

# OLEG OKA

## Goddess of the Rainbow

*imajination*



# Oleg Oka

# Goddess of the Rainbow

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## **Аннотация**

Это первая книга из трилогии “Богиня Радуги”. По сути это научная фантастика, но это наша современность, где существуют боги и люди. Их деятельность и судьбы переплетаются, и чтобы достичь хорошего результата, им нужно сотрудничество. This is the first book of the trilogy “Goddess of the Rainbow”. In fact it is science fiction, but it is our present, where there are gods and humans. Their activities and fates are intertwined, and to achieve a good result, they need the cooperation.

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# **Goddess of the Rainbow**

**Oleg Oka**

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**OLEG OKA**

# THE GODDESS OF THE RAINBOW

## the first book QUESTIONS FROM ANOTHER LIFE

*“Perhaps your error is  
you need the Universe.”  
– 20 billion years ago \**

*\ \*-all temporary bindings  
you do not have to reality  
nothing\*

\*\*\*\*

# Chapter one

## 1\*\*\*\*

– Here is a man appeared in the world. By birth he is no different from ordinary people, what in the world was billions. And he was like all and every one of these billions. Physiologically and mentally. In the image and likeness. With all the features, facilities and preferences. And so it was until his death, which happened in due course, according to the laws of nature, after awhile. And to the world at first it looked like everything was parents had a cat and a dog and they were part of it, they were mine. He did not separate them from himself. All the others were different, not part of the whole. They were strangers, and at first he did not accept. And it was not until the time of his death, a very long time. Eternity. —

## 2\*\*\*\*

First we need to say a little about the territory in which he lived and then died. The area was huge, and I guess that was the reason for her strange fate and the fate of its people.

In the East and North-East of the territory was inhabited by a few tribes who had nothing to share, they lived together,

were not going to fight, and they had no reason to organize in the state. Their fate was unenviable. In the North-West and along the southern fringes of the tribes were numerous, similar in language, customs and claims. They constantly fought, was lost in the coalition, the state, is again scattered and nasty neighbors. And yourself, too. In the end, a small group of ambitious intellectuals have developed some utopian concept that promised peace and prosperity to ALL peoples and States. It was an attractive idea, and it managed to bring to life. Of course, not without violence and bloodshed, because any idea creates not just followers, but also the opposition. The result was

formed probably the most ridiculous public education which existed in the history of human civilization – happiness of the people here was based on the levelling of personality and abuse of dissent, that is, over the majority of the population. Was in reality that of inspiring the concept of universal equality was wrong at the base, and utopian from the beginning, however, and so it was clear to its authors originally. When it is understood even the leadership of the party ideas, the problem was solved quickly and simply: – the country was saved from the eternally disgruntled southern and Western national-geographic entities that the theory itself has withdrawn from the political appeal, though supporters alive. And the country was plunged into the chaos of anarchy. It was so long. At the beginning of the third Millennium, the country promptly and properly destroyed. Devastation reigned everywhere. In the

economy, industry, Finance, culture and morality. In the brain. The people in confusion expected government action, it is doing its, weird people things. Everything was rolling itself. Downhill. And nobody knew, planetary is a process or phenomenon local.

### **3\*\*\*\***

The newspaper “metro” from 7 April 2015: – “ the Legislative Assembly of St. Petersburg visited the Kohl shaman from Naryan-Mar. Beating the premises of the Mariinsky Palace, the shaman gathered reigning EVIL. The shaman visit was devoted to a meeting of legislators. 8 APR on Vaygach island collected EVIL shaman scatter over the ocean.” This is the question – about the state of modern spirituality. Swift, Orwell and Zamyatin that could not imagine even in my worst delirium. The country has gone mad. Satan reigns. What else can I say...

### **4\*\*\*\***

People born near the capital of the southern Republic. What snow is, he knew from books and never realized that such delightful people see in the winter. Despite the fact that he was Russian, on skis he just got up at 11 years of age, and he did not like. The cold, he hated winter considered wasted time, loved books about tropical countries and wanted to live in Australia. The surname of his grandmother by marriage was

