




Evgeny Kleymenov

Dream

If you fall into insanity, you will get
another name



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insanity, you will get another name**

«Издательские решения»

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Meet the world of “Gods” — the masters of our fates. As a result of an absolute mess, they’ve become ordinary participants of their own games. What is a dream — a reality or a myth? Is there any difference between the real world and the distraction one? Our main character “The God” Egor is destined to deal with these worlds by sorting himself out.

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SLEEP 1

*“The God has very different plans for people, and is it a sin?...
They are people who like labels.”*

Can you imagine what Gods say in paradise about people? I bet on the black one, red one, white one, bet on a pimply man, a bearded manor that crowd of people that are trying to become happy. Like, their dreams might come true and they will survive in this world for more than a dozen years and go to the paradise. May their hearts be open and may their relations and thoughts be serene. May they remain honest and trustful, and should they taste the betrayal, may they be able to recognize this and to earn forgiveness. Otherwise they will become cold-hearted and go straight to hell.

That's the Gods' way to spend the evenings in the paradise, they just play out people's lives, killing a boredom making people's life meaningful. The paradox of such a world in that someone is reverent because of someone's boredom – mostly the God's.

Some Gods have never been playing. They have taken care of their wards with all their might, which eventually led to loss of their personality – the gods became their protégés. After that they are usually sent down to earth in human bodies, so that they could live life and don't think about it any more. And their protégés should be destroyed, for two identical particles can't live in this world. This disease is called “A love to mankind”, after such a journey the Gods begin to play immediately, no one ever again does the same thing. What's worse, don'tall were able to return, for to return from the human everydayness is too much. If someone should not return, he will be being forgotten, and his name is erased from signs “Gods of Paradise”, and no one talking about him any more.

Gods in people's bodies are always different from regular people by their superhuman abilities. No one will be sent to Earth without a cover. The covers are the Angels who help these Gods return to the paradise. And proceed to their immediate duties. They do this in many ways: they are Gods in demons, angels or ordinary people who deprive them of the sense of living on Earth. They helped to live this human life as quickly as possible. For the Angels, this is also difficult. Some of them are so cared for so long that they forgot themselves and reincarnated in uncontrollable demons who tortured all – Gods and everyone who played for a long time in the human games, not remained the same.

Earth for the Gods is like a psychiatric hospital for people, where you can think what you want, and to do whatever you want to as long as you don't caught and not stuffed with drugs that intoxicate your mind, blocking your consciousness. After you stop taking medication, your madness breaks out thousands of times faster than it was before. None wants to live in cell, even this cell of psychotherapeutic drugs. Why does the attitude of the Gods to the people have change after the journey? Sometimes they begin to despise them. No, the Gods never ceased to be care for them, but now they became more legible and paid less attention to their whims. *“The gods are crying, the world is drowning in sorrow”*. Since now the Gods are gods to rule people, and not run around with them with their love and stupid problems. As He said: “Everyone should know his limits and not get confused, don'tlose oneself. “This truth everyone followed, everyone try to know his limits and mind his business. It's easier for people to live, they live in ignorance, they are His favorites, are entitled to forgiveness, and the Gods themselves forgive them, without any of His instructions. People can mistake, but the Gods can't.

– Do you remember what were you dreaming about? I think I don't... I remember, I remember everything that was there, and I lived it as if an electrical discharge has passed through me, touching my soul. The feelings still overflow me, I was in your dream... Your memories are taken away

to you, there are so many worth remembering things. Everybody doesn't need to know everything. But I remember and I know, I see all this as now. – the narrator smiled sadly and continued. – Those who know make mistakes very often, even lose interest. When we were children, we received surprises from Ded Moroz. What gift will they give us, what will be there, will our desires be fulfilled?..

Bright shining eyes looked under the tree, we with impatiently raked tinsel to get our gift. And many people did. Knowledge is not there is always strength, to some knowledge we just don't ready. This is called "monkey with grenade". Failure to understand the information they were given. We have the knowledge and force which we couldn't cope.

– I don't understand what you are talking about. – the girl confusingly looked around.

