

RODION RAKHIMOV

THISTLE



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«Издательские решения»

Rakhimov R.

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Time is a relative concept. It can stretch to infinity, or compressing to the size of a grain of sand, fill the absolute truth. And then, turning to dust, to scatter in the Universe, creating a new Galaxy real truth. And again to seek the truth among the millions of stars. Daniel, on the advice of friends jumping with parachute, gets in the space-time continuum. Once in the underworld the “Winged” trying to change past mistakes. Whether this will happen, we know from the book of the author.

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Thistle

Rodion Rakhimov

*Dedicated to my parents and all the residents disappeared from the maps
of the village of Cordon-Tibil*

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From the author

*“I want to be a wizard
dip the pen in the truth. Nothing
others are no longer surprised”.*

Vasily SHUKSHIN

“Published in the periodical press as a journalist and publicist. Was totally dumb when I had to sing along with the Almighty the voice of the world, and wailed when I had to say its weighty word in favor of those who could not speak. As a novelist published in many national and regional Newspapers, in the magazine “OUR STREET” and the anthology “PROSE”.

The interesting thing life. Spinning, spinning, and make it all right. But life makes its own adjustments, and surprises, which begin not only to think but also write. And what happened in front of You. Maybe naive task can not leave You INDIFFERENT to everything around him, because sooner or later it will affect each of us. In nature everything is interconnected. The flapping wings of a butterfly can cause a hurricane. Tear a hungry child, fallen to the ground, can cause flooding. The cry of despair of destitute war people can cause an earthquake and typhoons. Let’s not tease the geese!

As for me, I have always been in opposition to all bad faith in the triumph of justice”.

Sincerely, Rodion RAKHIMOV, a journalist, a writer-journalist, environmentalist, social activist, member of the RUSSIAN UNION of WRITERS.

A report from the skies

“Time is a relative concept. It can stretch to infinity or compressing to the size of grains of sand to fill the absolute truth. And then, turning to dust to scatter in the Universe, creating a new Galaxy of truth of truth. And again to seek the truth among the millions of stars?”

*“And God saw the light that it was good;
and God divided the light from the darkness”.
The old Testament. GL.1.St.4.*

*“God speaks to us face-to-face only
when we have ourselves have a face.”*
K. Lewis.

Instead of a prologue

Day surprisingly turned out to be clear. The whole previous day and night, I entertained the hope that there will be inclement weather postponed jumps. But in vain. And here's an old "kukuruznik", breaking away from the tarmac, shaking the green peeling wings, gaining height. To jump with a parachute for the person in the chair, put on the table to wrap the light bulb, was already the height was dizzy and shaking hamstring – was a lifelong dream.

This fear was not there before, I said to the instructor, blue-eyed "classmate" Irsuto Sharipova, a former pilot, has retained the optimism, despite life's troubles, trying to shout over the roar of the engine. – We are with you in flight school came, fear came later. When I foolishly free ticket Union climbed to the Ostankino tower to sit in a Silver room with moving floors. Drinking champagne to admire the evening lights of Moscow.

But when we are, pretty pumped not only champagne, brought to the observation deck with glass floors, heart and skipped a beat. For some reason I feel under a not the height and the abyss of the abyss, and from the fall which was separated by only a thin glass like cracked ice. Had to change the profession of industrial climber a carpenter.

And now the fear of heights even worse than on the mountain AI-Petri in the Crimea. Remember, just trembling knees up there when I wanting to look at the sea from the height of bird flight, the yellow barriers came up only after three glasses of the "Black Colonel". The wine gave me the courage and strength, began to feel like something new. And maybe, after all, it was necessary to "pull" a hundred and fifty grams of cognac. For courage!?

– Nothing, fight fire with fire, you'll jump with a parachute, and everything goes!

– Easy for you to say jump, but how to do it? I confess, once I had jumped in Koktebel in the Crimea during summer vacation. Although the feeling was indescribable, to call this jump was difficult. Fifty hryvnia with the parachute caught from shore on a long tether, dragged behind a boat over the Bay and thrown into the cold sea of a mountain Chameleon. And fear did not pass. And I want a free flight as in a dream – to spread my arms – wings and hover above the ground.

– Now fly!

And here I am at the door with the eternal Hamlet's question, dressed in a jumpsuit, helmet, shoes, glasses and two parachutes: the front and back. I am the last. Leaped before me of colorful umbrellas crumbled beneath my feet, and, describing in intricate circles, flew to the ground. The last instruction of Ireta:

– Counted to ten, and then with all the dope pull here for this ring, if the parachute doesn't work, unhook the main, as I taught you and pulls here in this ring, yelling can be, but not Mat down after all female athletes. A slight push in the back and I'm on my way to mother earth...

The sensation was strange, first captured the spirit and all the tightened lower abdomen. It happens on a swing, when you go down and in a small plane at the air pits. But there was one endless pit.

– Irsha-a-at! Damn it, – I yelled all around. Then I spun, the air was a mouthful so that it became impossible to breathe. Close your mouth, open your eyes and see a little of what I was hyped, but I still flew face up. And I suddenly realized that my parachute in this position, will not open. Trying to roll – does not work. Don't know how it happened, but I pulled a ring. Probably with fright. I was waiting for the promised Hirsutum cotton, but it never came. Looking up, instead of the dome saw something like a piece of bedsheet with a pillow, which to my legs stretched "linen" rope. I was seized with wild terror, and before my eyes flashed footage of my past and future lives. Swept years and millennia compressed into moments...

