

Viktoriya Polileeva



DARINA

Love story

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«Издательские решения»

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“— Did the old woman kill Raskolnikov?— Tell your version. Who is the killer?— Porfiry Petrovich is, but he inspired to the suspicious, nervous Raskolnikov, that he – Raskolnikov is the murderer. Everything is written there, if you read it carefully. After all, he even looks like Napoleon – small, plump.”Dear reader! In the book “Darin”, you will find a sharp intricate plot and original author’s thoughts. Another love, but even the reciprocal feeling does not always contribute to happiness.

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Darina

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Viktorija Polileeva

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the story of the man walking towards

To tell your own story without hiding a single movement of the soul, neither good nor bad, is to relive it again. Despite the many sorrows associated with her, this is the only thing I live by. The most dear to my heart memory.

Mysterious, flashing living light diamond. Sometimes I take it out to once again be fascinated by its brilliance and again hide it in my bosom...

It all started over two years ago, in the evening in May. I remember it to the smallest details.

Dribble warm rain, crazy, carefree. With one touch, he removed all worries and blatantly lied about happiness. At the end of the street we traveled, was located a small square. His darkness was tempting to breathe freshness. I asked to stop the car and went out.

The smell of sticky leaves excited the blood. I was still desperately young!

Feeling a surge of strength, I would have swept away like a foal, on thick wet grass where the horizon is visible, to tear its boundaries.

My companion did not guess my desires. I was gloomy and taciturn. My business was serious, and I did not take off the mask. I stood under a wet tree, breathing in the spring air mixed with the smoke of my cigar, pondering one deal. But for some reason my thought this evening galloped from side to side, like my foal. pondering one deal

The rain broke, encouraged by elastic leaves.

Then I first saw her. My darling, my beauty.

In pink tights, short skirt, thin as a needle. Long hair was wet in the rain, brown eyes gazed stubbornly and cheerfully under the light bangs. She was walking with her girl – friend.

Hugging each other around the waist, the girls slapped right through the puddles.

Drunk air circled the young heads. They sang, not paying any attention to me

“They became too small for me. Your grated jeans. We have been taught for so long lo-o-o-ong ...”

Wake up in the spring, sonorous birds – a mockingbird!

So it began.

Hi girls.

– Hello, crispy, – she answered, barely glancing at me with a look, – why such a handsome man? From which gypsy camp?

And they passed by, laughing and not waiting for an answer. She did not need an answer, a minx. I asked a question to make my girlfriend laugh. I did not interest her.

I got into the car.

– Follow them quietly, brother.”

We went up.

– Shall I give you a lift? Watted at all...

She sparkled her white teeth.

– We do not sit in the cars to unfamiliar gypsies.
The girlfriend said: “Never!” – And again they laughed.

I turned directly to the blond one, finding nothing better than a hackneyed phrase:

– Can you give a phone number...

But the voice sounded strange, intermittent, I needed to know her phone before the spasms.

– Will you not regret it? – She answered with a question. Her friend snorted, bent over laughing, and so she went, holding her stomach.

The car drove slowly behind the girls. I looked at my beautiful woman silently, without looking up. She again slid on me with a cold lizard, grinned:

– Well, write, Roma

The girl was not mistaken, I am a gypsy. When I met my beauty, I turned 28 years old.

I had a bride – beautiful, like the southern night, lassie. Her name is Rada.

I dreamed of happiness doves with her, about children. And at that moment, I firmly believed, and the earth was ready to kiss, that Rada and I were two halves of one apple. Therefore, I did not have time to walk “in a painted shirt”, only until autumn. In the fall should be our wedding.

In the meantime, like any idle gypsy, drunk with young courage, dashing money and the availability of beautiful women, I allowed myself everything.

Milky rivers and sweet banks of debauchery! Everyone drank from them, I was no exception and did not hesitate to take what I wanted.

