

# Code of honor

СОДЕРЖИТ  
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ  
БРАНЬ

Nikolay Lakutin

18+

# **Nicolay Vladimirovich Lakutin**

## **Code of honor. Storybook**

*[http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio\\_book/?art=48504455](http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=48504455)*

*SelfPub; 2019*

*ISBN 978-5-5320-8724-8*

### **Аннотация**

Hello, dear readers. Have you ever read a multi-page story that transcends the meaning of a full-fledged book? Here you can find non-standard, semantic and at the same time easy to read stories that can leave an aftertaste for years. If you can read between the lines, you will discover a different meaning in the novels you read. Содержит нецензурную брань.

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*Для подготовки обложки издания использована художественная работа автора. Обложка книги разработана автором в дизайнерской программе и является интеллектуальной собственностью Николая Лакутина.*

# **Pit. The machinations of fate**

The idea of the book was written at the wheel at a speed of 70 km/h, crossing the Central street of the city of Novosibirsk, in order not to lose the idea.

They say risk is a noble cause. Yes, not in this, of course, the case, but still nice to know that such "fucked up" guys capable of crazy things for the sake of the goal, has not yet transferred to the Russian land!!!

So, let's go...

Late Friday night. It was dark and the second day with no end pouring a wall of rain. And on the provincial Russian road between the woods and plains the old Nissan fairly tired for the sixteen years of operation goes. And the driver, man, no, rather a man of thirty-two years, without leaving behind the helm for the past thirteen hours, also doesn't look fresh and cheerful. Perhaps his depressed mood is connected not only with the tricks of the weather, but also with the fact that before leaving he had to "fight" at work, where they do not really like to let workers leave early from work on Friday.

"Fucking system, just workers for the people do not believe but as superiors on the head nastuchat, the plan will raise, and the timing will be pruned, so to us just to "please" and excuse me, please, just to help their burning Asses from the furnace is removed, but then again, we office plankton, nobody,

hardworking...»

Radio waves are no longer readable, all the discs with music have already been played, and they are already tired, for a couple of years, completely lost these hackneyed tunes on the ears. And now only hear the rain fall as the tires cut through water on the cracked asphalt, and the wind whistles in the small gap of the window opening of the door.

"I often asked for something for four years of impeccable work? Took a leave of absence? Failed? I love my job, and I guess that's why I do it perfectly, but it's kind of stupid, in my opinion, only by raising the tone and using unpleasant words to keep a person if he had to leave early today. You never know what it could be the reason, I don't understand."

Workers thoughts and nervousness was interrupted in one second, suddenly appeared a yellow silhouette on the road.

"What the hell is that thing?»

The car produces a sharp braking screech from under the wheels. Blow, and slightly changing the trajectory, but holding the road, the driver stops the car.

"What was that? And what happened to the side-view mirror... damn...»

Coming out of the car and after fifteen meters back, a man sees a girl of about twenty-five in the yellow raincoat. She sits on the side of the road and because of the rain is almost not heard her quiet timid crying.

"There's a hospital nearby," she said through tears.

Twenty minutes later they were in the local hospital. The doctor on duty examined the abrasions and bruises, said that there was nothing terrible, the bruises will come down in about a week and a half, wished to be more careful in the future, and went to finish his tea. And already sitting in the car, the driver first spoke to her: – "Well, how are you?»

"Yes, as you say... crappy, in General»

"Something hurts? Did the doctor catch up?»

"No, everything exactly, take place, there is another thing. What's shorter? Dobros me over until the turn and get out," – retorted the girl.

After passing the village of puddles and mud, after the slow rotation, releasing the girl, the driver said: "You have it, sorry."

The kid is barely out of the car, but suddenly sat back, slamming the door behind him.

"Come on, let's go somewhere from here, well –" she suddenly began to whisper. The car drove off on the main road about a kilometer and stopped at the nearest parcel.

"All right, next exit to the track."

But the girl remained silent and continued to sit in place. In such a silence passed even a few minutes.

"I would like to go," continued the driver.

"Go, I'm holding you?" suddenly something like this with a twinkle and spark in her voice she said. And continued through a prolonged pause – –" and you are the original. Almost killed a poor girl, and just like that, I'm sorry."

"Somehow we are not much moved on "you". What's your name, poor girl?»

"Sveta".

"Light – star min... mrrr... Svetlana means".

"I'm now a blow job would be wit, I'm not going," and with such a sly smile and stared at the driver that he was a little confused, even a little flushed.

".mm.. for some reason I was sure that you did not know this simple saying. My friends call me Miha."

"And friends?»

"And you, too, the original," the driver smiled now, "How I love this country."

Again silence. But in a different way.

"What are you doing on the road-middle of the night?»

The girl paused, and then, as if continuing the thought, said:

"Okay, there I live, let's go, I'll put tea, there everything and tell, and you can not hurt to rest until someone else on the hood is not rolled – – with a tired smile spoke Sveta, – only put the car away from home, over there, closer to the forest, no one will touch it."

"Well, come in, do not be shy," the hostess invited the guest, and disappeared behind the open door.

Dark unlit corridor, some steps, the smell of tarred rail sleepers, which built a shack.

"Yes, I was thrown by a hard one.Ow? Where's the door?" – stumbling and stumbling, quietly boomed overnight guest.



After a few seconds, opened the door, and she asks, grabbing his lapel of his shirt, dragged Mike into the house.

