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Sergej Strelyaev

Only craft

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Аннотация

We meet Alexander, an aspiring writer who fights with himself, his weaknesses and the texts that he writes. Torn between writing and hard work on earth, without which he can not imagine life, he still chooses creativity. Alexander, not parting with a notebook and pen, intuitively comprehends the rules of the craft of writing and rises to the top. This is a book about spiritual growing up, about mistakes and aspirations, about the test of fame, and also about how difficult...

Содержание

Only craft	5
Chapter 1	5
Chapter 2	19
Chapter 3	42
Chapter 4	63
Chapter 5	86
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	89

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Sergej Strelyaev

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Chapter 1

“The one who does not see the truth turns away from bad, is not capable to feel pleasures from good; not thinking of death life for nothing will live”, – now he even more often heard the father, to it unusual dreams came, persistently forced out habitual dreams, tried to hint about something. Instead of a ring of coins and wine in beautiful glasses music was, pictures of the far childhood emerged.

Having groped the grown dumb fingers the button, Alexander disconnected an alarm clock. He knew, after three minutes the repetition designed to pull out finally his body from a dream will work. But it will occur later, ahead several minutes of pleasures in complete darkness still glimmered. In time which remained for rest the guy tried to fall asleep, forget the forthcoming day. Fog of close morning enveloped consciousness, immersing in a sensitive somnolence, forced to shudder, opening eyes. In a close window the darkness penetrated by wind was concealed. From time to time the expected signal began to seem. Being afraid to oversleep, he stood up from a sofa, listened to silence, extended a lamp from under a pillow, highlighted the dial of hours. Still there were two minutes. The whistle

of wind reaching outside filled the room with nonexistent cold. From one thought – “in half an hour it is necessary to come to a frost and to battle again against elements”, the shiver scolded. Muffling up with the head in a blanket, drawing in under itself knees, Alexander tried to find the reason allowing to stay at home. But the body, contrary to desires of the owner, performed the operations brought to automatism: the ringing click of the switch – and the room lit up is dazzling caustic light. The night trapping behind the jingling glasses, having condensed even more densely, it was removed deep into windows.

The ring repeated. Having shrunk, continuing to freeze, Alexander reached phone, again disconnected an alarm clock. He hated, was even afraid the sounds awakening it. Looking for rescue, changed a melody, the result remained the same. At last, having guessed that it is not sounds, and in the sense put in them, returned to the first, quieter option of a signal. And still, despite innocence, he continued to hate an opposite tweedle. It is not important where and in what time he happened to hear familiar notes, together with them also the morning discontent came back. Having cast away a blanket, he right there regretted about the dressing gown forgotten on a chair. To treasured warmth remained to steam of steps, disgustingly far, stumps.

The left sofa creaked an old age. Being exempted from weight of a body, springs deafly cracked. Having got on feet, the guy right there got back into a bed – it was not succeeded to have a rest in a night: the head was turned, there was a wish to sleep.

Ability to move, and reason hardly came back to the languished body, following its example, refused to understand The remains of night images still sent consciousness to fantastic corridors; in them strange music still sounded. Every moment of the appearing reality in emptiness several notes were lost, already not clear words of a mysterious song were confused. Soon Alexander had one aftertaste yes silhouettes strange, not hurrying to be dissolved in the dawn, images. They pursued it all day, assimilating to a plane loop, slowly, without losing the sharpness, continuing to attract afar, crept away on the parties.

“Do not close an eye, do not miss anything”, – the father demanded more and more quietly while Alexander did not cease to understand it at all.

“I look..., only good does not hurry. Where it got lost?” – their conversation always came to an end with the same question.

Having found forces, Alexander got up and achieved the planned objectives: having thrown with a dressing gown shoulders, heavily fell in the released chair. Legs shivered from weakness, dull ache howled in all joints, nausea attacks bothered. Tickled in a throat. Cheap Chinese hours on a wall beat off “rubber” seconds – the only sound in impenetrable silence which is not noticed in the afternoon at all. He waited when, bringing new torments, phone rings out.

– Give already, – being irritated, Alexander addressed persistently being silent tube.

Phone which heard the owner, having burst in bells, spread on

the varnished table cover.

– Yes, – the voice did not submit; having cleared the throat, squeezed out from itself louder: – I listen.

– The sonny, you did not oversleep?

– How many time to you to repeat same?! I put an alarm clock.

No, all the same you call!

Similar phrases, обозляясь for all next day, Alexander repeated every morning.

– You will take to eat itself or to me on a stop to take out? – the woman of reproaches did not notice, or managed to get used to them.

– I have a girl. She knows how to cook too.

Eloquent silence followed.

“I am aware as she prepares”, – the dry crash in dynamics replaced words.

– Forgot that Lita arrived, – constraining reproaches, the woman sighed. – Well, you though I wash the dishes from salad bring. Found?

Having set a couple of nothing not meaning questions yet and having received as much faceless answers, Nina passed to the latest news and scrupulously collected gossips. Stories followed one by one, their contents – about everything and about everyone, did not miss the uniform acquaintance, did not disdain any subject. Sometimes the woman did a pause, asked something. Without knowing what to refer to and how somewhat quicker to hang up, Alexander answered. Nina continued to enrage him

and demanded impossible: it is not simple to answer, but also to think, be at loss for words, to turn them into intelligent phrases.

“Well what will change if I answer in a different way? If I in general keep silent? Can switch-off phone next time? No! – hasty Alexander refused the tempting idea, without having managed to enjoy it properly. – Will begin to ring round neighbors. Itself will come tearing along, without reckoning with distance. And after even it is necessary to construct the sat-down battery, breakage of phone, a problem with hearing. The last at all to anything – will drag to the doctor. In loading will finish a conversation on the shed tears, the endured disorders, the endured heartache and the drunk valerian bottles Or what it accepts there? – the similar prospect beat off any desire to give in to minute pleasure. – And it is not guilty”, – Alexander was softened – loved parents, though seldom showed it. But unlike most of the friends never hesitated of them. Old men paid it in the same: were not angry, did not reproach with unjustified hopes and the brought disappointments. “Yes, it is not guilty. Worries. And the father so in general restraint, idle will not call. Though, so... suffers for the sake of appearance. Too misses To serve it in investigation. ... Probably, knows who killed Kennedy if, of course, knows who such Kennedy”.

Especially got when Nina called on work, it is frequent during a lunch break, and, naturally, without having heard squeal of a saw, at once began to suspect something wrong and surely bad, often threatening with accident. On the guy the hail right

there spilled from: “Why it is so silent?”, “You where are?”, “And why not at work?”

As Alexander restrained, for a long time the patience did not last: was rude and in a minute listened to infinite lamentations and charges of cruelty. Here and now, each word pronounced by Ninoyu brought it almost physical pain, any thought which is making the way in the head, striving to bring out of a dozing state brought closer a snow blizzard, reminded of fast need to go outside. Consciousness renounced reality, demanded to leave it alone. Thoughts sought to continue the slow course in not clear, not demanding any efforts direction. “To sit and, without thinking, to consider the images emerging in the head, to stick to some of them, it is imperceptible for itself to come back to previous, to eat away them to the bottom and to go further, so and without having found anything, so and without looking for anything”.

Having darted a farewell glance at the bed storing traces of his body Alexander, palmed it, felt the catching a cold warmth. Having heaved a deep sigh, left in kitchen. Here it seemed even more cold. Welded a cup of coffee; trying not to look at the food strengthening a desire to vomiting put something with himself for lunch. Began to smoke a cigarette and again plunged into contemplate tranquility.

The same hours, as well as in the hall, monotonously killed the last minutes of silence. In total around it seemed disgusting, hated. At each inhaling in a cigarette crackled the

smoldering tobacco. The flashing spark snatched out from darkness, reflected a face of the guy in windowpanes, added shades red to his brown eyes, decorated with a flush thin, actually very pale face. Small shuddering, long fingers brought and brought a cigarette to lips. Smoke scratched a throat, forced to cough. Gray clubs, coiling, settled on the black, unbarbered head. As if trying to dump from itself the living being, Alexander swung hands, crashed fingers into a thick hair, with a force pulled the hand which is getting stuck in them and, without paying attention to the rising pain, tore apart the hairbrush and shampoo, ringlets bound, long ago calling. But to take care of the own life there was neither desire, nor time; and now there was a wish only – to return one to heat, to bury in a fluffy blanket and, having felt its soft touches, to fall asleep even if forever. Such minutes death attracted it for itself, seemed the disposal bearing long-awaited rest. It after, before noon, life will seem tolerable, worthy continuations

“Has a sleep only four hours. This movie was given me”, – Alexander in each cruel morning repeated, repeated that he by all means will lay down today earlier, will sleep. Then evening came, morning tortures were forgotten, and it sat up again late. The competition begun very long time ago with itself continued. “All right still would be engaged in business No, looked, envied others talent. And that...? Differently it is possible to feel, let without having slept, but having satisfied made. You look, and others will begin not to fill up, accusing my art, damning

morning. So not, I sit, I look what the hell! Today I will surely be engaged in work and to sleep!" – while the head broke up, Alexander trusted in the promises made to themselves.

Having smoked one more cigarette, glanced in a bedroom. In the twilight, hardly dispersed nochnichok, guessed outlines of the sleeping girl. Having creaked polovichka, trying not to rustle, approached closer. Eyes got used to darkness: more and more distinctly objects in the room appeared, appeared through a wall dullness, book shelves, posters with the girls who are pulled out from magazines. Having inclined, Alexander distinguished the nutbrown hair scattered on pillows, the long shuddering eyelashes, accurate handles of eyebrows and the small cheek birthmark dementing him, are a little higher than lips. All the rest hid a blanket which impressive thickness could not conceal symmetry of the Liteny figure. At these moments the girl seemed especially expensive, especially fine. Its easy breath called for itself, immersed in a dream, desire to get to it under a blanket, to nestle on a young, smooth body awoke.

"Late to climb in a bed, – having once again envied the sleeping girl, he right there became angry to himself: – Gave to drink cold wine ...". The last night had to be spent separately, far away from each other: Lita strongly caught a cold and went to bed early. And therefore – an hour or so more in front of the TV, and then one more..., and as a result night on an outcome together with the pathetic remains for a dream – neither sense, nor forces for a travel to the neighboring room – a leaden sleep

on a rigid sofa.

“When we will meet now?” – Alexander decided not to keep the promise made by it the day before, decided not to awake and say goodbye. Having kissed the girl on a beautiful mouth, put on and resolutely left to the yard.

– Protect everything here, and I will go.

Having learned the owner’s voice, the dog jumped out of the box. Alexander glanced in the big eyes exhaling human mind. Slowly translated a view of massive paws of a sheep-dog. Not without pleasure frayed the new, appeared by winter Thunder wool.

– In it you are actually a giant, – having remembered, returned on a cold verandah, dug up a full bowl of porridge from a pan. – You though demand, and that somehow you will remain hungry ... It is advisable to release you to run about.

The thunder silently agreed with the owner, wagging a tail. Agreed and hoped for freedom in a thousand time in a row.

– Tomorrow by all means, – Alexander pledged it the word and looked down.

It became already awkward for expired promises. And an animal, constantly hearing same, could not understand told in any way. Words and words, as well as many others, not intended for his understanding, never supported though with any actions, and remained empty phrases.

...The dim sun, having seemed on the horizon, designated borders of the earth and the sky, separated them for time allowed

to day. For night of snow increased. The white smooth surface painted with the thin beams sliding on a surface of an ice crust gleamed bloody steel. The boundless field where look. The rare tree on branches brought by an icy cold met on the way, reminding the pathetic look of death, lifting inexplicable sadness in soul. The heaps of stones scattered in a disorder, frightened by blackness, threateningly gleamed frost peak, and in several kilometers the vast object of the gloomy wood at some distance was seen.