They stood on wharf railing, and I was as if other people didn't exist. The sky was gray, filled with leaden clouds, the sea was dark blue, the waves were breaking the sea, and the foam creating beautiful, gloomy colors. All this made the girl depressed.

– It's simple. Now I wish that the dream became a reality. I have to decide if I should tell you what was there, or not. This is a very responsible mission, from it all depends on what is happening.

– So what was it? Are you telling me your vulgarity?

– No, everything was wonderful there, – Arthur looked up at the sky seemed to revel in this memory. – Autumn morning, the fog is descending from mountains, the sun is shining through the fog. I am looking at you – you are all pure beauty. You are standing at coast and you are looking in my eyes... Hah, here you just look. Everything was different there. You looked in my eyes with my heart, not hiding from me. You gave yourself completely to me, opened like a flower, a wonderful morning flower, a lily bud.

He grinned, went to dense banisters and then continued seriously:

– I know how much you love the sea, how much you love the sea wind ... – He shuddered. – Well and I don't like to endure it. I'm shivering. How can you be so dry and love the sea?

– *"How can you be so dry and love the sea?"* "Are you telling me this?" – Natalie looked away and lost eyes in sea.

– Of course, your drought is not can even conquer the sea. They say the opposites attract. Well, and I believe that all this is nonsense. I'm attracted to don't you from great love for you, and because I love when I'm tormented. Yes... I've chosen you! Alas, it was not at your strength, to prevent this. You have repeatedly denied your knights, but when you fell in love, threw you, as you call it – "betrayed". And here you decided that people don't love, and is not so, silly princess...

Arthur came over from behind and whispered over her ear:

– That's you who can't love...

Her look is not changed, only her eyes ran over to the sea.

– All this is not your mask, it's there is you... I noticed this recently, I blindly believed you, my decision to be with you appeared somehow at once, even at our first meeting. And I don't deny it. But you're a fucking princess! You needed knight fights, exploits... What is this feats, you and not knew. All your men have gone through this, – Arthur stood in front of her, she was looking at the sea clinging to railings.

– You are a doll, you don't have emotions, you are all made of templates. When this is understood by your chosen one, he leaves, and you're just starting to fall in love... And again: "I should hide under the mask!", "Men don't able to love!" "... It's simple! They don't know your mask hides you, no one wants to love an emotionless doll! You are this doll!

He got out and turned his back. The girl turned, raised and said.

– After all, you love me...

– I love you! – The guy laughed and continued shouting: – I don't love you! I love people like you! "There are hundreds of you, – he continued calmly, that I give myself away to you, to one and only. I'm not clean, I want to revive you, breathe at least a little emotion in your empty life. You hide

under the guise of indifference, but eventually, turn into a an indifferent doll. Then it's too late to run and scream: "I love life and its pleasures."

Arthur turned to Natalie and looked straight at her eyes.

– It's not everything, Natalie... I'll tell you to love and never give up. My act is not surrender, this is the plan of victory. I left several messages for you, so in general, you know what you need to do. Live life to the fullest, in love...

Arthur pulled out a gun and put the trunk to his temple. Shot, the body falls on deck, Arthur lies in the spreading a halo of his blood... The berth was filled with panic, but Natalie doesn't hear, everything sounds like a dream, the sounds are muffled.

She fell on knees, and at her eyes, where the halo of Art's blood was reflected, there was only the sea, a sea of tears.

SLEEP 2

– Are you sure that you should go to the funeral? – Xenia looked empathically at sad Natalie.
– I have to go, it's my duty for a friend. – eyes looked around, in nowhere, her thoughts were not here.

– Can you stand it? I know that you are strong and you won't break, but... Look in my eyes and say: "I will manage".

She approached – Natalie and looked directly at her in eyes.

– I can handle! – her words sounded confident.

Not many people attended the funeral, Arthur admitted to only interesting people. His relatives stood in side, people came up and expressed their condolences.

A young man stood beside Natalie. He smelled this same sweet perfume, like Arthur. He wore a large hood, his face couldn't be seen. You could see the malicious smile that plunged Natalie into perplexity and a little angry.