Sukhova. He once saw a photograph of his grandfather, a dashing soldier with a sword and a revolver, on the background of the red banner, a medal on his chest. Grandma never spoke, not even mentioned. It was a closed subject, but in those days such topics were not discussed even in passing they are not concerned in conversations, and only after 25 years people put two and two together and understand something. And of course he was struck by the coincidence of the facts of the life of the grandfather with famous kinoperson; – the heroic red army soldier Sukhov, fought with gangs Basmachi in the Sands of Central Asia... Only if it was a coincidence, or whole life Sukovich was similar? And what is this similarity? However, family secrets at this age only care about the heroes of Gothic novels... But the figure of the gallant bearers, gave a powerful message to reading epic literature from ancient times about Odyssee and Achilles, to the present day about children-heroes who fought against the prejudices of the old formations, including their fathers and grandfathers. He reveled in the adventures of don Pablos, Ishmael of Nantucket and Korchagin. Don Quixote, engineer Garin and Jim di GRIZ were his associates and contemporaries. Windmills of Cervantes and the head of Professor Dowell became for him the same reality as Zurbagan Alexander green and the Gulf stream Hemingway.

## 5\*\*\*\*

– " Free Association... it is a very wonderful and mysterious thing. Probably the most well-known of their shape, which very lately – the so-called "deja vu". A lot of theories. Suddenly, in any situation, at any time and in any the person feels Sometimes... hard to describe... It can be any hue, nuance, color, sound, smell. Sometimes it flashed in the crowd face or just friends, exciting features.

Often people can't even define what it was ...

When and where? The audit begins life. Sometimes trudnousvoyaemoe since distant childhood. The years of the city, meeting people, books and movies... sleepless nights... You can even forget the beginning, to forget the event itself, but suddenly, after a time, breaks out: – "of Course!!! ... "... I remembered who and where and what it was really... yeah, so, that's bullshit! And why should I? And why all of a sudden got? after the game solid... And the person no longer knows what to do with it... Most recently, it's not that I was afraid to mention (in conversations-whether in books...) – well, why touch it smartly... because I can recall and put on... and put absolutely wild diagnosis. In the interview, article, or debriefing on a high carpet... abroad was not afraid. Kafka, John. Joyce, Hemingway... They can... It's very difficult to convey the senselessness, disorder in thoughts, and insight, and the path

to it...

But what is it, why and where they come from, free Association ...? The views of a variety of... communication with the “spirits”, news from parallel worlds, reincarnation... My options; – energy of the soul after death of the body some time to store the matrix of emotions in General and deliver that energy. Can these are no longer “tied” to a particular carrier of emotions “to show” or “attached” to another living soul? (like “spirits”!! ! ) That is all the emotions that arose, always and everywhere, still exist in the “information Bank” of space and can be felt “alive” ... And if we look further, we can even feel the emotions experienced by people of the previous worlds... All this can exist in the energy structure of the world.”

– from the writings of Alki —

## 6\*\*\*\*

Maybe that would have formed in his soul that this subconscious substitution of reality. Today he was fighting at Tortuga next to Ben Gunn, tomorrow died on the battleship “crown Prince” in Port Arthur, and the next day burned in astroliner under the gaze of the pilot Pirxa. In his consciousness lived together captain Nemo, Andrew, the invisible man, Chichikov and Maxim Kammerer.

All these were real people, more real than himself – he has not yet been born, and they have lived, it will not, but they will exist.

And then, in his soul there was a feeling that the important thing is not what is here on Earth, and that in my heart, somewhere deep, far from reality, maybe not interacting with reality, but more real, than what is constantly flowing, changing, and goes nowhere.

This was in the works A. green, the hero was so used to Fata Morgana that “revived” it, moved there and lost the way back, remained in the imagination. Well, wasn’t this the heroes of H. G. wells’?

Yes, Emporium to be trifled with, but here there was no substitution of reality, a Mirage, the real world was gone, dissolved, changed, it was a real transformation, a reinvention akin to prestidigitators; there was a rabbit, became a crocodile. Such a thing is done not once or continuously.

And the truth is blurred between what is and what was.

And then he got his hands on Shakespeare. And he realized that writing is the creation of the world, lying somewhere beyond reality, but the world was invented in this case, the real things, in which everything is temporary and everything is a lie, hidden by many masks – each creates his own mask, different from the others.

He realized that he didn’t want, can’t live a lie, but didn’t know the difference between false and true. He saw that proclaimed the truth, the truth with a capital letter – it turns into something scary and twisted. A lie is something that was declared as false, accused of lying, were often similar to a terrible truth.

