

Excerpt from *A Rose for Sergei*

It was hard to believe that Sergei was my date for the evening. When I was a child I was afraid of Russians. I never forgot the air raid drills we had in elementary school. My father was a pilot in the U.S. Air Force and my family lived on military bases. When the air raid siren blasted we practiced hiding under our desks at school, using them for protection from shattered windows, as we prepared for an attack that might one day come from the Soviet Union. And yet, here I was now, having dinner with...the "enemy."