

Alone with yourself

СОДЕРЖИТ

НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ

БРАНЬ

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18+

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Everyone in life has had situations that you want to remember at every convenient and even not always convenient occasion. There are stories that are pleasant to remember, but do not want to tell. The totality of such stories forms a positive side of our lives. Would you like to live one more? Contains obscene language. 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.

Manifesto

I have repeatedly raised the question in my works about human relations, support, mutual assistance, spoke about the successful implementation of the plan of CIA Director Allen Dallas in action, saw a lot of bad things, noticed many people terrible things, transferring them to their work and bringing thoughts to you. But reading, seeing, talking about such situations, each of us warms at the subconscious level thought:

– "It's not going to happen to us."

Happened...

On the eve of the new 2013, I was returning home from work. He held very successful negotiations, concluded several interesting contracts in terms of Finance and with a sense of accomplishment, being in a good mood, went home. Was not yet twelve o'clock noon, had almost the whole day, not burdened by any worries that only enhances the mood with every passing mile towards the house. Outside beauty. Snow-shrouded branches of trees, frosty sketches on the Windows of trade pavilions, almost empty streets and a weak flow of cars. Well, still, frost thirty degrees, beauty, especially beautiful it all looks through the glass from the salon of a warm car, and even when you're not in a hurry, you are in good health and quite happy with life.

This is a very nice warm feeling of peace I wanted to renew and I turned off the main road on the bypass, so will have to go much longer and slower than what was required at the moment. And after passing a few noticeable intersections leading to the private sector, I saw a woman on the side of the road, which timidly raised his right hand for a second and immediately lowered it. This gesture was like a greeting suddenly met an old friend, in front of me was driving a solid black Lexus, a fairly large roomy "SUV", which began to slow down, approaching the woman. There was no doubt that this car had come to pick her up, but the moment I tried to make a maneuver to overtake him, Lexus began to rapidly gain speed and went to the point. Maybe I'm exaggerating a little bit, the fact that from that second I lost sight of him and never saw him again, perhaps because for a moment I noticed a standing woman, the view of which I was opened by a quickly leaving black "Lex".

It was a woman about forty or forty– five years old, who covered his face covered with a sweat mitten on his left hand, and the right again timidly brought up. I realized she was "voting," and apparently for a long time. Returning to his lane and moving just a couple of three meters, I saw a snowdrift standing next to a woman wheelchair, which sat a boy not older than ten years. The guy was clearly wearing a few jackets, as buttons on his autumn jacket barely kept the tension. On her head was tightly laced hat, hand mittens, my hands were like frozen down to a wheelchair and frantically shaking. More I could not see, as the span was too small, and I quickly rushed past them, barely holding the car in his track, not knowing how to behave. I felt some paralysis of the brain, I could not concentrate and understand what to press, whether on the brake pedal, or on the gas pedal. Behind me crowded several cars, and not to create interference and accidents, stop on the icy road, I did not, and immediately felt the most defective creature, the last cursed creature in the world. And most worryingly, I cursed myself with such ferocity and hatred, which is only capable of. Explain why.

In the side view mirror, I saw that no car following me had stopped. I realized that the Lexus, which was driving ahead of me, wanted to "taxonomy", but after seeing a disabled child drove past, and it does not matter why. Maybe I was afraid that behind him will enter I may not want to deal with such passengers, to pick up and put the kid in a saloon, and a wheelchair to be placed in the Luggage compartment in which there may not be enough, and maybe just stupidly lazy, or maybe he, like me, impressed by what he saw, was not able to Orient correctly and passed, as the car cannot wait until the driver decides to stop or to slow down. The fact is, he drove just like me, just like the rest of us. I realized that all those who were ahead of us from the moment the woman with the child

came to the road passed by. Yeah, she's not very well got up, its hard to see, nowhere to find room for oneself to the curb in case someone is still willing to stay, and indeed everyone has their own business, their concerns and could she call a taxi and no problem, not merznut to go where you want, but! I know it's all excuses. I drove past.

The fact that I'm not in a hurry, I had time and opportunity to take these passengers, at least in Berdsk, at least in the Ob, anywhere in Novosibirsk and my arm would have fallen off and withered language, if I said a word about money.

I just for a moment drew attention to a woman with a child and not all have time to consider and assess the situation, but I saw the eyes of a child, mental fever which I have adopted in looking at himself, and he does not leave me until now. The child was chilled to the bone, his eyes were empty, his cold gaze did not contain a drop of hope, he was immersed in problems of a much larger scale than trembling and chills from the cold, which mercilessly dealt with his weak defenseless body, wrapped in rags. I tell you so much about what I saw in the look of a guy who caught a split second from the moment of perception of the overall picture, not because he is rich in imagination, but because I see these eyes in front of me and now, when I write this appeal. I suddenly thought that fate had it I was sent to help these poor people, and I didn't meet her expectations.

"No, I can not so, while I can still fix it, now I will return, I will stand right on the "oncoming", I will put the guys and take them to where they will ask," the thought uncontrollably pierced the consciousness.