From time to time it seemed that got on others, the planet abandoned and forgotten in space depths. Only rare traces on a white carpet hinted that Alexander not the only inhabitant of an ice block. But the imagination solved in own way: “Than not other planet?” – it went on. Confirming a mad thought, on a dim star the clouds which are poured out of the most sad tones ran. They promptly rushed forward, then, suddenly braking, ate light which is let out by a star.

Alexander took off a glove, was verified with hours: “Morning”, – they convinced, rejecting suspicions that still night and in the sky moon. Through the opened hole on a hand ran cold. A second later Alexander hasty returned a missing part of “space suit” on the fingers which already stiffened from a frost.

“If not on other planet, so in Tibet precisely”. Here, as well as in mountains, time was played infinitely long, without submitting to laws of the nature. Above – the millennium, in the world – minute. Created around it is not important at all: vanity,

wars, opening – whether yes everything is equal. ... Here are lived whole eternity, without losing anything, without losing in anything to the destiny: even to this ubiquitous pushful person there was no course here, it was not allowed to dominate over the fact that it was born long before her.

Observing the infinite scatterings of ice covered with snow in the thought-up deception it was believed easily, and at times willingly.

...Failing knee-deep during snow, became enraged pulling out legs from tenacious embraces of the nature, it moved ahead. Running into the cruel wind gusts continually saying directly ice kristallik it was covered with a glove and went further.

“I will go!” – angrily Alexander through clenched teeth growled, without hearing own voice. He believed in especially difficult moments that he resists to the living being, such as he: allocated with the feelings, emotions and desires for some reason developing for him into the ban to move further. It is even more обозляю the guy, as gave to persistence. He hated the fantastic being who is so unmercifully resisting his ox.

“I am stronger than you, I will not give up!”

In reply the opponent exploded new, stronger blows of anger.

“Give still, all perhaps?” – turning away, Alexander swallowed of cold air, choked from filling lungs, blowing from them oxygen, winds.

At last, having overcome the most difficult, he went down to the lowland. Dramatic changes guarded at once, then gave rest.

Huge a poplar quietly dozed under snow caps, severe wind did not disturb their dream. In the distance, through a kiselny drizzle scanty five-storey buildings appeared. About their marevy walls snow fought, wind resorted to new attempts of destruction, but it is vain: here the person was stronger.

Alexander by heart, without looking at a track, made the way to a treasured stop, to the penultimate purpose of usual morning torture. Sincere disgust finished the working bus: cold, with through the chilled windows, with the sleepy, gloomy silent passengers, with the smell of the reek of alcohol soaring on salon and about the broken-off conductings of earphones by the “friend” who is eternally trying to connect.

“Rushed. It is necessary at once as soon as bought, to strengthen a wire an insulating tape. You look, and less with one earphone you will listen to a player, you will not allocate money on new yet”, – Alexander mentally advised the person who was seen by the tenth year in a row, but did not know either his name, or a post

All this oppressive reality – gloomy, petty reality – ruined colourful hopes, did the guy to one of all. Dreams flew away far aside, seemed someone’s mean joke. There was any more no way to achieve the desirable, as well as those who managed to make its plans – they turned into the imagination too. “Is, the filling life, opposite work, need – all what flounder all in. People cannot live in a different way, live happily, neither do, nor feel all weight allocated for me. ... There are neither the subjects which

are getting up early so, nor hurrying on always hated affairs, nor engaged, than there is no wish, and staying at home in connection with bad weather, laziness, unwillingness...”.

In any city, in an every spot on the globe the half-hour trip in surely was coming the person anywhere during which there is no need to look out of the windows – all the same not to understand where you are and there is no need, without that everything is clear: the body tends a little to the right, then two turns to the left, again to the right and, at last, minute on a straight line – will bring you to the places in vain burning, stealing precious, to nobody the necessary life. Everywhere in other cities, in other countries the bodies knowing the road by heart doze. Of course, is living to a stop a little closer, than he, but this only advantage of lucky... though not it and small, worthy Alexander’s envy. In all the rest anybody’s destinies did not differ from the life presented to him.

Having creaked brakes, the crowded bus broke from a roadside, hard drove forward. And, if in so early hour Alexander had eloquence, then by all means would name this creaking piece of metal “a horror symbol”. To all other, it was necessary to wait for this horror: hopping on the place, resisting the frost seizing a body. Seconds of expectation did not last, and at all stopped. To pass away time and to cease to freeze neither the cigarettes smoked one by one, nor the studied announcements nailed to close trees pasted to stop plates helped.

“I will dig up a kitchen garden” – paper since summer

blackened. “I will make repair”, “I will give the credit”. Both the first, and the second and, especially, the last announcement did not make success – all made an incision strips with phones remained are untouched.

– I and itself dug up! – exclamations of the passengers missing, and therefore reading announcements including Aleksandra were quite often heard.

Chapter 2

Having plaintively begun to squeak, the immense tree flew to the earth. Last time from fleshy branches snow was stirred up and for a long time soared in white kissel, settling on the fallen giant.

Alexander skillfully jumped aside – evaded from danger, killed the engine. The echo carried the last shout of a poplar. Somewhere in the distance hundreds and hundreds of times his pain warning fellows about the future trouble responded.

– I like you, the guy! How many I look, everything at you all right turns out And as kick you root out in the spring! Probably, and the zemlitsa is available?

– Is available, дядь Wan, is available

– The good fellow, but painfully tired you come.

– There is enough house of work. Yes, here to reach, – being over-modest, Alexander loosened with a boot snow, – at five in the morning it is necessary to get up. Where here not to be tired? During week-end I earn additionally, – having thought, added with badly hidden pride and was accepted to the following tree.

Ivan estimated diligence of the workmate, having significantly hemmed. The next wild-growing found the end.

– And a large bottle ten-liter why home you drag? There is no water supply system?

– There is it, is. Yes nothing sensible follows from the crane, water technical

– It is rather heavy, of course. You about all this keep mum, – Ivan on the parties looked round, it was convinced of their loneliness, – learns the administration that in the house you live yes you spend for the road of force, and on economy there ..., will dismiss without any arguments.

– Did not understand.

– It nothing, later you will understand. You know. ... Do not worry, snow will a little descend soon and from distant stops buses will go. It also is clear: piled, manage to clear away at least in the city.

– Well, where there, Ivan, fish goes? – the person hurrying by who is completely wrapped up in clothes croaked, recognizable it is exclusive on a voice.

– Goes, goes. Where the won will get to!

– Where?!

– Yes on the Blue lake the perch went.

– It is clear. ... Well, buvayta. Look, stir to nobody. Bought an elektroudok ..., – the person at parting threw and disappeared in a forest thicket.

– Well so that there about fatigue?

– Itself think. I speak, later you will understand. ... Since youth you will overstrain also that...

– You are not able to lie ..., well, want speak. Later, so later.

– It would be necessary, – Ivan vaguely finished, having

rustled with the package taken on the site. – Hold, the old woman baked.

– With what pies? – having dumped mittens, Alexander, without waiting for the answer, stuck into the dough which is already processed by a frost.

– With music.

On teeth in a disgusting way crackled half-cooked peas.

Drowsiness dissipated together with morning fog, the mood crept to a vigor beyond the sun, greedy on warmth. To live it became not so disgusting, and people around and their talk did not enrage more.

– And you demand conscientious execution from others, – Ivan continued the praises, – it is clear that not for a salary what here a salary And it is necessary: undertook – do on conscience.

Being going to work, Ivan extinguished a stub, groaning, rose from the gone to pieces stub and spat calloused hands already three times as at Alexander phone rang out. The guy had to undo a sheepskin coat and, screwing up the face from cold, to take out a tube from an inside pocket. To look at the screen of sense was not: Alexander already knew who on other end of a wire.

– I do not know why to you it is not heard We work, – waved to the workmate a hand, allowing to saw.

– Well! Now I this business fast, in exactly will fix, – looking at Alexander, Ivan caught diligence and with an okhotka took the tool in hand.

Pulled a starter. Cut silence howl the petrol engine, on the wood the roar of exhaust gases rushed. A jog trot having run up to a tree, rezanut on a trunk. Steel teeth furiously вгрызлись in pliable wood, began to smell fresh sawdust. In a second the gleam in the sky increased – one more tree fell.

– In as, and I for which-che am good, – rubbing off sweat from a forehead, Ivan waited until the guy hides phone. – More deeply, to a belly thrust. Weather, itself you see ..., at once the battery will end.

– Where is deeper! I here want to ask everything, how old are you? And? – having dealt with fasteners, Alexander accepted the tool – at Ivan phone rang out too.

The melody on the device of the workmate was not less sickening and became boring to Alexander as own. And, in general, he remembered by heart at whom and how exactly in its environment phone calls. Knew that any will answer, brought a tube to whom will order to buy bread to an ear whom will ask whether it will come in the evening ..., and always same, resembling infinitely repeating dream: become loathsome, primitive, and therefore never forgotten.

– How many you will give? – Ivan cunning blinked eyes though snow already blinded, and it was difficult to distinguish slyness in black buttons of pupils.

Alexander attentively examined still strong in shoulders, well put, surely standing on the feet, Ivan. Mentally added on, the leaving special mark, character of the workmate with which they

surprisingly easily got on: being an inveterate single, the guy preferred to work one, to think one, to have dinner one – all one; Ivan did not break tranquility, was silent more and more, and therefore at once attracted to Alexander.

– I do not know. It seems, it is old, and it seems, and not especially.

– And so? – Ivan threw off the cap hiding a wide forehead; the easy breeze raised hair, rare with streaks of gray, bared hundreds of wrinkles on skin.

– Dress, you will catch a cold. Then why not the grandfather, but uncle Vanya?

– Perhaps not and it is old? – from under the eyebrows which long ago grew together in one curve the playful eyes which are not matching the silvered temples in any way laughed.

– Yes well you! Arranged here “I trust – not – I believe”. Let’s work!

– This is correct. Let’s work, we will receive a money and forward. ... Pokutim wonderfully well! Soon..., the hand left itches, and national never before brought me.

– At me scratches too, – Alexander who is not trusting in signs and constantly deriding thinking differently picked up – both right scratches, and a leg, and

– It to you, my dear, is time to be washed! – Ivan parried, confirming not only youth of the body. – I want to ask everything too: what for a surname at you strange?

– Ordinary Russian surname, Klot. Than it is bad? –

Alexander shrugged shoulders,
untwisting the tool and not wishing to talk more.

It was more pleasant to anticipate evening: today will pay them blood, in a month earned. In soul grew warm, the sun припекло in a back somehow in a special way, directly as in spring, and not to it to one. Time in thirty days happy smiles slid on rough faces of workers. They were less littered, almost did not swear. Jokes from caustic and prickly, offending turned into not importunate, expressing friendly feelings, outpourings sometimes causing moisture in the eyes. And after a pay still some time reigned the general revival which is impaired a little by a fair hangover. In such days even Alexander wanted to talk more usual, and mother's calls not so strongly irritated. It joyfully represented, on as as will spend close money, and by all means hoped to lay off one hundred – another for rainy day or to podkopit on something standing. But for some reason hidden always it was spent within a week, and couple of hundreds and remained lonely, in any way not persons interested to accumulate in large sums. -However, today to us not to see them. The director told: "In the middle of a week of any payments". You remember last time ..., nobody worked with sense, so... half-drunk were unsteady ..., – Ivan worried, wishing poor memory to the administration. – Unless, late at night, that during the lunchtime were not drunk too much.

– By the way, it, goes начальничек here. Give creeks, and that will approach, will shake hands, and later go, it do not wash week, be proud.

Behind pleasant thoughts and hard work there passed day. Alexander came back home when already absolutely darkened. The way back because of fatigue was more difficult, and therefore is longer done in the morning. Somewhere in the distance wolves howled.

“It is good that stars and the moon”, – failing during deep snow, it perfectly understood complexity of the travel without immemorial satellites of the sky. Not every night was given clear. Quite often it was necessary in the dark, highlighting a small lamp, to find the narrow tracks left by passersby even in the afternoon, by the evening already decently covered with fresh snow.

