

Her traits were so amazing to me, maybe because I'm an architect and I like lines and harmony.

Or because I like syncretism and she was a mixture of all the beauties I'd ever seen in all my previous trips. Deep green almond eyes, blond reddish hair, thin, long nose, brown and strong black eyelashes.

Nothing more than amazing.

And her colorful dress was so fascinating.

All the men in the church had looked at her at least once. Then a couple of other times in the party hall, before the rakija was served. Then a lot of them started looking more insistently at her and talked to her after the rakija was drunk.

Some Jule came by and ask me my name. Then some Kris and some other Carl.

Nobody was brave enough to talk to Blanka, who was the most desperately beautiful woman in the hall.

I thought it was because most of the people knew I'm Danish, so easy to screw. She was Serbian, and "they are less free than in Northern Europe". And this is something I had also heard in places like Italy, France, Spain as well as in Czech Republic.



It was not the first time I was feeling like the only fort that could be conquered, because every man thought my doors were just opened.

And in all my previous travels, boredom is the thing I most felt while dating.

None of those Carl, Kris and Jule knew I haven't slept with a man for months, because I didn't feel like to.

While talking about philosophy with Carl, a professor, Blanka was dancing with all the crowd. Serbians had such an amazing ability to dance so much and crazily during the wedding dinner!

She was marvelous, everybody could see it. She kind of smiled at me, and looked at Carl and made me understand she was happy not to be in my shoes. "Poor you" is what she said to me with her blueberry lips.

While the trumpets were playing, bride and groom dancing desperately in love, and the bride's dad putting cash in the trumpets, I saw that some man, maybe some Carl, had the courage to talk to her. She was sitting at her table, sweaty, loosing a very long fishtail, looking like a goddess. Some Kris, Guido and Boban were talking about the power of dance, Serbian beauty that is much superior than the foreigner one, and female rivalry.

She looked at me and hailed at me asking to go and sit close to her.

It was a kind of help request, and I couldn't say no. Nobody could say no to her.

While they were starting being a little high after a couple of rakija glasses, the flirty attitude started being more direct, and from political and social issues some Igor, some Borislav and some Diego started with love and relationship issues. Something they were all very expert in.

"You know, it's the typical female attitude, all over the world. It's normal or common at least".

She smiled at me and touched my hand, winking.

"You know, some Diego said, I also think it's a natural matter. Something linked to the evolution. You know in the world there are 7 women for each man, they have to fight to reproduce".

He looked serious.

Blanka laughed and I couldn't help but doing the same.



“Oh come on, some Boris said, it seems like you’re talking about the Islam heaven...”

“But you can’t deny they are hardly ever true friends”.

“But at least - Blanka interrupted - we go to the toilet together. For sure we’ll do it to talk about you all, guys”

And she took me by my hand. She took me to that toilet where other ladies were waiting.

On the way to the toilet we laughed noisily, as if we’d met years and years ago. It was like laughing about all the bullshit we’d heard about gender issues in our lifetime, and as if this lifetime had been together.

“Oh please help me with my dress, this corsage is so hard to bear while dancing and eating”.

“And drinking” I said, and we both laughed.

We entered the toilet, very tight space.

“I like this belt so much”, I said.

She stopped me, and smiled. She put the belt round my waist and pulled me towards her, always smiling in a way that was something so hypnotic. Exciting. And she kissed me.

I kept my eyes open, at first when it was nothing but a lip to lip contact. Then she started moving the lips and tongue, biting a little my under lip and I closed my eyes and kissed her back.

It lasted one minute or two.

Then she left me there, went away and smiled at me.

Then I left the toilet, fiery blushing. She was getting closer to the table where they were serving a *torta praska*.

Blanka turned and looked at me. Some Diego, some Carl and Bogdan were asking her something about the reason why she went to the marriage alone, where she lived, what did she do.

She didn’t seem to care, and came again toward me.

I made some step just to show I was not embarrassed, I was fine.

“Please, tonight don’t let me reply and face all this shit alone. Stay with me”

And so we went back, letting the *torta praska* wait for us, while we were dancing at the sound of the trumpets.