

Zhanna Chalabayeva

*Red
Indian Sun*

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Аннотация

The book is about culture, traditions, and life in India. Based on a true story.

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Chapter I

Moscow

One day, Richard Gere said: “People, you can’t hide from your poison. It exists, and it will find you, so, as my friend’s mother said: ‘If I knew that my life would end this way, I would live it to the fullest, enjoying everything I was told not to do!’ None of us get out of here alive, so please stop treating yourself as something secondary. Eat delicious food. Walk in the sun. Jump into the ocean. Share the precious truth that is in your heart. Be silly. Be kind. Be weird. There is simply no time for the rest.”

Every person has one life. And everyone lives it in their own way. Someone lives up to a plan, and someone lives a silly, strange, but interesting life, by his own code.

We never know what fate is preparing for us. This expression has acquired a new meaning for me when one day, unexpectedly for myself, I entered into a correspondence with a stranger from India, whom I later married.

Before the acquaintance with my future Indian husband, I was

not interested in India, but since childhood, I have been a fan of the work of the famous Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore. My parents loved to read books. Almost all the cabinets in the house were crammed with books by various writers. We had the several works of Tagore. As this great Indian poet, I loved to buy bouquets of fresh flowers and put them on the table, then to drink coffee in a beautiful setting from good service and on a beautiful tablecloth. It made my life happier. As Rabindranath Tagore used to say: “Of course, I could live without flowers, but they help me maintain respect for myself because they prove that I am not constrained by everyday concerns. They are evidence of my freedom.”

* * *

Before India I worked for an international human rights organization.

I loved my comfortable life and my interesting job. Every day I went to a colony or prison and worked with convicts. From there I went to my office and studied the appeals of convicts, making for them appeals, petitions, and complaints.

In the mornings, pensioners, women usually came to me with their disabled children, to whom I gave my company car so that it was easier for them to go to hospitals. I sought for them free examinations and treatment in good clinics.

One day a woman came to me with her child. She asked me to help her with the examination and treatment for the child.

I paged thresholds of various instances and institutions, bored with letters to health officials. In the end, we managed to send her and her child for free examination and treatment abroad. I subsequently had a lot of such cases, and for everyone, I tried my best, regardless of their nationality or religion.

American employees regularly visited our office to check our activities, because our organization was sponsored from the US budget.

One day, when I was sitting in my office in the winter, my boss approached me and said that one recidivist in prison required a meeting with me. The next day I went to the city prison.

I usually went to correctional colonies, where the persons sentenced were serving their sentences. This time I had to go to the prison, where there were persons for whom they had not yet been sentenced, or who were waiting to be sent to a colony. Everything here breathed uncertainty, gloomy and hopeless longing. Prisoners dressed in black robes, behind the fence of the checkpoint, inside the prison yard, did their fatigue duties. There was a grim longing for freedom in the air. I passed a checkpoint, then a yard, another checkpoint, another yard and entered the prison building.

It was damp and smelled like mold.

I was asked to go to the prison warden's office.

A gray-haired man with a stern face and clear eyes sat in the office.

– The person who wants to see you is an old recidivist, a wolf

who brought a lot of grief to people. Why are you defending him?

– I do not defend him, but his rights. If his rights have been violated, then we must correct the error.

They provided me with two security guards with the Kalashnikov gun, and we went to the recidivist. A Russian grandfather of about 60 years old was sitting on a chair, his face was arrogant, his faded eyes were sly, and his hands resembled sled-hammers.

– Hello. You said that you wanted to meet with me to discuss your criminal case; – I said and then called my name and surname.

– Surely you are not the Jana, are you? – The recidivist laughed. – You are very popular here. Our guys in prison told me so much about you that you helped a lot to many people, I thought that there such an adult wolf would come, but you look like a kind angel.

– I can leave if you no longer need my help, – I said, shrugging my shoulders.

– No, let me tell you what kind of help I need.

– Tell me what you need.

The grandfather talked for two hours, I wrote down for him, asked questions, then he said:

– Girl, I don't know why, but I believe you. I think you really will help me. I am an old man who reads people like books. You are a pure soul.

I asked him to show me all the documents of his case.

– Bring my documents from my cell, – he asked the prison guard. When they brought the documents, we examined them together and discussed each piece of paper.

Then he turned to me.

– I will give you all the original documents of my case, I believe you, help me.

– I do not promise, but I will try my best.

At that, we parted.

Next week, after studying his case, I wrote requests to various authorities, prepared complaints. When the preparation for appealing the verdict came to an end, I went to the Supreme Court.

The reception in the Supreme Court lasted as usual; I explained the essence of the case, showed all my papers, the answers received to my inquiries from various institutions, the complaint, and other documents.

After some time, the answer came from the Supreme Court that the Supreme Court had considered my complaint and agreed with my arguments and therefore sends the case of my client for review at the first instance, that is, to the city court. In the definition of a Supreme judge, it was written that the person was subject to total justification, and arguments were listed, including those that I stated in my complaint.

After some time, the court of the first instance was held. As a result, the recidivist was acquitted of all the articles on the case, for which he had already served three years and which

was reviewed several times before me with the participation of eminent lawyers.

No one, except the most mistakenly convicted person, is interested in his release. The state, by and large, does not care who exactly to punish for the crime committed. The truth is interesting only to one person – to the one who is undeservedly deprived of freedom. To catch a real criminal, to prove his guilt is a costly affair for the authorities.

For this, there are human rights organizations. Human rights defenders are those screws in the judicial system, which, indirectly, by the very fact of their existence and response to human rights violations, force investigators to look for the real culprit. Therefore, as long as we, human rights activists, caring citizens, movements, organizations, will remain indifferent, the government will be forced to perform its protective functions. In itself, it will not do anything, because it does not contain any guarantees.

One day early in the morning my phone rang at my house. I picked up the phone and heard the voice of the same grandfather-recidivist:

– Jana, I'm home, I was released from prison, thank you very much.

Three years later, at the age of 63, he passed away. His friends called me and said that he blessed me before his death.

* * *

India... An unknown, all-knowing force controls events and people. In India, everything is not going the way you wanted or planned. India knows what you have in your soul and even more than you know about yourself. Wise India knows what to give and what to take. India calls a person when his spiritual world needs to change. I do not know why it is India that has mystical power, why not any other country. On the Internet, you will find many reviews of travelers who have visited India. The most interesting thing is that all the reviews are different and seem to describe completely different countries, but all of them are true. Everyone has his own India.

On the territory of modern India, there lived many different nations, empires, and principalities, which time took to oblivion.

Each state had its own characteristics, customs, and habits. Each era has brought its own changes. Much has changed with the arrival of the European invaders. Therefore, India is such a different and interesting country.

Once I received a message from a stranger of Indian origin who worked in Saudi Arabia under a contract as a welder. For some unknown reason, I responded to his letter, and we began to correspond. He was ugly and had no virtues that would make me fall in love with him. Our strange correspondence continued by reason of his intrusiveness.

We had a big age difference – almost ten years. The young man was free and had the most dishonest views of life.

– I once had a virtual lover from Thailand, – he boasted. – She was sixty years old. I will have many foreign women. From the previous, I will go to the next – and not empty-handed. And then I will marry an Indian woman with a good dowry and with her money I'll go abroad. I'll live for my own pleasure.

– But will you take the Indian woman with you?

– No. We bring a wife to sit at home and care for our parents. She will stay with my mom. Abroad, I will find another woman: a rich, white, aged.

– Will you divorce her?

– No need to divorce. Simply, she will suddenly die from the poisoning – that's all. A widower can remarry.

– Are you kidding!!!

– No. I am not kidding. Do you want me to show you the correspondence with my women? We are all serious.

– Show me.

Then I saw how he wrote to many women at the same time, how those women sincerely planned meetings, weddings, how he asked them for their money. It seems that he did not lie. In front of me on the laptop screen was a real marriage speculator, who treated me as his friend.

One day, having casually talked, I shared with him my plans to go to America or the UK to study. As soon as he heard the phrase “I am going to the UK or America” from me, amazing metamorphosis happened to him right before my eyes. From the lecherous rogue who revealed to me all his secrets about

how to deceive women for money, the young man turned into a decent, wise, serious young man. He suddenly looked at me as a woman.

Since then, I have noticed that my Indian acquaintance has become a bit more persistent and intrusive in communicating with me. He became more affectionate but secretive. I have never heard from his talk about women. To myself, I noticed his efforts to gain my confidence.

The yesterday's cunning little boy, who used to communicate with me as with a middle-aged elder friend, disappeared and today, suddenly, turned into my beau.

Despite the seeming changes for the better, my new Indian acquaintance still strongly reminded me of Tenardieu's spouse from Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*.

Let me remind the reader how the author of the novel described Tenardieu and his wife: "These were those dwarf natures that easily grow into monsters if they are warmed up by an ominous flame. In the character of his wife was bestial rudeness, in the character of her husband – innate meanness. Both were highly gifted with that disgusting ability to develop, which grows only in the direction of evil. There are souls like crayfish. Instead of going forward, they continually move back toward the darkness and use life experience only to enhance their moral deformity, becoming more and more corrupt and more and more saturated with nasty. It was such a soul that the spouses Tenardieu had".

For the stunningly exact resemblance of the character to the character, I myself began to call the new acquaintance “Tenardieu”. Also it was surprisingly similar to the real name of him. I am ready to vouch that Sergeant Tenardieu was just like that person in his youth.

