

# conductor

PART ONE  
PART TWO



**Nikolay Lakutin**

16+

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# **Conductor**

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## **Аннотация**

In a nutshell, the book is based on real events, although it is unlikely that any of you will believe in the probability of time travel. My dear people, You have no idea what services exist in our world...

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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.*

# Conductor Part one

Asleep?

A young man of about thirty, slightly bent over the sleeping girl, gently propped on the bed.

Sleeps. That's good, I won't Wake you.

Leaning back on the wide bed, a good stretch and rubbing his eyes, the guy got out of bed, hurriedly throwing on his underwear.

Outside the window I could see the dawn, in summer it occurs quite early. Parrot in a cage did not want to Wake up, and the cat of the mistress only lazily opened one sleepy eye, assessed the situation and continued my wandering cat dreams.

A good girl, nice to talk to, decent in bed, attentive to situations... but not mine. Time for me.

Carefully gathered, trying not to create noises, approaching the door, he once more looked at the sleeping brunette, then carefully withdrew, quietly closing the door behind him.

This night is for Dmitry was not something special. It was not difficult for him to meet a girl so easily, to spend a great time with her, to fill her and, indeed, his life with bright emotions for a short period of time. True, that's a long relationship he never built. Not that I did not want, not that I was afraid, well, even somehow I did not think much about this topic. Age allows – we must take everything from life. There, later on it will be possible

to beat somewhere already, and while early to me-he reasoned.

And so, in one of these ordinary days, Dima, standing at the bus stop heard:

– «Oh»...

A young pretty girl suddenly dropped her purse, not far from all those who were waiting for transport. While she was vigorously debated on a cell phone with a friend your last shopping trip, some Looky-Loo forty-five caught the suitcase, her purse, from which all its contents crumbled under the feet of passersby.

Such a chance should not be missed.

– "Excuse me, I'll help You", – as far as possible the kind tone said the plunderer of women's hearts, sitting down on his haunches next to the bewildered girl, "I hope You will allow? Here, a couple of pencils for eyelashes, almost landed in the gutter drain".

– "Do you know the attributes of cosmetics?" – the girl smiled – his whole appearance making it clear that she not only opposed, but strongly "for".

– Not much, my sister uses one, so I know. I'm Dima".

– «Tanya.»

"Very nice," gathering with the asphalt still few women's things, said the young Casanova.

– And me, very much.

And to somehow show his self, pride and willingness to claim the place of this very guy Tanya, our hero got up, fighting gait

caught up with a man with a suitcase that did not have time to go far and said menacingly:

– "Dear! It would be nice to apologize to the lady!»

The man turned around and Dima's painted importance melted away in a moment. Seeing near the confused to an unimaginable extent the face of a citizen with a suitcase, the guy was confused himself. In this strange companion, or to be more precise, in the citizen, it was not so. Hat, suit, shoes, white shirt, tie, that bag... those things are hard to find. Similar in style, in fact, something similar costumes, shoes and everything else is now sold everywhere. However, these similar garments differed sharply from those in which the person was dressed with a suitcase. His stuff was some grey, dark, rich, not colored, in the end. They were not worn, it was evident that it was all dressed for the first time, for some important event, but all these things looked gray, very outdated, some forgotten, from the thirties of the twentieth century. But most of all struck the face. The face of the citizen did Express the inexpressible confusion, surprise, misunderstanding, fear, and a lot of some of the related feelings.

– "Yes, excuse me, please, I'm so careless, for God's sake, Madam, do not hold a grudge, and You, my dear, I'm sorry, I accidentally hooked, I'll be more careful and more attentive, I promise, sorry again, sorry... »

Then the man bowed clumsily in gender-bending and hastily strode away.

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– "A nut of some kind," looking at the whole picture, verdict Tanya, referring to approaching a new friend.

"Yes, uncle, once is clearly not in itself." – impressed, agreed to Dima.

"I got everything, thank You Dima again," giving his hand, as if in farewell, playfully smiling girl.

– "Listen, we with you like not old still, can better move on "you"? How to look at it?»

– «With pleasure.»

– Can I walk you home?»

– "Let's go".

And quickly finding many common themes, the new couple went along the sidewalk, endowing each other with Frank flirtation, devouring each other's eyes in anticipation of future events understood by both sides.

This day would have remained in the General lines of the current history, of which Dima had a lot. And hardly had he once more about him then I remembered, if the next day is not met on the other side of town the weird citizen.

Among the dense oak forests remote from the city hype in the Park on deprived of attention and care ennobling organizations bench, sleeping, not letting go of the suitcase, a citizen in a gray suit. His hat lay at a little distance, the shoes were under the bench, his sleeping face expressed fatigue and hopeless sagnanet.

This poor guy must have been wandering around town late until he was exhausted. He doesn't look like a bum, an alcoholic,

or a loser in a casino all that had a gambler. He's kind of all weird, said something like Russian, but not as much as we thought Dima.

