

Aleksey Eks

Dmitrii Shilov: from bankrupt to millionaire



A real story of a man who could get out of debts with the help of YouTube.

18+

Eks Aleksey

**Dmitrii Shilov: from
bankput to millionaire**

«Издательские решения»

Aleksey E.

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The book “From bankrupt to millionaire” is not retelling videos from Youtube channel of Dmitrii Shilov, these videos can be seen by anyone today. On these pages you can find out how Mitya got into big debts and then not only got out of them but got rich. By the beginning of 2019 more than 600 thousand users are subscribed for Dmitrii Shilov’s Youtube Channel and the monthly income of Mitya is measured in thousands.

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Dmitrii Shilov: from bankput to millionaire

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pRADDYslovie (Introduction) from the author #2019

Almost a documentary novel that you are going to read is the first step to create a screenplay and shoot a film based on Mitya Shilov's life, my school friend and colleague on some not very successful Internet projects and a fellow from KVN team of the school №15 (now gymnasium №7) of the city of Krasnoyarsk. Before starting work on this story I took a series of interviews with Mitya, his wife Tanya, their son Vanya, his parents Sergey Ivanovich and Marina Anatolevna, talked to some of the characters from Dmitrii Shilov's channel on Youtube and took part in the filming of one of the videos in autumn 2017 ("12 years together with Tanya, the countryside party"). So the book will have a lot of information about which viewers of the Internet TV channel Raddy (or as Vaduysha says, the so-called "RAddyson") haven't known before.

This book is based on real events that happened in Krasnoyarsk in the late XX – early XXI centuries but is not a fully documentary research. The names of some characters have been changed, however, the essence and sequence of events and the places of actions are quite real. The author has reserved the right to think up some details for beauty and coherence of the narrative. If you recognized yourself on these pages and you didn't like it, then it's absolutely nothing. I didn't mean you, it seemed to you. Also, I really wanted to make my home city Krasnoyarsk one of the heroes, to show some details of urban life of the 90s and the 2000s. The life around us is becoming the history so fast that it's a pity to forget it but nice to remember. This is one of the purposes of this book.

The book "From bankrupt to millionaire" is not retelling videos from Youtube channel of Dmitrii Shilov, these videos can be seen by anyone today. On these pages you can find out how Mitya got into big debts and then not only got out of them but got rich. By the beginning of 2019 more than 600 thousand users are subscribed for Dmitrii Shilov's Youtube Channel and the monthly income of Mitya is measured in thousands, sometimes even tens of thousands of dollars. Whether you like it or not (Mitya has more than enough haters) but Dmitrii Shilov's life is a real success story in the modern world of Russia in 2010-s. A story is worth of being told and continued!

I did not even try to keep up with the events of the life of Dmitrii Shilov because he makes content almost every day. Today he is flying somewhere, tomorrow he is shot somewhere, the next day he is moving to Moscow... If you are interested in his life, welcome to the Internet. This book is a little bit different and what it is about you can easily understand yourselves.

This story has two versions of the beginning and yet there is no end because the main character is alive and safe and is not going to stop at what he has reached. That is what we all want him to do. I've been thinking for a long time which option of the beginning to leave, but then I decided to keep both – you can choose what you like more. I wrote this pRADDYslovie (Introduction) more for myself because at the beginning of any text the author explains for himself why he began to write. And now everything is for you.