Waitresses from restaurants, whose attention could be attracted by a generous tip and kept expensive trinkets. Putany, clinging to the roadsides, excited their white skin with tattoos and independent of “prejudice” behavior. After seeing their picturesque flocks, the heart beat faster, life was felt more sharply. These Lyubasha and Anyuta so nicely brightened up with us friends with free time, were so sincere and unsophisticated.

With some, I met more than once, there was something like attachment, but quickly passed, and I forgot them.

The simplicity of relations with Russian women has never complicated me.

Why did this thin girl with wet blond hair suddenly need me more than air?

And where did my head go, so suddenly, without explaining anything?

This stolen, if she does not want, can not be achieved for any money.

Such a rare breed walks by itself and lives by its own laws.

Well, why do I need it? And let him walk... I thought myself. But it did not help. Something uncontrollable, frighteningly – sweet already enveloped my heart. I felt the power of the unknown, resisting it.

I twisted the situation and so and so, but she stubbornly did not stick in any acceptable frame for me. Soon I abandoned my vain attempts and threw out the white flag.

Old people say a person feels it right away. What happens once in my life, or never happens.. What my soul was tormented about, what mistakenly I mistook for Rada, I met that evening.

I was happy and scared. For the first time, I was not the master of the situation.

So I recognized her phone number and name. My beloved’s name, sonorous, as she herself is, Daria, Darina (as I began to call her in my own way) A gift, even in the name I saw a happy omen.

I called her the next day, worrying in earnest. I, who often looked in the face of death, lost comrades and closed my eyes to enemies, worried like a boy, dialing her number.

There was a lump in my throat that I could not swallow. I did not hope for anything, I asked her to meet.

Our first date, as the first pancake, really turned out to be a lump.

The phone was constantly ringing, she talked with someone about the upcoming session, tests, rehearsals and gates. Casually dropped that she is studying at the Institute of Culture (here, in Khimki) on a choreographer and finishing the fourth year.

In general, she was scattered, hurriedly ate a cake, refused champagne, almost forgot the rose, which I gave her and said that she was very in a hurry, melted in the door of her hostel.

Alas, I again did not cause the slightest interest in my beauty. Did not even look back, splinter! But, having coped with irritation, I decided not to retreat, no matter what happens. The next day, she also said with a sense of detachment that she was taking the exam today.

And tomorrow at the girlfriend of Lyuska's birthday and, more likely out of politeness, (well, you want, come) invited me to celebrate this event with them.

If you already stepped into the tunnel – go boldly. There must be a clearance in front.

I came on the road estimating unfamiliar to me the situation. A room full of advanced youth. They drank wine and heatedly argued. The fashionable names of the cine and artistic world of contemporary art flashed. Students, at the time of their intellectual development.

I was out of business. And while my love was talking about Italian neo-realism and Russian art-house, I sipped marijuana at the open window.

She did not pay any attention to me at all, as if we were not acquainted, completely. She gave her attention to fellow students. By the way very unceremonious, for kisses and compliments to my beautiful. She was jealous, my hot nature resisted every touch of a strange hand to Darina, but I did not give a look and patiently waited for the denouement.

One of these wise men studied directing and prepared for staging an excerpt from Crime and Punishment. In pursuit of the avant-garde, he tortured the form, leaving untouched, trivially understood content. In Russian books, there is much to learn, and I once read Dostoevsky. And when the Khimki avant-gardist spoke with inspiration about the “sitting on the needle” Raskolnikov, with his ax in the trembling hands, I asked, looking up from the window: “Did the old woman kill Raskolnikov?”

Puzzled look at me, they made me laugh – that's the bosota! – I thought and continued:

– He took someone else's sin. Love you for someone else's suffer.

– Tell your version. Who is the killer?

– Porfiry Petrovich is, but he inspired to the suspicious, nervous Raskolnikov that he – Raskolnikov is the murderer. Everything is written there, if you read it carefully. After all, he even looks like Napoleon – small, plump. Dostoevsky innocently suffers a lot. But on closer examination, it turns out that – yes, they could to kill, but neither one nor the other is to blame. And somebody is guilty the third, absolutely casual person who was attracted by easy prey. The bloody ax is in the hands of Raskolnikov. After all, he was constantly present there, shifting from foot to foot, immersed in his thoughts. Like a lover under the balcony. Probably witnessed a terrible massacre. Raskolnikov himself punishes himself for criminal thoughts: he thought, he wished, it means guilty. To take someone else's fault – it is in Russian.