Indian Tenardieu spent all his working time in a room with the air conditioning turned on, talked to girls on social networks, leaving for lunch and dinner. It was a slacker who at first wore a protective helmet on the object, like a fancy dress, but at the same time, he dealt exclusively with the fact that he spent all day running away from a construction supervisor with a helmet on his head. The poor supervisor chased him all over the construction site to give instructions. The young man was well able to run with obstacles, so the supervisor never caught up with him.

In his deep conviction, work was something shameful, unworthy of its origin. He said that in India there is a division into southern and northern Indians.

– I’m not a fool from the south of India to work and do what my boss says, – he once told me. – I am from the north of India, and I will not work, we are ashamed to work, we are not slaves.

– So you are from the highest caste? Why ashamed to work?

– No, I’m from the carpenter caste of khati. – But I’m from northern India. This is not a slave south. In general, I think that working is unworthy of a decent person.

– I do not agree with you. Thinking like yours, people in Europe were many centuries ago. This used to be the case

in ancient times: it was a shame for the lord to work, slaves worked for him. Then there was a cultural leap, and for decent people, it became a common thing to work. Thanks to this mental and physical work, the technique via which we speak with you appeared, the airplanes we fly on, beautiful clothes and cosmetics that we use. Is it all created by slaves? No! This is all created by hardworking educated people.

Tenardieu told me a lot about his country and the people in it.

According to him, only representatives of the untouchable caste are engaged in hard work and dirty work in India, officially the term “untouchables” is not used – these castes are called “registered”, in English scheduled. If a person works, then he is one of the untouchables, wealth is good, therefore any means to get wealth is honest. Even deception and murder is okay. He also boasted to me that he himself possesses the art of hypnosis, which in their society is actively used along with reading mantras – magic spells. Many of his countrymen possess the art of hypnosis from birth. If a person has become your enemy, then you can send him a bad wish. What a funny medieval rule.

Workers who sit in rooms without work are called standby people. They are paid a minimum salary, food and accommodation are provided.

This resourceful comrade, before meeting me, has been living in Saudi Arabia for eight months. He spent all his days on social networks, having at the same time twenty virtual girlfriends

of different ages and backgrounds, the main of whom was a thirty-six-year-old Filipina with two children.

The young man in all seriousness was going to marry her and move to live in the Philippines, where she would make his life comfortable. She would work on two jobs, and he would sit at home and watch TV. In the rosy dreams of the youngster, there was also a joint journey across the ocean and many beautiful mistresses, but his wife would not be jealous, but, on the contrary, she would praise him and shared with him her salary.

The dream was constantly disturbed by the “wrong” life views of the Filipina, who was jealous of this Indian “gentleman” to the other girlfriends. He honestly told her about his other girlfriends, in order to immediately accustom his future wife to his freedom. In this connection, the Filipina would block that Don Juan, and then a few days later unblocked and everything repeated, again and again, jealousy, tears, plans for the future, his declarations of love.

Once a Filipina promised to send a curse on him for hurting her:

– I wish you a wife worse than you. Then you’ll cry.

And she blocked him everywhere.

The next day, being blocked by the Filipina, quite by chance Tenardieu could not log into his account. Therefore, he created a new one and, accidentally seeing my profile, sent me a message. So we met.

We began to communicate. A few days later, he confessed his love to me. We corresponded and called back with my flattering acquaintance many times a day.

Sweet speeches flowed in my address by the river on the phone, and on the video camera, I saw a sly, almost villainous face.

Sweet flattery and declarations of love alternated with questions about my salary, the amount of my income.

Once he said that he wanted to marry me because I was hard-working, and he would stay at home and watch TV. He said that he wanted me to come to his home in India first, meet his family, we would get married. And from there we would have jointly applied for a student visa in the United States as spouses. I would get a visa for studies, and he would travel with me as my spouse, on a visa for spouses.

After that conversation, I decided to stop communicating with him and asked him not to bother me, explaining that I would never voluntarily provide a man with money, and also that I would never allow a man to use me for a visa or other material goods. After that, I stopped responding to his calls and messages.

My Indian friend called me every single minute. I blocked his number, but he called me from other numbers. It seemed that he had at least a thousand numbers and accounts. A week later, I was tired of fighting him and we began to talk again.

We talked for six months. First, we talked occasionally, then more often, then every day. It was him who initiated

the communication each time. The young man tried not to tell anything about himself, but mostly asked me questions, emotionally and sympathetically commenting on my answers. He seemed to be an absolute angel, who is always with me in any situation on my side. As it turned out, it was part of his psychological play.

There were months of our virtual communication with him. I kept away from my diplomat and more often refused to meet with him under various pretexts. Compared with the intelligent and predictable diplomat, the Indian acquaintance looked extremely mysterious.

Tenardieu still ran away from his supervisor when the supervisor called him to work. He would sit in a room with air conditioning, mainly engaged in correspondence with girls. He said that he had long ceased to communicate with girls for my sake alone. Now he confessed his love to me and constantly called me even during my work.

Still living in Saudi Arabia, he escaped from work, while receiving a stable minimum salary. Then the supervisor got tired of running after him. As a result, it was decided to dismiss Tenardieu.

Tenardieu was fired in about a month. During this time, he ate and slept every day with a calculator, anticipating a large last salary. He dreamed of buying one luxurious thing or another. But the vindictive supervisor counted the hours actually worked by the sloth and gave a tiny salary.

The young man was furious. The poor supervisor still does not know how much dirt has fallen on his name.

I explained to him:

– What did you want? You had to work.

My acquaintance, being sure that he was entitled to a large sum for lying in a room during months in a hot country, went with a scandal to the personnel department of his company.

He shook papers at shocked employees, threatened to go to the embassy and complain about the supervisor.

In the end, so he flew to India with nothing.

He returned to his homeland, and other stories began. I still lived in Moscow, went with friends to restaurants and exhibitions, from morning to evening I worked in my organization and in the evenings I visited the pool or met with my diplomat.

In Moscow, my closest friend was the daughter of the head of the administration of a large industrial city in South Korea. She worked as a diplomat in Moscow. One day when we were sitting in an expensive restaurant in the south-west of Moscow near our Moscow University, Tenardieu called me. At the end of our short conversation, I told him “kiss you, bye”. My friend asked me:

– Who called you just a while ago?

I told her that I befriended an Indian guy.

She was shocked by my words.

– Are you crazy?

– Oh dear, I myself do not know what is happening to me. He does not leave me alone. He says he loves me and he is crying on the phone every time when I want to stop it.

– This is not love, Jana. He is cunning and he deceives you. His tears are fake tears! Don't you see it? Marry your diplomat and that's all. He is a good young man and loves you. Give me the phone number of that Indian guy, I'll tell him something. After that, he won't dare to call you.

– Do you think he is a bad guy? When we talk he seems to be very nice and good guy. Dear, not all poor people are bad and mean. Maybe he has a pure soul and brave heart.

– Jana, a Russian girl told me not to mess with Indian guys, they are all liars.

– Oh dear, in every nation there are bad people. Don't judge them so strictly. If you give respect to someone, then you will be respected and loved. Isn't it?

– Jana, before you many girls got into troubles with Indians, why don't you believe me. Many girls who studied with Indians in the Russian medical universities, then married to them in India, but all returned home mentally broken. Some of them died in India and returned home in the coffins. Do you want to be the next one?

– I cannot believe that all are the same.

– You have to choose. You stay with us, or with him.

– How you can say that they are bad? What if you are all wrong, what if Indians are not liars, maybe those Russian girls

were bad girls?

– They were good girls, who trusted those guys. They were in love. They left their country for their boyfriends and husbands from India. And those guys treated them very bad in India. There are zillions of such stories in Russia. I just don't want you become one of those girls, whose life was broken by an Indian. The Indian cheater wanted to make you fool. Hahaha.

I did not give his phone number to her, but I promised her to block him and never communicate with him again.

My attempt to get rid of the welder was unsuccessful. After I blocked him everywhere, he terrorized me from other numbers and cried bitterly. I felt sorry for him. So our online relationship went on.

Then Tenardieu asked his parents for permission to marry me. Father told him:

- It's up to you, of course. Are you sure you want to marry her?
- Yes. Sure. I can't live without her.

After talking with his father, he proposed me, said that he could not live without me, that he loved me to bits. He had plans for a happy future for both of us. He continued to dream that we would live a little bit in India with his parents, and then from there, we go to the West. I would study, and he would stay at home. Every time after his words about the travel to the West, I stopped communicating with him. Then it all began again with promises not to speak on this topic again.

With each new quarrel, Tenardieu threatened me to commit

suicide.

– I don't need the life, – the young man told me. Here in India, people are not afraid of death or poverty. We are afraid of only one thing – an insult.

– Who insults you?

– I told everyone that I have a bride. I told everyone that you will come to me in India. We will get married. And then we will go to America.

– First, I repeated to you a million times that we won't go to any America. Secondly, I did not ask you to tell anyone anything.

– Then I'll kill myself.

One day he convinced me that he was really going to hang himself. A whole performance with several actors was played for me. And I believed it.

Sometimes you need to give a chance to events unfold under their own power.

When you date a man in reality, you can see all his flaws. When you meet a man on the Internet, in your imagination this man has no flaws. On the Internet, he seems to be perfect.

The Indian guy was waiting for me in India, doing repairs in the house, preparing for my arrival. On a video camera, I saw how his poor house was becoming more beautiful.

Neither my parents nor my friends knew about my plans to go to India to a virtual acquaintance. I did not know how to say this. I felt shame.

Only once did I share this story with my old friend, a professor from an American university. In the end she said: “The more you tell me about him, the more scared I am for you. There are too many red flags in this story. I’m pretty sure he’s a crook and invites you to India to rob. Please keep me posted. If you need anything in India, write to me. I know some big people there. It is better than going without warning anyone”.