Chapter one. MiG first

...The old parental home. A dimly burning low fly-bitten kerosene lamp with chipped smoked glass, suspended to a joist curve rusty wire. In the air hung the smell of burnt wick, fallen leaves and sagebrush. From the cracks in the joist protruded branch of juniper – a true remedy for the evil forces, and a twig of willow – is an educator who served for my brother, probably as a visual aid than as an instrument of revenge for our childhood pranks that sometimes go beyond “small”. Right on the log wall was nailed inside-out already dry skin of the sacrificial goats, next to the ticking wall clock, considering the last second, because weight together with a pair of scissors for sheep shearing and rusty a padlock already touched the floor that meant the clock is about to stop. With the clock supposed to stop not only my time, but the entire Universe.

The ceiling and roof for some reason was not, and from a height, without a single cloud, autumn sky, ominous wink of a star. I was lying on a broad parental beds with carved headboards. On the glass of the old sideboard was reflected in my bandaged head and the body, something resembling a mummy. Next on the squeaky chair, hunched over, sat the old mother and the end of the large colorful handkerchief furtively wiped the treacherous tears, barely holding back coming from his chest, the horror of despair.

“Go right, son...” “Where is”, in disbelief I asked. “Sabantuy,” I was trying to remember and couldn’t understand where it is so I’d. But apparently somewhere hard did you hit your head, that not only the body but the brain remained motionless. And I only subconscious knew where it went, I felt every cell of my still young body as the droplets, particles, took my may be worthless, but my own life. Then there was darkness. Oblivion... the Sky was lit up with a green shimmering light. In the rays of the laser projectors, filling all the sky, solemn rows of airplanes. Behind them stretched a huge piece of cloth with portraits of the rulers of the Earth from the great and Herod, to Yeltsin and Reagan. If it was Sabantuy, not a village or district, and, most likely, on an international scale. Where different skin colors people had fun, participated in the competition, struggled on the sashes and running in bags, and danced, and sang in all languages of the world, and that is interesting – I understood. “Happy holiday, dear friends”! – heard from the heavenly speaker.

“Hurrah – Ah”! – cheered people into the air and flew colorful balloons. But suddenly the planes began to dive and with their hatches howling bombs rained down. He collapsed at home. The land was burning. A bright flash lit up the sky. Turning the space into a tube and started to grow a huge white mushroom.

“Well, that’s all”! – I thought.

But that was not all. The sky is again lit up in a disturbing flickering, half the sky closed silhouette have dried, stretched goat skins. She was illuminated, and there was visible blue veins dried. And here’s a vein started to throb and drip blue blood, from the edges to the middle, showing the outline of an inhuman face: hooked nose, glass eyes with red feline eyes, hairy ears, curved back horns, behind the membranous wings. Ahead stretched the hairy, with the dried traces of blood, clawed hand, cold eyes moved in search of something, then barabasi glance rested on me, and a hoarse voice shook the heavens: “it was his fault. He didn’t do anything”!

“And that’s what I did”? I thought, feeling the spinal cord Arctic cold.

Then the bed rattled opened, and I flew down.

“What kind of joke is this,” thought I, passing by bags of potatoes, Vilkov cabbage and jars of jam in the underground. At the time I was supposed to stop the fall, hit the ground, but I flew further and saw more and more fluttered the ragged edges of sheets in the doorway of my bed.

I was flying in an inverted funnel, creating a vacuum. In the neck, and it was my bed, now beginning to suck all.

I flew into the abyss. Tore past me fragments of boards, bricks and broken glass. Behind them the cars with headlights on, bleating sheep. Aircraft, even falling, shelling each other with rockets. Seen as baby stroller, torn from the stopper, moved on the carriageway, which is accelerated, raced “BMW” with tinted Windows. They faced, too flew down. I tried to stop the wheelchair, reaching a hand, but suddenly his leaden arms and legs didn’t obey me...

Fear, separated from me by a black shadow and becoming a shadow of the shaggy old woman, began to catch up to me, stretched her bony hands and gaping toothless mouth finally swallowed me whole.

Tightened and the Earth, expanding it in the plane, like a map of the planet and the entire solar system...

“I am not guilty!”, – I cried. But my words could not be heard.

The world went to hell, with him and me. And I had to do something, to fix something and everything back in its place, but I, as the losers have a school Board, not to learn the lesson, stupidly looked around, waiting for clues, and nothing could think of. Right and left, colliding, exploding planet, the debris of which grew the letters, and the letters lined up into words: “Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!”

Something is not clear, a dream, not a dream. We would have woke up, but I couldn’t. And somewhere deep down was aware of his involvement in what happened. But only partly.

So I was sitting on his haunches in line. For me this pose has always been a handful, which could not be said about the prisoners in the shipment and the southerners, who can spend hours squatting at the bus stop waiting for a bus. Waiting for something, and what – is unclear. My foot is swollen to impossible, but getting up was impossible. Do not write the rules. Violators were sent to the end of the queue.

The ceiling and walls was not. Maybe they were, but they were covered with a viscous twilight haze. There was only the floor that was moving like a conveyor belt. Began to bake, from somewhere below. The air was soaked with the stinking smell of rotting meat and the atmosphere of boundless horror. It was impossible to sit. Feet hurting horribly once received cuts and abrasions. Each pain swollen and festered. I tried to change the position of the body. And then got burned on something hot.