Lita left. The week allotted to them came to an end. Клот knew that, having returned, will not find the girl any more, but faint hope: “Something did not give, interfered with its departure”, – glimmered in the chilled soul to the last, till that time until windows were met by the gaping darkness.

“Left”.

House vast object, ominously blackening, it was distinguished from other dejected and stocky constructions of the yard – sheds, cellars. There was no wish to enter.

– Well as you, buddy? I was tired today. Here I will sit a little with you and I will go, – Alexander fell by pritoptanny snow near the Thunder.

The dog wearily got out of the lodge, settled nearby. For about a minute покопошившись, at last, settled more conveniently: it

was extended in all growth, having put a muzzle on the owner's knees.

The calloused hand fell by beautiful wool. Having drawn in hinder legs, the dog drew near closer, shared heat of a fluffy body.

– You were tired too.

As if agreeing, the dog repeated his heavy sigh, raised the head and licked a human face.

– How many already to you?

In memory years very similar one on another, not giving any catch to permission of a question flew by.

– Generally, much, – the guy gave up. – Yes you are old as that Ivan. What did he mean? What do I learn? You are not aware...? I remember how took you a puppy. You then still so smelled of milk. Big-bellied, ridiculous, – poor excuse for a smile flashed on the cracked lips.

Animal, listening to memoirs of the owner, did not reduce from him a sad look, probably, in own way remembering the past.

– Yelped unceasingly, – Alexander continued, – froliced. Were afraid to pass by you: you will not bite, so paws you will soil. Now and they grew old, – accurately raised one of Thunder forepaws: still very strong, but with the multiple wounds overgrown with wool, with schesanny claws, not otrastushchy again any more never, they gave decent age of a dog.

– You bear heavy service, sitting on a chain. Again you do not remind! – Alexander got into a bag behind leftovers.

The thunder smelled the offered dinner.

– Yes, yes, it is possible. To you. Well done!

Having waited for permission, the dog started the muzzle in the frozen, kuskovaty weight. Praising highly the friend, Klot continued to iron fluffy wool – to admire. A dog, absorbing food, did not forget to answer touches with friendly waves of a tail.

The person slowly gave a hand to a plate – silence. Accurately took her aside. The thunder submissively proceeded behind it to the new place and, “having repeatedly asked” permissions, continued to satisfy hunger.

– Good fellow.

Again and again approvals on complacent small which got used to people soon poured, had infallible memory and recognized people not only by smells, but also by a voice and even by gait. The privilege to be nearby in operating time of massive jaws was assigned only to Alexander that flattered the last. Any other, daring to encroach... or to pass near food, waited unmerciful canines. In all other cases the Thunder remained an appeasable dog and loved people. For example, Lita at their first meeting was awarded only once ominous growl

Sudden thoughts of the girl dissolved pleasant memories in reality. КЛОТ regained consciousness.

– Well and it is fine, I will go to sleep. One more unlucky day behind.

Having risen, Alexander slipped, trying not to fall, grasped the box and came to be in a snowdrift together with the broken-off

plate in hands.

– The other day I will repair.

Quietly wagging a tail, the Thunder agreed with the next promise. Hard going on snowdrifts, the guy reached a door and before coming into the house, once again looked back to a sheep-dog.

– Good night. Lay down to have a rest.

Dog, “having wished” him the same, curled up directly on snow (he did not want home too), covered with paws a nose and having plaintively screamed, sank into a sleep.

Having come to be on a chair in a hall, Klot saved the tired-out legs from the got wet footwear, stuffed in boots of newspapers. The look rested against the posters of invariable contents which are hanged out on walls, as well as in a corridor, as well as in a bedroom On them it is seductive, posing, girls with wild, desired views and almost absent clothes achieved goals – awoke in men animal feelings, inspired with passion, aspiration to pleasures, and all what it is aloud not accepted to speak about.

Though Lita was also not worse than these girls: had the same birthmark in the arsenal as at many owners of fine bodies and cute faces, and definitely did not concede in symmetry to the smartest models, and also wore not less tempting lace lingerie, all this for Alexander was not that: it belonged to it. Besides the guy noticed its small wrinkles at eyes, tsarapinka on hands and not absolutely such as it was dreamed, a skin whiteness. But also Lita had advantages over posters: nobody considered

frank photoshoots with its participation – they just did not exist. Celebrities attracted Alexander nakedness of the bodies, and it pushed away from themselves.

“When we will meet now”, – the hope to find Lita ran low, he was met by silence. The familiar loneliness returned, the inveterate grief pulled hard.

Strolling on rooms, Alexander switched on light in each of them. Everywhere the uninhabited cool, abandonment was felt. Having stopped in a bedroom about a bed, remembered morning. The silence began to fight about walls, to turn into a rumble – silence ringed.

“If you did not make a bed, I would not decide too”. Having sat down on a bed, he stroked pillows, nestled on them a cheek. All of them still published a weak perfume aroma, but did not keep Liteny heat any more. Having narrowed eyes, Klot heard her ringing laughter, a gentle voice. Actually everything remained is dead, sadly and too drearily.

– Nothing, I will achieve. We will be together. Soon, soon distances for us will cease to exist. I will achieve! Whereas we solve: you will want to me you will move or I to you, or perhaps at all we will move to other city, far away of the past. Anything, money will become not a problem. You will not need anything.

Alexander so thought and so spoke to Lita several years in a row. In reply the girl was silent. Probably, doubted truthfulness of his statements. Yes her guy for it also did not blame: itself the success often did not believe in itself. And how

to hope for it, without undertaking anything, and only dreaming of implementation of conceived?

Having forgotten to undress, Klot rushed to a desk. On the way turned on the TV, found music channel: with songs it seemed more cheerfully. Grabbed the sheets which are used up a week ago. Greedy getting a grasp, he hurried to overtake missed during justified inaction – Lita stayed with him, and all attention was paid to her. Without pondering, without penetrating into sense, Alexander ran on lines eyes – everything turned out quite tolerable, at times ideal. Often distracting, listened attentively to the pleasant song, ran in the hall to watch the clip. Then unwillingly came back to the left work. Again read, gently stroked short glasses of “the soiled paper”, stopped, left to smoke, again came back, continued...

Joy from already reached overflowed soul, the bubbling energy convinced of reality of big fulfillments, promised forces and success in any field.

“Perhaps after and the script for the books will be asked to write. I will cope. I will act in a leading role – it will turn out. I will try to write in all genres, and I will not forget verses, or perhaps even I will add on a sensuality”, – accelerating a thought, it flew on the road knurled by dreams, and its infinite width appeared as the sign validating the chosen way.

Going to the fairy tale, Alexander forgot about the reasons and saw only the investigation. Turning on a chair, considered insufficiently big rooms of the house. Considered as will

place the new furniture acquired thanks to creativity and the technician, solved, where exactly in the yard will break a beautiful lawn what will construct an arbor of. Business remained for small

With such thoughts dead of night came. About twelve Alexander finished with sense not begun affairs and, as usual, jumped on the site which is daily visited by it: checked the last decisions of the government seeing the main objective to worsen welfare of people, it povozmushchatsya on the planned increase in prices, got acquainted with other news, unsuccessfully looked for continuation of favourite series about stars. “When already...?” – muttering to itself under a damnation nose, Alexander tried to guess further development of a plot, then approached the shelf with disks. Despite late time, the habit prevailed: before going to bed it is necessary to relax – at least ten minutes to look, it is not important that. The most part from the allotted ten minutes left at choice of the movie. All of them seemed interesting, at least, entertaining, quite often giving an impetus to writing of the new story. But once he pressed “Play”, and interest right there vanished. Old pictures also close did not stand with modern. They only in Alexander’s memory remained fascinating – a tribute to the past, nostalgia; and he felt love not to movies, and by times in which, by accident those were finished shooting. The past was the beautiful fairy tale, and everything, capable to awaken memory, to stretch to it thread, was same The majority of written down and became dusty on shelves,

having never got to the player.

– Let will be. Can after sometime ..., – said Klot, perfectly understanding that this will never come most “sometime”.

From the neighboring room the measured hum of fans reminding of the work stopped and which is given up suddenly reached.

“Tomorrow”, – the guy told, included the movie and went to a bed. He so long lived one that he already got used to talk to himself. And, if it happened to stay overnight on a visit, having forgotten, Klot quite often cried out the whole phrases, it is unknown to whom intended. On morning snickers of owners it was necessary to dodge, lie: “In a dream I talk”, – he explained the words which are broken long before arrival of dreams.

The spring rushed into a serene somnolence, brought the blue sky with fancy lambs of clouds. The father who is taking away him by a hand in the wood, there, where the transparent, bystry streamlet with pure tasty moisture which overgrew on coast the magnificent grass, fragrant flowers turning the head came back; sitting down, stolen by darkness, the sun, the gloom which lodged in thickets; friendly bushes and trees, harmless in the afternoon, at sunset frightening by the blackness; the wind shaking their trunks, terrible feelers the moving long shadows – everything seemed hostile, other around

They went further, the father began something sadly and to read with inspiration, words got stronger, napityvatsya by sense. The boy did not sort them entirely yet, but already

guessed the secret hidden in them. . . It is a little more and he will hear them:

We leave gradually now
To that country, where calm and grace.
Perhaps, and soon to me to the road
To collect transitory belongings

Lovely birch thickets!
You, earth! And you, plains sands!
Before this assembly of leaving
I not in forces to hide my melancholy.

The ringing trill pulled out the child from the wood, forced to mature instantly.

– Yes, mothers.

– You from work got home?

– Already I sleep.

– Probably, again soaked legs? Buy normal footwear.

– Money will give, I will buy. I sleep . . . , – the guy begged, calling for silence.

– All right, tomorrow I will call, have a rest Lita left? – he heard one second prior to shutdown of a call and did not manage to answer any more.

“Litas! It every minute is farther and farther. Sleeps, probably. Or looks out of the window on infinite lampposts, rushes by someone’s lives”, – Alexander tried to present darling

to a compartment gradually of the rocking car, to guess her thoughts.

“I will call”, – looked for hours. Midnight – they warned. For about a minute ПОСОМНЕВАВШИЙСЯ, put phone aside.

Having taken the first disk from the shelf, took seat on a sofa. Under legs the soft rustle was distributed. Without lighting a lamp, lifted the crumpled paper scrap. There was enough weak blinking of the screen – Alexander without effort made out beautiful handwriting of the girl: “I love you. Call more often and do not think of anything. You are necessary to me what is”, – sadly smiling, he re-read several times.

“Why did not call at once?”

Several minutes later eyes began to stick together, but Klot did not fall down. It was necessary to rise, stop senseless lying on a sofa and to switch off the TV. Fighting about catalepsy, he nevertheless walked behind the panel to a bedside table, interrupted the scenes which are not perceived by it long ago.

Night was given silent, not too frosty. Alexander constantly woke up captured by muddy dreams from the childhood. They disturbed to a shower and did not admit why they press, than disturb. Thin thread of answers continually escaped consciousness, leaving a bitter deposit. The memoirs awakened by dreams belonged to long ago left when Alexander still trusted in the future, but did not consider splinters of the dream. It came later disappointment, and there was nothing to wait, but there were verses, it is unknown from where coming: roofing

felts he composed them, somewhere heard roofing felts and remembered, and perhaps, the father who is taking away further and further the child in the wood continued to read them.

Rising in a bed on elbows, Klot looked out of the window: there, where filled in by the moon, the Thunder dozed. The small snowball Pripuskatsya, softly laid down on shaggy wool. Snowflakes did not thaw from heat of his body more largely and gradually covered a dog with a blanket, giving it special picturesqueness. In yellow reflections of heaven the ice kristallik which hung in mid-air were poured. Illusive snow came to life, was amused, danced on the sleeping animal. Sometimes, concerned by a far sound, the Thunder swelled up and long listened attentively, nobody cancelled its service. Having convinced of lack of danger, he angrily bit into a chain, trying to have a bite it. It was torn here and there in hope to break off rings or a collar. By down the street the freedom-loving mongrels who are skillfully darting about noses under snow, trying to discover livelihood ran. They quickly ate found and went further. Were behind turn, went to the unknown distances. Bark broke on howl – the Thunder, envied all of them heart, realizing as its own world consisting of the gone to pieces house and the duty assigned to it fastened with an impressive chain is small. The award – two bowls of porridge a day – tasteless, hardly supporting vital forces, food, of course, was due to it for deprivations. Soon, without being a fool, perfectly understanding that behind turn of the street for it there is nothing, the Thunder

found rest. To adapt to new was late.