## 7\*\*\*\*

The name given by parents at birth – BORIS – the man didn't like. People fill the names of some unknown emotional content, often mystical. Sounding names creates an Association with a strange taste. Hear the name, and in addition will feel certain smells, sensations. Sometimes looking at the person, hear his name, and that creates attitude. Then very surprised to hear its true name, it is not certain, is neutral. Interesting system used Italo Calvino in "Cosmicomics stories" – just the Latin character set, approximately VSIMRF; z [. Some phantasmagoria, the liberation from conventions and full freedom for your imagination.

In Ilf and Petrov in "12 chairs," he saw: – " ... Director Nick. 's actually my sister's." It was pleasant to him, he began to call himself so, and let them think what they want. The man himself has to give the names of himself and his surroundings. Naming an object, phenomenon or a living thing, a person shows their attitude and perception, i.e. it gives a description of himself, and looking wider, determines their place in the world.

## 8\*\*\*\*

Nick identified himself only on the fourth decade of his years. Somewhere he read that a person can and should be

considered for adults only after thirty years of life. Good or not – is unknown. Do not understand the term, who can be considered adults and how it is determined. Some people are already born an old man, the other to death are children.

– "...the terrible truths we elevates deception..." —

False Nick never did. Could not. People lie always. With or without him. Lie when necessary, and so – among other things. When it's not necessary, though compelled by this inner law, and really just giving yourself an imaginary superiority over others.

Nick couldn't lie. Parents never dwell on the subject. Of course, there were some canonical texts and situations, the ethical imperatives of school instruction. But he could not lie simply because it seemed to him impossible. Somewhere in the subconscious was standing congenital unit, overlying the opportunity to lie. Even when it was caused by the circumstances. He often suffered from this, but make could nothing. An excuse for himself, he brought that to lie is not profitable. The lie is always revealed, and then it will be necessary to pile up another lie, to justify, and then you can just get lost, the situation gets out of control, and it will all end is the question.

The justification of the dead, he many times saw the lie thrives and brings in good dividends. Sometimes we need to lie even when the truth can bring a person pain. He could not.

In such cases he had to retire from the landfill operations. Well, everything in life happens. Lie was not even ashamed – it is IMPOSSIBLE.

Whether any books had this strange influence. The more that he saw and understood it at a Mature age not only the lives of the townsfolk were Packed with lies. – Lies have built in all of the state and politics. Deception was all – state programs, statistics, pre-election promises of candidates in the power, diplomatcheskie tricks (even just the default of a fact or action – is an attempt to introduce vis-a-vis misleading). And a slogan “advertising – the motor trade” – we all know that advertising is based on lies.

Can be a lie inherent in the nature of man, even the Bible every other word of GOD is wrong. (GOD by definition cannot lie, because every word becomes a law of nature, therefore, TRUTH.) and that means only that the concepts of lies and truth, people have SHIFTED, not true, and often vzaimoponimani.)

All this only means that there is no value you lie or hold the truth – everything is relative. And careful dodging nick from deception in the light of all this looks like something pathological, abnormal.

As all our reality.

Based on the above considerations, Nick ceased to perceive reality as reality, and other people as objects worthy of existence in this reality. Not “loathsome creature”, but the creatures are temporary, unrelated to the material world. (Materialism, as we know, ceased to be the prevailing religion, but the nature of the world presented thoroughly enough without ambiguity and unnecessary pseudomystical.)

It was all a fiction, an optical illusion, and had no relations. But it was all intertwined, was in constant dependence, and it is necessary required to take into account.

Nick was a cynic (for a dog to live to be a cynic), but didn't understand why the concept that people fill in some negative sense. Cynicism is only a sober, a realistic look at life without rose-colored glasses, it is a logical and reasonable way of life. And without lies. False – this is the cynicism some people are so misguided mean. I.e., the neglect of the people's trust, the more primitive of relations, the ignoring of ethical values. This by itself becomes a selfishness in the extreme his expression. (Although in itself yourself-any it is a Christian value, standing at the head of all doctrine. But selfishness is not egocentrism, but even is its antithesis.)

As a result of his life's journey Nickname was created by his own theory of the universe, GOD and the human soul. At the very least, but she was more intelligent and logical and many many others. Speech, certainly not in his mental activities, but that this was apparently the meaning of his life, because nothing else in his life was not.

## 9\*\*\*\*

At school Nick was fond of Jules Verne, Belyaev, wells, then there was LEM, Simak, Strugatsky, Kurt Vonnegut, a little of physics with astronomy. Math he didn't understand,

in algebraic formulas, saw the attack on the world's mind and attempt to cheat the whole world. Story was going good until he attacked Nietzsche and his "Harm and benefits of history" and did not look at the historical paradigm through the glasses of logic, familiarity with the classics of officialdom led him to the horror of all interpretations and official history.