– Reporting sung! Watch train! came to me from somewhere below, a faint voice.

“Sorry,” I said.

Took a closer look. It was with singed wings, June bug, very similar to those we caught in childhood and put in a matchbox, and then, feeling their fate was released over the fire. My eyes were like saucers!

– What, rookie? asked beetle.

“Yes,” I replied. – And what are we doing here?

You’ll see him he, fluttering over a hot frying pan with high sides, like a roaster. Not being able neither to sit down, not to take off.

I was surprised by the situation “admission” absolutely no service, no chairs, no Newspapers, no magazines to pass the time.

– What seats then do not give? – I asked.

– Give, for those who have georgoi, – burring, interfered with the neighbor on the right. I’ve heard that voice.

I raised my head.

– Academician Saharov, he introduced himself. It was a skinny camel, had fallen on the side of the hump. Its apparently been very thirsty and he was thirsty. Although there was gurgling ditch, but he was behind a high fence. Sometimes, when groans and heart-rending cries were a bit quiet, you could hear the sound of water. Water – the symbol of connection between past, present and future.

– Yeah, – I was surprised.

– And those who have hurt front legs, those waiting in limbo – said the academician, chewing his gum.

– That the service honey did not seem, ' said the bass one-handed, fighting General, hanging on the other, a dislocated arm. Introduced. – General Lebed.

From its camouflage of his jacket, pierced by shards of an exploding helicopter, it smelled more like gunpowder and kerosene.

– Well, – I said, looking around the queue, consisting of all of the people who lived on Land which had no end or edge, and, as far as the review, they were:

– Vernadsky.

– Michelangelo.

– Hemingway.

– Bryullov.

– Aivazovsky.

– Chekhov.

– Bulgakov.

– Dostoevsky...

– A long wait? – I asked.

– Then time has no value, – the bug told.

– And still?

– Somewhere in between-Jude between a flash and an eternity.

– Well, you're a philosopher, – I smiled.

– It is. I Diogenes of Sinope.

I stuck out my thumb.

“Thank you,” said the beetle-Diogenes.

– Daniil Borodulin of Cordon-Tibia, – I introduced myself.

– But this is not the Diogenes who lived in a barrel, and laughed over traditional forms of life, and declared himself “citizen of the world”? Lived like a dog and wanted to help humanity to return to mother nature? And tactfully sent the Alexander the great? – I gave a few meagre encyclopedic knowledge of it.

That's why flying now over W-brazier...

– For how long?

– Until the next reincarnation – the transmigration of the soul.

– And this is hell? in disbelief I asked.

No, he's probably the dressing room. Or receiver-dispenser, call it what you like – rocked by the bass General.

– Where is Heaven?

– There's Paradise on Earth, – said the beetle-Diogenes, laughing along with everyone.

“Sorry,” I said in disbelief. I can't agree with what you call Heaven, after what I saw there. The earth is more like a testing ground for mankind, nothing more, where each should go his distance, at the end of which may be issued card – a card with a note about fitness for further reincarnation.

But then something clicked. And I went somewhere...

... – Well, Borodulin, who is also Haduken, aka Bilkis, aka Abdul-Saeed, he's... been a long list of names of those whom I once imagined. – We are to confess or to play the fool? In the eyes, my eyes!

Now I guessed that was stuck and was in real trouble. And the office here was serious. And then ran it all the same with the wings – man serious whose name is taken in vain no one remembered and pronounced aloud, so as not to court trouble.

I'm all stiffened up from fear.

– What!? Let's start from the beginning, with the creation of the Earth... your mother!?

– Implying that I was Adam? – timidly I asked.

– Ish, which is enough! No! Were you creeping bastard... damn it! – screaming Wings, gesticulating. Fingers, twisted by time, ill obeyed, and was obtained by the thieves – fan. I was sick. The stink and stench of nausea swelled up in her throat. Yes, the questions! My mate always cut ear. Well, when hammer toes, this is understandable. But it is specially selected three-storey wings mate, so that means I was worse. But I couldn't argue with. He's in charge! Nothing to be done?

From his words I realized at once that he hated the Creator, of all mothers, and especially those who created anything: writers, artists, sculptors and composers.

– I do not understand – I asked – why am I here in this company? What I have done, which was awarded this “honor”?

– You fucking had to bite eve's thigh, he continued, reading my thoughts. Or at least the apples in the garden. No... instead, you chase her... eyes built to get you... bitch creeping...

– She's from Adam's rib? I for it is not the answer...

– That's it! Not the edge – not the ones I went to the descendants. As a result, I troublesome and Creator of the extra headache! And we have a Contract with him to all equally: light and darkness, good and evil, laughter and tears. Where some misalignment, then somewhere responds to a disaster of epic proportions...

– I want a lawyer! I said.

– What, have I seen golivudskih movies?

Then he snapped his fingers. Whack!

...And I'm already on the Birthday of the Earth. Can you imagine? First day! All brand-new: the sky is blue, the blue, the water is clear as a tear baby, mountain, washed by the rain, Shine like a cat's eggs... wow! Who lead the, from, and rack up! I already picked up from the “Winged”. So all brand new! The grass is green – prezeleny, no, pardon me, bastard... have not had time to foul. Where not to crawl, all purity. Around berries and fruit, and there are no chemicals you. No mosquitoes, no black flies, some bees somewhere above buzz. And eve running around naked on the green grass, and Adam flirts, laughter poured some water from a stream Flirty leg on him splatters. Such a beautiful, an infection!