"Drop your boots here, get on the couch, sit down, lie down, whatever you like."

She closed the door, took the kettle, took a scoop of water from a full tank, and then disappeared for a couple of minutes behind the partition. Out of the corner they could hear only some noises and knocking porcelain cups.

Misha barely settled on the couch, as the eyes themselves began to stick together, the eyelids grow heavy, her body went limp and feel all the fatigue of the past day. On fatigue impact grater at work and a languid drive and recent developments made at certain points to be subjected to experiences.

"It's been a long time since I was so not cut down" – flashed in the minds of half-asleep thought.

But from the embrace of Morpheus guy brought touch. It was so gentle and light that I did not want to open my eyes and say or move anything at all, so as not to frighten off this euphoria.

"Twenty minutes later we have hot water, tea shop, I do not recognize, therefore we will drink my tea brewed with herbs, hope you enjoy it".

Silence...

"Hey, Mariiiii, the fuck to sleep or something here? Who wanted to hear the story of how I got on the road in the middle of the night? Yes, and I would be interested to know what the hell you're doing on the old bypass road. Basically everything on

a new track ride, this branch is a dead end already half a year as".

"Huh?" – cried in sleepy Kumar Bear.

"Aha, good morning, we present the ticket for travel!»

Bear opened his eyes, looked around, and, assessing the situation, stared with a questioning look on Svetku. A girl sat side by side on the same sofa, her hand, hugging her and holding her Teddy Bear, tugged at the button on his shirt.

"And tea?" with quiet shyness said guy.

"And we have twenty more minutes!" softly and tenderly whispered the girl, laying a second hand on his shoulder and holding her even closer and stronger.

"Now, friends call me Mas", – an hour later, said the Bear, lying on the unfolded sofa hugging with one hand, the recent friend.

"Well, Mas, now you just have to marry me," – sounded with a slight irony from the mouth of Sveta.

"Yes, I am, in General, are happy, not confused Micah. Well, the one wife I already have, the vacant seat only in the post second wife, are you okay? You mind?»

"Not against, the more that I have, too, there is one husband. Actually, I saw it when I got out of the car on the turn".

After a pause she went on:

"Yes washed down, bitch. Here we have only moonshine from entertainment, well, he has fun from morning to evening with friends-drinking buddies. Two months already the case to marital

obligations did not reach, and two months ago, so too, the breeze, no more...

He and home for a week is not claimed, all in the barns, the Mitki, Vadiki cups is measured. Yesterday I myself went to him in the evening. Nicely, kindly, like, home, enough, I you wait, yearn, and he went out, slut. Vadka long with Mitya me the wedges were knocked out, and I'm in denial, that can be seen and whispered to him a fool for something. And he believed. We live with him for the second year, so we came together in a civil marriage, and spent the night at home how many times, you can count on the fingers."

The girl clung to the Bear harder and with a heavy sigh, he continued.

"He offended me greatly. I went to his mother with a folder, complained, and they told me that, they say, people just will not talk, I see was a sin."

"And what, because this decided my car to rush?»

"Of course not. I went to unwind, wash off the dirty rain all these emotions and about an hour walking through the woods, out on the road. It almost no one goes already half a year, since a new branch is empty, and I see a car coming, and in front of the hole the rain washed away, so I crossed the road to stand in this pit, for you to notice me and went round, a raincoat, bright, yellow, differently you'd notice. And then she got even for her kindness."

"And the pit was healthy there? I haven't seen her at all."

"Normal, the wheel would have left for sure".

Bear pressed to his Savior, gently kissed and whispered quietly: "Thank you" – and then added: – "for everything. So, what's with the tea?»

"So, you say the road is a dead end?"– drinking big gulps podstawski tea asked Micah.

«Yeah. In a few kilometers, you'd be buried in building blocks. There every spring before the ground washed away. Repair every year tired, and let a new bypass road, and here last spring repair work and abandoned... »

The conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Open up, bitch," came a drunken belligerent voice from the corridor.

"This husband, Gregory,' whispered she asks him to sit quietly, the door was locked, he now Portuguese Yes sleep there, in the hallway, business as usual. Sleep will be before lunch, in the morning you will leave quietly."

"Don't you understand? – stuttering, moaning bellowed at the door husband, and rattled the pots and pans settled down in some part of the dark corridor. – I know who underground radish color," the sleepy drunk slurred accent said Gregory.

Silence spilled through the rooms of the house, capturing the streets and the nearby outskirts. Gregory was sleeping.

Svetka, silently, buried herself in the rain-drenched window of the next room, through the curtains of which the dim moonlight pierced.

"You know –" she said, " I want to get out of here. Forever. Start a completely different life," she had a look from the window to Mishkin knees and not looking him in the eyes whispered: "You don't understand."

Never wanted to Bear so help anyone as I wanted to help this lost in a girl. But he didn't know how to do it. And indeed it is quite a bad situation. For some last few hours he almost flew off the road, unexpectedly changed his wife and now sits in a closed house in an unfamiliar village with an unusual and a little strange girl with a passionate desire to help her.

I heard snoring outside the door.

"I'd really like to help you, Light, but in my mind there are no adequate thoughts on this, I'm sorry."

