

VICTORIA BORODINOVA

Revenge to Philip K. Dick

A WRITER WHO WAS NOT PRESENT



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Borodina V.

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The story is about a guest from the future, which hindered and helped the famous science fiction writer Philip K. Dick to create books. He, in turn, changed her life and her distant reality.

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Evening. The long-awaited coolness. Depression. Milk in a glass on a curb, inaccurately stuffed with cheap, battered books. Milk slowly rises and overflows. It smears the stories at an affordable price for a wide range of readers, crawls on the floor, plunging the bits of asphalt and nature cobbled into milk mucus.

There is a floor lamp with a cord switch above an armchair that hysterically blinks, it works by status. Hardly perceptible shares of time, on which the light is lost – terribly frighten. The cord with a drop of plastic on the end, under a scorching yellow bulb, begins to swing inexorably. The gloomy sky window opens and a monster crawls into it.

“Did you come again?” – Dick did not turn around.

– Drink your amphetamine or it will crawl to others. An energy strike will tear up another lucky person, not you. Amphetamine psychosis will make someone happy, not you. You can not allow this.

The long, transparent hair of the monster distorted the space. On the rights wanted to touch the walls, curtains, meager furniture indoors, but were born blind. In their threads, the surrounding reality became cloudy, unreal, artificial. He reached for the glass from the chair and took a sip of milk, then again and again. The white dense liquid was drawn back from the floor into the glass and into the mouth. He greedily swallowed it, as if hoping – it would free him from the monster.

“Are you Jane?”

– No.

“I know you are Jane... you know I'm not guilty of your death.” Do you want to live in me? – After a pause he added: How real are you? How can I be sure of you?

On the wall, gray and round watches, which broke the Philip a year ago, showed an eternity. At that time it seemed to him that they wanted with their persistent rhythmic gnashing, that he never, nowhere and under any circumstances counted more than twelve.

“I’m already in you.” You killed me to become stronger and better, to hate people and dig into their minds to manifest true worlds. And maybe I’m God, I do not know...

– This is false! I will never kill!

“It’s time for you to move on to your next life,” the monster put a converter of consciousness into his hand, “Just click on the trigger.”

Passed points, parts, moments. The monster waited patiently. Thin, weightless, translucent hair fell into a dream. It did not sway and did not drag out anywhere. It lays down obediently on the shoulders, chest and hands of their monster. Passed points, parts, moments. Dick dreamed of only one thing: let something happen in this frightening and prolonged ambush: a drunken teenager in the street will shout, a friend will call and invite a narcotic party or a random street bird to fly into the window. Passed points, parts, moments.

“Leave me, I have not printed everything yet...” Philip struggled with the temptation.

“Do it, do not suffer any more.” Do not print, because you in decent literary places do not accept. Listen to the music on the ribs. Bones will tell everything correctly.

“Are you deliberately confusing me?” Why are you doing it?

The monster went to the record player in a corner of a small room with carefully painted walls, as far as technologies of the end of 1968 allowed. Beethoven’s factory vinyl was dropped to the floor. He split. The monster smiled sweetly.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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