Bite, you say? Than to bite? Me and poison do not. Because I got some fruits and berries are swallowed. Will go better on the stones under the Apple tree the cold.

And only got the sun up, as something clicked... And I was brought before the “Winged”.

...“Winged” looked at me, his feline eyes with a look like he knows everything about me.

– Tell me... your mother! Why are you with her boyfriend by Fedka Karavaevym fence Semenov broke? Remember. But after a heavenly life do not go to his head.

– Enough bleeding to creak brains. There's no point – he snapped his fingers, the smell of ozone... and the frosty freshness.

...And I'm already rolling with Mill mountain. When I was five or six years. And the boys skated career. Who and what: sled, skis, skates – all were in Vogue. And I stole my mom's underwear galvanized trough with rounded bottom and is the envy of the guys flew with a whistle on loose snow to the pond!

– Look, look! Someone's cow ran away, ' cried one of the boys, showing wet from snow gloves to the side of the Icy roads. Where it is still dark, leaving our parents to put the Stakhanovite records, cutting down the forest. Were still far away the day when our village will be noisy young planting pine and spruce in human growth. And only the old lime trees, as silent witnesses of the incident, will be a long time to stand in those places where was the seven-year school, club, garage and shop.

Will not become a forest – and will not work. And disperse the people who where in search of work and bread. Then sometimes go during summer vacation. And dip into a shallow river Timelike to cry in the green grass, reminiscing about the old days, a difficult but happy life.

It turned out. The front of the car, loaded with wood, the whistles and hoots of the two porters in sheepskin coats, sitting on logs, wearily ran a deer. Apparently, drove him from the “Satan Barack”, where harvested forest for the alloy. In the summer the road was getting soft. And so Les tried to take it rafting on the Icy road that was cleared of snow and doused with water, turning the road and the curb in a solid roller and ice mountain. Through them not that beast, but man can't get out. And animals caught in the ice chute, ran to the village.

– And it is not a cow, and elk, – said one of the older guys

– Come on, look!

Us as the wind blew. When we, out of breath, ran to the store on the square already crowded with people. And even the farmers from the neighboring farm, constantly arranges scandals in queues for bread, poured out of the store, abandoning their queue.

It was a deer-a wounded animal. Apparently, someone shot him.

And it has already managed to catch and tie him to a pole with rattling the loudspeaker from which a woman sang “about a frog and not his boots.” With the chest and knees of the front legs oozed blood. Big brown eyes in fear mowed at the sides.

The news that caught a deer with the speed of lightning spread through the village. And all and Sundry were in a hurry to look at the forest handsome.

And here, as always happens, astonished, began to argue what to do with it. Opinions were immediately divided in two. We, the children, women and men posermobile insisted to leave the deer in the stable yard and release into the wild in Urman. But the other half was determined to shoot and share the meat equally.

When the dispute reached the highest tension, and all lined up wall to wall, and was ready to take decisive action – as soon as someone sneezes, all would be perceived as a call to action – there was semen Semenovich Semenov, nicknamed “Sailor.” In his invariable black overcoat naval officer with anchors on the buttons and a black hat with the track of the badges on his forehead.

– What's all the hubbub, bub?

All in the village were afraid of him. Whether because he was recognised beusekom cattle and always wore in his boot sharply edged hunting knife with beautiful inlaid with metal handle, whether due to its nesudimosti. Knowledgeable people have said that he was a real Communist and he was in Stalin's camps. And released it after the leader's death. We children thought he killed it with his knife, his tormentor and was released from prison. And then freed the others because from time to time in the village appeared the same as he, grim men in military uniforms and took the job. Semenov and allowed the whole controversy. Went to the pole and slashed at with a knife to the throat of the deer. Everyone gasped!

In the evening at our house, too cooked deer meat brought by my father out of ignorance rather than intent. All day long he was in the stable yard, where he worked as a groom. Until the evening passed with Jeribai Mare of the chief of the forestry administration Romanova, until it was resolved, and did not know what happened. He said he killed a wounded deer, and the meat was shared by everyone.

When dinner was ready, mother invited everyone to the table. But I continued to sit on the trunk and stared blankly at the mad dance of the fire in the stove, devouring crumpled sheets of last year's calendar and thought we were all going to die, die in the oven, the sheets of the calendar, toss me.

– I'm giving you a special invitation, – looked sternly at my father.

– I won't eat your meat, ' I said.

Is still that! Belt wanted?

– Still not going. Even kill, as deer...

– Leave him, father! Ill probably spend all day on the street, mom said, patting me on the head. – Don't want to eat? Go drink some milk and go to bed.

I fell asleep, curled up on the chest with tears in his eyes. I, like many tonight, was sorry for the deer, who died at the hands Semenov.

In the village spring has come. It was eagerly awaited. Especially me. Because on Mill mountain near our house, there were protalinka with the soft and green grass. Where it was possible to play cricket, catch beetles, to put in matchboxes and playing, experiencing their destiny, to release over the fire. And then, stripped down to shirt, it was possible to run barefoot in the race to the Semenovskiy fence under the cliff and back. And the fence Semenova already swollen buds of apples, and cherries. According to the older guys, apples Semenova was not in taste equal in the whole village. They were even inferior to varietal apples from the school garden.