I and the Indian guy met online in October 2015, and in early May 2016, I applied for a visa at the Indian visa center in Moscow and three days later I received a tourist visa. My future husband bought me a ticket at the end of May, and we planned a wedding and honeymoon trip to Shimla at the beginning of June.

I constantly felt that I was being cheated by him. Moreover, I felt in my heart that this deception was so huge, so dangerous for my life, that from the moment I received my visa I knew no peace. Obviously, he was a marriage swindler.

He broke the fates of innocent women and girls and did not consider himself guilty because he did not consider women as people; their fates for him were not the fates of people. He did not think about what would happen to their lost, deserted souls, with their deceived hearts, what would happen to their mothers and fathers who cherished their children like delicate flowers, protecting them from the slightest cold.

Two weeks before my departure to India, Tenardieu told me the following:

– Today my friend and I were in Hisar. I saw a beautiful girl

and fell in love and immediately went to her father with my friend and asked for her hand. We talked with her father for almost two hours, and I have already been given consent. But my stupid friend suddenly told her father: “Thank you, but he already has a bride. She arrives soon from Moscow for the wedding.” The girl’s father was shocked, and I ran away from there without saying goodbye.

As a result, that evening I felt a huge relief and said to the young man that I would not go anywhere, and I wish him to marry the one he chose:

– It is very good. Thanks god. So many times I wanted to cancel this trip. This is the happy end. You marry that girl. I stay in Moscow. I wish you get married and live a hundred years together. Goodbye.

– No, don’t leave me! Forgive me, please come to India to me. I cannot live without you. I will never meet a girl like you, – told me Tenardieu on the phone.

– But you do not love me. You said you proposed the girl.

– I love you. I will commit suicide if you won’t come. My father will. Two people will die because of you.

– I don’t believe you. Leave me alone please.

He cried on the phone and screamed:

– My love, please, please, do not leave me. I cannot live without you, babe.

I disconnected the call. Every day he was sending me photographs of his face full of tears. It lasted one week.

And I agreed to come to India.

– What did you do all week?

– I sat alone in my room and cried all the time, – he answered in a trembling voice.

When we were reconciled, the young man asked me all the time:

– What will you bring me from Moscow?

– What shall I bring?

– Bring gifts to all my family, I need vodka, and I have a little niece, buy her a dress.

– Vodka???

– Yes.

– What kind of gifts to buy?

– For my mom jewelry, for dad leather purse or expensive watches.

In our country, a man would not say so, asking to bring alcohol is a shame, it is considered indecent. But I wrote off everything on the peculiarities of the culture of his country or family traditions and therefore I decided to buy the gifts he asked for.

I remember how, before leaving, I went shopping in the center of Moscow and bought gifts to his family, which he ordered. I chose something beautiful for all: for his niece, I ordered an Italian dress, for his father – a watch, for mother – bracelets, etc.

My future husband would not let me rest and called me every five minutes. At first, I politely replied that I was busy, then

disconnected the calls, and then turned off the phone.

I told him:

– Let’s cancel everything. Please explain to your parents that I was sick and missed the flight.

– Do not be afraid of anything. If you do not come, my father will commit suicide. He said so. And bear in mind that his death will be your guilt. Just trust me and do not be afraid of anything!!! Can you believe me?

I allowed the thought that the story with dad was a hoax. But since, earlier, in the conversations with this guy, accidentally I could give him hope for more, made me feel guilty. The idea that I could cause someone’s death was so terrible for me that I decided to come. After all, what was worth some trip compared to the whole human life?

– I will come because I feel myself responsible for the situation with your father. But if you deceive me, you will regret. You don’t know who you’re messing around with.

And then came the day specified in the airline ticket “Aeroflot”. I sat at the Moscow Sheremetyevo airport and waited for the invitation to board the plane. Tenardieu called me endlessly while demanding to show me the airport on the camera. But since I was sitting in a crowded room, I did not do this but only took a picture of myself against the background of signs and shops at the airport. Eventually, he did not believe me that I was really at the airport, and decided that I was deceiving him.

India

From the plane, I did not see where the border between the ordinary world and India lay.

India, magic India gave me a lot of unforgettable pleasant impressions, a lot of a good many interesting meetings, and in the most dangerous moments of life, good people came to help me from nowhere, and absolutely strange saving circumstances arose.

The person who invited me to his country brought me a lot of misery and suffering while I lived there. He alone in the whole country made me shed rivers of tears. The rest of the population of India brought only good and happiness. Therefore, in my memory, this magical country remained bright and good.

Maybe I will never be able to visit India again, but this is not so important, because India remained in my heart as something living, rational and magical.

Like an invisible friend who saved me from an evil demon, India led me through the darkness to light.

Once, as a little girl, I looked at the fairy tale “Aladdin’s Magic Lamp” together with my parents, after which they began to call me a princess.

In India, I felt like a princess from the fairy tale, when my illiterate mother-in-law taught me to milk a cow, cook roti flatbreads and forced me to wear a dupatta.

All seven hours, when I flew to him on the plane, he sat at home in his village and checked my messenger in the hope of seeing me online. What would be proof that I did not leave Moscow for India. I do not know why he always suspected me to cheat or lie. So that day he decided not to pick me up at the airport.

On the plane with me sat a married couple from India. My seat was near the illuminator, I looked out and imagined that maybe he was waiting for me at the airport.

In the meantime, my future husband was sitting in his village and was not even going to go anywhere, staring at the Facebook messenger, waiting for me to come online. He wanted to make sure that I stayed in Moscow. And he would say: “Well, I told you, she is still in Moscow.”

I do not know why, but he thought of me as a dishonorable person. It is true that a person sees only his own reflection in those around him.

His parents said to him: “Go to the airport, what if she flies to India?” His father was angry, he actually planned to leave for airport several hours before my arrival, but the person who invited me to his home country said that no need – it’s not necessary to arrive on time. For some reason, he decided that I was a deceiver and probably would not go to him after so many of his mean tricks, prank with the second bride in Hisar and new online girlfriends.

At some point, the plane began to swing from side to side, and

suddenly we began to fall! Oh, God, I didn't say anything to my relatives, I didn't even say goodbye to any of them. I was very scared and lonely, I could not even talk to anyone, we just all prayed and shouted. I experienced such a fear that I simply could not calm myself down. But soon everything returned to normal, and the air passengers calmed down, including me.

What was most memorable when we landed in Delhi – the flight attendant reported that the weather in Delhi was good. Only +30°C.

So, India met me with good weather. The temperature was plus thirty degrees of heat, according to the Vaishnava calendar was the month of Trivikram. Around there were people in turbans, colorful sarees. Wet warm air smelled with sweet rot. In the eyes of people, I saw peace and happiness of the child, beloved by the mother.

In all the contrast with Moscow was felt. In Delhi – absolutely everything different from Moscow.

A sweet-rotten smell hung in the air, beat right on the nose. It seemed to me that I got into the fourth dimension. Here everything looked unreal. Have you ever had to look at someone through the hot air near the fire? That was exactly what Delhi Airport and its inhabitants looked like when I went out with a suitcase to the reception hall.

Taxi drivers, tourist agents, and locals stood in a semicircle at the glass sensory doors.

Since I was a little late, I went out to the hall after other

passengers. But I could not see my future husband. Everyone from my flight has already gone home and in hotels, and I was sitting on a bench with my suitcase and bag.

Indian men began to approach me with questions. I did not know what to answer. In a deaf whisper, despair and fear twisted my neck and began to choke me from both sides. The hall was empty. Out of sadness, I settled down more comfortably on the bench, put my legs on the suitcase and angrily sang a song.

Then an Indian man approached me and said:

– If such a girl came to me, I would be at the airport five days before her arrival and would not keep her waiting. Do you have this idiot's phone number? Allow me to call him and say something unpleasant on behalf of whole India?

At the same moment, I saw my future husband, who was slowly walking along the airport without flowers, shuffling along the floor with blue sports sneakers, not even hurrying anywhere.

The guy who wanted to help me saw my future husband and made a grimace with the words: "Oh my god! This one? What did you see in him?" I, too, made a face, laughed, and nodded my head. But I did not have time to answer. I looked around for a place where I could run away from him, but it was too late.

He was a guy about twenty-five years old. His face was cunning, but radiant with joy. He was thin and slouching, with a deep saddle, of medium height.

His eyes were huge, black, with long, curled up flirtatious, lively eyelashes, which contrasted so strongly with the almost

dead, terrible abysmal eye. On the head was a kindergarten hairstyle which we call “Phillipok” with a long fringe slicked to his forehead. A black T-shirt hung over bony shoulders. Tight-fitting jeans showed sharp knees. The whole image was completed by enormously large ears, bulging to the sides, somewhat disproportionate to the small head. The hands and feet also looked too large in relation to the arms and legs.

We greeted, kissed each other on the cheek and went to the exit. We were met by his father, a sister with a child and her husband. I extended my hand to my future father-in-law to shake it, but he just kindly hugged me like his daughter. Unlike his twenty-five-year crumb snatcher, my future father-in-law seemed to be a good person.

I felt so relaxed and calm that I stopped worrying.

We waited some time for a car in the street near the airport. In the black heights, the stars and clouds danced Boston. My future husband and I were standing nearby, and his relatives were a little away from us. A warm night wind was blowing.