– Do you think it's funny? – she reproached the guy.

– Sorry, he was just my friend, although we not were well acquainted.

The guy looked Natalie right in eyes, she shuddered. She still couldn't see his face.

– Between us like an eternity, and As if we are one... Not I even know how Explain...

The guy turned away and was buried into themeditations, not arranging.

– I'm Natalie, – the girl held out her hand.

The stranger answered with an indifferent handshake, staying in his meditations, not telling his name.

– He asked me ... – he said slowly, as if recalling what asked him Arthur about.

– Asked than?

Her words returned the guy to reality.

– Excuse me...

The guy headed towards exit from cemeteries.

Natalie watched him go, completely confused. About what did Arthur ask him? The people on the cemetery were looking at Natalie. She didn't have time to think about this guy, she cringed and put her hands in pockets coat. There she felt a piece of paper. She reached and unfolded, seeing Arthur's handwriting.

It said: "Everything turned out very tragically, in my style. Now you have to clear up my deed. We are bound by my death and your happiness. I planned all this for one week to my ascension. The price to tell you this is so high, I'm sorry. I acted like a bastard, but this outcome was the best. Not pay attention to people's views, do what you always wanted, don't dwell on my death. And it's not worth living in this small town, you are not endure this...

My death laid the foundation for your happiness."

Natalie glanced at exit from cemetery, but that guy disappeared, she wanted to escape, she was stopped by Xenia, who came to her.

– Are you OK? – Xenia's voice returned to Natalie to the reality.

– No, I'm not OK. Arthur is right, I'm gone, – she looked into the distance, in the distance of the desert, where the clouds were already gathering. The girl's eyes filled with tears.

– It is decided that there will be a sea here, – Natalie said with a grin.

How often do we hear the words: “Don't go away, I need you”, “I won't live without you”, “I love you.”? And how much do they cost when we say them?. All this world depends on friend, on the moment and consequences of this relationship...

As we leave and only sometimes we think to return, when nothing can be returned.

SLEEP 3

6 months later.

Street, building, there is an inscription above the entrance “Psychological Assistance Center”. Let’s go to the hall, it’s empty, there is the rack and the inscription “Registrar”. Let’s go to the ladder on second floor, climb it, go to the corridor and we can see many offices. Let’s go to the one large study. It reminds the ward, there are chairs in center of the room standing in circle. Eight chairs, there are people on them facing each other, people of different ages, sex and appearance. In the corner there is a table and cooler with water, and there is sign on table: “AA society.” Let’s stop here.

Here stands a man with bald patch on head, in gray jumper and brown trousers – nothing remarkable.

– I declare open the evening of anonymous alcoholics!

He looked at attendees.

– Look, we have three new faces here, but let’s start with experienced. Nikita, let’s get you started.

The man sat on his chair, pointing at a young guy of about thirty.

The guy looked up, grinned and began to talk indifferently:

– Good afternoon. I love coming here – everyone is given pencils and badges, they say, enter your name. So that everyone could read it and refer to you with name. What’s that called, doc? If I don’t mistaken, “friendly attitude” – you are called by the name, and you don’t feel abandoned. But it’s a collection of anonymous alcoholics! What the ridiculous title, if you still need to write your own name?

– That’s right, Nikita, here’s a friendly attitude, – a man with a bald spot smiled. On his badge it was written: “Roman, dock.”

– My name is Nikita, I’m 35 years. Hooked on alcohol with twenty-two years old. TI state in this community for two months, not I don’t take a drop in mouth with these same pores. I was a rock musician, well, you see, we played good music, then euphoria came and girls take off the panties and jumped on you. But time has passed, and we are not managed to get into show business. Everyone needs girls, and not lads. Envy of money-bags, that’s killed us. They wanted to be us and just fucked us with your thick wallet.

– Just your music sucks, that’s it. – said the girl sitting next to him with a smoky voice.

– Hah, repeat this when you give me a blowjob, Mary, – The guy showed a defiant gesture.

– Let’s not argue! – interfered doc.