The girl got up, went to the far window and said: "You better not wait for the morning, you never know. Come out through that window, how do you get on, okay? Back back to the fork, there on the asphalt normal leave, do not miss, but do not drive much. And don't you dare to forget me, Maska," and the girl, dropping a tear, went over to the couch.

Drove not cater. The rain's almost gone. The suspiciously bright moon illuminated the wet road well. Drove past the same washed pit road, it really was an impressive size, the girl did not disappoint. Dawn Was Coming.

"Somehow everything turned out so stupid", – the thought circulated in the head of the Bear, – " why I was in this village, in this house with this girl? If not for all these circumstances,

I would have drove up to me at the right village, the Mother and sister are already waiting for us, worried for sure. I called to ask how it works, so pipe the village, till last skirmish was at work, and each other's nerves battered and put up, once all stupid going".

After a while, the car reached a fork in the road. Bear stopped the car. Exited. I went to the intersection of roads, where I moved down the wrong road leading to a dead end.

"It is interesting, I passed earlier on this route any time. Why did I turn the wrong way? Why the pit? Moreover, even bypassing the pit, still rested would be concrete blocks. Well, I'd get to the blocks, turn around and still go out on the right road. Maybe fate was so pleased that in these minutes and these hours I was here, not to go where I need, and whether it is necessary?»

It stopped raining completely. It became clear how nature begins to revive after sleeping. Grass straighten, the breeze caress, and the first dim rays of the sun barely began to Wade from the horizon.

"Then it turns out that Sveta, or such as she is able to change the scenario of fate. After all, she ran out on the road to protect me from the accident, but how the hell did fate deftly corrected the scenario, based on the new conditions, and I still spent a few hours in the steppe, where I was not supposed to be."

Bear stood at the fork in the road for a while, estimating and "laying out on the shelves " all that happened, then looked sad and dreary look in the direction of the road, which was to go, then

looked at the road from which he left, looked far away in the direction of the village with the same girl...

"I won't forget, Sveta... never."

I got into the car and drove now in the right direction.

After four and a half hours, the Bear has reached the desired village. He reassured his mother and sister, handed them money, some things, a little snack from the road and is now fast asleep.

The next day took place the funeral of his father. The mother was put into the hand of the deceased a photograph in life so fun and joyfully celebrated a picnic on Saturday the whole family four years ago. It was my father's last will. Therefore, the Bear and asked for leave from work and drove in this weather with only one thought-to pass this photo and fulfill the last will of his father. Probably, the folder wanted that at this very moment when mother put the photo in his hand, we still once remembered how it was good to us together that we through tears smiled and though for a moment were transferred to that solar Saturday four years ago. And as strange as it was, it was as if we felt his presence next to us, as if he was standing next to us and remembering those very moments... he was a very good father, he was a very good man.

Father buried, the Wake celebrated, and when relatives and friends have already dispersed, the mother asked: "all right son?>

"Yes, mom, all is well, life goes on," said the son of the Bear and hugged his mother.

The next day it was necessary to go to work, so without

indulging in long conversations with his mother and sister, Bear went to the city.

He began working life. Work, home, wife, friends – everything fell into place and rushed at an exorbitant pace.

Promotion, salary increases, new acquaintances, new entertainment, vacations, evenings with friends, took a three-year BMW X5 in excellent condition, began to save money to buy a Studio apartment, but in a good place, and everything would be fine, everything would be fine, but here is neither as nor gives the Bear the Lord God of children.

No matter how hard they try with his wife, all to no avail. And the clinics went, and shamans are different... all right, children. It would seem that the conditions are excellent, everything is for the child, and the age is wealthy and the financial situation is stable, and there are no children. And money is not a joy and fun – not fun... thought all one.

"We've been squeezing each other for four and a half years.... Everything was and as soon as it wasn't. He does not want to give us God's child, so there is a reason for that" – once at dinner mishkina's wife mentioned.

The bear took a hard look at the plate. He has long understood that miracles do not happen and everything that happens is logical and reasonable. But to justify this problem, he could not.

"As you can see is" – he drawled in response.

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After this conversation, the last six months of life together bear Often noticed that the former fire of married life has long ceased to warm them both, to revive the flame did not work, although attempts were made. Joint trips to the resorts for a couple of weeks, a weekend in nature, not once met the dawn on the white Sands and saw off the sunset under the crackling fire on the banks of small Siberian rivers. And when for the second month in a row went to bed back to back, mishkina wife offered:

"Mish, you're thirty-four, fourth dozen, I soon exchanged, but it was no use. Not life this. You're a great guy, husband, friend, but I can't go on like this. Then let's separate."

Over the past two years, Bear and he came to this idea more than once, so with relative ease released his wife.

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A year later, Teddy learned That his wife gave birth to a boy.

"She may have already met someone when we lived together for the last months. Yeah, probably dated. Well, God grant that now all is well with you", – was spinning in his head.

Having saved up for an apartment and bought it in the place where he wanted, Bear continued to live alone. Nothing and no one not like.

"Why, thirty-seven is not a term," he repeated more and more often.

And here, when the chain of measured boring days, at the end of the working week stretched, having planned work of the subordinates beforehand, the Bear went home.