The beginning №1 “Millionaire’s Morning” #2018

The border of Eastern and Western Siberia, January. In the city-millionaire Krasnoyarsk Epiphany frosts are especially severe because the Yenisei River in the city does not freeze “thanks to” the dam of the Krasnoyarsk hydroelectric power station. Uncovered by ice even in minus forty degrees, polynia stretches for hundreds of kilometers as an open wound, changing the climate of the whole region. The powerful river like a bear who has forgotten about winter hibernation, continuously breathes, producing frosty vapor around. Ice patterns on the trees are beautiful but the wet frost is always ready to get under any fur coat and to freeze the warmest places. At other times of the year, Krasnoyarsk may be governed by the mayor, but winter is definitely ruled by cold. It is especially uncomfortable in the city in the early winter morning: the Sun still does not think to rise above the horizon, and the pale spots of lantern light do not disperse but only strengthen the surrounding gloom. In such weather a good owner won’t let even a dog go out. The most conscious dogs also feel sorry for their owners and not to go outside they urinate somewhere in themselves. It is great to watch such winter from somewhere from fabulous Bali or Phuket island where many citizens of Krasnoyarsk like to spend winter. Of course, those who can afford it.

A large block of new ten-storey panel buildings on the right Bank of the Yenisei river near Oktyabrsky bridge is called Severniy Proezd. Such blocks of flats on analogies with “Khrushchev” and “Brezhnev” project houses could be called “Putinki”, but cunning vodka producers took a bright word for their commercial needs. In one of the closed courtyards of the neighbourhood there is a children’s rink, which is filled with water from a hose every winter in the morning by a tall plump man in a dark jacket and a sports hat – the usual “average” Siberian, as the lovers to sit with beer on the bench say. At first glance, he lives like everyone else – a wife, a child, a car, the bustle of life, in which we all gradually sink with the course of time. But for some reason his life is constantly watched through the Internet by hundreds of thousand people but he does not feel any embarrassment from such attention to his person, but he always supports this interest and he even makes very good money. However, he does not keep this money: it was he who became the sponsor of the hockey team, decorated the yard rink with coloured lights, filled the pits on the road, arranged a children’s holiday, helped an acquaintance to pay the loan, gave the disabled man a wheelchair and did a lot of good deeds, not getting into someone’s pocket or the budget of his native city... He seems to be very kind. May be he is a Deputy? Yes, he was also a candidate, but fortunately, he didn’t manage to open the door to the authorities with a kick. Don’t dream another’s dream, it will come true. You must find your own one.

So, the rink is filled, and famous in many countries of the world a videoblogger with the audience of more than 600 thousand subscribers winds the hose and goes home to wake his son up to school. Then he will go to measure the next ten thousand steps, train in the gym and plan funny trips and funny gatherings for new videos. Everything that will come to our hero to the mind while walking, will certainly become a video content in the story of his Instagram, where there are only tens of thousands subscribers. And then it’s time to pick up his son Vanya from the school, his wife Tanya will come back home from work, and they need to discuss the next journey to exotic countries and shooting in an entertainment project at the Federal TV channel. And, of course, he will not forget to shoot a few commercials with himself in the lead role without leaving home and to send them to the cutting. These worries are not typical for the majority.

Another day of Dmitrii Shilov from the channel “Raddyson” or Raddy begins in the distant and frosty Krasnoyarsk. The day, which will be watched as usual by hundreds of thousands of people all over the world. And all his winter problems can be described with a quote from the movie “Summer”: “You have a beautiful problem, such problems are very rare.”

The beginning №2 “Bankrupt’s Morning” #2011

It’s autumn 2011, another heavy morning. To be frank, not morning but the afternoon —it’s half past twelve. For those who get up early and go to work, it is lunch. And for someone who is a bankrupt, the time has stopped. The heart is constantly beating like after a long run, the body keeps going hot and cold, the mouth is dry, but only alcohol wins sleeplessness. I wish I had a bottle of beer. And two bottles would be better. But three bottles would be best of all. Of course, “Ayan” beer, because there is no money for better one... Mitya remembered the time when you could drink abakanskoe beer with pleasure but over recent years all neighboring Khakassia seems to take a leak under the lids with a deer. The situation with money is even worse because now it is not clear – whether you have at least one rouble of your own money or all your money doesn’t belong to you for many years ahead?