Finally I caught a spark of interest in her eyes.

“Aha, I got caught, as if such a pike did not break!”

And, when we went out for a walk in the evening, I was silent, like a block, afraid to spoil the impression.

In those days, Darina fell from morning to night in the institute, and I circled around, hoping that she would call, and I will appear at the first call of the beloved. Love tightly and efficiently twisted its nuts. I was only thinking about Daryn. The face of the Rada sometimes came up from the mist of my soul and immediately disappeared. I guess I'm crazy.

The idea that love can be fierce, unreciprocal, tearing apart the heart, made a frenzy. But hope had such a gentle, affectionate voice!

So I spent days in torments and dreams, forgetting about everything.

The deeds demanded my presence. I did go to the meeting with the guys to solve all the problems as quickly as possible and return.

We were lucky, a large lot of excellent goods came unhindered.

The guys were happy. "– Oh, do not wake me up early tomorrow, romala!"

– Let's go to revel!

I (constantly peeking into the phone, – whether there is a SMS-ok from Darina, did not miss her call), refused flatly.

"Shall I give you a truck?"

– Take me to Khimki, and go where you want.

I left in Khimki, leaving the guys. Their cheerful faces leaned out of the windows.

Friends looked after me, shaking their heads – Ay-ya-ya-ya-ya, va-ah-aa, ay-ya-ya-ya-ya!

– Then wash the machine. After you...

– Oh, eh-uh-uh-yo-yo!

But that evening she did not call. We have not met for several days. And I sat, as if lost, in a smoke-filled hotel room, not noticing either the day or the night and waited.

At the weekend, she still jumped in my car, straightened her skirt on her knees, and said slowly, mockingly: "Well, go, drive the horses."

We rode country roads, which gave us warmed-up dust. Outside the window flashed fields, from them so powerfully smelled a new life, that I often wanted

Stop the car and kiss your loved one with all the passion, but I kept myself.

Can you imagine what it cost me.

In the restaurant of my brother, where we came with my beloved, old Rachel sang. Did not sing, but exhaled, in the old manner, without emotion. But from simple songs of a gray-haired gypsy, goose bumps ran down his back and tweaked his eyes. My darling was flushed with drunk champagne, from the harmony of the strings of her soul with the melody.

Russians like gypsy songs. And I do not know a Russian who, at the first sounds of our sad violin, would not shrug his shoulders, did not dare, and would not wave a rifle or two: "And, to drink, so to drink! Let my business burn with a blue flame."

My beautiful beauty has grown merry, and for its usual mockery, softly slid caress.

I generously thanked Rachel for the brilliance in the eyes of my beloved.

We returned to midnight and everything that could ignite an already raging flame was in stock: a huge golden-moon was shining treacherously, pregnant with love languor, the leaves gently rustled from the warm breeze.

My sweetheart said goodbye, clinging to me – "thank you." I felt her body fragile and shy under the light shirt. My wild desire rushed with a black mustang, rose on its hind legs, and struck it in the heart! I almost choked, hugging Darina, but she slipped out of my hands in the most incomprehensible and miraculous way, leaving me to squeeze the air and wipe the cold sweat from her face.

I was furious and roared like a beast, giving vent to my fury. My car was racing, the speedometer went off scale. To knock down all the lampposts along the road, crush your head, (why should she, if this is so bad) – that's what I wanted. So I was annoyed with myself, at her and all this bitter love!

I drove all night and stopped at the edge of the forest when it was dawn, with a firm and unshakable desire to forget this girl once and for all, go home and visit the Rada.

I washed my dew, sat down on a hillock, lit a cigarette and began to think about things, consciously avoiding thoughts about Daryn. But she so firmly entered my flesh that all thoughts jumped in one elusive way to one – my love.

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