

Maxim Mamedov



**Yellow  
Notes**

**Dementia**

**Maxim Mamedov**  
**Yellow Notes. Dementia**

*[http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio\\_book/?art=23282920](http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=23282920)*

*ISBN 9785448387722*

**Аннотация**

“Yellow Notes” is a collection of stories about mentally ill people. The main characters are trying to live a normal life, to heal, or to understand the nature of the ailment at least.

# Содержание

The crack within	5
Paper walls	8
Melbourne	8
Eleanor	9
The Herald	11
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	12

# **Yellow Notes**

## **Dementia**

**Maxim Mamedov**

*Dedicated to my imaginary friends*

*Translator* Maxim Mamedov

© Maxim Mamedov, 2018

© Maxim Mamedov, translation, 2018

ISBN 978-5-4483-8772-2

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

# The crack within

The academic year was ending and Alex was finishing his studying. He felt great and was full of vigour, as befits a young man in twenty-four. He was going to get a degree and become a real doctor. He dreamed about it for a long time. Alex was an attractive young man, but he could not get along with girls more than a couple of weeks.

One day he met Natalie. They immediately liked each other, but Alex realised that it could not be more than an ordinary affair. However, they spent much time together and were so accustomed to each other, that Alex decided not to delay and offered to marry.

A little later Natalie told that she had a child from a previous marriage, a son. His name was Max. Alex was ready to adopt someone else's child for the sake of its women.

Some time later, they moved into their new home, which was located on the outskirts of the city. It was quiet and peaceful place – just what he needed to work quietly. Alex did not sleep at nights. He wanted to finish the work in time. He wanted to catch everything. As a result, the physical and moral fatigue gave itself felt and Alex decided to choke them with an alcohol.

The days dragged on, and years passed one-by-one. Life changed. Slightly in a moment, but perceptibly over the years. Alex hooked on alcohol, became irritable and quick-tempered

when he was drunk. Max grew up and became a very difficult teenager. He was constantly on the street, hung out with shady companies and come home drunk or stoned every day. Alex started beating Natalie and Max. He wanted to get rid of his heartache and aggression.

Sometime later Alex began to notice that some things began to disappear: jewellery, gadgets and money. Alex hated Max because was sure that it was Max who stole that things to spend on alcohol, drugs and other entertainment with his suspicious friends. Max, in turn, was sure it was Alex got drunk to the point that he could not remember what and when he did and stole things to buy a bottle.

Alex came up with the idea to put hidden cameras in the house to catch Max red-handed. Alex took the day off, waited until Natalie went to work; Max went to school and installed cameras in the bedroom, living room, and all rooms where valuables were. When the family returned home, he met them in a good mood, as if nothing had happened.

Days passed, valuable things stopped to disappear. Alex relaxed thinking that Max corrected and stopped stealing. However, life became boring. Alex continued drinking and beating his family.

One morning, Alex woke up with a hangover and realised that his watch disappeared. No one was home and Alex decided to test the camera for the first time after the installation.

There was no limit to Alex's surprise when he saw that the last

six months he was totally alone in the house.

# Paper walls

## Melbourne

That year's winter was cold. The temperature did not rise above forty one-forty-four degrees Fahrenheit. That was at the very beginning of June! Generally, the climate in the southern hemisphere was the same, but that year was very cold. Even January, the warmest month of the year, made me sit at home.

However, I always sat at home. After graduation, my whole life was reduced to watching serials, photographing my room and views from the window, as well as endless updating Web pages with ads or vacancies under mum's angry cries. She threatened to expel me out if I do not find a job. I was ashamed to be a drag, but I wanted more. I did not want to be an ordinary staff in an ordinary company. I wanted to see the world. Now I saw only the vacancy site and dating site.

Yes, I had not a personal life. All the girls I liked were a little repelled that I had no job and I lived with my mum.

However, I was honest.

# Eleanor

Days followed by days and my life did not change. Life was a looped scenario: I woke up around five o'clock in the evening because went to bed at dawn. I turned on the computer, had a lunch. Overall, I was a normal owl.

Once again trying to find a job, I opened the dating site and started to view girls' photos. In Melbourne and then across Australia, and then around the world.

Have no idea how long I have been online, but when I surfed to Canada, I decided to stop. A pretty girl attracted my attention. On view – no more than nineteen. I went to her page and started view her photos.

Nice.

Decided to write. Let be a familiar on the other side of the world, it is interesting. Judging by the difference in time, in Montreal, where she was from, it was early morning. I mentally nicknamed her “the girl from the past” —there just began Tuesday and I lived on Wednesday.

She answered at about eleven o'clock in the evening. Weigh the time difference; I realised that she must just wake up. In Montreal, it was about seven o'clock in the morning.

We chatted days away. She told me that she never went anywhere and sat at home. It was a pity that she was so far away. She was a soulmate. I told her that, but she jested, saying that

she did not like me.

# The Herald

We spent all that time together with Eleanor if it could be called so.

Virtual, sure.

We surfed the Internet together, looked for interesting or just funny ads.

However, once I got the job, from which all my insides wrung. The local newspaper “the Herald” required a photographer, ready for international travels.

I did not linger for a second, I dialled the number specified in the ad and signed up for an interview. Eleanor promised to keep her fists and swear hard. I do not particularly understand why she must swear. Probably, a local thing. Anyway ...

I got that job. I was delighted, but mum was happier than I was. It can be understood. Well, Eleanor was a little upset because I could not be able to be constantly in touch. However, I promised to send her pictures of every place I could visit.

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.