It was a normal Friday of a normal working week. I didn't feel like going home. I did not want to call friends, girlfriends, I just wanted to walk in the Park, on the pavement, on the back streets and the paths on which I ran as a child. I remembered how I went on these paths with my father on a fishing trip, barely keeping from the wind four-meter unassembled fishing rods. I remembered the disappointment in the eyes of the mother, who saw the catch and understands that now a good half of the day will have to process the fish, cleaning it from scales and giblets. I remembered how the race with his sister raced to the post office to buy stamps in their collections. How proudly these collections were shown by mother and father. How all these events filled life with new joy, new meaning. How I wanted the night to fly by instantly, and to come back joyful, cheerful, emotional, rich and unique new day. And it became so sad that now these new days have become commonplace, predictable, gray.

"Haven't been to the mother's sister and I can wave to them on the weekend" – I thought suddenly.

On the street already was felt cool evening breeze. With grey sky and rain drops from rare. And only when the weather became gloomy, and the rain increased, thoughts of happy children's days disappeared.

A little wet, but happy walk Bear had dinner, put a hot glass of tea near the window and sat down beside him. He loved to look at the view from the window, especially in the rain. Outside the window of the seventeenth floor was a beautiful view of the

Park and the river with bridges and piers.

"Good here, but sometimes so eager to get out of here," he slid a playful idea. The bear looked sadly out the window, which began with the strengthening of the beating rain, and with insight in my mind, I remembered how once, the phrase said by one girl in a distant village. It's been three years since she said that.

"I wonder what her life is like now."

But, to go to her Bear was not going to remember as a fact, and then the phone call took his mind into reality with their work concerns and obligations.

The next morning he was going to visit his family. Bought some huge grocery bags early Saturday morning, as he often liked to do while everyone was sleeping, and headed down the familiar road to his mother and sister.

The morning was clear, the road is clear, and it seemed nature was welcomed at every mile lone Mishkin BMW. How nice it is still a little early foggy morning to go on an empty wide road on a fresh car, quietly listening to your favorite music and enjoying the awakening of the day.

Making a couple of stops on the road, usbdriives, running a few laps around the car, he again sat behind the wheel and was driving with a clean bright thoughts to his family. But suddenly he saw how in the course of its route, two guys pushed into the ditch of an old "Moskvich".

"Oh, poor fellows... who, if I help them", – with this thought Bear stopped the car near the guys who flew off the road.

"Healthy guys, got a rope?»

Are you pulling? Not sorry "CORONAS"? You are on the machine?»

Bear smiled...: "Throw me the hook."

When both machines are exactly on track, the guys said that flew in the night on the street when Lil squally rain. While pushing the car, burned the clutch and now do not know how to get home.

"Do you live far away?»

"Well, about ten kilometers or fifteen to the convolution and then there is a dirt road four kilometers," hope said exhausted guys.

"Well, let neatly behind me, the rope seems normal again, will stand only in the ass not push when I'm braking at convolution".

One guy got behind the wheel of "Moskvich", and one next to the Bear to show the way. Went slowly, talked, moved down in the necessary parcel of the road, slowly moving pits and bumps, and only when the guy said that now there will be a hole on the right side of a hefty, which you need to go around, Bear realized on what road he was going.

For three years, Mishka went to the village to his mother five or six times, he, of course, remembered how he turned the wrong way, but could not find this Congress, and did not look much. The road has changed a lot.

"Now here we go just a local country – said the guy from the neighbouring seat is there before the track is laid, and now the

road is overgrown, the asphalt had heaved, cracked".

"That's why I did not know this way at once," said the bear to Himself.... How and where to go next the idea he already had. It's a really strange coincidence. The guys lived in the same village, which threw three years ago Bear. He drove the boys to their house, did not take money from them, even though they offered, only asked who lives in the house at the edge of the village. The guys responded that they have lived their friend Gregory with his girlfriend, a rare harlot, who allegedly was imposed to him and his friend Wadano who rolled the "Moskvich" at the gate.

"Is it those same Mitka and Vadka that kept plaguing his old friend," Shiv thought Mishkino consciousness.

The guys told in a friendly way to his Savior that Grishka then finally drank himself and went to live with his parents, and the girl and now lives here and none of the guys to not admit.

Well, how could you not come by, God himself commanded.

The Windows of the house were open, and from there came the speech of the announcer from the TV broadcasting the Olympics. Sveta sat on the floor, covered with a Palace, with her back to the window and watched the competition, snapping seeds and throwing the shell through her head out the window. The announcer famously announced:

"Olympic athlete from Russia took...»

"And does not give", – hoarse, quiet, but spreads chills Svetka, interrupted the speaker behind his head, as if familiar once voice.

The girl turned around and was stunned. In front of her,

leaning on the sill, stood a Bear.

"Where have you been, bitch" – through the tears and a smile rushed to hug his light.

History repeated itself. There was also tea brewed on herbs, and twenty minutes not without benefit spent, and Svetka's story about how she lived these three years and hoped and waited that he will return here that at least once to look into his eyes and to remember one of the most memorable evenings of the life. Sveta became even more beautiful, more relaxed and more desirable. Now there were no obstacles to create a new happy family and the proposal to become a second wife Bears embodied in reality, only now the second wife in life, not on the bed.

To his mother with his sister, he arrived in the evening and not alone. She asks family liked it, and this sympathy was mutual. What else do you need? The Foundation of the new family was laid for three years, and today the formwork was removed, and the first brick was laid in the long-term construction.