But spring has hit black and white keys of snow and thawed to fulfill his concert. Timidly was bubbling up in streams, whistling starlings, accompanied by the drumming of woodpeckers in the pines, the distant rumbling of tractors, skidding heavy logs to the alloy, and finally, the deafening roar of the waterfall over the dam at the mill stirred in our spirits high and pure motives.

And we Fedka once again when he reached the fence and, without even saying a word, wielding sticks and those torn fences Semenov intake, made holes in several places and ran off.

To return Semenova from fishing, caving under the weight of the catch and the enormous SAC, gang polkowski goats have managed to eat the bark of Apple trees and young shoots.

Whether it seemed to us enough that we've done, or wanted to enjoy the fruits of our labor, we, again armed with sticks, went to the fence Semenov. And only tore at the fence, as somebody was waiting for us Semenov popped up with a stake. We with squeal have rushed back. Do not get confused Semenov in his big wading boots in the wire has got to be us nuts.

And then we watched the long black shadow of Semenov in the gap from our barn until he was gone. But in the evening when the parents came, Semenya visited our house and the house Karavaevym.

Pedicu carved in the same day. But my upbringing has postponed tomorrow due to the absence of the Pope. He was on duty in the stable yard.

– Why someone else's fence broke? What, its not enough – strictly asked my father the next day, reeling in a soldier's hand wide belt.

– And let the deer does not hurt. We people marked Vaska, let alone work.

– I waste! So waste that you can eat standing up! But to beat all-taki did not become. And then I heard him say to mother:

– Whatever you say, kid a point. To tell you the truth, I also dislike. Several times he refused the cart, when he asked me to drive the wood, the hay.

If I had known then that Semenov was a real man, he would not that break the fence, I would have him a new fence put in, but still colored. We lived in the barracks, family of four. And anyone who wanted to build a house, the Timber industry was allocated the plot with timber.

And here the father with mother alone for a month have prepared almost all the necessary Les. Remained only a few platforms, and collecting all the logs together to get them out of the forest. But then mom screamed. And even could not walk. And autumn was not far off. And before the snow it was necessary to do the job.

And here is mom leaning on a stick, went to the neighbors across the street, Kosorotov, whose son was head of the garage and all the equipment was in his hands.

The truth is, Kosorotova I didn't like. Because Kosorotov always swore when I climbed their fence or ran, rattling, with a rim from a Bicycle wheel before their gates.

Mom asked me to help! allocated forest land and export the harvested material in the village. And for this work suggested that the thin ends of the logs, which could go to the bathhouse.

Kosorotov gladly agreed. But when they brought the cut material is piled up near our house are thick, but thin near his house of logs, it starts to "choke a toad".

Or rather, not him but his wife Claudia, a cruel woman and dry as a chip.

And now, podmechenny wife, Kosorotov filed a complaint in court, citing the injustice of separating the product of a collaborative effort.

The court, oddly enough, decided: “to Share everything equally. And to pay defendant legal costs – three hundred and fifty rubles.” At that time a lot of money. But they have not been already. And had my father sell the logs, pay all expenses and give Kosorotova money. Learning about injustice, Semenov spoke protector. We filed an appeal, vynudili already fairly. But the money still had to give. And my mother with me went to Kosorotov to take the money. The house was one Claudia Ivanovna, and, as always, was not in the spirit, but they took the money and put it in the chest.

“Nothing,” said the mother already at home, bathed in tears. – As-nibud will live.

But in the evening we went to our own Kosorotov and started demanding money.

– What, more money? – surprised mom. – I I gave your wife!

She says she did not take. Went to Kosorotov, but Claudia Ivanovna swore by all the saints that did not take the money. My mom became ill.

– May your hands wither, – said the mother in the hearts and wept.

– Yeah, ramzia Sultanovna – said Semenov, who knew firsthand the Laws and the penal code. – It was necessary to give money when the two witnesses. And minor children can’t be witnesses.

I had to give and the other half of the money already out in public, getting into debt. There’s even Semenov was nothing I could do.

Kosorotova celebrated the victory. But not for long. In fact, Claudia twisted the arm, which soon became dry. And Kosorotova contorted face. And he now his appearance justified his name.

It is here that they ran every day came to mom and asked them to remove the curse, offered money. But mother said – it wasn’t me. This is God you punished.

I did not know who God is, but admired Him tight.

And soon, near school vacant semi-detached house. We sawed off the wall and putting in the middle of the furnace, moved back, away from Kosorotova, and lived not so hot, but quiet life. If it was possible to say calm, not a day goes by that my brother didn’t Wake up in the night by the cry of the visitors due to insert mom into place a dislocated someone’s arm or leg. Mom was treated with infusions of herbs, incantations and even delivered a baby. Anyhow, to the district hospital more than twenty miles. And kids are not waiting until the road dries after rain, and in winter will stop the Blizzard. They had my schedule and, as always, unexpected. And mom in any weather had to run to the pregnant women. According to folk omens determined the weather and figured out the dreams.

Mom respectfully addressed to the senior and Junior age, and even young children. And so the love of children and adults to her were disinterested. Mom knew a lot of different songs and legends, funny and instructive stories, recited prayers and verses from the Qur’an, observing the fasts. And so my mother was in great demand during Ramadan and Eid al-Adha and brought out my brother Goodies in the form of various Goodies. The house was always full of people. Some went, others came. And so the samovar, the inflation which was part of my duty, when I was home, never cooled.