Then a white jeep drove up, we plunged and drove to the village. I was very tired from the flight and constantly fell into a dream. The road to the village took six hours. On the way, we stopped at a cafe, silently drank tea. I felt their eyes on me, and I myself looked away, somewhere on the tops of the trees, hiding my face from embarrassment. I remember green trees against the black sky, the sultry air, despite the dark time of the day, the coolness did not occur.

* * *

Haryana is located in the north of India, and its name means the abode of God. Haryana became an independent state in 1966, and before that, it was part of the state of Punjab. The capital of both states is the city of Chandigarh. The population of Haryana is over 25 million people.

The state has a highly developed engineering and agriculture. It is in Haryana where most crimes against women occur.

In antiquity about 3000–1300 BC Haryana was part of Harappa civilization, on a par with Egyptian and Sumerian.

Already at that ancient time, sewerage and drainage systems existed in Haryana. Civilization fell into decay, and then completely disappeared with the arrival of the Aryans. It is believed that the creation of the universe began from this place, so pilgrims from all over India come to Haryana, in particular to the sacred pond Brahma Sarovar.

It was on the territory of Haryana that the events described in the ancient Indian epic “Mahabharata” took place.

My future husband’s village was called Samain, it was not far from the city of Tohana, in Fatehabad district, Haryana state. About ten thousand representatives of ten different castes lived in it. Brahmins, Jats, and Banya belonged to the higher castes. The lower castes were Khatri, Kumharas, Lohars, Nai, Chkhipi. Registered, that is, untouchable castes – Chamari, Balmika. Half of the population of the village was engaged in agriculture, almost 40 percent of the population was not engaged in anything.

My future husband and his family came from the lower caste of Khati, whose members were engaged in carpentry and agriculture. The father of my future husband was a carpenter, as Khati should be, the family also had a small cotton field, and my future husband himself had the profession of a welder. He was shy of belonging to a lower caste and subsequently lied to new friends that he was from a higher caste of Brahmins.

Castes arose with the arrival of the Aryan tribes in India. Aryans were nomads. There are many theories about their country of origin. They came to India in ancient times. The Aryan entertainments were divided into two groups – gambling and music and dance. The Aryans brought their views and customs, including the division of society into four castes, or classes of society. The highest of them were priests and scholars – the caste of the Brahmins. Steps below were warriors and nobles, the penultimate class of society consisted of artisans and merchants. The lowest consisted of agricultural workers, as well as workers of other professions.

Representatives of different castes did not have the right to marry among themselves, and it was impossible to move from one caste to another.

I remember one feature of life in the Indian village. By tradition, residents of the same village are prohibited from marrying each other. The nearest village, with representatives who are allowed to marry, must be within a radius of at least ten kilometers. Often, the girl's parents begin to look for her

as soon as she comes of age. Sometimes it happens that, living in the same village, young people fall in love with each other and, without obtaining the consent of their parents, they come to an agreement and run away from their native land. To prevent such a development of events, parents try not to delay their daughter's marriage. According to the stories of local residents, because of this, many young people have committed suicide, unable to cope with the loss of their beloved.

Currently, before the arranged marriage, the bride and groom first look at each other's photographs. If they like each other, they are introduced to each other, then they communicate by telephone, though it happens sometimes that they do not communicate at all and are not even interested. Also in India, there is a tradition to consult with an astrologer before the wedding. All people are divided into Manglik and non-Manglik.

Mangal dosha is one of the major deciding factors in Hindu marriages. A Manglik marrying a non-Manglik is considered disastrous which can even lead to the death of one's partner. Mangal dosha is the combination in the birth chart or horoscope where Mars (also known as Mangal or Kuja) is placed in the 2nd, 4th, 7th, 8th or 12th house in the Ascendant. A person with mangal dosh in his natal chart is called Manglik. Mars is considered malefic when it is positioned in any of the mentioned houses and it leads to tensions, dissatisfactions, and disasters in married life.

My acquaintances had a case when the groom changed his

mind about marrying his bride already at the height of the wedding preparations, when gold and a dowry had already been bought, and guests were invited. The girl was slightly plump and groom did not like her. However, at the first meeting he agreed to their wedding, then something went wrong. Relatives said that he had a girlfriend at work. He was tormented for several months, overcome by doubts, but did not dare to cancel the wedding. He was unhappy but did not reveal his grief in front of relatives. At this time, the bride's family, highly respected in the city, purchased all necessary, furniture, and gold jewelry. Few weeks remained before the wedding. One day a brother asked the groom why he was so sad. The groom admitted that he actually did not want to marry because he did not like the bride. But he still was going to marry her, because it was too late to cancel the wedding and upset parents. The groom's brother was an impulsive man. He just immediately picked up the phone, dialed the number of the father of the bride, and said that there would be no wedding. The groom was relieved, but his family lost credibility. In India, the most terrible for a person, for a family – to lose the respect of society.

I'd like to describe another case from the life of the village in which I lived. In the village of my future husband was a young family. The father of the family sold alcohol, and the attitude to the family was bad. The young man, the son of a merchant, was a handsome, kind and cheerful guy, about two meters tall. But because of the past of his father, no one got married to him.

Eventually, when the guy was already over thirty, he married a village girl, divinely beautiful, young and very tall like a model. They got married and after a while selflessly fell in love with each other, and had a daughter. And then his wife started having bouts, during which she was bleeding from her mouth. Her husband was unhappy about it and was afraid of losing her forever.

I also know of a case when a young girl from a rich rural family. She had an arranged wedding, but love did not come during their life together, and she filed for divorce. Then she re-married the one she chose and was happy with her husband. In her defense, the villagers always said that since she was rich, she was allowed to do so.

It happens that a great love comes to spouses after the arranged wedding. Sometimes two loneliness live under one roof for the whole life. It is much more difficult for girls to live in a new family. Because they live in a strange family, where mother-in-law often mocks her daughter-in-law, and the husband doesn't intercede for his wife if they don't have a good relationship. Her parents are very far, and it is difficult to complain about the phone.

Not for nothing are parents picking up a wife for their son. In India, life is often so formed that the husband works five days a week in another city, arrives home for the weekend at the village. Therefore, his wife spends most of her time with her husband's parents, and not with him.

In India there are few divorces, families are built for life,

many Indians but not all are wonderful family men. But, as I was told, there are few divorces, because in case of divorce, the husband's family will have to return the bride's dowry, and not everyone can afford it. I was told by Tenardieu that there are many tragic accidents with wives, after which the widower will remarry without problems. I remembered very well how, at the beginning of our story, my future husband told me about this, not seeing anything reprehensible in the murder. As now I can see that he quite often lacked sincerity, I also guess his theory about dead wives could be false. But who knows.

the beautiful village of Samain

On the way from the airport, I fell asleep again. Finally, we arrived and stopped at a two-story house with beautiful wooden carvings on the facade. There were still mirrors on the doors and all kinds of whorls of wood. My future father-in-law talentedly made them with his own gifted hands.

On the outer wall of the house, I saw a swastika. Then I noticed that swastikas were also painted on the neighboring houses.

Then I read that a swastika is a Sanskrit word that means well-being. It embraces the idea of the four cardinal directions and the four seasons, the fusion of the male and female. The swastika is a symbol of the sun.

There is an important little detail – the position of the swastika. The vertical swastika is a sign of good, sun, and well-being. But the swastika, located at an angle of 45° , is a symbol of evil, striking out and destroy. The Nazis used just such a swastika.

Houses in an Indian village are not at all the same as in Russia. In general, the principle of building a village is different. Houses in Indian village are two-storeyed, connected by a common wall with neighboring houses, there is an open sky inside the house between the rooms, you can put a chaise lounge in the corridor and look at the stars, as well as at curious neighbors, and they can look at you. It often happens that there is a hole in the wall

to transfer food to each other. In each house there are wicker beds charpai, they are hard to use. But in the heat it is very good that the base of the bed is wicker: the air circulates. We went inside. It was a carpenter's house. Everything in the house was done by his hands, even wooden sofas and beds.

When we arrived from the airport, it was early morning, they carefully brought me tea, after tea, I lay down to take a nap, the flies would not let me rest, and I covered myself with a blanket right on top of my head. I heard some people come and the room was filled with people. Some woman pulled the blanket off my head and looked into my sleepy face, looked at me and covered again with the blanket.

I had the feeling of unreality of what was happening, some kind of magic, the kindness of nature towards me.

Then I woke up, took a shower and had lunch.

In the evening a young man, my future husband, was glowing with happiness.

– I am very glad that you came. And my dad is happy, – he said with tenderness in his voice.

– I'm glad too, honey.

– Tell me, did you like me? – He asked looking into my eyes.

– Yes, and you?

– Yes, my dear, I like you very much, – he said and kissed me for the first time.

During our dialogue, I noticed that he did not say a word about my mother.

“Probably, his mother is against me,” I thought, and fell asleep carelessly.

The next morning I sat on the bed, and a lot of people entered the room. These were the villagers. I was sleepy and felt shy. They were local women, grandmothers, and children, all of them, except for children and girls, were wearing Punjabi suites and dupatta, they had numerous bracelets on their hands, and good-quality Indian gold glittered in their ears, neck, and fingers.

They lined up against the wall so that everyone had enough space in the room, and looked at me in silence, not smiling and not blinking, as it seemed to me, some people looked at me. I was so shy and didn't know where to hide from such attention. I looked away in confusion. They stood silently and did not move. Then I smiled at them, and they smiled back at me. Their visit ended, they turned around and left the room. When they came the next time, on the advice of my future mother-in-law, I touched the oldest women's legs as a sign of respect. In response, they touched my head as a sign of blessing.

