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Romantic Novel

TERESA'S DILEMMA

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Teresa has just thrown the letters on the fire. They were romantic declarations of love from two very different men. One crazy and the other calm, one who would be capable of taking her round the world on a bicycle and the other, at the most, to his cork factory in Palafrugell. She's been in two minds about the two suitors for a year.

And without doubt, it's really big ...

TERESA'S DILEMMA

After getting rid of the letters, Teresa looks again at the first sentence in the book given to her by the young businessman one on a lovely spring afternoon.

"There are many ways of feeling love," Teresa reads.
How true those words were!

Straight away she looks at the plant brought her by the other man from the heart of Africa. He brought it hidden behind his back but it was so big you could see the twigs perfectly. How exotic, how romantic too!

She likes both of them a lot, but today, at last, she has decided what she's going to do.

She'll accept the first one to arrive, the first to come through the door.

Through the window she can hear the sound of the storm.

Her hand is shaking and her heart is beating very fast.

"Which one will it be?" she wonders.

The one who takes her walking by the river on autumn evenings and talks to her about books and who has never dared to kiss her?

Or the one who grabs her strongly by the waist and tells her that he would like to live with her in a hut in the Amazon jungle or in an igloo in the Antarctic?

She looks at the fireplace and there's nothing left of the letters.

That morning she packed everything up and got ready for the move.

After tonight her grandmother's furniture will be of no use to her, the vase in which so many lover's roses have wilted, the mirror in which she has so often seen her reflection, crying, laughing, waiting for her two lovers... the one who is punctual and the one who's always late.

She's tried to read the book again but she can't concentrate.

"Chance moves mountains," she reads.

And this evening chance will decide.

Dong, dong.

The clock chimes and then Teresa remembers the letter she has sent to two different addresses, to her two lovers, in which she said:

Dong

"At seven o'clock in the evening I shall leave my house and go to Paris alone or accompanied ..."

Dong

"I shall accept the first man to arrive, the first one to come through the door at that time."

Dong

Suddenly Teresa thinks she can hear footsteps ...

Dong

Yes, footsteps...

Dong

Seven o'clock. Which one will it be?

She looks towards the door and can't believe it:

"Now what do I do!?"