The years have passed. And daughter-in-law Kosorotova Zoya Pavlovna reached retirement age, which in your life a finger about a finger not struck for the production, filling out documents, began to petition for pensions. But Semyonov, and they lived together in a different village to learn about it, opposed it and left the daughter in law Kosorotova with nothing. So I’m guilty before semen Semenovich for his fence broken, and when the case before him, ready to apologize. ... But then clicked and I appeared before the Cruise.

Chapter two. MiG second

– From one person does not depend on, ' I said, anxiously glancing towards the Winged.

– How! he said, lighting his pipe and blowing smoke from under bushy mustaches, he snapped his fingers.

...And now I'm in the mountains eating grass. There is such beauty that I want to scream. I shouted, but the echoes of the wild neighing. The air filled with aromas of hot summer, excites in the memory of the pleasurable feelings: wants to lie down and take a ride on the green grass. But there comes to me a bearded man in fur cap and cloak, throws his rifle over his back, catches me by the leash, sits on top of me and with a whistle beats with his whip. "Well, Winged, quite insolent, I thought, taking place in a gallop, – I don't want to be a horse and carry back some Abrek"! Flying at full gallop through mountain trails. On turns the corner of his eye noted that we jump another rider with rifle and knife on the belt. But then in turn appears a carriage with well-dressed and happy people. Feeling like he upsets me, I thought that it will be the way to ask, but he will drink from a gun, I even went deaf.

– Well, – he said through his teeth. – Come on Dengi, and gold. Ne, axe head!

Those given away everything of value. They somehow immediately became sad. One of the women even cried. Then they went our way, and we – his.

– Well, of Kobo-loaf, when to divide? asks his accomplice, approaching closer.

– Share, don't worry. And jump further. But here we meet – soldiers, also with guns.

– Wait a minute! – they command. – Who are you?

– Travellers we are. Lost, – say the outlaws and unfold themselves. —

Yes these are the ones who Rob on the roads. And the descriptions fit. Wait! – shouts one of them, apparently, the elder. And beat me with his whip on the sides, and hurts so much! Take right off the bat and rush faster than the wind. Rear heard the gunshots and whistling bullets. My owner is single shots from a revolver. His partner in crime long been left behind, apparently, he was hit. Run at top speed, but a moment later, abyss and I, hot pursuit, jump over it. But the crevice was wider than I thought, and rear hooves failed. And my master, do not hold back in the saddle, falls back and gets tangled in the stirrups. Here I collect all my strength and pull myself along with my rider out of the abyss. Smell of hydrogen sulfide...

– Would be better if you fell into the abyss with him, says Cruise with a Georgian accent. – There would be what happened during his reign. To me it was like balm for the soul, but it's not like the Creator.

– And nothing that he received rasuluhu and stripped the country defended from fascism. Raised the country from ruins to the heights of space? And, as we know, winners are not judged.

Is there perhaps not judged, then I judge. If defeated, then someone ruined and took away someone else's life. I got them all in a special list, purgatory pass, not yet washed clean of their souls. And without cleaning, only children up to three years because have not had time to sin and Pets.

– And the camel, too, pet? timidly I put in, So why he too suffers along with everyone else in the "waiting room"?

– This brainless creature, did not become "home" and marching across the desert without food and water. No, you're not doing? I even explain to him... so, what am I? And, I have all judged, and the rulers even more.

And Yes there was even such a ruler who would Radel for his people, ' I said. And immediately regretted it, watching as he defiantly raises a hand to flick a finger.

...Door flies open hot wind, and with it some black boy and falls down.

– Madam, You dispatch from the king Solomon. Turn around. Anyone. That is to me? Look – the clothes on me what a strange. Begin to feel yourself from top to bottom. My chest somehow large and soft! Down below, and there is nothing there!

Well, Cruise! Well, the evil one, I did not have to be a drag Queen? – cursed me.

– Mrs. Bilkis! You an invitation from the king Suleyman, said to have taken some kind of bird and flew back.

“Go,” I tell him. And the most curious. I run to the mirrors. And from there looks at me the girl of indescribable beauty. Even my jaw dropped. As soon as we look at each other, she starts to like me. In fact, she was very beautiful. But I read somewhere that the Princess of Sheba – Bilkis, the rumors were goat legs. With the fear lift up your dress and see that the legs are quite decent and very good! And, I believe, need to hide from prying eyes, so as not jinxed. And then pulls dress, anxiously looking around. So the invitation of king Solomon, reasoned, ... or rather I spoke aloud, staring at the message with the seal of the Israeli ruler. – To go not to go? Maybe he wants to take me to wife? And so they say he has seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines! But he is very rich and wise ruler! Good to talk to him, but to prove him with riddles and questions, how smart he is. But we’ll see.

Ring the bell. The door flies open, and more importantly is a man of about fifty with a scimitar at his side.

– Yes, Madam! I wish what?

– It’s the invitation of king Solomon. And the full moon go to him. A hundred camels loaded with goods Yes, incense, gold and precious stones. Food and water do not regret the road is long and dangerous. Yes people don’t forget armed.

– Yes, Mrs. Bilkis.

The way was long and tedious. But still worth so much to shake on camels across the desert to meet the king Solomon. To the city gate he left the Governor astride a swift steed with a small retinue and, seeing me, blossomed into a smile.

