



Signs of sexuality

Nikolay Lakutin

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Аннотация

It is no secret that the author of short books Nikolai Lakutin many fans. It is also no secret that he does not have a model appearance, but like many of you-once dreamed of popularity with the opposite sex. In this book you will read what its author lives, which allowed his once dream to come true and realized a hundredfold...

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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.

Interlocutor

On the precipice of a high mountain stood a man. His hands were clenched into fists with such force that a slight crackling of the skin on his fingers reached his ears. Eyes his were closed, and only on the edges of the eyelashes wind was fiddling with recent the remnants of tears. Lips frantically shaking, weakly mumbling something barely portable words. Silence consumed all around. There was only the trembling of the young man's clothes rushing in the wind.

What are you doing, Riemann? – suddenly seemed somewhere in the velvet calm authoritative voice.

The guy in amazement he opened his eyes, loosened his fists and looked around, a desolate expanse looked around this place, there was no one.

– Well, it's time, he thought, ignoring the voice came from somewhere a voice – and now my mind is clouded, haunted voices, calling me dal...

The guy took a step to the side of the slope, but suddenly felt a sharp wind, he furiously ruffled his clothes, and then completely blew out spontaneously, not allowing to move the second leg on the edge of a cliff. And again he heard the same commanding voice:

– So I've decided for myself how nice...

The guy stepped back and again looked around, and again

could not look anyone. In this remote area in the gloomy windy day there was only one. But the voice sounded the same.

– Don't I think that's it? – asked the young man.

– No, Riman, now your mind bright as ever, and no haze in it not happening, and the thoughts that led you here, they are not true, leave it, come back, you need to many.

The guy retreated a few steps, looked around once more, he knelt down with his arms around his heavy head. Wind smoothly bearing down.

– I decided for myself, and you, the inner voice, after a moment, will be free – thought in response to the guy, stood up again and rushed to the edge, but vzvil'sya instantly gusty winds threw it back so that the guy takahashis, barely stood on his feet.

– Do you think that communicate with the inner voice, it is not, again swept along the spill's velvet ears. – When I settled on these lands, neither you nor your inner voice was not in sight, as well as all the others, so listen to the old man, I know more, do not do anything stupid, do not approach your hour, he will overtake you in his time, but not now, not yet time, go...

The voice was not screaming, not whispering, it was calm, even too calm, moderate, imperious, penetrating into the soul, into its very depth, and felt by the whole body.

– Indeed, I have never experienced anything like this before. – Said now already aloud Riemann. – How do you know my name, who you are and why I don't see you?

– Can't you see ' cause you never looked at me, and I know

everything about you, even what you do not remember and cannot know yourself. You're talking to the wind, my friend....

– Why don't you let me jump, what do you care about me? – cried out suddenly somewhere in the distance the young man.

– You can't say anything, I live so much that have learned to understand what people think, besides a variety of your thoughts are not distinguished. Why don't I let you do that reckless thing? What do I care about you? You, my friend, clearly do not realize the greatness of your interlocutor. With you we go through life from the moment of your first breath of air, when you were just born. Every move, every act occurred without my knowledge, Yes, I couldn't and can't affect your mind, this is me not under force, but to adjust the action my sacred duty. No tree in this world has fallen without a reason, no branch has moved in the wind without a cause, no leaf has been plucked from the Bush by me without a reason, I live all life that is on this earth, I am everywhere and in everything, and I know as no one else that your hour has not yet come, come home, Riman.

– Who's waiting for me at home, tell me, who's waiting for me? I was disappointed in this world, the wind, I realized a lot, experienced a lot, and I was lucky and had in my very early years to go through many joys and experience a lot of grief. I realized the price of false friendship, penetrated into the account of the truthfulness of love, in the relationship of a guy and a girl who cool down with time, and fade in family ties, forming affection, not love, I worked a lot where, worked a lot. I worked for people,

people worked for me, I have lived more than one life in my young years, but in none of these lives I did not know the joy and wisdom of creating myself in this world, I did not find myself, I do not need this world, maybe I needed before, maybe I will still be useful, but another time, let me go, wind, let me fulfill my plans.