Then I, the young man, his brother, his sister, and her daughter went to Tohana to shop and bought me beautiful Indian clothes – I chose shalwar-kameez in marine blue and a shawl over my head – dupatta. On the way back, his sister, a pleasant girl, got off the bus, and we drove on to the village. From now on, I wore an Indian national dress. In the village, none of the married women wore European clothes.

Previously, I was not interested in Indian culture. Therefore,

I did not know that a saree is not the only traditional outfit. In Haryana, women are rarely seen in a saree on a weekday. Rather, it is festive clothing. In everyday life, I saw only women in salwar-kameez and dupatta. Salwar-kameez means “pants and shirt”. In fact, a kameez shirt is most often a beautiful dress just above the knee, with different types of necklines and sleeve length, decorated with embroidery and gold threads. It is worn with salwar, which are often the same color as the top, but there are also different colors, there are form-fitting, it all depends on the design. In stores, shalwar-kameez are sold in one set with a dupatta color in harmony with the outfit.

The most magical detail in Indian women’s clothing is dupatta. It creates a mysterious image of a woman, hides her face, protects from annoying glances and from the sun.

Dupatta is a long scarf of the finest fabric. Married women cover their heads with a dupatta, and unmarried girls fashionably oblige a scarf around their neck and chest.

I noticed that when a married woman sees a man older than her, she covers her face with a dupatta. In particular, my mother-in-law covered her face as soon as some grandfathers entered the house. At such moments she looked very feminine.

Fabrics in India are always of good quality. The production of fabrics there has been calculated for thousands of years, cotton has been used since the third millennium BC. In ancient times, people living in the territory of modern India discovered the special properties of plants that give different colors to fabrics.

Since then, the paint has been used in the manufacture of fabrics. Thus, India became the first country on the planet where multicolored fabrics appeared. It is also known that in India men painted their beards in the most unexpected colors.

Salwar-kameez, or Punjabi Suite, which I bought on the second day of arrival in India, I chose myself. It was aquamarine, satin, chiffon and with gilded patterns sewn onto the fabric. Dupatta was the same color of chiffon.

In the village, men of different ages wear a white ensemble of a long shirt and pants.

In the cold weather in India, I saw a lot of men who walked wrapped in a blanket.

Urban youth most often dress in the same way as in the West.

The shops in Tohana sell all kinds of clothes: national outfits and fashionable dresses, tops and jeans. Compared to other countries, clothing in India is cheap, but the quality is at its best.

Footwear in India is also national and ordinary. In the village, people walk in shales, wear national shoes or European shoes embroidered with stones and rhinestones to celebrations.

My future husband in the heat and in the cold, at the wedding and the police wore tight sports sneakers, put on thick socks. When I offered to buy other shoes, he bought himself new sports sneakers, which differed from the previous ones only in the color of the laces. His friends who came to us were shod in good-quality men's sandals and fashionable shoes.

Together with salwar-kameez, I bought gorgeous ballet shoes

in the national Indian style, embroidered with gold rhinestones, through which colored threads were intertwined with snakes.

On the streets, you can see men with a beautiful turban on head.

I walked through the market and looked at the passers-by. I could not believe that I was in the real world. It seemed to me that I was in an oriental tale or on the set of a film.

I noticed that Indian people have rare beauty, delicate features, large eyes with infinitely long doll eyelashes.

In the village of Samain, I saw the stunning beauty of a woman of about fifty. She had huge emerald eyes framed by two-centimeter velvet eyelashes, olive skin color, and all facial features harmoniously combined with each other as if painted by a talented artist. On her head she carried a metal basin, not holding it with one hand. It was evident that she was engaged in physical labor, but even her tired look did not hide her natural beauty, but, on the contrary, emphasized.

Often I looked at my Dadi and admired her. A thin, toned face with large blue eyes and a straight nose. Grandma was already ninety years old. But the sculpture of her face has not changed since her youth. There were deep wrinkles on her face. And in the bottomless eyes, the naughty light of former youth played. Still, only the body is aging, and the soul remains forever at the age when the person loved the last time.

* * *

Before bed, I tactfully asked me to bring a sheet and a duvet

cover. But Tenardieu said that they did not use sheets and duvet covers in the house.

He slept on a synthetic bedspread and covered himself with a thick blanket. All the guests visiting the house were lying on the same bedspread during the day or sitting with their feet.

The next day, the young man's mother smiling brought me a beautiful sheet of yellow satin fabric with blue flowers and a golden pattern. But she said that they were not sleeping on this, but, on the contrary, they sometimes covered the bed for beauty during the daytime.

How did I suffer in my soul when guests came to the house and lay down on our pillows with head, and someone did not hesitate to fold unwashed feet. The fact is that there was no spare pillowcase either, and instead of a pillowcase, I laid out one of the new hand towels that I brought with me. But it was still unpleasant, and it seemed to me that then the pillow smelled of someone's feet.

For many years, I did not wash by hand and did not wash the dishes with my hands, as I had a dishwasher and an automatic washing machine. In the house of my future husband, almost everything was done manually. Small things were washed right on the granite floor, soaping and beating on the floor.

The washing machine was semi-automatic and assumed a constant presence to drain and pour water into the tank, and then shift it to the centrifuge.

There was also no trash can in the house. After peeling

vegetables, the peel was dumped in a corner of the kitchen, cigarette butts were thrown right there on the floor next to them. Then when cleaning the room it was all swept away in a heap, shifted to the basin. Basin put on his head and carried to the dump. The dump was spontaneously located. That is, at the end of our small street, one needs to go out onto a large road, cross it, and rubbish was thrown onto the side of the road. There were already piled mountains of garbage, and no one took them out for recycling. We did the house-keeping with my mother-in-law and grandmother-in-law every day, so it was clean. I often saw the old grandmother in some kind of homework, such as cleaning vegetables or sweeping the floor.

In India, you will rarely find garbage bins. The local population throws small rubbish everywhere, but not near their home. Large waste is carried to an arbitrary landfill, which, as a rule, is located every 500 meters. But in Indian houses, cleanliness is impeccable, even the poor wives have dusty clay floors in dugouts for days on end.

Drainage was also absent. In front of our house, the pavement was dismantled, and the car was pumping waste from the pit. At such moments, you begin to appreciate what you have not noticed around you before – the livability and comfort of modern apartments.

In the kitchen, huge cockroaches constantly crawled out of the pipe into the sink. I have never seen such big ones before. Each cockroach was four centimeters. There were also ordinary small

cockroaches.

The first time I saw them was when I brewed tea in an aluminum scoop on the stove. My future husband was standing nearby. Then he suddenly said:

– Next to you crawling cockroach.

For fear, I screamed so loudly that people could hear me in the next village. I jumped onto the back of the young man and hung on it, continuing to scream with fear.

His father entered the kitchen, frowned and asked:

– What happened?

– She saw a cockroach.

He looked at me, laughed, and left.

Much to my surprise, I learned that my future husband was not at all afraid of cockroaches. Not even the slightest hostility to them.

– So what if cockroaches. They are also living beings. As a child, we even played with them, planted them in our palms, he said good-naturedly and smiled, as if recalling his childhood friends.

* * *

In the evening, I asked the young man and his family to come down. I said that I prepared something interesting for them.

Then they came into the room and sat around the table. I laid out a gift for a gift, brought from Moscow, and presented them to each family member.

When I gave my mother-in-law bracelets, contempt flashed

in her huge tarry-black eyes. On the face of my future husband was a painful disappointment.

Immediately after the parents left the room, the young man arrogantly stated that the Italian dress, which I brought to his niece, he can buy from a flea market for a hundred rupees, but not for many thousands, and all the other gifts are cheap.

Then, squinting, he told me:

– You don't seem to have money for a study in the USA. On what money were you going to go to America?

– What do you mean? Why are you talking about this now?

– Well, once you told me about the plan to study in the West. I thought there would be such a rich woman.

I said nothing and did not answer him.

The only person who showed respect was his father. He thanked me and proudly wore watches on his hand for several days; I was very pleased to see it. After all, the watches were good.

* * *

In those days I met my husband's second cousin named Kamlesh. It was an educated thirty-year-old married woman. She came to her native village to her parents from another city, where she lived with a rich husband and children. She was happy in her marriage. She and her husband had two children – a boy and a girl. Among all the relatives of my future husband, Kamlesh was the most conscious.

She did not communicate with relatives of my husband and

himself. In a large family of my father-in-law, many relatives did not speak among themselves for many years. But in those days she broke this rule.

A few years ago, a relative of my husband committed a misdeed connected with a girl. After that, the whole family became an outcast in their own society.

Once we sat with Kamlesh on the couch and chatted nicely. Then she told me:

– Now everything depends on him. If he wants, he will make a big wedding in a restaurant.

But the young man did not want to do anything. He only said that he had no money. And besides, he said I did not bring a dowry to their house, and this was important for him.

I actually had a dowry. But did it really matter, if everything turned out this way? So I said nothing.

And the next day I, my future husband, his father, sister and child got into the car of his friend Mandip – an intelligent young man and went to the regional center – Tohana.

Right at the bus stop in Tohana, there was a small, cute Hindu temple of white marble. We got out of the car and headed towards the temple.

Bus stops in India are equipped with comfortable, wide benches, some with backs, some without backs. Nearby you can find a public restroom. Not far from the benches there are trade shops, where right in the open air in large cauldrons they fry delicious dough products, for example, samosa. Other products

are also tasty, but I do not know their names. Directly behind the shop, there is a small room with tables and benches, there is also a refrigerator with drinks. Travelers sit in the cool at the tables and eat the delicacies they just bought from disposable plates, seasoning them with ketchup.