The terrible, sticky state of a man who owes everyone, a man, who is not guilty, but is forced to apologize every time to justify himself and endure the humiliation. Mitya has lived in such state for two months: since he was gifted for six million rubles, the surrounding world has changed once and for ever. It was “a reliable partner” who stopped to answer the calls first, he is the con-man at the same time. But some time later thinking of all meetings at the office of a big and reliable trade company, Mitya realizes that all negotiations with this man were not in the office, but in the car. Damn dusty Mitsubishi Lancer became a hearse for all Mitya’s plans’. And short beeps on the other end became a funeral march...

What to hope for – for Tanya’s salary? For your parents help? Is it possible to give back 200000 dollars if you get a job and if you earn 30 thousand roubles a month? Mitya calculated in his mind and it turned out that if you give back 30 thousand a month, you can pay off for 16 years and 8 months... And finally to celebrate the new 2029 year without debts, hurrah!... And if at night to unload carriages, it will be possible to get out of debts within 15 years. However, Mitya thought about it yesterday. And the day before yesterday. And what did he come up to? But to nothing. 200000 dollars mean owing six roubles to each citizen of Krasnoyarsk. And what if everyone really gives him six roubles? People will not get poor and Mitya will solve his problems. Begging is a brilliant startup for a young healthy man. There seems to be some kind of institution of bankruptcy. Yes, Mitya would graduate from this institution with two excellent diplomas. Or with one red hole in the back of the head at the bottom of the Yenisei... Though, nothing of the kind, you must live in any case.

The clock on the wall was ticking in the usual rhythm: tick, tick, tick... Quartz, battery powered, they even measured the time pathetic, without the usual “tock” Not “tick-tock, tick-tock,” but “tick, tick, tick.” Another hint that the life is all “not so.” The hell with the watch. It only reminds once again that the time is working against you.

A phone becomes the main enemy of a bankrupt immediately. There are no good calls, only bad ones. Creditors and banks demand money, the friends who lent you money very quickly go into a group of creditors, and relatives.... The relatives first condole with you even with caution and then call less and less. For a lot of people you have died or just left far away though you keep living in the same house. At present for many people money has become equal to vital energy. First of all, you are your Bank account, your solvency, your reliability expressed in a simple cash balance. Mitya’s balance stood at the level of “minus six million”. It is “minus two hundred thousand dollars” (at the rate of 2011). The amount in dollars seems smaller but you don’t feel easier from it.

At that time Mitya was looking at the ceiling or the walls for weeks remembering his life. The life where everything was so happy and cloudless. The dreams took him to the distant Soviet childhood from gloomy 2011, when the words “glasnost” and “perestroika” started to sound everywhere, and instead of children’s clubs video shows appeared with Bruce Lee, “American ninja” and endless series

of “Tom and Jerry”. These mental journeys were very comforting because everything was simple and clear...

Part one. “Life like anyone else has”

“Don`t shame us!”#1980—1992

The Shilovs lived well in Soviet times and were “happy” speaking the language of those times. Mitya’s father, Sergei Ivanovich, was a goalkeeper of the legendary team “Yenisei”, he became the hockey champion of the USSR six times and went to the competitions very often and abroad too. From his trips dad brought beautiful sports uniform, cool skates, foreign gum and Pepsi-Cola. Mum, Marina Anatolyevna, worked in the library of plant “Krustsvetmet” for many years and if Mitya got his character and sport interest from his dad, but interest to people and sociability is the contribution of a loving mother.

There were always a lot of people around Mitya, although nobody could call him the “pack leader”, a naughty and good-natured boy from an early age was considered to be a joker and the soul of the company. Yard life appreciated the ability to respond firmly to insults and assaults, Mitya always tried to turn all conflicts into jokes and to stay out of trouble. Someone thought it was weakness or cowardice but his guys knew Mitya is funny and non-conflict. It was Mitya. Of course, the street brought him up but our hero chose himself what lessons to learn and which to ignore.