– Mrs. Bilkis! I had heard about Your beauty, but didn’t think to this extent. You’re adorable! You will be taken to Your rooms. Relax from the road. And then welcome to contact us, we will talk.

The table was heaped with food. The dishes were varied one after the other. Music and dancing concubines contributed to a peaceful conversation. And we talked to him about everything. On the seventh day of our conversation, he said:

– My Lady! It seems to me that we are kindred spirits. And it would not hurt us to become even closer...

– It’s impossible. And, in my opinion, You and without me enough of their concubines?

The street heard the screams and the noise.

– Come on, let’s see what’s in there, ' he said, handing me an Apple and boyish ozoroa, ran in front of me. I, carried away by his offer, and followed him.

The way to the street passed through a room with mirrored floors flooded. And, unwittingly following him, lifted the edge of the dress to us. And he turned and looked at my feet. And seeing the embarrassment on my face, said, smiling gently:

– All good! Don’t worry. I won’t tell anyone that You have crooked legs.

I, feeling a blush of shame, launched his Apple. He deftly caught it and, with a mouthful, he shook his finger. On the square before the Palace was a crowd of people:

Please the king! Let come and will judge justly.

Seeing the ruler, the square was silent. Summed up the two women, one of them was holding the baby.

– I’m listening, ' said Solomon.

Is my child, ' said the first woman.

– No! This is my child! – said another woman.

– Cut the baby in half, let them both go, ' said Solomon, thinking.

– Well, then chop. Let he does not get it, – said the first woman.

– Don't do it! Give her, said with tears the second woman.

– That is the real mother of the child, – the Ruler said, pointing at the second woman. – Give the child to her!

– Thank you! You are very wise. Loud, – cried the grateful woman, falling on her knees and kissing his feet.

In fact, the wisdom of the ruler of Solomon. Judging by his unostentatious richness and contentment to them, his people can be judged on his ability to lead the country.

– Yes, My Lady, You have not forgotten about my offer? he asked once before leaving. I was already seriously involved with him. But what I kept. Maybe because I'm in a past life was a man?

“Impossible,” I said sadly.

– Then we'll make you a bet. You haven't had to steal out of my house. Otherwise, do not blame me!

It was stuffy and at night was thirsty. To call the servants did not. And she went to the water tank to drink. Not had time to scoop up the water and make a couple of SIPS, as if from under the earth, rose the figure of the ruler.

Well, and there You go!

Then came saving a click, and smelled of sulfur...

Chapter three. MiG third

A second later I already stood in front of the “Winged”.

Well, Borodulin, he said without the Mat, which surprised me. – Can you answer this question? Why stole a knife from Romanov?

– Can be, and I will answer, I say, and I think what he’s getting at. From these fluctuations in his mood, nothing good can be expected. He always had a catch. Lazily, but with great pleasure I turn the pages of the recent barefoot childhood, I think to myself, what does he want?

...A click and the smell of ozone. And I got behind the wheel in the native village. From touching the iron wire to the rim of the wheel heard a pleasant, subtle to my ears, the metal ringing. Hot. I’m in shorts with straps and a shirt with short sleeves made of thick fabric. Who made me a mother with your own hands “in mind” of his father’s shirt on his birthday. Then I turned five years old. Then I got suits from the trendiest designers, but these shorts were for me the most expensive because it was from my Mom. And without fear or tear or stain, it was possible to climb all the fences and trees and running around barefoot after the rain. When oncoming I got home, I got caught right in the door and put in a bucket of warm water, washed with the pants. I had them alone. And when they were dried on a perch in front of the stove, I had to stay at home, and then, checking them for drying.

But my friend Fedka pants were many and from the store. And when they get dirty and, God forbid, torn, for him it was enough. He enviously looked at my shorts. And he once offered to swap for a while. Changed. But he again gave up... thinking I’m in his pants’ll be somewhere to sit and do nothing. There it was! I also climbed the fences and, of course, broke. He again went to the nuts. And he didn’t change. Summer in the village this is the good time. You can run barefoot anywhere. The wheel is spinning and ringing.

– Well, the chickens get out of my way! Not crush! – I shouted at the animals, and chickens with heart-rending cry crumble in front of me.

The village is small, behind the wheel for an hour to run, if you do not make stops! How not to stay near the shop where unload hot bread and not to help the crippled uncle Pete to carry already emptied the trays.

– Hello, uncle Peter! God help you!

– God is not a God! He would have helped.

Usually, making your job, we sit with uncle Pete on the steps of the store and eat hot bread, breaking off right from the loaf, spreading around the smell of freshly baked bread.

– I don’t have time today to sit around, I tell uncle Pete. – We still have a school garden to check. And then ripe strawberry, and without me it will bring!

– It is reasonable – said uncle Peter, breaking off my bread.

And the piece of bread I’m eating on the run, having fun pushing my wheel.

– Oh, Hey, Rogue! again rid of him? I hope nobody got bitten? I say the neighbor’s dog named’bars, which we simply called “Rogue”. And he wasn’t offended. Rogue is already running next to me, looking at my bread with the idea, I will have earned it or not? But for that I need to stop I press on the brakes, turning the iron hook inside of the wheel, and pull on yourself. Rogue a piece of bread only on one tooth. Swallowed again, sitting and smiling and ingratiating tail wagging, waiting.