* * *

The Hindu temple is a separate world, an amazingly beautiful architectural ensemble of marble, granite, limestone, and stone. Even the smallest temple in some lost Indian village is built as a small copy of its grandiose original with the repetition of all the necessary elements of style, with statues of Krishna, Vishnu, Shiva, Ganesh, Kali. In a different way, the statues of the Indian gods are called murti, that is, the “material form of God”, otherwise it can be expressed by the word “idol”. During the installation of the statue, the clergy from the highest caste of the Indian society, the Brahmans, conduct a special pran-pratistha ceremony, during which they ask God to incarnate in this statue. Every detail of the statue, every attribute of it has a specific meaning. For example, the crescent moon in the hair of Lord Shiva is a vessel with the nectar of immortality, it symbolizes control over the mind.

In Hinduism, the spiritual principle is called Brahman. Brahman is the absolute beginning of everything existing in the universe, it is neither good nor bad, it is impassive, infinite and unchanging. It is nirgunam or qualityless. Brahman consists of three gods – Brahma-forces, which creates, Vishnu-forces,

which protects, Shiva-forces, which destroys.

You enter the Hindu temple and walk on cool, white, pure marble, walk towards a smiling Indian god and smile at him too, the sweet aroma of Indian incense hangs in the air. The atmosphere of goodness, love envelops like a cloud, and your heart thaws, everything that is outside of the temple is forgotten. Then comes the understanding that you are alone with this Earth with God, that you come into this light alone and live alone, and around you only him, God, exposed in the bodies of people, phenomena and events. It takes the form of different people and circumstances, and each time it asks you its own questions.

According to Indian philosophy, the soul is ignorant. It will be reborn again and again, participating in the cycle of life and death, which is called the “wheel of the Sansara”, until it knows the truth. One soul in every life is born in different bodies – it can be a microbe, an insect, an animal, a man, at the end of rebirth a pure soul becomes a part of Brahma. In the process of circulation, the soul goes to purgatory, where it is to redeem sins for the acts committed, or, on the contrary, it finds peace for good deeds in life.

* * *

So, we went to the temple. My future husband’s sister and I stayed inside, and he and his father left after talking with the temple attendant. I and his sister and her child sat for a long time on a clean white marble floor.

What we did and why we sat there, I did not understand, there

was no one to ask, his sister did not know English, except for some well-known words, and I did not know Hindi to ask her. From time to time we smiled sweetly at each other and looked at each other sympathetically, complaining about the incredible heat. A fan was driving hot air. They brought me a glass of fresh juice, which I drank with pleasure. A cool stream of cold drink was most welcome.

In India, they make juice right in front of a client. There is a small shop on the street with ladles and a juicer like a meat grinder, near the shop there are a lot of fruits. The shop assistant immediately prepares a juice from any fruit you like.

Two hours passed, and then a young man came with his father. I was asked to go to the altar. The priest hung us on the neck in a flower garland and said something in Hindi. Then each of us put a spot on the forehead with red paint. I thought it was some kind of preliminary proceedings before the wedding, because in weddings usually there are many guests in fancy dresses. But we were alone.

We moved away from the altar, and Tenardieu with disgust wiped off the red spot on his forehead, fearing that anyone could see him.

– Now everyone thinks you forced me to marry you, wipe off the paint from your forehead too, – he hissed viciously.

– What?

– I just got married to you. – He answered rudely, turned around and left the temple.

When we left the temple and got into the car, a friend of my husband, Mandip, congratulated us and said that now we were a couple.

In the evening, my newly-made husband bought a bottle of cheap wine and samosa. Samosa is like our modified samsa, just not flat, and instead of meat, there are vegetables inside.

My mother-in-law, who was radically opposed to our marriage, never for a second left us alone, and my husband's attitude towards me always changed to a sharply negative one at her presence.

I will make a short digression and describe my mother-in-law. My mother-in-law, according to my calculations, was eight to nine years older than me, and my father-in-law was exactly ten years older than me. My husband was ten years younger than me. Mother-in-law was about forty two years old, but she looked like fifty. She did not study anywhere except in several classes of school.

Her face which used to be fresh and pretty years ago, her huge, shiny, sapphire-like eyes framed by long, terry, fan-shaped eyelashes was wrinkled, and once the lacquer-black thick hair was almost all sparse and gray. When she was angry, she was distinguished by almost bestial rudeness in behavior and forced loud laughter. She wore salvar-kameez and she covered her head with a translucent dupatta fabric, as befits all married women. Her right shoulder was always noticeable below the left because of hard work. She almost always wore the same clothes as it

is normal in villages all over the world. On a thin, wrinkled neck, she wore a gold pendant on a black rope; in her ears, she wore small gold hoop earrings. As for the point on the forehead, my dear mother-in-law drew it to herself only when she went to the city to the bazaar. She had one trait that gave her charm: when she was in my presence quarreling with someone and screaming, making scary eyes, at the same time she laughed with a coquettish, unnatural laugh.

So she never left us alone. And on our wedding day, it was the same. The three of us sat in the bedroom on our bed – me, Tenardieu and his mother. It was late, but she did not leave. They talked about something in Hindi, it even seemed to me that they were cursing, trying not to show it.

We did not celebrate this event in the restaurant. There was nothing festive – neither guests, nor a beautiful sari, nor gold jewelry, nor a honeymoon. I got married in the marine blue Punjabi suite I bought when I came to India. And instead of the restaurant, Tenardieu bought cheap wine with samosa, and so we were going to celebrate together. And even this mother-in-law did not allow us to do.

– Mom, go to your room, we just got married, let us sit together and celebrate the wedding, said my newly-made husband.

– I'm not going anywhere, – his mother replied and looked at me viciously at me.

– Go, I said, – he insisted, and my mother-in-law eventually

left, so we were left alone and sat silently.

My mother-in-law went and the husband poured the wine into glasses. We sat for a while and went to bed.

Night covered the village with a heavy veil. A minute ago, the voices of passers-by were heard on the street, an angry dog barking could be heard from afar, and suddenly everything died down at once.

Initially, Tenardieu quarreled with his mother and her relatives, stood up for me. He even quarreled once on the street with my mother-in-law's sister and her family, who lived next door, and told me:

– I quarreled today with the whole family. Do not betray me ever.

– I promise.

But over time, he went over to the side of his own mother, who hated me and began to resemble a tyrant feudal, who had only me in submission. He slandered me at any suitable moment when I was not around. He came to the bedroom and tormented me with his sullen silence.

I understood that his mother was discussing me with him. What he said to me after talking with her was disgusting.

“You have the face of a person one can't trust. I will not go with you alone for the honeymoon. I'm afraid of you. You look like a Chinese woman. Mom is afraid to let me go with you. What if you are an agent from China?”

I laughed in response. I was invited to a man, and he himself

was scared. I thought it was a bad joke. The young man kept saying the same thing.

– I do not trust you. Mom says I'm too young, I'm younger than you and married being a virgin to you.

– Is it you a virgin? You tell this fairytale to your mom. And I already know all the stories about you. You yourself told me everything. That's it, tomorrow I'm leaving. Stay with your mom.

– Leave. Take a suitcase and go on foot, if you know where to go. I will not give you a car.

– You know perfectly well that I cannot leave without your help. Take me to the airport, please.

– But it is you who wants to leave. Why should I help you?

Then he dissuaded me from leaving. As it later turned out, he was afraid that the neighbors would laugh at him.

* * *

India is a country, only one-third of which is visible to the ordinary human eye. The rest of the country is invisible. However, the indigenous population is aware of its existence. Hence, many rituals, prayers, mantras, temples, priests. There are a lot of different strange events happening on Indian soil – I don't know what kind of power is behind these events. The priests say that India comes into the life of a certain person for one mystical reason known to her. Also, the priests add that if India does not come to a person, means the person is not ready for this yet.

If India loves the person, then it gives him a sacred knowledge.

A person is endowed with a special gift. Many Indians have innate abilities for hypnosis and magic, are able to predict the future, they see prophetic dreams.

Once I noticed after myself that for some time after arriving in India I began to have dreams that came true in three to five days. There was nothing terrible in these dreams; I just saw in a dream some situations that in a few days came true.

The Indian people have their little secrets. So, my mother-in-law, before eating sweets for some reason, pinched a small piece from them and threw it somewhere to the side. Only then she began to eat treats. I don't know why she did it; I didn't see dogs and cats next to her.

In India there is polytheism. Most of all I like the story of the god Ganesh. Ganesh is the son of the gods Shiva and Parvathi, who was born with a human body and head. The god Shani looked at the boy, and the child's head burned. Then the god Shiva added to the baby the head of an elephant – the first animal encountered by the servants.

He is also called Shri Ganesh. Sri is a respectful prefix.

God Ganesh, kind and just, helps travelers and those who love to gain knowledge. Thus, this god is closer to me than all the other Indian gods.

The god Ganesh, who has the head of an elephant and the body of a man, pray as follows: “Om gam ganapataye namaha”. This mantra removes obstacles to a person. The first sound of the mantra “Om” – is the sound that first appeared in the newly

created Universe.

* * *

Since we got married, I was supposed to wear Indian clothes, not European ones. Now I had to cover my head with a dupatta and draw a point on my forehead. In the morning I applied a red strip on the central hair part and draw a point on my forehead – bindi. The point in the forehead reminded me of the sunset of red Indian sun. How beautiful it looks on the forehead of a married woman in India! It seems to illuminate the house and family with its warmth, love, and wisdom.