The best friend of Mitya from the early age was Maxim Nazarov. Their friendship started in the kindergarten. At that time Mitya with knowledge of the matter told the boys that the film on our televisions can be stopped and rewind and Max did not believe him because in the mid 80’s the video recorder was an unheard luxury for Krasnoyarsk. Surprised by his distrust, Mitya invited his friend home and with the help of his mother he showed a tape of “Tom and Jerry.” When the button was pressed, Tom and Jerry ran in the opposite direction, Maxim was so amazed that since then he has always been somewhere close to Mitya. You need to get closer to people who own such miracles. That’s why later when Mitya enthusiastically wrote the subjects of the films that he “watched on video”, Max always confirmed it and added a couple of details from himself. In fact, the parents allowed Mitya to watch only cartoons. Moreover, six years after Mitya’s birth, daughter Dasha was born in the Shilovs’ family. You never know what you can see in American movie show, it is not for children. And cartoons – it’s safe, in “Tom and Jerry” cartoons, like in the USSR, “there is no sex.”

Before going to school, Maxim asked his mother to put him in the same class with Mitya and she finally gave in. At school there were another friends, for example, Andrei Glazkov, who was called Dryunya in the yard. Dryunya was a serious man, who was fond of weightlifting, and in high school he even became the President of the school. Now we have the only President but the best, and in the 90s almost every school had its own President and in school agitation there were a lot of intrigues not less than in the real elections. But it is a subject of an absolutely different story.

School life #1995

Mitya's school was located in the street named after the newspaper "Krasnoyarsky worker" in two buildings of Stalin project. The three-storey building of primary school was connected with the passage to a four-storey building for secondary and high school. The name of the nearest bus stop for public transport was not very creative. Yes, that bus stop is still called "School".

Mitya (as well as the author of these lines) was lucky with his school as educational establishment, not bus stop. As they say, "every cloud has a silver lining", and "the evil" in the 90-ies was the economic situation – every closing industrial plant in Krasnoyarsk turned the whole area at once into a centre of poverty and crime. And the number of dying enterprises in those years was counted in dozens. The life of many people turned into the survival and the convulsive search for themselves in a dramatically changed country. And "the good" was the fact that several creative people saw themselves in the role of teachers and went to work at the same school. Rather born to be teachers, but mostly to have a small but stable income. So at school there was a theatre studio, Economics classes, a school choir, and as a result of the successful performance at computer festivals, the whole classroom of modern at that time 486 computers. During the day these computers were used for the preparation of reports and presentations, and in the evenings – for network games in Doom and Warcraft. Agree, not every teacher will trust his "dunces" the keys from a classroom where there is valuable equipment. And Yuriy V. Bazygin trusted us.

One of our favorite teachers, Grigory Petrovich Oliyanchuk, was the captain of KVN team in the Teacher Training University. It is quite natural that the KVN team soon appeared at school №15. And it's more natural that Dmitry Shilov appeared in that team who was famous all over the school with his clown tricks in the lessons. The teachers made an absolutely right decision that as the energy of the guy was overflowing with energy, it was necessary to turn it into a peaceful direction. Everybody at school loved stand-up comedians and at the end of each term there was a concert where the performance of the team of KVN was very funny. And school guys were joking as they could – parodied Bogdan Titomir and the group MAXX, danced "Lambada" in ridiculous suits, showed synchrobuffonades and miniatures from the endless series "Brothers acrobats". But one day they even went with a concert to the orphanage of a nearby village Berezovka. In humorous battles with the neighbouring schools there were even bright wins, and only one – absolutely unfair! – defeat. Mitya went to school with pleasure and only sport distracted him from communication with his friends – hockey with a ball, where he was a field player first and then, like his father, he became a goalkeeper. To be honest, the school years were.