– On, hold still! he swallowed and licked his lips. She’s a good dog, a Siberian breed with blue eyes. But only his master, the projectionist, uncle Kolya, often put him on a chain, what makes him angrier. And when removed, always biting my right thigh my roommate Albina. And the father of Albina wanted to shoot the Crook. Well, the gun misfired, and the Crook fled. And then he would sit at my feet, licking his lips. Once he even saved me. Asked me as the father in the spring to cut the willow for weaving baskets. I took the sled on hard snow went to the nearest willow. When I finally cut

some branches and tied them with ropes to the sled, the sun already rising over the village, beginning to warm. Ice cover in the open from the bushes have already started to melt and did not maintain my weight – I failed. So I kept the shade of rare trees and bushes and did not notice that I was surrounded by a pack of angry dogs. Don't really remember how I ended up on the nearest tree. Began to call for help. I was near the village, but no one heard me. Heard was a Crook and ran, breaking the chain. He dispersed the angry dogs.

– Drove on, my Savior, – I smiled. The dog, pleased that he was allowed to run around, I started jumping around me. Here and school. In the gap between the fence visible to students passing their internship.

– Hey, guys! Strawberries are not yet ripe?

– No more green! In a week or so come – meet the pioneers through the bushes.

And we're running on. On "Sakhalin" – a few houses behind the forest – we call will not. It's hot today. We have to see what movie they brought, and still have time for a swim before lunch in the pond. Now up this alley on the left near the well to the club. And just uncle nick unloads cans with film. Seeing the master, the dog makes a detour through the Park and the club is waiting for me behind the club that it was caught and chained.

– Hi, uncle nick! That brought? I ask, making a stop, and he glances at Rogue. He only has ears for nettles sticking out.

– The swineherd and the shepherd – meets uncle nick, removing the jar from the cart.

– A "Charlie Chaplin" when? A children's session? – he's Fielding questions from me.

Thank you for coming. Come!

Well, now one more task – to find five cents for a matinee. Can and egg or blanket to swipe the window from the sun. But mom does not give a blanket after time broke off the nail.

– Bye, uncle nick!

– Hey, wait! Look, Daniel! Do not give uncle Pete a poster? Let the beat near the shop. Still it is nothing to do. And then I land on the horse yard to take necessary and even a few things.

Yes, I know what he's doing! To meet Zoe, the daughter Zlobin, and kissing passionately. I've seen how they kissed at Bakalovich at the party. Went once Bakalova to visit. And the house was left to daughters, Zina and Dean. One eighteen, the other sixteen. Got scared and they are alone at home to sleep and came to my mother with a request to let me go to them. Agreed. I was jumping for joy, knowing that you can go crazy: blind man's bluff, hide and seek and stuff. Just at this time our guest was aunt Hayat and she, sipping tea from the saucer, said:

– Is now the party! I had a party that need. We also went. Previously, clubs were not and we, the young, had nowhere to meet, especially in winter. Sometimes, we learn, whose parents went to visit and come to negotiate. And, in the evening gathered, anything we cook together. Here comes your boyfriend, will you dance to the accordion, sing, blindman's buff with all the play – it was fun. And then, before the first roosters went to sleep side by side with someone. Of course, I wanted to try. But before you wear three pants drawstring and pull tight-natugo each plot. And here puffing your boyfriend all night on the drawstring until all the nails are not broken off. And it is only up to the first cocks. And God forbid, who will see in the morning, laughed at. Now what? Girls take off panties together with boots at the door. And then cry whole life! And where only the world is heading? In the middle of a game of hide and seek when they caught me, there was a knock at the door. The sisters fell silent. The knocking was repeated.

"Listen," Dean tells me. – You come out and say in a rough voice: "Who's there?" If you answer, tell them to get lost, not that you their heads will boatcruise!

I did, but no one believed me and the knocking was repeated. The sisters had to open. It was uncle nick and Zoe, they came to the light. Now hide and seek played with five players. And when uncle nick caught Zoe, kissing her plump lips. Oncoming after tea went to bed. I'm separately on the

stove. Sisters together. Uncle Kolya and Zoe. But before that, uncle nick called me over the stove and said:

– Listen, old man, you never saw us. We were not here. Understand? If you won't tell anyone, I'm going to put in a movie for free! Okay?

– Okay, – I agreed.

And he let me in movie free, five or six times. But then somehow forgot our deal, thinking that he has paid.

– By the way, why don't you marry Zoe she is a girl right... I'd got married – I joked.

– You still “genica” has not grown, – said uncle nick. What he had in mind, I do not understand. Well, okay. If I take a poster of uncle Pete, so I go to the movies for free. That made me happy.

Presenting the poster of uncle Pete, run to the pond to bathe. And undressing on the move, jump into the water. Of course, where it's shallow and the water is warmed. But the water today was cold, or the fact that the guys created, whether from the current. Nakupavshis, go bask to the mill. Do not say, nice to feel back, covered with “goose bumps”, vibrating, warmed by the summer sun, and logs. And then go down to the latrine tray and does not see the Miller uncle Alex, scoop up a handful of warm flour, send in your mouth and, choking with laughter, hardly moving language, something to talk with the guys. And then dip again to run to warm the logs.

You can still bask in the wading pool in warm ponds where lime soaked splints and then in the autumn tear them with urine. But after we Fyodor came out of there covered with leeches, more there is no one warming up. It was full of croaking frogs which are in the evening, vying with the warblers arranged such concerts to hear them!

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