Lived in the city, the rest went for a weekend in the village Svetkin house. I didn't want to go to the resorts, go to the movies, go somewhere far away together to strengthen the relationship... it was all unnecessary. In the morning Bear with a joyful and happy smile went to work, and in the evening happily hurried home. He dreamed about it long ago, and here came true. Sveta also found an interesting job in the rehabilitation center, gave lectures, and they gave their results.

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Thirty years have passed since then.

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Mikhail Sergeyevich is still happy, lives with Svetlana Viktorovna, who brings up two children a year with age difference in joy and love. The children were already under thirty, they have all evolved quite naturally and calmly, measured.

And now, in the minds of our heroes, there was only one unsolved problem, a thought that every day more and more tugged at the consciousness. What was that all about? Are there actually people who can change the scenario of fate, are we in your life Directors of their movie, or everything that happens, happens to the smallest details in the written script. After all, remembering the past, you realize that not just for a long time were not born children with their first wife, that is not just so, once it was necessary to be in an unfamiliar village. That's the way it was necessary to get acquainted with his future wife, and it is not immediately, but only after only three years. We had to decide to go to her mother's sister in the Saturday morning, and, accordingly, it was necessary to make the Friday night walk, revealshow childhood memories, when I flew the route two village "gouging", leading our hero is in the village, to the same girl. And, in the end, it was necessary to die to the father a day before I brought a family photo with which all this history began.

Then it does not fit into the head of how a single mechanism intertwines several destinies, and in fact the fate of all those who participate in our lives, so that the circumstances of our

life evolved in a very certain way. Accordingly, our destiny and we regulate a number of destinies of all those whom we meet on our way of life. And if so, then it can not touch friends, acquaintances, acquaintances of our friends, up to random, or then "random" in quotes, passers-by, who in those seconds and minutes when they see how we pass, direct their gaze at us, bypassing what they do not need to see. Mutual fates form the lives of specific people, cities, regions, civilizations. To look at this mechanism at least one eye, but judging by the fact that we do not see it, we should not know about it...



## Strength test

Late autumn. In the children's boarding school №7 all preparing for the night. Behind the streaks of hastily wiped Windows, one can see falling yellow leaves of trees. There, behind the grocery store has almost disappeared the sun and the nurse, for half an hour trying to put the children to sleep.

"Vitya, what are you doing here? All gone to bed, your comrades for the second dream, I suppose, you see, and you're here. Go.»

"I don't want to dream, nanny. Because every time I dream the same dream that never comes true."

The nurse took my hand and led me to our bedroom. The guys pretended to be asleep, and only when the nurse came out, the room gradually began to open the dreary eyes of the same poor fellows, like me. When in a half-asleep state I turned over on other side and turned the head on a pillow in other party, felt sharp pain from fresh put bruise by the senior children. We didn't share the ball on the Playground, and I got a black eye. But this pain could not be compared with the one that burned my heart every day.

"Mom, how did it happen that I was here when you pick me up" – I whispered quietly and helplessly.

And now, being a forty-year-old man who does not have his own home, no family, no sensible work, I still feel this chest pain.

But one fact still causes a stingy smile-so there is still something to hurt, there is still something that feels, and therefore not all burned...

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At the city airport I sat on watch for the seventh year. Who not only had to work during the period of his worthless existence. The loader was in a warehouse, the security guard worked Nemer, the janitor, the receiver of glass container, the postman, I very much liked this work, but the drunk company which met me on the way sent me for two months to hospital, with multiple bruises and the crack in a bone which has received as a result of blow by a baseball bat on a foot. But as a child I often fought and accustomed to endure pain, and the wounds will heal and life will go on. Here in the hospital I met an employee of the city airport, who later helped me to get here, and here I am working in this quiet place for six and a half years. The place is good, I am eternally grateful, to the neighbor on chamber that it helped me to settle here, unfortunately, it here worked not long, and here five years I didn't meet it. Airport employees, of course, I know in person and even some know something from history.

Vaughn Alexander Samuilovich-Director of our airport, passed.

«Hello.»

Here come the dispatcher

«Good morning»

Here are the cleaners have already finished the shift, going

home...

"All the best, goodbye...»

Well, here's day two. And in my spare time I clean two entrances in the neighboring house. Work is not so much, and all, some no penny. Of course more difficult in the winter, the snow laid all the time, but nothing but have something to do.

People here are nice, always say Hello, and not "for show", but with a soul, a human being. It is a pleasure to work with such people. Girls sometimes second entrance while waiting for the guys, say to me a word, a couple three minutes of precious communication, and then for them come in expensive cars with open Windows, which rumbles music. Girls about thirty, and they all walk, have fun. So funny. A couple of years ago, I had a friend with charming blue eyes. But then she moved to another city, and I stayed here. Were the girls at the youth... but that was long ago it was, and there was not anything interesting.

"Great, Vitek" -shouted from around the corner. It was two brothers from the third apartment, we sometimes sit with them on a bench in the evenings. -Come here?»

They went with the "two " beer to our shop. I finished sweeping around the entrance and joined them.

"You heard, to us here in the sixteenth apartment new residents are occupied. Ignatia grandmother sold the apartment, moved out to the daughter in Stavropol, and we're gonna have new neighbors, let's see what there is for fruit."

"No, I haven't heard anything about it»

"And look, "zilok" pulls, just seems they're taking things. Well, what's that, what's that???"

To the first entrance a car came along, I stood next to ZIL. Out of the car is not a familiar family, the movers jumped off the truck, and began to carry things to the entrance.