For some time the wind fell, as if giving the guy time to think about everything again, but then screamed again, picking up the elbows boy:

– I see you do not fully understand the meaning of what I said and come back will take a little time, you'll know that I was wrong, still feel the taste of life and take it for granted, now is not the time, Riemann. Do not rush things, do not ask too many questions to yourself, you will get answers to everything, the time will come, but this world needs you, the world that rejects you, at the same time, needs you, everything is life, and all the laws in it are identical. You understand, you understood the ordinances of the relationship between people in the world everything happens under the same scenario, this dance of life, accompanied by songs, dances, falls and victories, one sang, one organizer who really appreciates their principles very clearly follows them and does everything methodically, all in good time. Take your time, son, go home, think about it, and you'll know you wanted to make a big mistake.

– You said we are all living side by side that is able to correct events, why do you let me whip his relentless scourge, who

through the body of a tormented soul? Why do you allow many to do those things, such as you do not allow me to do now, you are hypocritical, wind, you said that the principle is the same, all the same as people, give way, wind, part, and I will do what I decided...

The guy last of all the forces rushed to the edge, and made the final push, breaking through the wind, blown off his feet from the slope, and looking into the blue distance, closed his eyes, moving his hands like a bird, felt it as his body hovers in a strong wind and falling, beating on the ground...

– Are you going to face off? came the voice somewhere in the distance, the wind died down, everything seems to have stopped.

– Well, that's all, I wondered where the free minds of the young guy. He could hardly open his eyes to see where he was now, who had received his wandering soul, but was stupefied to see himself on the same side of the mountain. The head was strongly turned, with cheekbones dripping blood, half body ached from injury on stony ground. The wind again threw him back from the cliff, while strongly pressed to the ground, so that the understanding of what was happening did not come immediately.

– I thought I already crashed, I flew so long....

– Relative time unit, said the wind somewhere already very close, – you do not need to test me, do you think that the element is able to levitate at home and heavy freight trains can not cope

with the weight of your body, naive...

The boy stood up, and felt the handkerchief in his pocket and began to wipe the blood from his face.

– Yes, I do not allow many to leave this world before the deadline, but I do not keep everyone, because I am only part of the system, just like you. But do you know how many times I have warned people of danger, how many times I have curled the weeds of the road to those people whose path lay to death. How many times I fell trees, blocking paths, broke roofs of houses and ruined farms for the sake of one unique purpose, to detain people, not to allow them to make, to go, to make that it isn't necessary to do. But not once in my life have I heard gratitude from people for saving their lives, for saving their children's lives. Here and now, you sit and scold me, I hear your thoughts, you in indignation, but I got used to injustice because ignorance of a full picture of the events doesn't allow you – people to make the correct decisions, to draw the correct conclusions, to thank and enjoy life.

Guy kept quiet. He wiped the blood, examined the bruises on his knee, tried to get up, but his legs reluctantly obeyed. And, finally, when the wind was very verse, the guy could straighten up, stretched his arms upward, stretched, arched back, down the rocks and quietly asked:

– Then, four years ago, I unloaded cars on pier, on the top deck broke off slings, and the container filled with goods with a roar fell in several feet from me. Although judging by the trajectory,

he had to cover my head. This incident wasn't a Fluke?

You're right, it was not an accident, what's more this action was deliberate, but the perpetrators are long paid, and the container I handed offset by only a couple meters... if you remember, what was the wind that day?

The young man lowered his gaze. He looked at his feet for a long time, then got up and went home, limping on one leg.

– Do you remember our old house with a veranda and a flowery garden? he suddenly turned to the wind. There was no response. The young man stopped, looked around, and saw how far away the wind had dispersed the overcast clouds, and suddenly the rays of the sun began to break through, and the sky was cloudless, and a smile shone on the face of this young man, who had just been disappointed in his life.

– In that garden, Ryman, here you also smiled when he ate from plates of juicy plum, ' said the wind. – I was everywhere with you, and remember everything, and after school when you came back in a bad mood due to low marks, I tickled your brows, and in the fall I accompanied you for encouraging strong winds, but you were just wrinkled his face, as much as I tried to smooth on your face a smile, how many years have you felt a light breeze in the morning in my room, which never get cold, but couldn't find it in nature, as drafts in your room. I'm with you everywhere, Riemann, remember that, and do as your heart tells you, not your mind...

After that Riemann did not hear any speeches, he calmly

walked home, inspired by and filled with the greatest sense of support. Once again he stopped, turned around, looked at the distance the wind hides the sun behind the rare clouds and said:

– Thanks you, wind...

In response, like breathing, a light touch is felt in the hand of the young man.