– I’ve ruined my best years of life because of this bastard. He promised me glory and money, and what did I get in return? – The girl looked at the audience for support. – And now I’m in such a state because of him.

Mary pointed to Nikita. Nikita leaned back on the chair, remaining indifferent to what is happening. The girl desperately has plunged into his thoughts.

– Not the best start, dock, – an elderly and slovenly man said reproachfully.

– Then maybe you, Peter? – kindly suggested doc.

– All right, doc. I’m Peter, I don’t remember my age, and it is not important yet,. I was kicked out the work, and I began to drink. My wife left me and took the child, I didn’t care. But five years ago, when I saw my daughter entering Institute, I cursed everything. Cursed himself, cursed its weakness. It happens that you just lose yourself and can find it no longer. They call this the middle age crisis.

She, my daughter, was perfect. How could I leave my family and to become such a nonentity? And for five years now I haven’t drunk, I work as a janitor and trying to communicate with my

daughter. Fortunately, she talks to me. That's all, oh than I can tell, I don'teloquent, – Peter smiled. – Fight for that is dear to you.

– Thank you, Peter, you're done. Let's pat.

Everyone clapped as it was appropriate. Doc tried his best, but all his words were played.

– I want to tell my story, – Natalie raised her hand and stared at the doctors. She was drunk, but neat.

– Yes, of course, please, – the doctor was delighted.

– I am Natalie, six months ago began to drink, drink and by this day, and all because of a feeling of guilt. This wine doesn't give me rest, it just kills me.

Natalie winced, she pulled out of handbag bottle of whiskey, took a couple of sips and returned it to a place.

– My psychologist made me to go to you, and here I am. Now life for me, like a dream, it's all a bloody nightmare.

There was a silence, Natalie thought for a minute.

– Thank you, Natalie, do you want to add anything else? The doctor asked graciously.

– No, I did not! – Natalie leaned back the back of the chair and closed her eyes, as if playing poker.

– Maybe then you, Yegor, you do you came the first time too? – the doctor turned to the guy sitting next to Natalie.

– I'm Yegor, drank from sixteen years, and I never wanted to stop drinking. You know, religious cults of all nations assume worship of a higher being, usually called God. A if you become its opposite, it can only mean one thing – you have learned the truth of another being. And yes, the alcohol helped. How shamans immerse themselves in trance under the influence of dope and see the truth, so did I. I was an intelligent child and everything was easy for me, so I got bored with life, there was pain from awareness and understanding what is what. People are very cruel, even for relation to imagine what there is to talk about the rest... I flew in its delirium... Flying like a bird in heaven, soar and shit on all of you! That's how I am living.

Yegor looked at the audience and smiled sadly:

– Of course, all this is a fraud, but it's my deceit, it heats me and gives me the meaning of life. To revel in your nonentity, like a deity, – this is a mistake... But I did it. Of course, this is not the whole truth, probably I just ran away from reality, but she is very harsh, even to good people and neither in than innocent children.

The public looked at Yegor with incomprehensible eyes.

– Well, here's a story for you, – Taking a deep breath, he began his narrative. – Once upon a time I had the opportunity to see such a picture. We drank at apartment of some local alcoholic. there was a middle-aged man, he pierced himself with iron swords, as if for him it was a game. With all this oozing blood, he did not stop and continued the performance.

Sword after sword, he thrust into his body, on his face was visible pain, but this pain is not from swords, he had some mysterious pain, which he wanted to muffle his cuts. It was written in his eyes. The people were drunk and admired his performance. And me, too. And yet it was scary. People put money in his hat, which lay by his side. This man earned his living this way. Probably, he worked in the circus.

Doc cleared his throat, but only Yegor noticed, the others heard only Yegor's voice.

– After the performance, he poured whiskey on his wounds. He lit a cigarette and stared at me with his frightening eyes. As I now remember this moment and his words. "Come, youngster," – this guy turned to me. I approached, and from fear trembling feet. "You are weak, your fear does not give you rest. I conquered my fear, and can you defeat yours? "He handed me his bloody sword:" Can you defeat him? " – and put a weapon in my palm. I took this sword and put it to my throat. The tip of cold steel froze beside my Adam's apple. It was some kind of madness, I was ready to stick it

in my throat! “Stop the guy!” – The voice that called me belonged to a man I did not know. “Your fear in your head, “continued the voice, “that’s what’s stopping you, and this nonsense will not help you, like this fool.” In these words, the owner of the voice tore the sword from my hands. He was about my age – at that time I was 25 years old, and I was already drunk.

