

Mr. Snead and Mrs. Franzel

American Literature

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все хорошо

(Everything Will Be Alright)

I snuggled in my cozy sheets like a baby burrito, feeling the comforting warmth of my bed and my mother's love as she tucked me in for the night, whispering, "Sweet dreams." I wanted nothing more than to close my eyes and see rainbows, butterflies and unicorns dancing across my imagination. But instead, night terrors haunt me in my bed with visions of the witch of Russian folklore, Baba Yaga, trudging towards me, arms outstretched like a zombie saying her words over and over again, "Ba-ba, Ba-ba, Ba-ba." She's a scary, boned witch with a round, long nose. As she creeps through the forest of my nightmares she snatches and drapes children over her shoulders, I could hear their screams faint in the distance as she dragged them away. My body trembled, my heart pounded like a hammer repeatedly hitting a nail, from the terror of it all.

My greatest fear comes to life as she reaches a bony hand toward me to take me from my bed, knowing I would never return again. A sense of dread washes over me like a waterfall, drenching my spirit. "Идите сюда!" (Come here) her gravelly voice cackles in my ear, hearing the sound of faint gnashing of teeth on gums, and smelling the stench of her breath from the children that she has been gnawing on for years. Her piercing eyes seemed to suck out my soul, leaving me terrified to my core. The nights that "Baba" appeared in my dreams were always the most frightening. Believing that anyone could "handle" a "Baba" nightmare alone is unimaginable.

Flashbacks of the “mommies” (the caregivers) on nightwatch in the orphanage telling me to stay in my bed so that Baba Yaga didn’t eat me, played through my mind like a Boomerang video clip. Tears fill my eyes, I thrash wildly in my bed, fighting her off, fighting, fighting, fighting, to stay alive. The sheets that I once was cozily tucked into are thrown on the floor as I race to my door and aggressively open it, slamming the handle into the sweatshirt that was hung on my wall. I take the risk of being snatched by Baba Yaga as I bolt from my bedroom like a bullet from a gun, and shoot across the hall, to the safety of my mom’s bed. I take big strides and fling open my mom’s door as fast as I can.

I barely enter the room, before I stumble onto my mom's comforting bed to hide underneath the safety of the sheets. I hear the soothing sound of my mother’s gentle voice whispering, “It’s okay. You’re safe, little Doragaya. Mama’s here.” Instantly, an unbreakable bubble of safety seems to form around me as I snuggle close into my mother, no longer feeling alone. I knew my warm hearted mom would stand up to the evil Baba Yaga and tear down her power over me. Only now, snuggled safe in the cozy folds of my mothers arms, could I drift off to a peaceful slumber dreaming of rainbows, butterflies and unicorns. I guess love can conquer even my greatest fear. Baba Yaga’s wrath is no match for the shield of a mother’s love.