Picking up a nearby hat of a citizen, the boy sat down on a free area so recently inhabited the bench.

The man slept lightly. He immediately jumped up, clutching his suitcase, not looking up frightened, looking at the young man.

– "Hello", but said he – "here, take this, its almost gone", – he said headpiece citizen, clutching the suitcase.

– "I...I saw you somewhere ..." the man said quickly and fearfully.

Dima smiled.:

– "Well, yesterday."

– "Yesterday?" – as if a little happy and hopefully asked again the man – " yesterday we saw each other, yesterday, and where, still there, or already here?»

– Meaning there...? Here I just now walked, was walking, and there is meaning where?»

The man grew sad again without answering.

– "Yesterday, the girl You caught at a stop, I helped her collect... »

– "Aah.. Yes, Yes, Yes, of course I remembered, you came up to me..»

– "Well, Yes. Listen, buddy – " interrupted Dima, "I do not know where you came from, but in this form you can not walk around the city, too many questions may arise from the

population and all sorts of different views, and it is necessary to you? Sorry, I switched to "you", nothing?»

– "Yes, Yes, of course you're right. Please refer to " you,"I don't mind."

– "Although on the other hand, everyone thinks only about themselves and by and large the people, though looking, but sees nothing, everyone has their own Affairs, concerns, running around, but I would still advise to change into something more modern or something."

The man was silent, lost in thought.

"Yes that you clung so in this case, externally it is of no value, I doubt that any thief would look out his own personal use and sell this stuff are unrealistic, relax, old friend, why so tense, sienny all?»

– "Yes, Yes, of course, need to relax, need to as something all of this...»

– "Stop playing along, who the hell are you?»

Passed by student at a local College, who greedily ate more fresh hot pie. Dima, of course, drew attention to what a dreary, thirsty and helpless look the man held this student as he swallowed dry saliva, tilting his head to the ground.

– "All clear... come on, these cakes are sold in the neighborhood, my treat".

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"You wanted to know who I am" – have quietly turned to Dima man, amausi four pie with cabbage, three potatoes and two sweet

with raspberries.

– "It would be interesting to know, look at you – you know".

"Yes I know, I know" – still in a low voice the man answered.

– "Why are you whispering, because there is no one nearby, we are alone, Yes, the seller of pies over there behind the glass, a fear?»

– "Nine ... five.... nine... five... nine... two" – he uttered with a stop insinuating strange man then said – "All".

– "Ohh..., this is interesting, but what is it?" – without paying any attention to the incoherent order of numbers, Dima asked.

"I... I don't know how to explain it, and I don't know what to do now. I'm very grateful to you for feeding me, but I can't offer you anything in return. Those banknotes which you gave to the seller of pies, differ from mine".

– "Come on, don't worry, I told you it was a treat. What kind of foreign currency do you have there?»

"Yes, sort of not quite..." the man laid out on the table a few pyatidesyatletia bills.

"Oh, I got a grandma in the closet like pieces of paper were lying, I played as a child, maybe even still preserved. But those utterly jammed, and these are your new quite..." – Dima as if began slowly to understand who is sitting in front of him, but I couldn't believe it.

The man, silently, finished his tea, touched by the invention of a plastic Cup, and looked around with interest.

– "Can't be... Oh, come on, I get it, it's such a joke right?"

Where's the speaker with the MIC, you're kidding me, huh? What type are you then hop from the past, and I'm a no cut" – relief explained himself Dima.

But the man was silent, his face was more than serious, he only calmly, but with interest looked then at him, then at the surrounding buildings, then from time to time flashing passers-by, while giving not a single drop of sarcasm.

– "Yes, perhaps, for You I from the past. And for me all this is from the future" – still quietly said the man, stronger pressed to his suitcase.

Dima was silent. He began to look closely at the banknotes, then the clothes then in the face of his interlocutor.

– "By the way, my name is Anatoly Stepanovich, the name will be superfluous»

– Dima – stretched helplessly kid.

– "Tell Dmitry, You have a good memory?– – a little silent man continued – " when you are in childhood, say, up to five years playing on the grounds, under the supervision of parents, when running around the streets with friends, when in General where-or were not there such that any uncle, or aunt in a humorous way you were asked about what is the city or what is now a year?»

In memory Dima was such an episode, however, not from personal experience. His neighborhood friend Kolka, once got into an argument in the sandbox, that knows more than some adults. The guys were about five or six years old.

– "What are you saying, Kolya, how can you know more than adults, they are already so many years old, and you are just a little bit" – said another participant of sand buildings.

"Yes it is true, that the uncle has just asked me what the name of the country in which I live! Only now, as I walked up to you»

– "Well, so what, he just checked, you know or not" – did not let up Timur, who could not build a two-storey Palace.

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