Yegor stopped for a second, assessing the effect produced on the listeners. Everyone listened to him in the same spellbound way.

– So that’s it! I stood numb and not I understood what is happening. The intervening guy no longer paid any attention to me, he looked at the man, directly into his eyes. he had a penetrating sight. And then the man burst into tears, like a child! Not looking away from the guy, he was crying! By God, he cried like a child. “You’re right, “said the peasant, got up and left, wiping away his tears. From all that was happening and the alcohol drunk, I fell out and fell on the sofa that stood next to me. I woke up only in the morning, I don’t know where they went, but the apartment was no longer there. And no one knew where the two had gone. A year later, I happened to meet this guy, well, one with a penetrating gaze – Yegor began to tell more animatedly – and he just beat me, for no reason. I was attacked like a beast and beat me until I started to suffocate. Then he called me to the bar, as if nothing had happened, as if I were his old friend. And I went with him. I always was not against drinking for free. We sit in a bar, he ordered a bottle of expensive whiskey. “My name is Arthur, we’ve already met.” “They call me Yegor, yes, I remember you.” A I’m straining myself even more, thinking what he wants from me. “You know that you are not him? Not that man with swords, who shocked you. You’re just a drunk, you don’t need to do anything supernatural, just help people, that’s all. ” “Yes, how, I need this!” – I laughed and continued to suppress whiskey. “You’ve said everything right, I’m a drunk” – I lifted a glass of whiskey, as if he had said a good toast. “I did not beat you for fun. Have everything has its own purpose, “Art says in a calm voice. “Well, thank you!” – I said ironically, my sides were still aching. “Soon you will know everything yourself...” My eyes began to blur out before my eyes, and I lost consciousness. I woke up already on the track. That evening fell out of memory. I was thrown to the house by a peasant on a red truck. And here already half a year as I don’t drink. AND not pulls to drink, I now have my own profitable business. I understand that Arthur owes everything, but I can’t explain why. And the other day they slipped me a note: “Come to a gathering of anonymous alcoholics and tell your story.” Signature – Art... Well, everything, Art, you can leave, and we all will pat, – clowning, called Yegor. “You were right, I don’t know how, but you changed my life.”

Yegor looked around for the door, from which Arthur would come out.

Natalie has long been sitting in confusion. Gathering her strength, she looked straight into Yegor’s eyes.

– He will not come out, he’s dead.

SLEEP 4

“So the worlds of his imagination, the hundreds of thousands of names, places, religions, things and aspects of being clashed. How can you name all this? Where is the face of the existence of the worlds? Are these different worlds? Or is it hundreds of thousands of worlds woven into one? Knowing all this, it’s hard to be in a sober mind and to perceive everything as an ordinary phenomenon. Not everyone will be able not to succumb to hysteria, to save themselves.”

HAVE BEEN LEADED TO ALL?

He lay charred and looked straight into her soul his with charred eyes... On her cheek a tear rolled down, she fell to her knees and cried out:

– Forgive me, dear! I will love you forever!

Gathered, Natalie continued:

– Burned people don't have eyes, but you look at me with your darkness, emptiness. You are a monster.

A minute later she got up, brushed a tear, lit a cigarette and walked along the highway...

What could have made her do this? Life, pain, love. Or an unborn child who is already in her stomach. The gift of life is not an easy burden for mothers.

God Yegor burst into tears, he felt all of his and her pain. They were destroyed by love. Tears poured down in a stream, and no one could stop him, he cried and fought in hysterics. Behind his back was already a black Angel, in the sky such a surge of emotion does not pass without a trace. He wrapped his large black wings around him. And carried away into oblivion, the Gods have no time limits, no one knows at what period God will come to Earth.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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