The dream was gone. Having groped the panel under a pillow, Alexander turned on the TV again. There was no wish to rise and go to a desk. And again sudden thoughts interrupted a movie plot, then unexpectedly receded in anywhere, returning to events on the screen.

“I will buy a new chain on a saw, and that when still will be given. Old to work already there is no urine . . . , chews a tree. Ah you! Forgot to grease with fat”, – the guy in a bed jumped up and it was right there settled back. – Tomorrow since morning Quicker morning. Rusts. Can descend now? Yes who will let? Protection will banish. Night. It is rather morning”.

It was worth covering eyes and before them there were platforms covered with the turned black stubs, new sites of trees which just should be cut out seemed.

“I receive for everyone on twenty. . . . And if to try, I will be able to bring down thirty in change. It, how many money!” – calculations excited, poured in adrenaline in a body, prevented to fall asleep. There was a wish to get to work right now. “Tomorrow day off, I will not grease in any way, – the disturbing thought pulled out from the rising somnolence. – Can descend, will let? No. Since morning on building, till a lunch I will definitely not be in time, and after will not let”, – it was necessary – to reconcile one and, regretting for the ruined tool, to wait for Tuesday. But everything was not so badly, the consolation was quickly – on the building site salary time also

came: “So, to one o’clock in the afternoon I will be in the market...”.

– It was given me to look late, – in the morning everything repeated again.

He tried to remember that he watched the day before, looked for justifications to the sleep debt. It was not. The most part of the last night passed behind mechanical browsing of channels and in empty dreams.

Overcoming stomach resistance, Alexander as always drank opposite coffee and went to darkness. During daily, and therefore in time to turn into an infinite way, roads the silence unostentatiously filled the head with dreams (if, of course, weather was silent, and it was not required to direct all efforts on overcoming its whims). Visions, at times bright and colourful, sometimes avaricious and stiffened, crashed into its world, expanding, forced out from it the ordinary. Benefits, sulimy were presented to Klot by achievement of goals; time when need of daily fight against elements, a sleep debt disappears, immemorial requirement somewhere to go, to submit to someone. Again and again Alexander remembered how yesterday it was possible, it is though a little, to sit behind a desk. It touched, compared the narrations to the samples of high long ago read, being. Today it was thought, as at it it turns out. ... Successful phrases of own composition were one by one remembered: “Will soon argue, discuss me”.

Alexander saw the victory reached for the sake of Lita, the

barriers which failed thanks to universal recognition. In detail their future house appeared, each trifle of a smart interior – joint happiness was noticed: the pools, brilliant cars, flower glades broken before windows. And after – death. Of course, it will leave the first, having left everything saved up to Lita – considerable riches. Then tiresome journalists, will open for her darling in new light, will show the present, unknown Alexander hitherto. Then the girl will think with whom she shared lot, will blaze with pride with regret impurity (late understood, underestimated, did not make bigger for his adoration), will begin to tell the world as Alexander created, what person! The grief and commitment, pain for the whole world were reflected in his eyes during the uncountable hours spent by the genius behind a desk. All will open how that was behind external simplicity great, gone to centuries, but installed in hearts and memory forever. The same who laughed and did not believe in his talent will bite the evil tongues. Naturally, will compare the triumph reached by it rattling worldwide to the scanty victories about which nobody knows which mean nothing and at all are necessary to nobody. Envious persons will live for themselves; so-so will live. And he will live for others, and it is beautiful to live, without refusing anything to itself.

He also saw own funeral, is not clear as and Klot and did not think of similar subtleties; to them it was not allocated the place among visited romantics of death. Reverentially observed the companions who are solemnly bearing its coffin; as behind

with the hung heads thousands and thousands of admirers go. "What genius . . . , one for century is", – familiar critics and writers whisper. Silently, in tears there are women, girls. They mourn it in own way, are killed that was not dolyubit, to it did not give the rest of something. . . . Ask supreme about the second chance, but already late. Many notice on a solemn quiet face of Alexander, lips which stiffened in a soft smile the mysterious press, same as on faces of the great poets in last hour who went to eternity put it near them, and at times even above and more significantly The orchestra overstrains, sobbings of crowd amplify. Someone, without constraining tears, delivers a sincere speech. Extols the dead, reproaches live – did not save, did not estimate. But everyone believes that Klot does not remember the evil, otherwise great people also cannot, they rise over usual mortal, forgive them their defects and mistakes

The represented picture turned out so real that Alexander for a minute believed in it, began to pant, he sincerely wished that all and happened. It was so pleasant to imagine the death, to feel how, at last, recognize you unfairly offended, will regret and estimated.

Then it came back to live, passion as there was a wish to look at faces being while, having developed the newspaper, they will notice its photo – and everywhere blow only about it, honor it the genius. Or, even better, the child from school will return and behind performance of homeworks will read Alexander's verses. Having looked at a strict portrait in the textbook, IT will hide

unintentional tears, will regret the mistakes made once: “The child could be also from Alexander, but not from this snoring, in smoke of the drunk man on a sofa...”.

Encouraged by the next portion of iridescent emotions, Klot quickly walked forward, hoping for fast and easy victories. Expectations of happiness did the world delightful, crowded high sense. All planet, each person separately turned around him, existed and were created only for him. Naturally, the settlement left by it for a while passed into a waiting mode, and the people left in it fell asleep. Seemed, their talk which he will not hear some them are impossible put about which to him not to learn. Alexander sincerely trusted in this delusion and was perplexed if he upon return from work noticed the freshly painted neighbour's window or the new cut down barn. How something could appear in its absence? How everything is capable to live without its participation around? And especially how the world will remain on the place and will not grow dim after its leaving? From area of a fantasy torsion of mechanisms of the Universe during a stop of his own heart.

Клот trusted He so long dreamed of recognition that the hope could not die any more, it needed to get stronger, develop into the confidence supported with nothing, but by all means feasible. “Something has to happen soon, and happens good”, at last pulling out it from a mouth of oppressive need...

Imperceptibly sublime dreams ceased, daily occurrence was accurately risen. Thoughts directed to pressing problems, tried

to discover decisions for daily existence: "To make a lunch, to repair to the Thunder the box ...". Noticing what thinks of trifles, Klot straightened out himself, was angry: "Will be enough. I spend energy Where here great? Well from made me over the last ten years and for all time, will remember century later!?! It is opposite to think of these worthless affairs, they are intended to burn me in insignificant vegetation".

Alexander resisted, refused reality..., but it should have weakened for a moment control and it, pulling along avarice, came back.

Chapter 3

In a locker room it is quite cold. Persons on duty forgot to merge water from ten, and after emergency shutdown of electricity, the ice formed inside broke off pipes. As soon as possible Alexander pulled a dirty uniform, disobedient fingers buttoned ice-covered overalls. On a body plaintively small pricks the shiver slid. It was necessary to suffer a couple of minutes, unceasingly long a couple of minutes until the clothes heat up.

Having taken a bucket with tools, Klot rose by the twentieth floor. The majority of flights were not put by a brick yet, and poured simply out by a monolith – a skeleton of concrete – and wind, freely walked on floors, mashed on them huge heaps of snow. Overcoming weakness and desire to have a sleep, Klot undertook the tool. On an object blows of a trowel, pick, brick were boomingly carried. It is more a sound, all around deafly and quietly as though it is wrapped in vatu. On days off most of workers stays at home. At own will there are only a few people. Клот it is constant among volunteers. He does not dare to have a rest long ago: it is necessary to live a dream of Lita, to endow everything for achievement of goals. Working, he thinks of it. Through some time of the guy called the hoarse, hoarse voice belonging to unnaturally stout person – the same numerous layers of clothes the matter is that. For about a minute he silently considered Alexander. “What does

he see? How treats me? What life at it? Obviously better than mine: he is the production master. In everything our distinction is noticeable: purity of clothes, cheerfulness, expensive mobile phone – everything at it is easier, brighter. ... Long ago in one crew, but plainly never communicated”, – Alexander reflected, trying to remember own person, it was impossible to look at himself from outside. Клот did not even remember when last time looked in a mirror. “And what for? Lita loves. What else?” Own appearance remained a riddle and thanks to the beginning blizzard the chief needed to consider also a little. The only thing that it could sort is high, under two meters of growth, the fellow from whom because of leanness the clothes hang down and, despite it, there will be lines of the athlete. In any case, Alexander had enough force in hands. Through the old greased overalls, the same worn felt cloaks and a shapeless cap bigger it is impossible to guess. On a belt a laser roulette – Klot’s pride, the truth given on change and that by extremely need. To it the guy tested special tenderness as he, however, and to any electronics, without thoughts spent the personal time, measuring another difficult sites of walls and floors. He and himself such bought, having never put it into practice. In life to sense from it was not, but all the same would get – legenky such device, here only the price very heavy.

– Give a roulette. And in an hour come for a lunch. You will get warm, – at last the person why came gave out.

– Unless we remain? – Alexander shifted from one foot to the

other, took a frost.

– Yes. Will not darken yet. Ventilation needs to be finished, the end of month.

Damning sitting in heat and a cosiness distributing orders of people, Klot understood that on the market it will not be possible to come. “Though shops will be still open”.

Without having received any answer, the chief left, having thrown finally several phrases through a shoulder: faded, reluctantly and unclear why.

– Take away a bucket on a ladder, communism did not come...

“To you it is good, few times in a day left, looked how moves ahead, and back to an oven”, – Alexander was angry with the wide, removed back, stroking the belt which was deserted without roulette.

Having roughly sworn – the woods slippery – Klot returned to work. The small snowball broke. The sky tightened heavy clouds. The sun, hardly making the way through the hung kissel, went to a zenith. The city fell down, only occasionally in faceless windows lamps lit up. Alexander did not see the earth. It was surrounded by the last floors of high-rise buildings, all the rest – in a veil. Began to grow warm, greedy thawed drops, small and awfully cold from everywhere broke. Air was overflowed with moisture, it could be scooped a spoon. Below dogs barked furiously, rare passersby exchanged words, but it was impossible to see owners of invisible voices.

The brick wall grew a row behind a row. “It is good though this time received a straight line, and that bring behind others tails, yes balconies spread corners. On them you will not disperse, you will not earn”.

By a lunch fog so also did not get to anywhere. As annoyingly to stop work, and it was necessary to be supported. Клот pulled, did not leave to the last, and in a change house people already gathered. One sedately chewed food, others, changing clothes, with more cheerful faces gathered home. Silently having sat down by a table, Alexander got a thermos. Did not manage to take a fork as laughter sounded.

– You have buddy buckwheat with egg again? – the malicious, semi-humiliating smile from Oleg’s lips – the former miner and the bore what are not enough, at heart clumsy, negligent, always in solution, often working fingers instead of a trowel flew.

– Yes, again, – it is strummed vigorously Klot waved away, using the same words day by day, answering the same constantly repeating catch.

As if the joke was even released by Oleg always at the same time and repeated once again when Klot began to turn a filthy polyethylene bag and hid it in a bag. “Anything. You about me will hear, I will escape, and you in cold yes of dirt will decay with worthless to nobody the necessary dushonka”.

– It did not bother you!?! Gourmet. You eat nothing any more, – Oleg on a fork has a fat pork gammon similar to his self-satisfied person.

– No.

“What you would understand, – Alexander cheerfully swallowed the grain which actually very bothered to him”. Fried eggs still nothing, more, than nothing; but two-three eggs a day will not improve a diet, and to eat more for time – to remain next day at all with empty porridge. “Why people cannot do without food”?