The mother-in-law said that I now could not wear European clothes and that I could not walk alone now when I want to, that if I go somewhere, and then only accompanied. She also, through her son, told me that I had to wash the floors and do the cleaning every day in the whole house, as well as walk on the field and pick cotton by hands.

I also bought a special pencil and bottle with a red composition and tassel. It is exactly the same capacity as nail polish, but the consistency of the contents is different.

In India, there are many bindi options in various colors and sizes that stick to the skin and last until evening.

My sister-in-law brought me two boxes with multi-colored disposable bindies. There was a whole color palette of nature. In the first box, the bindi was simply circles of three millimeters in diameter; in the second box, the bindi was gilded, in the shape of a flower.

If I woke up in a good mood, then I put a green bindi on my forehead. If I woke up in a bad mood, then I put the red color – the color of the traffic light. Before visiting some house, I put an elegant bindi with gold leaf.

I also now wore five to six bracelets on each arm. They were imbued with gold, although they were made of plastic.

My husband did not give me gold jewelry. Although in India huge sums are spent on gold jewelry for wives. Despite the poverty of her husband, my mother-in-law walked all in gold from head to toe, as did the sister-in-law. For me, they bought everything from plastic and simple iron.

A couple of words about Indian gold should be mentioned. It is much higher quality than all other types of gold in the world. It is almost no impurities, it is yellow and it is high-carat gold. It is said that Indian women daily wear on themselves 10% of world gold reserves.

– We will buy gold for you when you start working and give us your salary, – said my husband.

– Will you buy me that gold on my money? – I asked laughing.

– You don't even have a dowry. In India, a dowry is a pledge of happiness for newlyweds. And we do not demand anything from you. Therefore, we do not give anything. Just work in the office and give us the money you earn. Fifty-seventy thousand rupees a month is enough. We are honest people.

Then I told my mother-in-law that I had a dowry. If it is so important to them, then they will receive it. But my mother-in-

law said that not things would do for them, but only cash.

– Ah, what a nice, kind family! Only seventy thousands per month! – I replied through laughter.

I sincerely wanted to be an obedient daughter-in-law and decided to start cleaning the house, but I did not find any rags, no buckets, no gloves, or a vacuum cleaner. At this time of the day, there was no one in the house except for me and my grandmother. She was sitting on the second floor. I went up to her and gestured to ask about cleaning equipment. She did not understand me and, waving her hand, asked me to make tea for us and go to rest after tea. That day we got along perfectly with grandmother Dadi and henceforth began to regularly drink tea together when there was no one in the house except us.

My mother-in-law continued to insist on my participation in running the household. She especially wanted me to pick cotton. Then I asked them to buy me thick gloves. After a while, my father-in-law still bought me crimson-colored rubber gloves, and I began to go with them to pick cotton.

Over time, I, my mother-in-law and grandmother distributed the duties of housekeeping in the house, and disputes no longer arose.

So my day began at ten in the morning. I woke up, took a shower, brushed up. My husband woke up at the same time, often later than me, but every time after waking up, he grabbed his phone and ran off somewhere upstairs, where no one disturbed him.

At that time I opened the windows and doors, cleaned the bed, laid out the scattered things in places, rubbed dust in the room, swept, washed the floors, and then burned scented candles. Then I closed the windows and doors of the room outside and went upstairs to make breakfast.

I mostly did not buy clothes. My sister-in-law or a girl-neighbor sewed fabrics with ready-made collars, it was more money saving.

Meena, my sister-in-law, often came to visit her parents' house with her little daughter. The girl was a few months old. Pretty and plump, she was the darling of all family members.

My sister-in-law brought a sewing machine to the room, put it on the floor and sew wonderful dresses. My husband and I, his brother, my mother-in-law and someone else sat next to her, distracting the child with toys, so as not to interfere with the mother's sewing.

In the early days, I was very uncomfortable with the constant presence of many people around me.

In my family, it is not customary to visit someone without an invitation or without a prior call, even to my closest relatives. During a visit to relatives, we never stay too long. I remember how, in childhood, every visit to grandparents, who lived far from us, was a real treat. We were invited a week before arrival so that we did not plan any events for this day. For our arrival, my dear grandmother cooked for us delicious salads, cakes, meatballs, all sorts of delicacies. My brother and sister and I behaved as at

a reception, and did not allow ourselves to indulge, ate only with a knife and fork, did not fight with each other, were not noisy. On New Year's holidays, we also gathered with our grandparents and cousins at the holiday table, which was full of different dishes. On holidays, grandmother took out silver from the cabinet and crystal vases for salads, a large gorgeous dining set brought from Europe many years ago. Then we, the children, had to go out to the guests and recite poems by heart. After a verse or song, every child received a storm of applause, praise, New Year's greetings, wishes and the most pleasant thing – a New Year's gift wrapped in sweetie paper. It was the noisiest time for me.

On other days, as a rule, we spent time by ourselves, in our own rooms, in our own house, in silence, doing our own business.

Therefore, being used to such a contrast in the first days of arrival in India, I often felt dizzy from the noise and conversations. I remember how I sat on the bed in the bedroom, my husband's relatives were sitting around me, talking loudly, laughing, someone tugging at my shoulder. From the noise, my temperature rose and my head ached, in the end, I ran to the second floor, where there was no one. I sat in a chair on the balcony and enjoyed the silence. Several people came after me to the second floor.

Over time, I got used to the noise and the constant presence of relatives and neighbors. Also used to spicy food, so much so that without chili pepper, the food seemed tasteless.

People get used to everything over time.

* * *

My mother-in-law was smiling to my face, but behind me she was my enemy.

She was a good person, who just had other expectations about her daughter-in-law. Therefore, she, as she could, tried to adjust me to her standards.

I understood everything perfectly: what does she expect from me, what should I do to make her like me. But selfish mother-in-law is never satisfied with daughters-in-law. Therefore, one should not try hard, it is still useless.

I know that her plans were to find for her son an Indian girl from the village, obedient and silent, who would take over the whole life of themselves, who would bring a rich dowry to their home. At the same time, the choice of a son did not matter, because the mother-in-law chose a servant for herself, and not a son's wife. And then her son brought me, a person after years of military service and after human rights activities.

I guess she did not know that her son always wanted to marry a foreigner and dreamed of living abroad.

I knew how to cook well and therefore began cooking. Mainly because I could not eat what my mother-in-law was cooking. Her food seemed to be tasteless, hastily cooked, without inspiration and without a soul, gruel for cattle. My husband told that she could cook only some temporary food.

Therefore, I announced that from now on I will cook for the whole family. I cooked sabji (different vegetables, stewed

together), vegetable stew, spaghetti with sauce and pea soup dal, eggplant caviar. In India people cook in a pressure cooker on gas. First, oil is poured into the pressure cooker, spices are put, then the main ingredients of the preparing dish, then after a short roasting, the vegetables are poured over with water and tightly covered with a lid.

I missed my traditional food, sandwiches with sausage, toasts with jam and coffee, Russian salad, red borscht, mantas, Kazakh beshbarmak, my favorite Uzbek pilaf. At night, I saw them in my dreams. Sometimes I fried pies with potatoes and then treated everyone in the house.

Bread in India is not eaten every day, instead, they bake flatbread. Bread is made from traditional white bread in India, which translates as bread, but it is not just bread, but bread fried with vegetables, something like our bread fried with eggs.

In the first two months of life in India, I lost almost twenty kilograms. So if you want to lose weight, it is good to live in India.

We ate on the floor of small metal cups with small spoons. In other homes it is different. In general, it all depends on the wealth of the family. I brought with me a fork from Moscow and put it in a common dish with spoons and knives, but all the time my fork turned out to be under the cupboard, behind the bed, behind the refrigerator. I have no idea how it got there.

I did not use it in order not to offend others and not to differ from other family members. I sat on the floor with everyone and ate the same as they did. The only thing I could not do was eat

roti flatbreads the way they did. Out of habit, I ate with a spoon, holding it in my right hand, and ate roti instead of bread, holding it in my left hand. They don't do that in India, in India they tear off a small piece of roti and scoop food from it, eating at the same time. But since it was impossible for me not to mess my fingers with food, I preferred a spoon. For roti, there are special pans-thermos. After the roti is ready, put it in this thermos and close the lid. Thus roti does not wither and does not cool for a long time.

I cooked the food myself, cut the salad myself and laid everything out on plates and also took it to each family member myself. Then I poured all the lassi into cups and sat down to eat with the others. At this time my husband decorously, as if the king on the throne sat on the floor and waited for me to bring him food. I felt myself uncomfortable when doing all alone. As in my family husbands help their wives.

I remember how we had dinner all together on the floor in a room with a balcony, and my father-in-law looked at us all and smiled happily:

– Today we have a real family dinner.

We drank tea separately from the main meal. About two hours after eating.

In my homeland, it is customary to drink tea before meals or after meals and in large quantities. Various sweets and treats are served for tea, a whole table is served, and we sit for a long time at the table and talk or watch TV.

The word "chai", which means "tea" came to us from India. In Hindi, tea sounds like “chai” in Hindi same like in Russian “chai”. But Indian tea is prepared in India in a different way. In India, tea is prepared in a wide metal ladle. First, water is poured into the middle of the bucket. Two or three teaspoons of tea are thrown there, and then sugar, milk, and spices added. When the tea boils, the ladle is removed from the stove, and its contents are poured into cups. Cups are small, like piles. They are put on a tray, there is also a plate with cookies, and carried to the living room. Wife first gives tea to her father-in-law, then to grandmother, grandfather, mother-in-law, and her husband, and in the end, she takes a cup for herself.