A man, forty-forty-five years old, a woman with him looks pretty well, two daughters, probably them, ran after the movers.

"Okay, guys, I have an early day tomorrow for a change, well catch you there sometime and get acquainted" – and I went home to my room in the Dorm allocated to the airport.

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When I was walking home next to the road, a big black car stopped not far from me, the tinted glass of the front passenger door came down, from which a shaved man looked out.

"Hey, bro, you don't need a job?" he said in a hoarse voice.

I looked around, there was no one around me.

"Yes you, you say, a hundred bucks a day plus a meal, but we must decide right now»

"And what should be done?" I asked.

"You worked as a security guard? Well, that's generally the same, but the level is different. So what? Thinking?"

"Well, I can't right now... I have a shift in the morning. If there is only according to the schedule agree»

"You che you are stupid, you brother, you on change for a month pay so much how many here in two days you will have, let solve a question, and tomorrow evening after six we will

approach you".

All evening I was tormented by doubts: "it is Interesting, it is interesting, money certainly would not prevent very much, but that there for work such highly paid and why addressed to me – it is not clear. I did not quit yet, I agreed with the shift workers to work together for a couple of weeks without me, and then the situation will become clear."

In the evening of the next day I got a call at the door. On the threshold stood the same clean-shaven man. Without waiting for my invitation, he came, threw on my sofa, ironed strict suit, a large package of food and said that tomorrow at six in the morning will come for me.

"You have to be at the parade by six, full, clean and shaved," the uninvited guest said, pointing to his beard.

"Wait, I haven't agreed to work with you yet?»

"Do you mind?" – don't looking back already sitting in the doorway, delivered the guy.

It was somehow not with his hands, and feeling his intonation is insecure.

"No..." I said hoarsely.

"So, until six in the morning" – a man slammed the door.

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I have been so delicious did not eat, Yes, frankly, do not remember eating there ever be something like that. In the left package there were fresh vegetables, baked ham, two kinds of sausages, shrimp in vinegar, fresh loaf, Ukrainian bread, red

caviar – tasty..., and some convolutions with cookies and some sweets.

Rights was Alentova in the movie "Moscow does not believe in tears," saying that after forty life is just beginning. Full and happy I lay down on the sofa, turned on the old TV and dozed off quietly.

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A knock on the door woke me up. When I opened it, I saw the same man who promised to stop by at six in the morning yesterday.

"Yeah, well, I didn't think you'd be ready for shit by six, so I stopped by at five in the morning. Get ready, come on – " he told me as I was already running into the bathroom with a towel.

By half-past six I was ready, and we moved to the exit. In the car sat another man-the driver, he gave me a hand with a hundred dollars, and we have reigned full of love and mutual respect.

A couple of hours driving on a country road. The boys didn't drop a word. When we turned to the abandoned warehouse, which was crowded with people, the driver gave me the trunk and said:

"You are able to address as far as I know, among those guys ours isn't present so if that, don't spare cartridges. We will speak, and you little by little delve."

We've stayed in. Exited. We were surrounded by seven healthy guys with machine guns, one of them took a step forward.

"Hey guys," yelled our driver, obviously not sociable of

companions.

"Let's get down to business" – calm and measured voice stretched out to us hunched boy. Then my new bald friend came out to the guys.

"Che there, our boys did not share? Was, like all agreements, it's ours, it's yours, all in the subject, why talk about that place?»

"It used to be so, now it's different. So that is not the topic you get. This is the spot we took control of last week, and your boys went in there, so they didn't just shoot the boys. If the "Cossack" is not enough, and you can put here, then surely will understand what's what."

"Not dust, mate, well put, we pair the three of you to the light will catch and that will be of little, there will be new arrows, raids, boys will continue to crumble, and yours and ours. This Saturday will be a gathering, let Matthew come, all poreshat there yourself, install a new partition or leave the former, that's their business. And there already will look, to whom where to go will not have. Will solve the problem in your direction, no questions will fall off...»

"Wait, make the call, Matthew will decide," replied the opponent.

While the guy explained the situation to his master, I understand that may last seconds of breathing in the white light, that if we will give him a waiver, it will put us here in a moment, and then nobody even will remember about us, about me. I looked at the sky, it was clear, looked at the trees around, at the

grass ... then took off the fuse gun in his pocket and seriously began to observe the situation.

The guy dropped the phone, turned to us, looked at my guys, we were waiting for, then again he pressed the phone to his ear and quietly said, "Okay, I understand." Then he came up to us. Said, "Matthew's not going anywhere. Your skhodnyak it doesn't interest, it works one, there is a desire to show – risk, you will begin to behave incorrectly, we will shoot. One thing is clear – this point no longer belongs to you. So, "Cossack" and pass, conversations will no longer be, if a further section will have questions, then let your patrons themselves to Matthew come, let us decide. All, free."

I started moving away from the event only in the car. I felt chills and uncontrollable trembling in my knees. We went to a country house Kazakov, Sergey Andreyevich, as you can see, my new Manager, barefoot. I did not know who this man was and what he was doing, but one thing was clear, his business was not simple.

We were invited to his office, where the guys talked about how the meeting took place. Looked like, what weapons they were carrying, how many were there, on some machines, the state rooms with machines dictated into the record, and I, for one, didn't even think to look at them. Passed the whole conversation.

