**Fortuneteller**

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I had never believed in supernatural before that unusual event that happened about five years ago in Moscow. My mother had a friend from republic of Georgia named Eugenia; people said she was a witch. My mom and some of her acquaintances, mostly females, used Eugenia’s service time after time. As for me, I had never taken this stuff seriously and thought that the fortune telling was nothing but a foolish superstition. One day, however, my opinion was changed completely.

My mother had already been living in the States then. Once, she asked me to hand something to Eugenia. I think it was a birthday present, but it is not important now. My old friend and neighbor, Sergey, gave me a ride, and we came to Eugenia’s place together.

“Are you staying in the car? I’ll be back in a couple of minutes,” I said checking the address. Surprisingly, Sergey decided to go with me.

“I’ve never seen a witch,” explained my former classmate, smiling. Leaving the vehicle I took a look at Eugenia’s house. It was a standard 9 story, yellow brick Moscow apartment building. In a large courtyard little kids were busy building a snow castle. A fat, ruddy boy in red overalls was swinging his hands conducting the construction. “Nothing mysterious. So far, anyway,” I mumbled to myself and moved towards the entrance.

The only elevator was out of order, so we had to walk all the way to the seventh floor. I heard Sergey puffing far behind. “He must have been drinking again,” I realized feeling sorry for my friend. A month earlier, Tatiana, Sergey’s wife, had left him, and the couple had been waiting for divorce. Sergey, however, still loved his wife very much.

I reached the apartment, waited for Sergey, and rang the doorbell. The door opened, and I saw a slim forty- year- old woman with long black hair. She wore a long loose blue pullover and jeans. “Eugenia,” I understood.

She had a quick look at us, smiled broadly, and said with a slight Georgian accent, “Hi, boys! You must be Pasha? Come in, please.” I made a step and found myself in a very small hall. In the next room through the open door I saw a curly, black haired boy. Putting out the tip of his tongue, the kid was diligently writing something in his copybook. Eugenia wanted to call him, but changed her mind and quietly closed the door. “My youngest,” the woman said proudly.

In a few minutes we were sitting around the table in her tiny kitchen and drinking strong, steamy Turkish coffee. “Serezha, are you O.K.?” asked the woman, looking at my friend with concern.

“Not really,” he answered, put down the cup, sighed and told her everything about his troubles.

“You know, son,” Eugenia said seriously. “I think I can help you. If you want to, of course.”

Sergey looked at her, at me, curved his lips in a sad smile, sighed again and finally said, “O.K.”

After that Eugenia closed the kitchen door, lit a candle, and started. Everything went very fast. First, she told my friend about his past and described his relatives and co-workers. It was funny, but almost everything was true. The fortuneteller even told the day of the week when Tatiana left him. During the séance, Eugenia did not do anything extraordinary. She just looked at the candle flame and seemed to see some images there. In less then ten minutes it was over.

After finishing, the fortuneteller told Sergey to bring her some things next time such as candles from a church, several eggs, a picture of his wife, and her hair. Before we left, Eugenia informed Sergey that he would see changes in his wife that very day. She also told him that Sergey and Tatiana would be together forever.

“Yeah, what a fairytale,” Sergey said when we were back and spit on the ground. “Listen, Pashka, let’s go to my place and have some beer, ha?” he offered suddenly. I did not mind. When Sergey opened his apartment’s door, the first thing we saw was Tatiana. The woman was standing in the middle of the hallway biting her lips as if she was ready to cry. The spouses looked at each other for a second and embraced; Tatiana’s shoulders shook, and she started crying. I quietly backed through the doorway and closed the door.

Soon after that, Sergey brought to Eugenia everything she asked for, and the fortuneteller put a spell on him and his wife.

Finally, I want to say that Eugenia kept her promise, and Tatiana and Sergey are still together. The result is terrible, however. Sergey began to drink and physically abused his wife many times. Tatiana tried to leave him. Once, she even officially married another man. Nevertheless, she always came back to Sergey. They cannot live together, and they cannot be without each other. It is like an illness or a curse.

It was probably the only time in my life when I met something supernatural, and now I cannot say that this “something” simply does not exist. On the other hand, I often think that the whole story was nothing but the chain of coincidences. Who knows?