

## Short stories: *"A true story"*

Written by an unknown and inexperienced author

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Massachusetts, June 2016. Misha, a young physicist was sitting on a cozy velvet-surrounded chair, facing the secretary who asked her to wait there. This was one of the first time of her life that she left her native Kansas-farmer village. And it was to make her only dream come true: integrate the most prestigious university ever; The MIT. The one university that published all the papers and studies she was greedily reading while her classmates were discovering the taste of whiskey and the smell of pot. The one that broadcast all the scientific radio program she was listening from her room while her parents and brothers were downstairs, laying on the leaving room sofa, drinking beers and religiously following the "Jerry Spring Show". The one that helped her escape her reality.

Misha was a waitress. Every night, after closing the restaurant door where she was working, Misha used to walk home with one single thought in her mind: the four thousands dollars she was trying to put aside. The money she needed to afford a bus ticket and the access fee for the MIT contest.

At this moment, Misha's life looked like the one of the main character from a low-budget horror movie: a handsome and very attractive young lady working in a gloomy restaurant that only proposes potatoes and eggs fried into a two-months old dark oil. A restaurant that only local farmers and transiting truck-drivers helped to visit. Most of them were gross, racist and disgusting. The rare times when a non white American person did venture to that place, Misha could easily forecast the costumers reaction: "No Mexican cockroach in here", "Get the fuck out of here nigger". More recently, the costumers favorite phrase toward this "foreigners" was "Trump will kill you all".

Misha had never hate her job. She was too focused on her objective. She did not even care about it. She did not even notice the stone-age behavior and manners of her costumers. She did not feel them scratchy hands constantly trying to grab her tiny hips or trying to sneak under her dress. Fortunately, Hani has always been there to protect her. She was her shield against all the boys who couldn't stand to be rejected. Her shield against all the girls who were jealous of that handsome girl. That different girl.

Hani, was the only person who Misha had ever been close to. She was different. So different from all the persons surrounding them. The two girls were inseparable. But Hani knew that as soon as her friend would have enough money, she would leave her. Probably for ever. But she did never try to set against it.

The two girls kissed once. That was one of the most precious memory that Misha has. She will probably for ever remember the heat of Hani's slightly wet lips. The feeling of her sodden and gentle tongue. The softness of her hands landing on her hips, under her shirt, sliding up toward her hair and sparkling the warmest feeling that her soul had ever experienced.

No matter how safe and sooth this moment had been, Misha had not even considered changing a single inch of her plans. She had to leave her native Kansas town.

Misha kept silently waiting into the MIT waiting room. Nothing could make her loose her concentration. Not even the secretary who was constantly glancing at her shoes and dress. Indeed,

they were probably not fancy enough for the high society that she was trying to integrate. After almost fifteen minutes, the door behind the secretary did finally get open. A young fair-haired student went out of the office, followed by an old black man. The pride and arrogant smile on the student's face went hand-in-hand with his fancy luxury suit. But Misha did not even notice. Her eyes could not stand to leave the old men. She immediately felt comfortable with him. The tone of his voice, his aristocratic accent, his African-American way to pronounce the letter 'r'. Everything looked familiar in this men. Indeed, this was Mr Presley, the host of the scientist radio program that she used to hang on every word for hours.

The black old man did not look at Misha. He simply asked the secretary with a virile but polite voice "next candidate please". When the secretary asked Misha to follow Mr Presley, the girl was already up. She entered the office and immediately set on the only chair left empty in the office. The old men glanced at her for the first time. "Young girl, you should know that when one enters a private place, he does not sit until he is invited to do so". But Misha did not react. She was too excited to notice the irritation into her interviewer voice and words. She was wondering which question will he ask first. Will he ask for her opinion about his former paper, will he ask her to cite the Newton laws of motion or the difference between the absolute and the special relativity according to the Einstein works?

After several seconds of silence and mutual observation, Mr Presley finally asked a first question. "What do you think of the Heisenberg's application of the third Maxwell law?". Misha could not even wait before answering. That was the main topic of the last Mr Presley's book. And she knew it by heart. She immediately started by reformulating the Maxwell law. She defined as accurately as possible the motion case considered by Heisenberg and the perspective that he proposed using the Maxwell law. She explained how Heisenberg probably misused the Rayman approximation formula that led to his results. But none of what she said was enough for her interviewer. Mister Presley was quietly listening to the young girl. Misha could not interpret any emotion on his old wrinkled face. But she did not need to do so. Nothing could disturb her in her talk. Nothing could disrupt her powerful voice. Her tone was straight and full of self-confidence. She was aware of her knowledge. Until she finally concluded her answer.

After a quick and probably unconsidered view to the papers on his desk, Mr Presley answered with all the contempt he could embed in a single comment. "That was an interesting recite of my own lectures. But in this school we are committed to exhibit a visionary and world leading state of mind for two centuries. We do not simply claim ownership of others work. Lazy plagiarism will never be tolerated within this walls. But the public university will probably be happy to consider you as part of what it calls its scientific team".

Misha knew that the men in front of her were still talking to her. But none of his words could reach her brain. For the first time in her life, she was totally unable to think or to react. Too many thoughts and visions were jostling into her mind. "What if all this was a dream?". "He was maybe simply kidding". "One of his colleagues will obviously realize how I am perfectly fitting this university, its history and its expectations". Such an unforeseen development which she was praying for would be the happy ending of most literature stories and fictions starring Misha's life. But this never happens in the real world. In Misha's world. In the world of a poor girl coming from nowhere, with no fancy education and no wealthy family to support her and her dreams.

Who would care about Misha's broken dreams when no one cares about Syrian destroyed lives? Who would think about giving Misha a fair opportunity when no one proposes any food to Gaza's children or any refuge to Aleppo bombed families? Misha will probably never wonder such a question. And this is probably not her duty to do so. But it probably is the duty of that young heir who will integrate that university. The duty of that student who has access to a high level education. The duty of any one who will have the leisure to read about Misha's life; to count the number of climaxes in this story rather than think about the racism of some of its common characters.