


NIKOLAI YAKUNENKOV

Stained glass



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story

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Yakunenkov N.

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The world of the near future. Progress is clearly not benefited the people. Here evil hides under the mask of religion, and religion-under the mask of evil. But Boris does not think so, he lives in his illusory world...

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In the bar smelled of cigarette smoke rock music sounded softly. At this time of day it was not crowded. The influx of visitors was expected much later, at nine o'clock, when twilight finally take over the fading city.

The old rock and roll institution attracted many with its free rules of staying in it. That was the only place in the area where you can smoke and not only cigarettes, come in any clothes, except, of course, the style of a hardened street tenant. Therefore, all those who did not drink in other eateries, just passing by, shuddered in wet weather or those who like to smoke with them brought streams of idle people to this place. A glass of cheap beer, a hundred grams of vodka or the opportunity not to be unfounded accused of something obscene made the bar one of the most popular places to stay, and finding it infinitely pleasant.

Now it was on the clock about six in the evening, and the bar was only five people: dark-haired guy-a regular Boris, a girl – bartender at the bar, dark and immense in the shoulders with a fit of severe sleep deprivation on the face of the guard, a young couple of cheap beer lovers at the table – piercing guy and girl in the form of no more than twenty years in the same teen – in the new fashion-outfit with neon spots-reflectors. Around the blue skintight suit Teens gaping pale young skin triangular cutouts, and they would be so frequent that the girl's left breast a small pointed tubercle almost completely out.

“All for show, all for the needs of the audience – looked in their direction Boris and, wincing with disgust, then slowly turned away and then halved one gulp a glass of BlackBerry vodka. – Oh, quite in the modern world morals left. What now the government remains-to allow open intercourse, so as not to violate someone's moral and ugly rights? Heretics...”

In your mouth and lit the alcohol, and the guy with the force pressed to his weather-beaten lips tightly clenched fist. Again squinted at the silently sipping trendy young couple and thought, remembering his, seemed so far away, childhood, a suburb of the capital, drowning in the light of sparkling billboards at every step and floating away into the infinity of the chain of all kinds of shops. The never-ending noisy stream of cars, such that even it was unsafe to go out, so as not to get under the wheels of any of them. All his games and full communication with peers took place purely in the stairwell or in the basement, in a specially equipped city authorities for such leisure room. Only for two hours a day restless streets tried on silence when all city roads were blocked at a certain time by strong pins shooting from the earth. Private land transport stopped its movement, with the exception of improved for urban flights, but it was so rare that the biggest at this time for him – two or three flights of the tram or the car “fast” briefly spoiled the feeling of blissful and long-awaited silence. Only two hours you can enjoy such a delightful moment of life in the city. An hour-in the morning and an hour – in the afternoon that the younger generation managed to get freely, each child in the according to age, to educational institution and to return home. It seemed at such moments, life itself dies, releasing from her womb into the wild world of children, smiling and occasionally drilling his laughter the air between buildings.

This is no longer there, now a special bus on a strict schedule flies to each house to deliver students to the place of study. And the concept of childhood has sunk in the summer: from the execution of the three-year-old child immediately determined, according to the government decree of March 30, 2057, in one of the four genetic clubs: managers, clergy, subordinates and social workers. The last were those whom for eyes in the people called a rabble, offspring of alcoholics, criminals and other morally, in public opinion, the decayed people. For each club – its direction of education and training. Training... training... This is training sitting at the table, exposing their intimate places.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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