Literature has taught him to hate Pushkin and Tolstoy, he realized that there is literature and literature that in addition to Maupassant and Hugo is the Vercors, Hemingway, Updike, Borges and Joyce, Melville, bull. Then he tried to make sense of the Bible, he did not come out, only somewhere beyond faith in Einstein and Darwin.

Familiarity with the fate of van Gogh, Ryunoske, Edgar Allan Poe and Zoshchenko strengthened him in the vanity of glory, but made me believe in destiny.

From school the same Nick were convinced (based on lichenomphalia experience) that in spite of Petrarch, Shakespeare, and Greene women are no different from the rest of the human race.

He learned to ask questions, throws the mentors in horror, but it does not go beyond what is permitted, he saw the lies of official moral doctrines, navatanee ethics, the artificiality and falsity of the public add-ins and institutions.

## 10\*\*\*\*

Somewhere in space there is a threat to stability. There were no disturbing symptoms, because the symptoms in itself a sign of instability.

Perhaps it was a signal, the fluctuation of the field strength.  
May be just a feeling.

And realized function. The function that we, the people, called the just GOD.

## 11\*\*\*\*

10 billion years ago\* —

– Everything went as usual. As ALWAYS.

By the Will of GOD there was light.

You can call it the Big Bang, only there was no explosion. There was nothing to explode. Just energy structure of Space is organized the smallest cell Space accordingly, and began the creation of our World. The world for people.

Everything, as in books of astronomy; – the smallest particles of matter, dust region, the power of the awakened gravitational fields...

ALL as ALWAYS.

And then failed. It can happen in any organized system,

even in public organizations, and the presence of reasons is not necessary.

Can be a function of GOD at this time was in demand simultaneously in many regions of Space? There is no need to guess, just take this fact as realizovavshaja opportunity.

\*\*\*\*

# Chapter two

## 1\*\*\*

– through \*\*\*\* billion years\*–

...so, after many billions of years of eternity sitting on the shores of forest lake.

It was early morning, and the far shore was closed by the veil of night mist which curled about a meter above the still water surface. At the top of the fog blend in with the cold pre-dawn sky. The other side of the lake was not visible, only the top of the mist could see the hint of a dark mass rising behind a veil of cotton – there protruded crowns of trees like toadstools.

Nick – the so-called human friends and acquaintances – was raised with books – good books – and lived idealistic notions. So friends had little – those whom he considered as such. To acquaintances–he treated with irony and contempt, regardless of their position. However, the number of friends has never bothered him, the good does not happen much, and our world is just a poor generous soul.

The deficit amount should be filled with quality, thought Nick, and selection conducted very carefully.

Now he sat on a fragment of a tree trunk, back towards

the remains of the campfire, surrounded by blackened rocks. Nearby, under pine trees stood a yellow tent. There was stirring, occasionally heard muffled exclamations.

– Something happened – thought Nick – something definitely happened. —

He could not understand, whence this feeling and it bothered him. Ingrained habit, he began to sort through the last days, checking himself, trying to look different – and unexpected – sides in words and deeds.

Everything was in order. There seems to be. From experience he knew that after some time can open up unexpected nuances, but so far everything seems to be in order, and he pretended to calm down. Then it will be later.

Shivering, he stood up, walked over to the campfire, looked around, saw written in a dry branches collected from the evening. He squatted down and sorted through the sticks, choosing dry. Randomly over the forest, circling a flock of birds, and their cries cut the air irritable and anxious. It felt like somewhere far away in the sky my g string broke.

**2\*\*\***

– then —

Zakharovy, zykovy the Windows looked out into the street named after the great leader. Street

was like a little Grand canyon, the hillsides were yellow and red walls of century-old houses. At the bottom of the canyon ran a tram river. In moments the tram floods the walls of the houses shook and the ceiling rained white dust. To live here was all the same, what about the runway of a military airfield. Here you can easily become crazy, thought Nick.

Only Zach didn't look like a psycho, on the contrary, he resembled a large, good Olympic God; – there was something Greek-Caucasian. If you look at it I wanted to take in one hand a tall, narrow glass with yellow, tart wine, and another skewer with exhaling the smoke flavor of barbecue to stand the table upright and pronounce endless toast. He would be bald, blond, would have been the spitting image of Bacchus. Said the male significantly and impressively.