After a lunch of Klot there is one. Around sound. Blows of own hammer are shrill and heard, probably, for hundreds of kilometers. There is no wish to break tranquility of the world. At each ring of the tool the guy pulled in the head in shoulders, looked around, waited for a hail to stop. Sounds were leveled to a crime.

Evening was risen. Fog with new, more considerable, than in the morning, persistence clouded to the district. It came to life. His dairy feelers reached for houses, devoured trees, the sky. Hardly the neighboring yards, the shining windows in houses differed. Hands approached three. Twilight was condensed, but Alexander did not give up: still row, still brick. Memories of Lita helped to overcome cold and fatigue.

“Litas”.

There were no other desires, there were no thoughts.

With arrival of evening wind woke up, blew into snow for a collar. Quickly darkened and though eyes got used, but the stiffened fingers – a sure sign to finish the working day.

...The gloom was dispersed below by automobile headlights,

voices, someone's laughter were heard.

"Customers arrived ...", – Alexander noticed the cars parking on the parking, not less brilliant, getting out of them, owners. He did not understand neither brands, nor fashionable breeds, but knew for certain: dresses of the audience are below graceful and awfully expensive. "And women What is cost by women! Their skin, white without uniform defect, expensive jewelry, the shining laughter ..., they precisely know about freedom firsthand. They have no problems neither with money, nor with something else. Do not know physical work, tasteless food and, precisely, get enough sleep, lay down to have a rest when takes in head, and are not afraid to oversleep Where to hurry? Where to spill out?"

People, finding the elevator, disappeared in a ladder aperture. But before their voices abated, Klot managed to catch the cost of the walls built by it. With rage the thrown trowel departed down. Everything, than he was proud to what it aspired, was nonsense, and the efforts which are daily fitted by it completely lost sense. All affairs filling its worlds, all thoughts long occupying the head, awaking in the middle of the night, forcing to dream, to move further were destroyed.

"Who will remember me in five years after death? Yes what there five years. To whom do I am interesting now? What I, in general, am engaged in?"

Alexander touched in the head everything pleasing him and by the nature of duty professions. Grabbed one, hasty rejected,

hoping to find though something irreplaceable in the daily actions, looked for again: unfinished repair, tens of mastered professions, need to go every day to shop behind products and shortage of money for these products. The house – shabby, with the cracked walls which turned black from dampness corners, the thawed snow filtering into kitchen from the rotted-through ceiling, the plaster pouring from walls; internal furniture also not causing special delight. Furniture is old-fashioned, to pain cheap, got in inheritance. “Ten years passed, and I all am engaged in repair. Yes unless those, – Alexander began to boil, turning away from annoying headlights, – that entered the elevator which to me for the sake of economy forbid to use – on foot supposedly will walk – it is possible to interest in similar? They, in general, fall to the thoughts haunting me? Know about us? Run by a dog, well, and let – around there is a lot of them. Though for hundred works I will settle – nothing will change. Whether there is in work though some sense? Those, not switched off headlights, the accumulator are not sorry ..., sit to themselves in heat at office, sign pieces of paper and do not know about the real work bringing disgust to soul, pain in joints. What they know about continuous attempts to escape in people, and all the same to remain the slave., where freedom: not to think, not to know. Not there I look for”.

By the way the woken-up memory gave for itself hope: “I write, so I will be able to find the same freedom as they”. But near an exit, oskudny joy, stood the daily need dictated

by survival: sawmill, building, household chores. The place in the planned easy life was not them, but more time, than to creativity was found. “What is it? Disbelief in? Then why to write? If I trust, then to what the drag extending the road? To give time, to bend all efforts to achievement of goals and, having received the desirable, to forget, to leave by another everything grounding, preventing to live or release the imagination, to throw everything as is?”

Desire to come to be somewhat quicker at a table threw Klot down steps. At some point somewhere between flights Alexander caught a female voice, is juicy the stamping notes giving playfulness of the hostess. In it confidence, freedom, an ideal ringed. Without seeing the person speaking, Klot knew – the stranger is beautiful. Girls of the high society are always beautiful. If the nature during their creation was greedy on paints, they will be replaced with interest by expensive cosmetics, ideally picked up spirits, ability to put on, speak. Concede one of them in beauty to the most nice little girl from Alexander’s environment, all the same the overweight will remain on the party of the stranger, as well as overweight of a crane over a titmouse. And, for certain, appear an opportunity to rush to the sky for a noble bird – everyone will rush. Do not decide from what soaring in blue does not give chance, does not call for itself scanty sparrows.

Being afraid to come across clients, especially in the dressing its rags, Klot made the way to the opposite side of the building,

went down on a spare ladder.

Ran in a shower. Without noticing a poor locker room, cabins long ago demanding repair, Alexander mechanically put a uniform, took shampoo and a bast. His look passed through dirty walls, stopped somewhere in the distance, resting against bright future. Arrived haunted, awoke envy, warmed up impression, and, above all, did not hide, as they are people too, as they speak, laugh, so, can also hear and see it, of course, if he tries. “Why did not look at it? Perhaps later I will find... what voice! Really I will be able sometime to feel close breath of the similar girl, to hear the declaration of love burning heart, I will be able to touch her body, and she will not be discharged, having disgust, and on the contrary, will reciprocate, will demand proximity ...?”

But also these dreams were a small part of the desirable – even more often in dreams near women, exactly as houses on posters in a bedroom and a hall that is with which, just met and did not stand nearby also his face flashed. It went further: “To the fortieth anniversary No, long. By thirty five years I will achieve unknown heights, the whole stadiums in honor of my anniversary will gather, even I will write the song and, wearily, not to refuse forces to the questioning public, I will execute it on a vseuslyshaniye. Girls, struyashchy the beauty from screens, learn about Alexander Klot’s existence, will begin to dream of my attention. We will change over, I will become the unattainable purpose, a riddle which they see each other

to me now. Each of them will compose the song, having put music on my verses. During execution of a line will flare on a stadium board bright fire. This flame will go to eternity, but will not sink into it, and will take the worthy place there, and will burn to a skonchaniye of times. I will be always remembered. In recreation centers, on squares still lifetime monuments to my genius will tower. Alexander Klot And the pseudonym is not necessary to me, the fine accord...! The most famous and rich people will consider it as honor to reap my hand, in the face of millions will begin to look for my friendship, without turning away, without being ashamed, and being proud of acquaintance". Newspapers will call him the most great creator of the present and it if does not surpass, then, at least, will rise near authors whom Klot more than once asked council which novels do not become dusty on shelves. Numerous societies of writers will urge to join their ranks, but it will remain the proud single. Lita will leave by then, without having understood, without having believed, without having waited. ... The destiny wholly will pay off with the girl for treachery – will force to shed tears, to vegetate in poverty, damning itself and the inability to consider, support and to wait a little. "At first she will prefer richer, and as a result progadat: the elect will be ruined, and after and will become an inveterate drunkard ...". And new mistresses of Alexander, and at once not one, will begin to look after, protect tremblingly him the genius, to indulge the slightest whims. He should not dream of other girls any more, they already

will be others, the carrying-out any his desires about the half-words which are listening spellbound behind this half-word to it. Each phrase which took off from his lips will turn into infinitely quoted pearl “And they and now quietly live, perfectly look, with someone communicate, but not with me, they do not know me yet, but precisely wait, such present, genuine which, for certain, with the girl you will not mix, unlike their present fleeting, differently and cannot be, hobbies”. But the relations filled at the rapid nights without obligations were disturbed by physical work and poverty – idleness is given full-fledged love as living only for themselves there is nothing to be engaged more. And fatigue too at anything – not the main hindrance in pleasures. What pleasures can be felt when understanding the pettiness? Alexander believed that glory, love and, of course, freedom already close. It is a little more, and everything will be quite so. “... But having reached height, I will not deteriorate, I will banish arrogance, I will remain same as now, simple and modest. Unless grief in eyes will increase: saw, learned... and not without consequences. Wisdom, restraint and accuracy of the old man will affect my body. People will notice how I bear unimaginable for others I carry as strong I experience tortures from available to one to me knowledge”.

In a hurry soaping the head, groping a bast with the narrowed eyes, Alexander overturned a bottle with shampoo. A kind quarter of dense liquid went to the sewerage. “All Week it is necessary to use one soap. Otherwise until the end

of a month will not be enough”, – the drawn conclusion against the background of recently represented events, could make cry anyone, but the appeared in time rage saved the guy from despair. “To save it!” Together with shampoo through a lattice on a floor also pougasshy dreams filtered. Bright colors grew dim, the real life, and together with it and shower, covered with the tile which is falling off walls, with the bulbs which are clumsily hanging down from a ceiling, a rust on a floor came back. At the same time watered with hatred and envy Klot of those of whom dreamed, whose ranks wanted to join. “They lead inaccessible, expensive and beautiful life, and to me to save”, – any more without being angry, and longing, it accurately twirled a stopper. As it is bitter, and it was necessary to save shampoo nevertheless, as well as matches, gas, electricity, I go also everything, giving in to economy.

Despite burning desire to sit down for work, Alexander did not begin to change plans – came into friendly shops. The pocket and soul were warmed by the money given by the master. Bought a new chain on a saw, couple of pleasant souvenirs: the globe, a metal flask for cognac, glass figures of fishes, pleased itself with the next lighter with the built-in small lamp which did not hurry to use, and did not fill with gas though the barrel providently got. Клот left everything saved up for the best times when it is not able to spoil a beautiful thing, to bedraggle it at rough physical works. Expecting hour of triumph of the owner, every month the next set of trinkets flew to a sideboard.

Admired the electronic measuring instrument of nitrates, counted the salary rest, damned its space price Still was enough on rubber, warmed by fur, boots. Similar purchases did not please the guy, but were constantly debugged need. "After I will take. And so was spent". Together with a pocket also joy became scanty. Saving, Klot refused a trip in the bus. The benefit, was no place to hurry, and there was no wish to come back home. Having included a player, he started wandering through the city, cold, tired of winter, causing in memory of charming performers, remembering their clips. Quality and sense of songs were not taken into account, Alexander liked more that music which proceeded from more sexual, more beautiful little girl.

It fell into dreams again, without noticing that, quickened the pace, compressed cold metal of a lighter more and stronger, gesticulated hands and morally prepared for various situations in the future: "... How not to be exposed by the fool if the beauty with the microphone umostitsya unexpectedly at me on a lap, will embrace for shoulders, will touch by cheek eyelashes? What to do how to answer?" Alexander thought out, learned phrases for getting out of any possible awkwardness, said them aloud until he suddenly neither regained consciousness and nor was ashamed of the naive dreams. Trying to decrease, become invisible, Klot contracted, fear that someone will overhear his words, and, above all, thoughts, did not release. Being afraid to give a secret, it moved ahead as it is possible more slowly.

Sometimes stopped, looked in ballot boxes – suddenly will carry as in movies: “Rich durashka exist: took and threw out a thick roll of money. Grew hysterical, and all here ..., for someone the trifle will provide my existence”. What, of course, it was hardly trusted in. No, not in a find dense, with a special smell of packing – it is just possible, and here existence of the people having such money, besides loss of which will not be reflected in their lives in any way, will take also minutes of thoughts, will not cause regrets – this seemed a lie. Anyway, he persistently looked in the garbage tanks scattered along sidewalks of the city. Hopes about the secret fan of his creativity, certainly, very well-founded, gratuitously solving all its financial problems got out of the same opera. In turn Alexander promised not to be greedy and help deprived, but gifted. Such promises by all means had to hear unknown forces and add to it chances of execution of own desires. But, neither nutty durashka, nor secret admirers hurried to enter his life and to change something to the best. The destiny gave nothing to the guy at all though selected nothing. To Alexander never has the luck to find at least a small coin, but he never also lost them. Everything, being at its disposal, all he could count on, proceeded from its efforts. Exactly thanks to a neutrality of destiny, Klot also did not believe in her Around people loomed. Much of them were devilishly lucky, others choked in chronic misfortunes, and it and remained on a roadside, forgotten, not demanded by the third forces which for some reason persistently ignored it.