When no one saw, we and Granny Dadi winked and drank plenty of tea and tea with milk and cookies, secretly from everyone.

In the first days after my arrival, due to politeness, I tolerated new traditions – I drank tea in one fifty-gram cup with a pair of cookies.

But one day, when my mother-in-law ordered to make tea for everyone, I made a whole pot of tea. Mother-in-law swore. But I still drank a liter of tea, while watching a movie, like at home.

I was cooking, and my mother-in-law was washing dishes. For dishwashing, she used a piece of special blue dish soap and a metal brush. One day, Dadi asked me how I washed dishes at home. I replied that the dishwasher washes the dishes: you press the button and it washes everything, you just have to put a special

tablet and load the dishes.

Every day, when my father-in-law was at work, I cooked lunch for him, put it in containers and gave him to my husband. My husband passed the food to his younger brother, who took the bag with the container to the bus stop and handed over to the bus drivers who were traveling from the village to the bus station in Tohana. There they met my father-in-law and passed him his lunch.

Since I began to talk about my Dadi, I must say that this person was the only one who was sincerely kind to me. I think because my mother-in-law hated us both – me and Dadi.

Dadi was over ninety years old, but she was pretty quick: she worked a little less than my mother-in-law at home, sometimes she liked to drink a glass of wine after a meal, and somehow I saw her smoking a pipe. Dadi had a special hairstyle. There was no hair on the hairline in the middle of the forehead, but there was a bald spot. Immediately behind the bald head, there was a braid and a bunch of collected hair. I could not see this strange hairstyle, because grandmothers always cover their heads with a dupatta. Sometimes I made for her foot massage; sometimes she hugged me and sang songs in Hindi, chanting my name. It was so warm and soulful. We sat together with her in a room on the second floor and watched TV. Dadi quietly looked around if there was a nearby my mother-in-law and said “sabji”. I brought her subji with roti, she quickly ate, then at a speed threw the plate away under the bed and quickly went to bed until my mother-in-

law caught her. She was very afraid of her daughter-in-law.

We spoke a little with her in Hindi.

Many words in Russian are similar to words from the Indians' lexicon. For example, the word "tarbuz" is the same as "arbuz", which means watermelon. And the name Shveta means "light", as we say Sveta. It was surprising to find out that a huge number of words in the ancient Sanskrit language coincide with words from the Russian language in terms of sound and meaning. It was not difficult for me to remember many words in Hindi. For example, drink water – "Pani Pei." Pei means to drink, which is the same in Russian pei. And the question "Did you drink water?" Google translator translates as "Kya mistane Pani Peya?" which sounds similar to Russian verb pila.

My mother-in-law was Dadi's daughter-in-law, and they were constantly in conflict. In India, there is a problem of daughters-in-law and mothers-in-law. There is even a special prison exclusively for mothers-in-law. The fact is that, according to tradition, a wish of mother-in-law for Indian daughter-in-law should be the law, and mother-in-law misuses it. And in India, the bride pays the bride-money.

I do not know which of them started the war first Dadi or my mother-in-law, but I felt sorry for the old grandmother, with whom my mother-in-law was always rude and tactless. I was sorry to see how my mother-in-law treats her roughly. My grandmother often had a stomach ache, but the operation at that age was dangerous, it was dangerous to overeat, so she was given

little food. As soon as it became unbearable, she called a doctor for an injection.

My dear Dadi, I remember her with warmth and a smile, like fellow soldiers remember each other after the war. After all, we, along with her, suffered the attacks of my mother-in-law. I would sit with Dadi together on the same bed, and hugged her and sang songs for her in Russian.

I sang different songs like “The lights are so much gold on the streets of Saratov”. Although, of course, she did not understand the meaning of the words, but spoke in Hindi “sahi, sahi” – which means you sing well.

If earlier my husband was on my side, then after a while he took the side of his mother, who was against me. Every time she entered the room and looked at us sitting together, he seemed to read her eyes and his facial expression changed. My husband gradually became rude to me.

* * *

In the house directly opposite our house, across the road, lived the cousin of my husband. He and his wife were the same age as Tenardieu. My husband scoffed at that woman, behind her back telling that she stole some cream from his house. Then I reminded him that, as a teenager, he was engaged in petty theft, secretly climbing into other people’s homes in his village and not just once, but repeatedly. After my reminder, Tenardieu smiled slyly and said that he could do anything.

My spouse spoke of that woman as a brawler with a clear

mental disorder. So I stayed away from her. Little by little she began to come into our house with a child in her arms and just looked at me, smiling. Most often I saw her cleaning or cooking or hung with babies who were born one after another. Sometimes, when I was sitting on the balcony reading a book, she would hang clothes on the roof of the house and greet her affably.

Once I saw her scream at her husband. My husband snorted contemptuously at her. Then I asked what was wrong with her, why she was screaming. My husband replied that she screamed without reason, she was just mental. Nothing much happened, she just jealous, outraged by the free behavior of her husband, as he that day again cheated on her. For my husband, it was not a problem at all.

Fatehabad

The Fatehabad court refused to register our marriage. The judge who reviewed our case was young and, in fear of making a mistake, he did not dare to give approval. Therefore, my husband had to hire a lawyer in Tohana. After unsuccessful attempts to solve this problem in the usual ways, the lawyer suggested contacting the media and drawing public attention. I was not aware of their plans to involve public and media, otherwise, I would refuse.

Reporters came to us and filmed reports about me, about how we live, how I run a household in an Indian village after working in a noisy Moscow office. I put on my new chiffon dress bought by my mother-in-law.

My husband and I were shown on television throughout India and Kazakhstan. Later, I found out that Tenardieu spoke in Hindi to all reporters that I came to India without his invitation, he said that I myself proposed him to marry, although it was a lie. I remember how immediately after my arrival he took my phone and deleted all his messages with declarations of his love to me and proposals to get married, which were sent to me in moments when I tried to separate with him. Thus, as it turned out later, he removed compromising evidence against himself.

At the same time in my country, all the newspapers and TV programs doubled the Indian news about me. In my country, it

was everywhere written: “She proposed him and came for him in India from Moscow”, “Kazakh woman proposed Indian man”. It was his lie, but I had no idea how to refute those allegations. It was such a huge shame so that I did not know how to deal with it. People in my country were furious. Many of them wrote angry comments on social media. People divided into two groups: those who wished me all the best and abused my husband and those who abused me and my husband. They did not believe that I could propose him, so they felt insulted by him and commented negatively.

My husband knew it all, as I showed him zillions of negative comments in my country news portals, but he never explained to me the reason why he lied to reporters. And I was so much shocked with his meanness so that I never asked why he did so. So we never discussed it.

– What do you think about the legal system of India? –
Reporters asked me.

It was expected that I would criticize the poor young judge who tormented us with his hesitant character. But instead, I said something completely different.

– India has its own laws and rules. They are needed to protect all of us from tyranny. This is correct, and it is a guarantee of our safety. I respect the laws of India and will respect any decision of the judge.

All day, Tenardieu and I sat in the courthouse or followed a lawyer who ran through our cases in different rooms.

I felt bad in hot weather. I grew up in Siberia. For me, the best air temperature is not higher than twenty-four degrees Centigrade. When it gets warmer, I start to melt like a Snow Maiden by the fire.

Same it was in those days. I barely endured, plus thirty-five degrees Centigrade. Above, at the insistence of my mother-in-law, a translucent synthetic dupatta was hung up on me, which, in addition to the heat, blocked the access to oxygen. Also, I doubted every second and shared with my husband doubts about our union. I just wanted to leave, go back to my old life, to my work, to my friends, to my sweet life in Moscow. But Tenardieu always replied “wait”. Probably he was still hoping to go with me abroad. He told me to apply for study abroad as soon as possible.

I put up with all my strength and tried not to show it. Tenardieu said:

– Smile, honey. Otherwise, they will think that you do not want to marry me. They actually think that I force you.

– But it’s true.

I smiled, but it turned out theatrics.

Reporters took pictures of us, and my face was sad in all the pictures.

In the evenings, when my husband was returning home, we locked in the bedroom and made facial masks from turmeric. Tenardieu was mixing turmeric with some butter, and this mixture was spread on the skin. After half an hour we washed off the mask. Skin became soft, with a beautiful tint.

Every time before going to bed, my husband applied a bleaching cream to his face. India produces very good bleaching cosmetics. In India, my husband said, this type of cream is very popular.

My mother-in-law had neither a hobby nor a job in her life; she lay on her bed all day and got up on the necessary daily matters. I think because of boredom, she gave us no peace. I knew that she was doing everything to turn her son against me.

Gradually, she inclined my husband to her side. My husband once told me half asleep:

– Mom said that we do not need to marry in court. She will find me another girl.

– I agree with her. We are not right for each other. I need another person. You need another person.

* * *

In those days, my husband and I were invited to the wedding. A guy from our village married a girl from another village. We got up early because it was necessary to leave at six in the morning.

The night before I put my phone to charge and went to bed. In the morning I woke up when heard that my husband shouted at me.

– Why you didn't charge your phone? – He allowed himself rude expressions and screamed at me. Then he pushed me into the shoulder.

– I put the phone on charge before going to bed, – I said.

– I took your charger. What, do not you see something? Are you blind?

– Then why are you telling me that I did not charge my mobile? Who allowed you to disconnect charger?

– Get ready and do not lose time!

I was hurt. It was disgusting.

Then we went to the next street. There was a car at the groom's house. Everyone got into it and drove off. There were about ten people in the car, and everyone was happy.

My good mood disappeared. My husband sat and pushed me on the shoulder.

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