– Jackdaw with cubs at the zoo, so relax. What's new? —

– I don't know – Nick shrugged – a Couple of disappointments... Nothing serious. —

To the disappointment of nick's friends used to, and did not perceive dramatic.

– I hope not in the sense of life? – calmly asked the male, – what shall we do? Need to enjoy freedom. —

– The meaning of life? And he is? —

Well... drink beer ... —

– Fuck you... you Know, just now I opened a couple of books, and ... – The male tried to pass a moan. It was hot the moaning did not happen.

– Chekhov, – ruthlessly continued Nick, James Joyce. Full surprise.

– The male lazily nodded, – Joyce – okay. Abstruse uncle. And Anton Pavlovich – what? —

– Joyce just unclear. But Chekhov... a New edition has recently acquired. For the sake of the pleasure of receiving. Well, there is “Chameleon”, “Burbot”, “Surveyor”, you know. What? what did I see?!

– Publication appeared in Yiddish, nodded the male, – and you know, forgotten. —

– No. There was a completely different Chekhov. Not one that is “Kashtanka”, “the Boys” and so on. Not a textbook, some other. Full negative. Feeling know how the earth under my feet is gone. Something like short stories Gorky. Physiology, naturalism, decadence... And no positive. – Nick thought.

– It is certainly... depressing, – agreed Zahar-Only because there is Chekhov Chekhonte, and there’s Chekhov-playwright, tragedian. Of course, from school, we planted positive perception of the world, well, there – we have ours, we will build a new world. In short, stop whining, still ahead. What is Joyce? —

– “Ulysses” – said Nick – he’s actually in my hands for the first time caught, it’s not happened once. Performance what it was, of course. For reviews ...Hemingway, Fitzgerald critics... some ... —

And what performance? – Nick shook his hand – you Know, something insanely complex and interesting, so...

– And?

– And interest was enough for one page. Tuned in, you know, there – Kafka, Meyrink, Golding... And understand nothing... That is what it is – just stupid. But after waiting for the biblical revelation, after all, Hemingway, others – a complete delight! And – here. Stupid untidy heroes -it is unclear who lead an empty conversation-I know – yard

grandmother... And the meaning slips away, the feeling – that's it, grabbed it, and it waved its tail, escaped from his hands, and again wander to the touch, whisking between the cold, invisible stones, and only water is flowing between the fingers. Pages six I have chewed – just out of stubbornness, Hemingway, after all... no Longer made.

– Not bear the soul of a poet, ' – said Zachary, In General, is that surprising? It's not “the Gingerbread man”, a book for adults. And the taste and color ... —

– That's not it, – waved Nick – but then, there are the most common criteria. The integrity of the plot, psychological characteristics ... —

– The horror ... – nodded the male – only I beg, do not say beautiful. All the same thing in the opus – be it Shakespeare, Gogol, Bulgakov or Adams with Haggard – that was interesting.

– “Yes,” cried Nick – But this time I have Joyce's and not found! One earth on which you walk. In the plane. And the hidden meanings behind corners. —

– Well, calm down. Think of it, Armageddon! Go for

a beer? —

– Down-to-earth you some. —

– So interesting. —

– Silence...

– What?

– Weird... Why so quiet? ... —

– You are ovation waiting for? —

– No ...you don't understand something. For window repairs? —

– Hey, Nick, expresses clearly. —

– Yes, the trams... since a half hour is not heard. No shaking, no rattling ... —

– What are streetcars? You do not scare... Rails in the street already seven years removed.

### 3\*\*\*

– after 20 years

And if they were not.

– I'm just really confused, right? This uncomfortable feeling like the world is broken. And, you know, not so long ago was a contender... On the lake...

– Was the nature?

– Yes...doesn't matter. With Mouse and friends. Stupid. Nonsense...

– The applicant. – recalled the male.

– I don't know... Just that same feeling; -the world has changed.-

– We change, but not the world. Ants on a slope of mount Everest, you know. waved hand male.

– Chekhov, Joyce, reminded Nick. – The uptake? One-to-one.-

– Melville still remember! Man just put himself in Moby dick, and over. Then he died, and the world remained. The world always remains, and the man disappears.-

– Cervantes, Rabelais, swift... – sadly handed it to Nick.

– Just a comfortable chair, sharilsya the male. – Sit, legs dangling, and think – ahead ETERNITY. A chair is the same junk. Shattered, it's time to dump. And you mean the WORLD broke down! Yes, not the world! We may be, because misery is our...

– The world was created for people, and together they disappear, melancholic muttered Nick.