24 hours

On the descent from a narrow humpback bridge over a small river, which in the city are many, a heavy man looking at his feet in the evening stopped an old Gypsy.

– Cross my palm with silver, my dear, tell the whole truth, what would that be...

– No I have nothing, stop, someone richer, – interrupted her man, obviously not wanting to interrupt his way to talk to the assorted beggars.

– Stop if anyone else came, and the hour is already here I stand, no soul, and one that you see before you. And you do not hurry, honey, give me a pen in my left, though I see what you're cloudy like this go completely over the face, for it will not take the money.

Many days in his life met and saw off a man coming off the bridge, but never had to deal with Gypsy divination, heard a lot, but never turned to anyone, although the interest sometimes showed.

– Okay, hold on, losing me now I have nothing, nothing to scare me, you really can't steal from me too nothing here, and the man held out his left palm.

– Well, now that let left-handed or what? the Gypsy asked with interest.

Write right, so taught, and in fact, I'm a Lefty, it's true.

– Then right-come on, let's see what's good... – Gypsy paused, peering at the palm like lazy eye, squinting, on the contrary expanding the orbit and pushing the palm away from the eye. Then she looked at the man, looked from head to toe, looked straight into his eyes and with a stern frown asked:

– Valentine in front of me?

– S... S. Valentin I, there is that written?

– Yes here not even written, wait... so... so... well, it was that bad, all, and, Valentin? Favorite thing was busy, but still earned a nice, well earned. And now, without a penny roam the city, without money and without ideas. Well, what happens, you are broke, there is nothing much wrong then... – Gypsy on for some time silent and again stared intently at his right hand men.

– Of course, the woman's your left, immediately after the destruction, so what else... – she continued, – with friends, then stopped the friendship led...you friend has set up, best friend set you up...and tripped hard. How quickly your life run events, a week ago would I to meet you, Valentine, that's when I got money I went home with them and can save available help, well, Yes, so should all. Give the left again, there's something about the future said.

– Only money I have no, nothing there is no.

– Yes, I see that you're goal as a Falcon, don't worry, I told you not to take money, come on.

But this time the Gypsy did not look at her palm for long. Hastily glancing at a few imaginary points, she threw the man's

palm with a ridiculous gesture to the side, looked at him with fright and said nothing, turned and walked away from the bridge.

What are you doing? – shouted in footprint a man, making a few steps towards old a Gypsy. She turned around, but remained silent, looking into his eyes brought curiosity to the man.

– What you saw out there, don't you say? Or couldn't read, then say, then stopped sharply?

– How many questions you have, my dear – sadly on the exhale, said the Gypsy. – Read – read, and I can say that your future is ordained, but only if you want to know is, do I need it?

– Now, that's all you are, first lure, themselves, cling to, search for, than the person would have to croon, and then draw from him what we can – razvorachivat, with bitterness in loud tones gave the man.

– Yes, that you will take something want, to live you have left, Val, days, not more. And turned and disappeared from the eyes of an old Gypsy woman, leaving the crazed man with her mouth slightly open on the descent narrow bridge, which there are many.

Gypsy was, as you can see, knowing the trick, all right she said the burly man hanging around town. Indeed, a week ago, Valentin Sergeyevich could not even imagine that the carelessly put signature on the slip of a sheet together with a bunch of other papers by his best friend, the co-founder of a large company, would lead him to a complete loss of everything he had. All earned money Valentin invested in the development

of his company, and just at the moment when everything was invested, and even borrowed credit funds, which he took the day before, because the project paid off handsomely, he suddenly found himself with nothing. And as the business problems of banks are not interested in, thoughts about how to pay off debt never left the wretched man, day or night throughout the week. Sleep he could not, his eyes ached from fatigue seething brain, weary body, curled in a dark corner of the essence of spirit. He lived the last few years Valentine in the apartment of civil wife, the beautiful, from time to time woman who suddenly ceased to be beautiful in the day, when I evaluated the situation and not the most polite way escorted by her partner, throwing his things from his apartment and changing locks.