At last, after several hours of a tiresome travel the familiar alley conducting to anonymous small villages which in the district and not to consider seemed. So sharp transition from the city to poverty expelled from Alexander's head the nonsenses decided for the road. Only two steps separated luxury of majestic high-rise buildings and huge mansions from dirty dirt roads of the village with the stocky izbas stretched on its edges. In the summer still anything: buyayushchy greens masked a dullness... Now all negligibility of the settlement which is not conceding in dullness to a lowering sky was covered with nothing. The curve houses which were lop-sided from an old age rolled in snowdrifts. ... Seldom the roofs corrected by a color brick fences updated a metal tile – beauty crumbs demanding from owners of long years of physical work and scrupulous financial accumulation that did constructions even more disgusting, even more clearly shouting of senselessness of the works enclosed in them met.

Having got a cigarette, having checked pockets and not having found matches, Alexander curtailed to the next gate. It was necessary to go to the house a little, but to it was impatient to light right now. After ringing bark of a dog, on a threshold the hostess appeared.

– What?

– To Podkurit if it is possible...

– Into the yard come. Be not afraid, a chain at the Gipsy strong

The woman took out boxes of matches and, shrinking from

cold, went back to the house.

In an own dwelling he was met by pictures of the same paints and the directions – the pathetic hovels menacing to collapse the most unexpected minute, which hardly are giving in to repair and reconstruction and it while before eyes there were big, fine, not crying decay mansions not thinking neither to burst, nor to collapse.

“Those to whom I build would define my house under demolition”. As Alexander tried to love the small shelter from wordly adversities, it looked very poorly.

About the rusted gate the Thunder dozed. Several cat’s heads stuck out of the box. On him, towering two whitish balls, several kittens umostitsya – so cozier it was fallen down by everything. Without wishing to drive small hot-water bottles, the Thunder slightly opened eyes, hardly moved with a tail.

– You sleep, you sleep, – Klot agreed with desire of the friend not to rise, allowed not to welcome himself.

Having appeared at the computer screen, the guy long peered at the flickering cursor of a new line – the initial rush to creativity cooled down, and the imagination idle dreams and intensive walking exhausted. There was a wish to have a rest – to esteem, listen to music, to watch favourite movies. “Why to me it is a lot of hobbies?” – Alexander sighed, without knowing what to give preference to.

“She waits. One. My Lita. For the sake of it I am obliged to try. Another I do not have. To throw everything, to recognize

impossibility of our happiness? To be given?" The beautiful face of the girl, the last evening spent together was remembered. The room was filled with dead loneliness, and heart – pity to itself, on veins warm tenderness spread.

"It is necessary to continue, there is no place to earn normal money more". КЛОТ drew near a table, got records. Soon it caught itself (himself) on reading of the same line in the third time in a row and not understanding of the sense written. Began to hurt the eyes fire. КЛОТ gave up reading, started writing new, but also here flew forward, without pondering, without stopping. Alexander conceded to a thought to a rush – without discrimination poured out words on paper. Business progressed. Having printed the page in fifteen minutes, Klot with satisfaction checked ready, in his opinion, to the publication the text. The taken speed gave forces.

"For the page it is possible and to smoke, and better tomorrow I will continue". Having made music is louder, Alexander in high spirits went to kitchen. "Perhaps still page? It is necessary to do more, quicker, – were scraped in the doubt head, but there was no wish to write. – Without that affairs collected too much, and then time for creativity still will be". Yes, I will achieve, by all means, and now it is necessary to be engaged in repair. I will put couple of squares of a tile, at the same time I will listen to music", – Alexander finished himself and, having finished a cigarette, glue mixed. "Slowly, but surely repair goes", – counted the money invested in walls. There was much to its measures. Inspired with

achievements, set to work with redoubled zeal. Forces lasted not for long. From diligent crawling on a floor and draggings of weights ached a back, the neck ached. Alexander even more often suited breaks, made coffee, smoked. Something urged on to sit down at a table and to continue the story ..., and at the same time it found thousands of justifications of it not to do, everything, it seems, met: "Was tired, I will not sleep, the head is not capable of freshness of thoughts any more". But also alter ego was not given: "Excuses, – it went on. – And eternity will pass, and conceived will not execute. Write!"

Походив about the room, Klot took seat for the computer, but there was no wish to think in any way, and after the first inept offer self-arrangements worked, having persistently proved the rationality: "Tomorrow. There will always be enough time, it sometimes could not be put", – convinced Klot the severe portraits of writers which are living on walls, going on: "Tomorrow precisely nothing will turn out. Give now". Alexander already listened, almost gave up, almost decided to offer immodest amount of time as light suddenly went out. Everything was solved in itself. "Well," – Klot fell apart in any way, without knowing that he smiles.

With relief zanyl the tired-out muscles. Excessive overfatigue did not allow to fall asleep. Alexander suffered, phone did not ring out yet.

– Money was transferred! – the vigorous voice of Ivan and a joyful message raised Klot from a bed. – I to you got in a queue.

Give rather, otherwise you will stand till tomorrow. To the people gathered I also did not know what works for us so much....

– I run, – Alexander shortly threw, jumping from a sofa.

The fatigue evaporated together with bad mood. But during a way one circumstance nevertheless impaired a little sudden joy: on a player the accumulator sat down. КЛОТ did not intend to walk late at night, and therefore did not make daily recharge of the device. Now there was a wish to listen cheerful, by all means to cheerful, though senseless music. Under it in the head fantastic pictures were easier developed, hopes for fast future revived. While music sounded, he persistently leafed through the coming across “songs about life”, forcing to listen to own feelings.

– You that so long? – КЛОТ found Ivan who is already lowering money in a pocket. – Went as grandmas in school, – the workmate grinned, advancing Alexander. Dissatisfied hum blew over crowd.

– Where without turn ...?!

– It did not stand here...

– The youth absolutely became impudent...

КЛОТ, protected by Ivan, managed to remove cash and to depart from the ATM, without having experienced usual disorders in such cases forcing to smoke one cigarette for another, to mark time or in an expedited manner to click sunflower seeds. Also fears prevailing in turns did not take place: “Suddenly on me money will end? And if approach occupied earlier, for a while departed on affairs now? Perhaps there will

be also turns which are pushing away me to the region...”

Having counted money, Klot joined crowd already received, on envy to people around, a salary. The company was located near the round-the-clock little shop containing in itself inexhaustible stocks of alcohol.

– So, what you are so long? – bringing the guy a beer glass, Ivan repeated a question. – The cat stole a march, круголя gave?

– No, I do not trust in it, far I live. You know itself. All right, I will go, back still to stamp ..., – having taken couple of sips and having said goodbye, Alexander started on on a way back.

One of one thousand rusted jokes and amicable laughter of workers reached his hearing. On the way of Klot came across on not clear for what always open shoe shop. Smiled to the coin clamped in a palm: “Heads or tails? Nonsense what”, – without having thrown it in air, glanced inside. Regretting that in its regions not eternal summer, chose warm, according to the sleepy shop assistant, waterproof boots.

As to rejoice there was there is nothing more, to arrive home it appeared hardly. Difficult day, several difficult campaigns and so prompt running to the ATM extended from it the last forces. The guy dopletsya hardly to the computer, once again was upset because of absence of a new episode about stars and failed on a sofa. Before the drowsiness the head was visited by an interesting thought. It was necessary to rise, write down, but laziness. “Till the morning I will not forget”, – having calmed down such decision, Alexander sank into a sleep. Naturally, from

the dawn from the night guest there is no trace left also.

Chapter 4

Morning began as usual with Nina's call. This time Alexander with alarm lifted a tube: Sunday, and is no need to awake it for work.

– Hi, the sonny, – joyful notes in a voice of mother calmed, – I congratulate on a new thing. The good fellow, did not stint. We with the father will return a half of the sum, do not doubt You did not find a salad bowl?

– No, I brought.

– Not everything, two dlinnenky, with blue covers is not enough. Look better, I to you have no place to put a lunch.

Having once again convinced of prospecting abilities of mother which sources Alexander did not try to find even, having tested the familiar emptiness brought by words thanked Nina and hung up.

Today morning was given colder than usual. Nevertheless, the guy, shirking yesterday's promises, found, than to be engaged: cleaned snow in the yard, classified the tool in a shed, repaired the broken box. A master's look examined the inherited earth. There was a wish for spring, heat, time when plant a kitchen garden, rejoice to the kidneys which are poured on trees, and in the evening when watering observe revival of plants, podvyavshy in a day. Клот liked to potter in the earth, loved, despite a heat, despite of everything. With pleasure the whole

day in the yard dug, remaking hundreds of big and small cases, reaching physical powerlessness and happiness at the same time for what neighbors often praised highly Alexander. And not to find in the district of those whoever knew that in this house there lives a hardworking, persistent person who is quite often edified in an example and a reproach to others.

Having been earned till the sunset and having exhausted an opportunity to make something else, Alexander took seat for writing of stories, but after a star also the last forces left. Day of wearisome work which he hated not less Balzac but also could not throw too, left a bad deposit. As a result for a desk of Klot got when with feeling of the vypryazhenny, on the last legs animal, people are filled up to sleep. He could not consider and plan the subsequent steps in creativity any more, not to mention ability to estimate the quality written, often measured by the number of the words which are squeezed out from themselves: avaricious, repeating, bearing continuous emptiness. Sometimes weather interfered with circumstances, and then Alexander appeared at a table in the most necessary, most fruitful time of day – in the morning. Then it began to turn out better, but he was afraid to re-read old with a fresh mind, fairly expecting the level of the stories written in subconscious state. The fresh head or not, all the same was necessary to persuade to write Aleksandra, there were always affairs more interestingly. In fight against laziness, having followed an example of great authors, Klot tried to define the minimum time which is daily spent for creativity. The trick

failed. Suffering, he stayed till the determined time, spending its most part for smoke breaks and examinings of landscapes in a window. Instead of plots the imagination drew easy, beautiful future, and in it the little was allocated for work, often it saw each other entertainment during the periods of sincere boredom, delays of cheerful meetings and holidays. There was a rain or gluttonous frosts fell to the ground, anyway Klot tried to find though some occupation allowing to avoid writing. It was worth waking up and seeing that the nature urges on it to business, the mood spoiled at once. Plainly Alexander himself also did not know what he is afraid of, the administration over it was not, nobody could force it to write, so, both to condemn and to punish for misses too there was nobody. Despite it, the fear all the same did not pass, and the mood improved at one thought that soon the end that it is possible to rise because of a table and to be engaged... and it is not important what, the main thing – to rise and leave from the uncoordinated, pouring plot and wooden heroes, and then the whole day to feel satisfaction that after all decided and wrote. If left not bad, Alexander doubted at once whether his hand wrote offers. Perhaps, someone made work until he slept or went woolgathering. Клот indefinitely scrolled written in the head. Sometimes from the text conclusions of which the author also did not think unintentionally appeared to speak, but pleased that the others by all means will notice them. But also here Alexander was trapped by not clear awe forbidding to send the gained lines to magazines or to post them

on a public inspection on the Internet. Solving: “Still early. With the publication it is possible to wait”, – and written right there it became finer, lighting up with fantastic light of inaction.

“Though who would call, arrived. To a boredom”, – creativity time once again successfully passed, weather worsened having locked Alexander in the house where, having bypassed each corner, it did not find what to carp at what to wipe or correct. Having grasped the idea about guests, Klot made coffee, overroasted, sour, too advertized; now black wish-wash seemed more tasty ordinary.

“To invite friends. To sit”. Having forgotten to add cold water to a cup, it, without noticing, burned a throat. Having agreed by phone with the friend about a meeting, ran about the room: “In shop to stint, and here to bring to the logical end, – the glue which is drying up in a bucket was lop-sided on remained since yesterday evening, – on couple плиточек, but also I will not give an abyss to it”. Having somehow finished with repair, took a good part of the remained money, went behind an entertainment.