– What? This is the order, the procedure is, so to speak. It is not for us to murmur.

– And can the order be violated? Imagine – a cog is broken, right?

– And we here at what? In GOD's kitchen to Suva – fraught, you know. And our mind all this high mechanics. We're just consumers of the benefits. Give – take. And even if the microwave malfunctions in GOD's kitchen, which are bound

to BURST

AND – THANKS! —

And now Nick stood in the doorway the back door and cautiously looked Zakharov St. Petersburg court house. Judging by the lighting it was very late, and he could easily not catch the subway.

– Swing – angrily thought about my friend Nick. – So, if anything, will sponsor a taxi. —

And then freewheeling. “Freewheeling” – because he somehow knew what was going to happen something. It happened. Something was creeping in the far corner of the yard, tightened the misty shadow itself was only a blurred shadow, disturbing the sparse Bush of some elderberry.

And this was not the result of a tired vision, imagination or faceless St. Petersburg night, something very real.

(Nick immediately remembered Simak – “Almost human”)

It was, and he spit, he trudged there, just in case his eyes parties in search of sticks, it could be a bad dog, although, of course, nonsense, there could be no dog, and he just wanted to quickly go through it, and on the subway I wanted to catch and meet him, out of twilight quickly ran something, just missing him, it was not a dog.

Ant. Giant lambent with red and yellow metal. With quick jointed legs. Samovar and on the back it was a big multifaceted black mark, like graffiti.

Some Buddhist symbols like all symbols exactly meaningless

only nachitavshis them.

Nick stupidly held his gaze and stepped aside, letting two or three.

Then he remembered where he had seen them before. Yes! – has he seen these creatures. Of course! One time they were a bit larger – the three-storey house of approximately. But drawing on the backs attended the same. In Arabic style...

## 4\*\*\*

– minus 66 years

And was Rzhevka.

Before the birth of man there. Does not exist. But the soul is immortal. Somewhere it present.

Somewhere in the cosmos.

Another thing – personality. “I”.

“I” appears when the soul unites with the body. And after death, when the body is powered off, the identity is not necessary, it binds the soul his worldly passions, urges and desires. It does not

the soul to connect with the Cosmos, to return to a natural state, to earthly, bodily life.

And ?...m-m-m...my head hurts; – Nick was in a drowsy state,

lying on an old, wooden bench, on the ring rail 79. One

the ring was located Bedlam buildings, broken, dirty road, temporary fences, heaps of bricks and concrete slabs. Stuck lifting cranes. Left muddy streets, ramshackle, mismatched fences,

which was seen dirty-blocks for the blind homes. The village, in short.

After work, on the bus stop, he bought a few bottles of beer... three? four? more?

It does not matter. The tram was not long. A very long time. And then he fell asleep. And certainly during that time was the limit of public transport.

Nick fumbled in his jacket pocket, pulled out a pack of cigarettes, head circled. And it was empty.

Where did he go? Here there were no people, just the fences, behind which bristled skinny trees.

Street crooked fences stretched the endless, gray ribbon. Then parted in the side was over. Ahead and to the sides stretches open, covered with undulating grass plain.

Far in the grey of the horizon was bent low hills. The sun was not. But through the grass ran a narrow path, and Nick went through it. He was not going to go far, he was wondering how it would end, but when turned around – strip the city is already barely visible. He stood in the center of the circle and the hills on the horizon moved in a ragged blurred panorama of the city.

– To go back? – he was sorry to interrupt the interesting action, but... he again slowly looked around the neighborhood –

nothing interesting in sight...

Hesitating he took a few steps further and froze.

Not visible behind the grass, the path crossed a wide ravine with steep slopes.

To the bottom of it was very far away. Height – depth? – about 12-storey house. Meters 40. Maybe more – nothing can compare. – The Grand canyon some. And what is this conflict? —

There, far below, something was moving. To bend over to see – was scary, and no handles. But that “something” was obviously climbing up the slope, all increasing in size.

The soil under my feet gave in, and Nick made a dash back, stumbled, crashed on the back, and when I rose – saw over the cliff was up to something like a balloon, only a ball of metal, copper tone.

It was not a balloon. Something like the head of a giant insect, and 15 meters.

Clearly the mechanism. Car? – Nick knew that somewhere nearby there was a military polygon.

Testing of new equipment? – for some reason he was sure that it is not that people this thing is irrelevant. The devil! she had no relationship at all to our world. She wasn't here...

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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