Thoughts about the very recent past, about the expected future rushed in my head like crazy: "Friend-eh friend, the work that I lived, the woman that I loved." Whirlwinds of thoughts did not allow to eat, sleep, think about something else, Valentin felt like losing the very ability to reason, it seemed life was cut short, and now the meaning of life is absolutely not visible on the horizon. Perhaps it is this sense, perhaps he is a little on the visible horizon, but the forces on a completely unfamiliar road in search of meaning was no more. All these time, all the misery just wasn't allowed to do anything, they were incinerated from the inside all what was in the mind, the soul, and now ruining the flames spread to the body. After spending a week with his mother, Valentine for the first time in a few days went outside to

somehow unwind, just look at the white light and see some hope and some may be the answer to at least one of the many questions. It was at this moment that he met an old Gypsy on the descent of the bridge. And a person who has barely found the strength to try to abstract a little from the existing problems, suddenly receives the news that there is no more than a day to live.

Long he stood at the bridge, grinding the head of the last said Gypsy. Now he really didn't know what to do. The first thing that came to mind to drown herself, but what's the point, the day before, a day later...

After wandering a little more around the city with broken worries, thoughts, some possible cases, Valentine returned to his parents' house, went to bed and slept soundly until the middle of the next day.

So hard not slept Valentin already many years. Almost immediately after the Institute, he got a fussy job, then another, later changed direction, and after some time, gaining experience, he opened a couple with a friend a small company that in a few years has acquired an impressive scale and came to a serious turn. All are in a hurry, worries, nerves, the works. Serious project launched in his business this unfortunate man who had every chance of success, and in the process of starting also sacrificed a restful sleep. And that's unfortunate exhausting week, which squeezed all that was left of strength and health.

But after the words of the Gypsy, something happened,

something changed dramatically. It was empty, and faded care, completely, everything. Has not yet taken its place in my mind thoughts about the funeral and mourning ceremonies, as soon forthcoming, yet a burning desire to tell everything that I learned, family and friends, it is pitch-black emptiness and the calm... and a wild desire to forget in sleep and maybe never Wake up.

But when the sunlight is more in forces was to hold back the thick curtains, Valentin reluctantly opened his eyes. Some time I lay enjoying the relaxed and peaceful state that he felt every receptor your body. The head was light, the eyes rested, the body relaxed, the soul in its place, and the beats of the heart could not be heard. Such a state did not emerge in memory, probably from childhood, when a carefree boy, Valka with other boys from morning to evening drove the ball in the yard, and in the evening fell into bed, unable to eat anything and wash away the thick dust cover from the whole body.

And if not for the first thought : " am I not in Paradise?", it may be about yesterday's meeting with a Gypsy, a man would not have remembered for a long time. And remember, still found the strength to smile and said aloud to the empty light room:

I'm alive!

To think about death not like, mood was surprisingly easy and even in some extent festive.

– I will spend the last hours light, since it so happened that from all yesterday's problems I suddenly became free, – Valentin

thought. With a simple-minded smile, he easily and naturally got out of bed, opened the curtains and saw life outside the window. Everything turns, everything turns, moves, flickers, even somehow I wanted to plunge into this rapidly changing and rapidly flowing, like a mountain stream, river.

– Since childhood, I have not been on the rides, and today is Sunday, all the entertainment centers are open!!!

And after Breakfast, forgetting about the painful mood of the man went to the amusement Park, the last time in my life taking my mother some money.

How cool was pouring the laughter of children with all sorts of rides, attractions and amusements. Young parents with their rosy kids riding on the colorful horses, the swirling shells, centrifugal wheels came the cheerful fervent cries the youth. The queue on the Ferris wheel forced to change the route, and the last free space in the next race "rail slides on the bends" Valentine sat down next to a cute smiling lady, about the same age, who seemed even happy neighbor on the coupe and gently asked:

– Excuse me, my cries, if I suddenly can't handle it, you know, lost a friend in a dispute on the desire, and she, the devil, as a well-deserved reckoning has placed me on this ride, knows I'm afraid of such things, but, as they say, a gambling debt...

– You play cards? – with curiosity asked his assistant delighted so pleasant partner Valentin?

– I, Yes, ... and you not?

– I probably already forgot what suits are, I remember that the

marking is red and black, well, that's where my knowledge of card games, perhaps, ends.

– No, you do not think, I not one for card games, just sometimes in the evenings so gets a little tiring, well I call you friend, she is the same lonely as I am, and he took in her intoxicating language to suggest a game you want, and I naively agreed.

– And you know, I, frankly, very happy that you and a friend are all so played out, and how could I have sat with some drunk teenager, not a wonderful lovely lady, by the way, very pleasant to talk to.

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