Having caught sight of the regular customer, shop assistants discontentedly hemmed in response to its silent to Zdrasta. Girls well remembered the entered bore and always swore, finding out, whose turn to serve the miser, to shortchange the caviller which there is nothing and to think – an embodiment in one face of all, to them яро hated. “Will sniff at each pea, and will buy for kopek”.

Contrary to their expectations, today Alexander undertook

to surprise, to him and the most wakened wastefulness appeared it is a new experience: bought much and not from cheap.

– It is visible, affairs at it went ..., – coming out, he heard behind the back.

– Well?!

– On, the five, – one of them sent the rumpled note to a pocket.

– God grant, not the last

Having lingered on steps (and suddenly still that pleasant will be told), Klot incidentally paid attention to a facade of shop. “The tile is twice more expensive, than at me in a bathroom. There is a lot of workers, all do in a week; and I already how many I potter, and all on the place, and not so exactly as at them it turns out”. Be not scheduled at Alexander a fast meeting, he would fall into despair for several days. Scrupulously and gloomy would continue repair, noticing all small defects, showing constant discontent that, as a rule, came to an end with hassle, diarrhea and still the worst result of work, with the subsequent undertaking of repair anew.

Before arrival of guests there were several hours.

“I will weld shrimps”.

“Royal” – the name on packing amused vanity. Having rumpled, put a matchbox aside, podkurit from a gas ring. The special knife very inconvenient and selecting plenty of time, but not cutting off and gram superfluous, polished potatoes Put wine in the freezer.

“Black warned that there will be not one and not with friends”, – the pleasant shiver from an anticipation of new acquaintances ran on a body.

Alexander undertook a broom, but in rooms everything shone. Then decided to arrange the small, strictly planned disorder: outlined piles of books and notebooks on a table. “Will notice, will surely ask, than I am engaged here”. Took out from shelters that the little that collected at it valuable: electronic translator, old non-working printer and several mobile phones of “last century”; spread out everything on window sills, mistakenly believing that a little luxury among the general poor will raise it in the opinion of guests, will hint at the owner’s solvency. Remembered a reserve piece of meat, put a frying pan on a plate. ПОСОНЕВАВШИСЬ, returned the prepared match back in boxes, found burned, and from already lit ring ignited following. Then from the same match podkurit and, having nearly singed fingers, threw out a candle end in a bucket. “You will not use it more”.

Lai in the yard announced arrival of guests. Alexander threw off a hook from an entrance door, trying not to rustle, crept back in kitchen.

– Here?

– Darkly, horror, – sweet voices of strangers were distributed.

Without having managed to present their appearance, to enjoy the concerning moment, Klot hurried to the aid.

– Nothing, I will carry out. Carefully, here hole.

– Do not forget me! – having heard about a hole, the men’s

bass began to worry. – How many in it cubes? – examined Black the gaping door to the earth.

– Rub and a half.

– Manually! How you had enough patience? I would throw.

On stony walls of a cesspool fragmentary strips from blows of a pick and scrap distinctly appeared. Around blocks broken, but still impressive layers of slate rose.

– How many suffered?

– Month two.

– I would throw! Every day...!

– Neighbors did not believe too what will turn out, especially in the first week when began to rush, – Alexander grinned, having remembered the passersby by all means looking down. To everyone kortet to ask: “How many you potter? For what?” – and, having received answers, to draw a conclusion: “Yes, why it is necessary, so to dig?!” – that added Aleksandra of forces to work further, did it is stronger than others.

Now this reminiscence, as well as long examining of a hole, was extremely important issue and attracted huge interest of all. Everyone noticed or the sticking-out sharp stone which is cut off by the puncher, or the night insect floundering at the bottom guesses as it got there and why in the winter built. Prime significance in order to avoid a talk and thoughts of the occupations really interesting to all audience which are already hurrying to continue evening was attached to everything.

– Yes! – vaguely stretched Black.

Afterwards the illegible gentle voice which caused desire to return back, throw a hook in a loop in Alexander was distributed: “Will knock, will knock and will leave”. From nonsense as it is strange, darkness saved. On concrete two couples of heels tapped.

“How to watch at them what to tell?” – Klot worried, it happened to get acquainted infrequently. ... Unless Lita. And when it was, and that after a year of communication on the Internet when already to some extent became close each other. And here? Behind the screen you will not hide. Not to be exposed to boring bad people or, on the contrary, by the chatterbox. Alexander, as well as any other, wanted to be pleasant at once. Often at acquaintance the first impression is stronger than arguments of reason and after is capable to eclipse any shortcomings of the person for a long time. It is simple to be pleasant without far-reaching plans as all think or as all pipe-dream. Further is a shame to represent that in advance for what actually gathered, and after it is easy – to change nothing, so late to regret for something. Having creaked, the door gave in, let in the house of guests.

– Great, the homebody, – strong handshake greeted Black Alexander.

– Hi, black person.

Itself black was a blonde, clean-shaven, preferring exclusively mourning dresses today, for as got the nickname.

“Did not shave, forgot”, – Alexander by a palm on the three-

day bristle carried out. Though actually did not forget, just for economy used machines of times in three days, and passed only two.

Pottering with laces, the friend closed the shkafoobrazny figure of the little girls who are restricted behind.

– Pardonte! – having guessed about the inconvenience, it passed them forward. – Here. Vika and Evgeny. The cafe got acquainted

The hall was filled with a strong smell of perfume mixed up with sourish aroma of wine. Shuddering from cold, girls tried to squeeze deep into rooms.

– Hi, – each of them threw, bending down and taking off footwear, roofing felts with shame, roofing felts with envy having been lop-sided on posters of competitors.

Alexander, having hardly overcome nervousness, squeezed out from itself a reciprocal greeting.

Supporting both for waists, Cerny, smiling in all whiteness of teeth, did to Alexander immodest signs, hinting what to whom from the guest is intended. Having left outerwear on chairs, passed to the hall. The smell of perfume amplified. Did not manage to consider Klot them, but understood – both are beautiful, and the friend was not limited to wine, and therefore already and too tipsy. Da Cerny another was also not for what had the second, more offensive surname “Boozy”. In eyes very few people so called it – his physical force did not thaw from continuous consumption of alcohol.

– Listen, there will be enough candy to guzzle, – Klot tried to drive away the gluttonous impudent person from a vase with sweets and fruit.

– And why you put them here? – throwing back the tenth candy wrapper aside, the filled mouth murmured Black.

– For appearance, of course. Well, one-another when – was never eaten, so, by the way, but not purposefully to fill a stomach. At normal people always such vases stand, and nobody ruins them

– You would watch less TV ..., – having finished chocolate, Black appetizingly crackled apple. – It is all the same what vodka to keep in the refrigerator. It will last long there? You will get bar, so you will become an inveterate drunkard, you will not devastate yet and you will not go outside Soon though to Aksen on a wedding, I will gorge on without moaning there You about a party did not forget?

Having waved a hand, Alexander gave up a useless conversation and took seat on a sofa beside the TV. In nearby the settled-down girls, as well as in him, a certain embarrassment, haste in the movements was felt, the obryvochnost of views was guessed. Alcohol hurried to improve situation. Constraint thawed, looking at each other turned into impudence, and reciprocal views were maintained without lowering of eyes.

“Always then, – Alexander abstractedly was silent, without being afraid any more to seem impolite. – — you learn riddles, interest same ..., and after whims, discontent even begin, the

feeling of thousand-year acquaintance comes. Drudgery! But not now! Not in the first meetings. We wait for every time, and suddenly not as usually, suddenly something special; but what there special, if ordinary”.

As in the head the rumble accrued, a talk became louder, and jokes and laughter more shamelessly, memory blackouts of Alexander even more often alternated with incredibly thin and clear understanding of the events quicker. He learned an essence of the most abstract things of which he sober and did not think to think. As he wanted to be given to an intoxicated current of a thought, and was what to look – the interesting ideas were postponed on the ambassador. Clips, clips – smart one by one. Celebrities, expensive cars, beautiful women.

“If I continue to idle, nothing shines me”, – old dreams of possible acquaintances poured down. Beauty on the screen attracting luxury caused envy, vanity and feeling of own pettiness as all not for it awoke. “But they too people. Women they were given birth, eventually, not by children of gods. Eat, sleep, and there is enough meanness in life. But who sees it? Do not parade everyday, all have it, but to nobody is uninteresting. There is Victoria, having examined my bathtub, told nothing and it did not look narrowly, and just asked to show where Repairs are not interesting to it what to speak about those... on the screen!?”

In the program among “trump”, continuing to spoil a holiday, also the writers of the present who are taking away belonging to Alexander flashed. Also beautiful young novelists, poetesses

entered into exclusive society.

“... Smart rest, multystoried country houses ...”, – the leader continued the program, lifting bitter bile in the guy. Alexander ran a look through the rooms, looked for though something standing, worthy admiration. Eyes continually came across the dark screen of the computer which is looking out because of a case. There an opportunity to become on an equal basis with them, to declare, the opportunity which for the sake of trifles is so roughly debugged by Klot for later consisted in it. Everything, than he owned, did not go also to pathetic comparison... caused shame more likely, but not envy of people around.

“Two marigold the text is managed to be typed. I specially mastered ten-manual set So what?” – as he also expected, about work was told a little, it is more and more about the benefits brought by it that testified to easy life of creative people.

Having jumped from a sofa, Klot noticed backs of books of the immemorial interlocutors on shelves.

“And you what starved? During lifetime – neither popularity, nor money, nor honor? For what wrote? Could not achieve at once?”

The photo of the great predecessors covered with time dust did not resemble faces of modern artists in any way: neither luster, nor beauty, nor satisfaction; on the contrary, there are more and more tortures, experiences, inexplicable pain and sufferings. Persecution, at times even hunger the faded portraits sobbed, answering:

Then in a brain,
Vlechenyem to a muse compressed,
Dreams flowed
In secret silence,
That there will be I
Known and rich
Also there will be a monument in Ryazana to me.

These words were not memoirs earlier read, not at all. Alexander had not to fit efforts and to cause verses in memory, he simply listened.

“And all these in expensive jewelry, trinkets; often writers, and businessmen at the same time”.

And again clips with beauties – white, without defects on faces and bodies. Alexander felt their physical purity, believed that they wait for him, will accept with pleasure, and he will become same brilliant, without excess troubles.

– Regain consciousness what you? – the laughing Victoria invited Klot to dance.

Embracing her a slender waist, feeling an elastic breast, Alexander continued to think of the, without noticing the excited woman, though fixedly considered it, the truth with other purpose, at all not that of which the naive girl thought. And let Victoria was three times beautiful: it is harmonious, gentle, with the huge gray eyes calling to love, he felt small hillocks of callosities on her palms, inhaled generous quantity

of the cheap perfume which is not coping with a task – from it all the same pulled sourish then. Freshness of a young face was saddened by working fatigue, premature wrinkles and other small shortcomings that was not at to what Alexander aspired, at those whose smell stupefies the head and no spirits are capable to compete to aroma of their clean bodies which are not knowing physical efforts, house hassle... The chilled hoarseness in a voice, rough expressions, low cost of clothes, inability to be painted plainly – now only possessed it Victoria in his eyes. Alexander was eager bigger, than the life from time to time throwing to him girls-vtorosortnits from one of which he danced now.

“And not dance at us, and so, uncoordinated gestures, friction the friend about the friend for kindling of animal passion. Be given up it seriously ..., farther worse. Continuous scandals – you earn a little, not there you put a plate, not so you brush teeth..., and still will stop watching himself, will turn into the careless, eternally grumbling being”.

Клoт had disgust for Victoria seeming to it almost a monster. It is a little more, and it roughly would push away her from itself (himself), but music broke in time, it is successful them having separated.

Without paying to anybody attention, Black stuck to Evgenia and that reciprocated.