Sergey Andreevich sent guys to the street, and told me to sit still. Then took from the table some papers, leafed through, put them on the table and stared at me.



"Well, Vitaly Igorevich, how are you feeling?" I was somewhat surprised.

Reading my silent question in his eyes, he continued: "I know, I know, I know a lot about you, even what you don't know."

"Like?" – I was interested – "and why do you call me Vitaly when my name is Victor?"

"For example, the fact that your mother, who left you at such an early age, is still alive, and not so far from here lives. For example, what's your real name Sinitsyn Vitaly Igorevich, the mother in a hurry, as can be seen, confused, and maybe in a boarding school a hearing problem was when your data is recorded".

I was silent, not very trusting, but still it was interesting. And my head, got up, walked to the casket of brandy, poured, drank and continued: "dad, sorry, can't help, it's been twenty years and mother will have no problems, I don't think you'd mind," he sat down, put the paper aside and in a different tone said, "I know you worked a long time in security, I know about your merits, you know, that you know how to shoot, and know that in addition to the old mother, which is very much in need of expensive medical treatment, you have no one, so I did. Yesterday put four of my guys. Put on the lawlessness, but today Matthew will not, nor his home, nor he himself, nor his men, this problem I decide, and my boys me no one will return. Let's continue with us, you will earn money normally, you will put mother on feet and to live, at last you will begin".

"Yes, I, in General, have already agreed to the guys."

"I haven't yet!"— cut the head.

"Everything is normal, we work. When can I see my mother?"I replied.

"Now boys will throw you to it, on the way back will take away, next day. Then you will go to it in your free time. The car will give, but not immediately. Have you forgotten how to drive?»

"I'll make up for it," I said happily.

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I was brought to a backwoods village, to an old house at an angle.

The guys dropped me off, gave me a sheet in his hands, which was a photo and below information.

"It's your mother," said a familiar bald man, "you talked until the morning hours at nine tomorrow will take you."

The car left, and I carefully entered the old house. There was nobody inside. First impression – "holopka" waif. Walked around the house. Kitchen, hall, bedroom, corridor-none of this. There is only one not very large room, which is kitchen table, two rickety chairs, one half of the sofa, the second no, the Windows no curtains, no table cloths, there are no blankets, some bales of stuff, shelves, barely holding on pendulous spikes in the corner of the old stained utensils. There is no refrigerator, no TV, no electric kettle, nothing that is included in today's purely everyday household needs. And electricity as you can see here are disconnected for non-payment. Is this really where my mother

lives? After walking around the room, I didn't see a single photo, a single document, nothing. Leave on street. Still quite the sun shone brightly, and after dark Barack unusually light hit the eyes.

Walked around the house. There are no buildings. No bath, no wood shed, not even a toilet. Yes there is no, perhaps, guys made a mistake address, when said, that mother lives in this house, the more homes here from each other not strongly the and differ. Godforsaken place. And there is no place to sit down, and what to sit, who to wait for, maybe there is no one here for months. Well, to look around though that-L. what is this area.

Walked for two hours, walked the whole village up and down. Very quiet village, with one well, which crowded several people with buckets. And it seemed to me that the yoke and two buckets passed long ago in the annals, and here, please, people so live. Dressed, of course, they are frankly not rich, but I like a white crow in a black suit which attracts the attention here as anywhere else.

Returned to the said house. There was still no one in it. No one came, because the straw, rested me before leaving the door, as before, stood in its place. I looked once again at the sheet that I was given by current colleagues, crushed it and threw it right there. Began to think about where to spend the night. Not far from the house stood three burly wood. Their mighty branches they formed a good shelter, in case of rain, well, here and settle. A tiring and stressful day today. And, perhaps, now every day will be something like this, risky, dangerous, but well-paid. I did

not even dream of earning as much as I was offered here. It under one hundred thousand a month turns out if every day to work-it was thought to me lying under trees – if this month you will live. I hid better for the jacket the gun that gave me the guys in Dumka began as if to doze.

Through a faint dream I heard voices. I opened his eyes, raised his head and saw a little girl about eight years old helps carry the half-empty bucket and scary looking hag. When he reached the house the girl raised carelessly thrown me the sheet and said:

"Bab Paul, you're in the picture!!!»

Grandma looked at the paper, then the girl, then began to look around, and seeing me walking, froze in anticipation.

With each step I changed my state of mind, changed facial expression, changed mood, with crazy speeds in my head thoughts. I didn't know whether to rejoice or cry, I didn't know what to do, what to say, to whom I would say it, and whether this someone would listen to what I would say...

When I came, I saw exhausted, sunken melancholy eyes of the elderly woman, who never for a moment tore me burn opinion.

"What do you want?"he said aggressive and cruel she is.

Probably, I would not believe that visually you can find something native in a person who has never met in my life, in my case, has not seen almost all my life. I don't know what I saw, I don't fully understand what made me realize that the people who hired me were right. Eyes, as eyes, his mouth as his mouth, eyelids, eyebrows, cheekbones, chin, I have all quite another,

but something me with a hundred percentage guarantee of gave understand, that before me is worth my mother. The one I've been waiting for nearly forty years. The one that I wanted to see with all my heart, loved and hated with all my heart, the one that came to me countless times in a dream. Yes, Yes, damn it, it's because she was in those dreams that I had stopped seeing many years ago.