I began to look for a place to turn, but could not decide where to turn, to the right, or maybe better here to the left, and, I know, now over there, in the direction of the road, then over there, behind the houses, and exactly drive up to the woman with the child. But passing the convolution one by one, I systematically removed from the place where they freeze people. Reason spoke:

"Well, you'll put the boy down, there's room for a woman too, but where are you going to put the wheelchair? The trunk? Yes, it is free, but chopped your compartment with the specific design speed of opening and closing the trunk even bags zapihivaetsya hard, and you decided to shove a metal wheelchair."

The course of my thoughts was interrupted by the situation on the road. The bus in front of me turned around on the icy road so that it threw in my direction a meter and a half two, and rolling on the brakes, scratching spikes because of all the forces, I almost reached his side.

Even a little better. This situation distracted me a little from samoedstva and already under the impression of a failed accident I arrived home,

where I remembered about two frozen people on the road. I remembered about how I tried to justify that I did not offer them my help, I thought that the wheelchair could well be foldable, and then there are no problems at all, except for personal reluctance to help colleagues. Wanted – found a way, wriggled, but has helped, all the more so to Dodge that, perhaps, would not have to.

As you know, conscience is the most terrible court that has dealt with me for several days. I'm seriously thinking of seeing a psychologist, but on the other hand, I don't want to avoid a fair punishment.

I do not know whether someone stopped that day about a timid woman and a boy with a disability, I do not know whether they got to where they kept the path, I do not know what motivated them in such cold weather to decide on a risky trip, because the boy was really in the autumn jacket, I did not make a reservation. I only know that I did not help them, although I had the opportunity and would not bear any special time, financial or any other costs.

What I want to say with this appeal.

Help each other, friends, brothers, comrades, help. Not only that, please. After all, even if people who are predisposed to providing assistance are not always really doing it, what to say about those who are not able to serve a glass of water to his mother.

Don't want this Manifesto looked like a boasting of their own "goodness" compared to other, don't ask me to regret not asking to calm down and do not would cost You to hammer head my experiences. Just do not miss the opportunity to give a helping hand to those who are waiting for it, please...

Moment of weakness

How many same can be tossing and turning in bed, already, perhaps, at least, half an hour of exercise. Sheep thought, thought about something nice, about the summer, which is now so lacking in the midst of snowy January, green grass, meadows, small river, fishing quiet, and sleep still does not go. Now, imagine early sunrise illuminates the top of the powerful giants of rye...

... no, it's not what it is? Already one in the morning, and went I still wasn't eleven, it seems...

...aaaaaages... yeah, two hours are. No, well, it's on the one hand and not bad, it's better than I would stare into the TV box with some aggressive TV show, or, for example, prosazhival large bills in a nightclub with friends...

or friends. The echo of her friends to think better I would be there with them now well get drunk, and then fell to yanque, the Yankees have no harmful grandmother, then to Tamara, she makes me always happy to see night in polutropos condition and it is not an empty wallet...

...but again, by the afternoon of the next day, she will divorce me for the rest of the cash with these cautious requests characteristic of a modern girl with an endless mass of desires, waking up in the morning in the same bed with a non-distressed man...

... ndaaa, ... what they after all, these girls ... would spit on everything and would take for an hour someone from newcomers on the drunk road, Seryoga to me as the regular customer can even what discount issued...

...what a piece of shit I am. The girl just came to the city from the province, not God knows what winds brought her to the point, and I, a drunken Murlo, will also add to her life an hour of disappointment in this world...

...what misery, what crap, what a disappointment that I lay there thinking about all the creepy stuff instead of sleep, but how well it all began, the sunrise illuminates the top of the powerful giants of rye...

All right, two o'clock, sleep in either eye, take some air in the fresh air, breathe the cool night favorite wicked city...

Hastily dressed, threw on a warmer jacket, went down from the fourth floor on foot on a ladder as the Elevator for the night in the old manner disconnect, and escaped for a steel access door.

Well, it is, how clear the air, and the snow is blowing, like a fairy tale. No, as a child. In my childhood, God I'm last time so really happy this snowfall in childhood. I forgot that I love when sweeping large bunches of snow, because forward I begin to think about the inevitable traffic jams due to the cyclone and impassable courtyards, Parking lots. I forgot that I love the night because I have to hurry to work early in the morning. I forgot about such simple but irreplaceable pleasures of life, because I clogged my brain with all-round cares. How to get to work, how to execute a plan, how to pay loans, how to save money for another party and have fun from the heart. A really good I was never, nor one party, but each time was then really bad...

Wow, how sweeping, how to order moods, I now was that necessary, namely snowfall, and it is of such force that wanted to rip his cap, and lifting up his hands to shout to the world that I feel good...

...how cool, even smoke don't want to, although I, the first thing coming out of the house, always opened a fresh pack of "Java»...

... and there is no, quit Smoking all OK?? bear...

... right, I would even say – pull, but I said that I will not spoil this impression of smoke, so I won't...

... the guy said-the guy made!

... all the more that cigarettes remained homes on the bedside table...

"Hey, kid, good evening, can I bum a cigarette? No Smoking? That's right, that's good."

... well sweeps, as in childhood, the snow remained the same, remained the same impression, a sense of joy, a sense of celebration and carelessness, though it was much faster to pass, and I was different.

Okay, it's getting cold, like, and to work early, a moment of weakness has passed, went to bed.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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