– A cool lighter, – at last the friend came off Zhenya’s lips, turned the trinket which is recently bought by Alexander

in hands.

– Take away, – threw Klot.

– Charm! – afterwards eyes at his girlfriend lit up – to her the charm in the form of a little little squirrel turned up.

– Take away! – Klot showed a bit of generosity, without wishing to distract from thoughts for the sake of any little squirrels.

Couple more of shot glasses of alcohol drunk one by one cardinally changed outlook of the guy. What was seen on the screen was greased, turned into impossible. “Here, with me at a table same as I – they are real, this present. Others cannot exist as well as to me never to receive the notice of adoption of my manuscript and payment of the fee for it. Money? For what? For literary trash? For sitting on a chair? While others in a frost and heat, pottering about in dirt, get kopeks. Anybody can have no such riches, and the host – the madman. Who saw wealthy idlers? And differently you will not call their work. We hear about them often, but also about a gold antelope we know since the childhood”.

The life experience strengthened by a slave habit turned the persons broadcast on television into illusion of sick mind, insanity, a dangerous disease.

– Let’s go, – Victoria entrained it in a bedroom, leaving the hall at the disposal of the second couple, than that was not slow to use.

To Alexander expensive phone Black was necessary

to postpone and to stop creating visibility of diligent correspondence by means of SMS. Unwillingly he began to respond to caress of Victoria...

At the night Klot woke up from terrible howling in the yard. Having got up, threw with a dressing gown shoulders, looked at the girl sleeping nearby.

“No, not treason. I do not love it, she is not Lita”, – hop managed to disappear from the head, but, despite dislike for Victoria, something disgusting lodged in soul. He knew, stumble in this way Lita, to him, hardly, such justifications would be pleasant.

Terrible sounds broke off to the district – so howl on dead men. Alexander hurried to come to a porch. A thunder, without noticing the owner, continued the business, having extended a neck towards the huge moon which is ugly sticking out on a clear sky. Bright red, she foretold terrible. A sheep-dog, having bristled up, sang on all voices. It became terrible.

– Quietly friend.

Having heard a familiar voice, the dog turned the head. The tousled wool slowly laid down on a well-muscled body. From under bushes the frightened cats gleamed eyes.

– Go to bed.

The thunder obediently rang out with a chain in the direction of the box. Afterwards stretched it is conciliatory the purring lodgers.

Having taken seat on a porch, Klot lit. The dream stilled

mystical fear. From the sky the rare, but large snowball broke, tightened the moon a veil. To replace the Thunder, with the repertoire, the night bird hurried. Its hoot pacified. “On an eagle owl not probably”, – Alexander tried to solve the midnight actor, to define the direction of its scene – unsuccessfully. The bird sang everything and sang, remaining the unknown, filling soul with pleasant heat, bearing strange hope.

“I will achieve. It to me a sign, everything will turn out”.

Making the way through darkness, Alexander came across any trifles scattered on the hall. The road to small “office” lay by sleeping on the sofa.

“It is desirable to disturb nobody. Still there were not enough foolish questions”.

The guy wanted honor and respect, recognition thanks to creativity, but hesitated of the hobbies even more. Never any hint flew from its language, nothing gave the dishonoring secret. In the habitual circle of Klot similar occupations were awarded with sneers, and at guys, at all, were considered as feminity manifestation. You should not have spoken also about love to books if it is not ready to hear scornful: “Where this БУКВОГРЫЗ went?” But, if nevertheless catch behind reading, it is necessary to tell lies and minimize a shame: “In a year I read one”. Then grumpiness of an opener of secrets will be replaced by satisfaction – recognizes in you the brother: “Well, and that? If the book good, then it is possible to prolong pleasure”, – the benefactor will agree. As it is sad, and among

Alexander's acquaintances it was honourable to make buldge out the ignorance and at the same time to teach children: "Do not forget about lessons, and that you will be as I to drag bags", – you hear proud remarks of parents, but not about advantage of knowledge. Going on a lie perfectly understand – study do not study, and similar comes from similar, and to the son of the bigwig of bags the same is prepared, but all the same we go on and we teach, it is so accepted, otherwise, why once listened to manuals of fathers. And happen to talent to escape from dirt, it turned in the opinion of already former colleagues into the weakling who is afraid of work, the ninny at once, and it is obligatory how it is paradoxical, in the uneducated fool. What to write or read, admit there that you have coffee, it is terrible – will call the bourgeois, the working class is obliged to play about a chifirok.

"Perhaps, it on a surface, and everyone has the secret world, as at me. For certain, the real people are behind trite jokes, alcoholism and abuse. But why we hesitate to prove to be, we despise everything sublime? As, probably, it is pleasant not to hide generous impulses and to receive in a praise award, but not reproaches".

...Listening to rustic snore Black, Alexander went more and more surely until painfully did not prick in a leg. Constraining groans, it bent, pulled out a bra fastener from a foot.

"It broke off it, perhaps?"

On his abuse close fuss, muffled mutter responded. Having

turned over on other side, the friend hooted, has a fit of coughing and again snored.

“Yes, it you will wake”.

Without having kept from temptation, Klot once again attentively studied phone Black. “To such and where there, at least over time to update the system unit in a leg”. As it is possible put a tube back more accurately. Just in case removed the devastated vase with fruit now filled with wrappers of candies and bits from edge of a small little table.

Having leaned back on a back of a chair, Klot shifted from a table to a window sill so nobody and not noticed books, drew a curtain. “Bulgakov, Dostoyevsky, Nekrasov”, – were appeared through through shabby fabric of a surname of writers.

“How you managed? Prompt a way to a pedestal near you”.

At random took the first novel, opened also at random. Words, – nothing superfluous – everything is clear and clear to a thought.

“Talent or persistent work? And what moved to begin? – Alexander extorted from interlocutors silent, severe by sight, without guessing the feature which is available for him, without foreign councils moving him to the purpose namely: possession of neither tolerable, nor average, and absolutely intolerable life. Compatibility incompatible always has unexpected and interesting result. Well, unless whom you will surprise with the journalist or the philosopher who wrote the book? Another matter if manages it the person who is torn off from high culture

poorly educated, with a harmful environment. From under such hands there is something live, unlike to all the rest, something standing, besides, contrary to knowing nearly from the bottle up all rules of arts and is strict adhering to them, and therefore creating something average little significant, and often in general unclear to most of people. And, above all, given rise for art, so by it, in any case, speak, perceive creativity as a duty from which any person always wants to slip away. The deprived options do not doubt what they will devote the lives to. Means, honor stick to them together with inheritance, they have no need to be zealous, try: both wrote, and will descend; but will not publish – let it pass, with creativity; around abundance of interesting. Nobody advised Alexander, helped, learned, but the originality living at him inside asked outside, demanded that told of it to the world.

Wishing to learn tracks of the famous classics, Klot once again plowed the websites, studying biographies, diaries and habits great, in passing introducing the coming across reviews of electronics in bookmarks: plasma TVs, video cameras, cameras

What pushed people to creativity, biographers did not know, but thanks to them Klot understood why he is afraid to write – fear not to cope and inability to admit to itself it: “And suddenly it will not turn out and it is necessary to start anew? How to be if offers are not connected, paragraphs and all book?”

Alexander wandered, having assimilated to the little boy

in a dark cave, having the feeling of shchekotyashchy, catching horror known for everything got lost: “Perhaps there is no exit, and I am doomed to remain in eternal darkness!” – the despair, but when daylight from round the corner flashes leans, the joyful hope overflows soul and not to find in the world more happily than saved. Today Alexander understood the main thing, so, saw the light: sooner or later it should send stories to edition. They will be read, to impartially estimate, try to discover defects, so, it is time to stop playing upon words and to write to a table, time of persistent work came: numerous readings of the text, infinite editing of compound sentences, unsuccessful phrases. That is the moment came, to turn inaction into a heavy burden, an opposite duty. On the way to success the pleasure did not have more place. Primitive excuses about the reached a limit ink in a cartridge of the printer and shortage of funds for its gas station were forbidden – besides paper there was a computer screen. Also there are no reasons to stop process. Issued opened the real depth dividing the guy from the planned purpose. The way presented in the beginning to lungs was full of the hidden obstacles. It became obvious: or to stop aimlessly wandering about the fictional worlds and to be engaged seriously ..., or to stop writing. For a minute Alexander wanted to choose the second, easy, but he already passed line of a non-return, dug more deeply, than followed. Awareness of range of distance is already a half of any way.

Having torn off a newspaper piece, wrote down the first

instruction: “To listen as people speak, to remember anywhere and everywhere, in movies, on the street, in line for bread, on the way for work..., to listen to dialogues. To learn it is correct to hear”.

Klot did not manage to reach the paragraph in the story as still piece of paper with a new mark was added: “To remove excess words, to develop restraint in style, to delete the unnecessary, not bearing loadings, repetitions. To get rid of the phrases interfering with perception of the main thing, delaying on themselves attention. To leave exclusive what will play later a certain role without what the text will fall down”.

Soon paper scraps with similar records it saved up a great lot. КЛОТ regained consciousness, not persons interested to be appeased, the thoughts which are continuously climbing in the head were activated. Crowding, shouting, they required to themselves attention, were afraid to remain forgotten, did not allow to develop a plot. Near scraps of notes, the huge notebook laid down. Suddenly come phrases, separate words were introduced in it, for the time being they could not be held in the head.

Imperceptibly for himself Alexander stepped into long journeys, having left behind dreams and fears. He was not afraid of either critics, or the websites any more. КЛОТ began to understand about what the father marked to it – transparent words bore great secret sense.

“Sing the song the poet, sing ...”, – his lips slightly were

considerably moved and already scanty dawn looked in the chilled windows.

Chapter 5

– You want to die of an old age in a bed? – Ivan insisted, continuing a hot discussion which beginning workmates already forgot.

– It as? With a duck under a bed? No, thanks. Enjoy freedom, the sky of wons. Nature. Grace.

“Prick”. Perfectly! It is necessary not to forget”.

– What is freedom?! It is not here and in mention, and it is close to us did not stand. You here try be late for sawmill Not here it is freedom. Not here.

– It is possible to think, you know where?

– I know. It seems, I know, – being reflected in pupils memoirs, headlights of the car parking at the building site flashed, carefree voices at the elevator came to life.

– You are mistaken, – sure intonation of Ivan hinted that he is aware of Alexander’s hobbies.

– You from where you know?

“Whether spied. Sometimes in a notebook at it wrote down something”.

– I had a friend

– Where disappeared?

– And is not present. It was presented, a kingdom to it heavenly, last June. And you will die if you do not stop.

Клот pondered month, confusing places June and July,

counted them on fingers – Ivan any funeral in the designated month did not mention, did not ask for leave anywhere.

– You think, I studied nothing? You think, did not speak to me supposedly you eat, drink, have a good time and consider it life and that it is wrong that it somewhere is deeper, under iceberg top. I trusted, and now I know: there is under this top nothing. And you were simply tired or are afraid of work.

“Perhaps he is right, maybe, there is nothing to hide and there is no place. I have other life. Well and where it? Who saw it?” Alexander nearly gave the secret, but restrained, words did not manage to slip out, but thoughts did not stop: “And still in time I began to write. Just at the moment of clarity when understood senselessness and monotony of the parts assigned to me and all the rest too. In fact, all people are similar: we do one, we speak and it is thought also. Only distinctions: Ivan smokes cigarettes, and I cigarettes And understand I all dullness of the situation, without having hope, for certain, death: only suicide would be a consolation”.

– If to the person not to work, then what to be engaged in? – Ivan lips, after a small pause pozhmakat.

– That’s just the point – anything!

– How so?

Alexander only hemmed, is lazy undertaking a saw. In a pocket phone began to vibrate, without having allowed to start the tool.

– Yes, – he almost always spoke now “Yes”, having noted

in “Hallo” some naivety.

– To you the credit is by default calculated. We can list on the salary card, – was distributed in a tube. – Interestingly?

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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