"What Waaam, Nooooo?" once more, but she stretched out more fiercely.

And through gushing tears flow do not obey consciousness, I quietly and timidly defenseless, as you might say thirty years ago then at boarding school in every second, waiting, whispered:

"Hello, mother....»

Grandma was stupefied. The girl, silence, looked, like a grown tall man shed tears, and didn't understand.

"Hello, mother" – already more firmly, strictly and with a share of aggression, I said.

The grandmother looked silently into my eyes, she peered as if into every atom of the structure of my eyes, and only when tears flowed from her dried eyes, she bowed her head already very quietly, and fragile said:

"My Vitalik is alive," and pulled the handkerchief from her head, putting her old hands to her eyes.

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Grandma told the girls to go to her house, and called me into the house. I took a bucket of water and brought it to the house.

I didn't know how to behave. Rather hug her and squeeze her, as I saw in my imagination, piercing all these years, or imprinting her in the wall for what disfigured my childhood and, in fact, all my life. After all, for all these years I have not had a single friend who was from a full respectable family, not a single friend from the secular society. All my life I communicated with the same forgotten and abandoned to some extent people. I was nothing, and I grew up nothing. The employee on watch at the city airport is not the future I dreamed of. What have I seen? What I achieved? It's been written all my life on my face, "godforsaken loser." So what should I do now?

Mother didn't know how to behave either. I saw her reading every thought I had, and she kept looking into my eyes, and then she looked down at the floor. She sat down on the sofa, asked me to sit next to her, but I sat across from her on the floor. The room overflowed dreary silent second note, which seemed to last forever.

"Well, tell" – a quiet but firm voice spoke to mother me.

Mother kept quiet. She wasn't looking at me, sitting motionless, and did not know where to fall, from this difficult situation. Through tears and convulsive shaking of the whole body, she only repeated with a trembling voice – " Vitalik.... my boy... my son... my... alive."

Mixed feelings blazed in me. And it seems to approach, calm, but do not obey the hands and feet. Sitting on the floor, watching, listening.

"You must hate me," she said in a raspy voice....

I silently looked at the mother, supporting the dialogue.

"How did you find me?»

"No matter" – I cut – " you tell me why life crippled myself and me? You know very well what I want you to say, so what do you expect? About myself, about my father, about me, you know? Forty years I don't know who I am, why I live and what I live it."

"Sinitsyn Igor Leonidovich-that was the name of your father. We were married for four years, then you came along. And, probably, it was the last joyful event in our life".

My mother stood up, came up to me and sat down next to me on the floor.

"You don't think, I just gave you to the orphanage. Your father wanted you to grow up in a wealthy family that didn't know poverty. He put on the card all that we had, I did not know about it, otherwise of course would have stopped, but he lost big. People on whom he counted, brought him and disappeared with the money taken for the services, and we remained without housing, the car and means of existence. Take everything. My father then began confusion, he was placed in a psychiatric hospital."

Mom put her hand on mine and continued.

"I could not find housing, I quit my job a month before this story, and I have not found a new one yet, and so I had to give you to a boarding school, I myself went to the United Arab Emirates

to work. I didn't want you to know who I was working there, what I was doing there, but I did everything I could to make a little room and come back for you. When I came back, you were gone. No one gave me any information about you. Independent searches to anything didn't lead".

"Yes, I was very ill at the age of twelve, and I was taken to a hospital in Moscow. I stayed there for about six months. Then brought to a local boarding school where I also finished treatment and training. Here in my hometown I moved back after five years in Moscow I found. It is very expensive to live there and very difficult to exist, especially when you have no one."

"So you were in Moscow when I was looking for you here»

"Well, where is your apartment the, on earnings which you was leaving?»

"I did not buy an apartment, came, rushed to look for you, did not find, went away from people, from the bustle of the city and settled here. Here settled on a farm. Paid, of course, crumbs, but I do not need a lot, enough. I went to boarding school every week for two years, no one said anything, no information about you has not appeared. And I lived neither alive not dead, in search of you and not knowing where you are and if you are alive at all. Stopped by periodically to see your dad, but he just got worse, though, here is a little strange, from their sedative drugs better than anyone else does not become. Years twenty-already as went to him. He died, and I have after this strongly shaken health. Many doctors said, sent to clinics capital, but I already had no



money for treatment and didn't want to be treated".

Mom stroked my shoulder with her hand and softly said through tears:

"And I knew, I knew you were alive, felt, and, of course, hoped even for a short, but a meeting, even for a moment to look into your eyes and seeing you today – not immediately realized who is in front of me".

She burst into tears, a much larger stream, I hugged her and said, "all right, well, I waited after all. It's going to be different now."

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I told about how I lived all these years, how I waited and hoped to find my own mother, how fate threw me in different warehouses and watches, how and where I had to work, and where I work now. In the details of this work did not go into, so as not to create new stresses, said that all is well that the house will raise and improve health. Brought mother water with a stock, we put things in order in the house, dismantled all the corners, hastily prepared a modest dinner, salad scored in the neighbor's vegetable garden, there, the mother's agreement on ten squares of land, and for bread I ran, well, bought there's a lot more. When we had dinner, and sat on the sofa, the eyes of my mother were like a completely different person than a few hours ago. I realized that she had found a peace of mind that she had not been destined for many years until today. And of course, I too was happy as never before I found her, I finally did it.

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