#2011

Mitya was always surprised that many people are afraid of each other – they don't want to go to the stage, to speak in public or consider jokes something unworthy. And the same people, sitting in the hall, laughed and they applauded everything that Mitya and his friends showed on the stage! The same things happened later – at the University, at work, in the hockey team... Everybody wanted joy and fun, but few people were joyful and merry. From the early childhood Mitya heard from his parents: "Do not shame us!", "Do not ask for trouble!" Looking around, he understood that he was not the only who was brought up in the Soviet style but most of his friends were too. The main thing in the life of a Soviet man was not to stand out, to be like everyone else, not to draw too much attention to yourself. The same clothes, the same salaries, the same words about socialism, but nobody believed them by the end of the 80's...

Mitya loved and respected his parents but their "trainers' aims" were not suitable for him. There were no standard ways out from that situation. When you owe six million roubles, it's not possible just to make jokes... You had to be absorbed in thought and find what can help. Or vice versa – to look

around and to understand something? Or may be to do both?.. Past life and past experience didn't prepare him for this situation.

Game console #1993

One day dad brought Mitya the dream of millions of Russian children — game console “Dandy”. A little bit later, these game consoles appeared in each house but the first computer battles in “Tanks” and “Duck hunting” among Mitya’s friends happened while visiting the Shilovs. Since the console had only two joysticks, Mitya often called Max to play. It was impossible to stop playing and then the most reliable mechanism – the strict voice of mother switched on:

- Guys, stop playing! You’ll discharge the tube! And you will spoil your eyesight!
- Well, mum!
- Without any “mum”! Maxim also has to go home, his parents are waiting for him!



I wonder where all mums in the world have the invisible way to connect with other mums? At that time there was no chat in WhatsApp, even not everybody had telephones but somehow mothers felt each other. All right, we’ll have to stop playing. Having connected the antenna wire to the TV-set instead of the console cord, Mitya saw a report about the firing of the White House in Moscow on the screen. It was October 1993. In Moscow Studio, Vlad Listiev, Leonid Yarmolnik, Lia Akhedzhakova and Garik Sukachyov and some other famous people appeared one after another. They all looked into the camera with anxiety and called for peace.

But in Krasnoyarsk it was so peaceful, so Mitya responded childishly:

– Max, look, what a goat! – “goat” in Krasnoyarsk is called something funny – they play “Tanks” in Moscow too!

“Well, I don’t know how it will end, Mitya.

“Whatever they do but not to burn power unit.”

– They’ve burned down the White House, haven’t you seen?” And they have enough power in Moscow for a hundred years. They take everything from us – Yeltsin, Gaidar and Chubais. My parents said we were so poor here because of Moscow.

Mother didn’t support political conversations. First of all the child must learn.

– Come on, Maxim, do your homework! You’ll discuss about politics after all. You are not Vlad Listiev! Program “Theme”, “Spotlight of perestroika”!

– Mum!

– And you also, do your homework! Nobody will do Algebra for you! Whoever shoots somebody, it is necessary to learn well! If you become an engineer, you’ll stay at the rear of the armor, no matter what happens in the country.

Max said goodbye and left, and Mitya, despite of growing maximalism, listened to his parents again. And very soon from another trip dad brought him “Sega Mega Drive 16 bits”, after which he

didn't want to return to simple "Tanks". But the country did like to play "Tanks" – the war in Chechnya began in 1994. Thousands of recruits from all over Russia were sent there and parents of guys – school leavers realized that their sons had to enter the university but not to get into the army...

Pressure and influence #1997

The Avenue named after the newspaper “Krasnoyarskiy rabochiy” (or just “Krasrab”) stretches along the right bank of the Yenisei putting all surrounding space on itself. It starts at the man-made volcanoes – always smoking pipes of Krasnoyarsk thermo electric power station, goes through the plant “Krastrsvetmet”, school No. 15, Krasnash plant and Siberian aerospace Academy to the University of non-ferrous metals and gold. After the university, you can see the Theatre of a Young Spectator, the circus, the cinema “Epicentre” (former “Jubilee”) and the end of the Avenue is Predmostnaya Square. According to the builders’ project, a resident of the right Bank of Krasnoyarsk could be born, learn, work and have a rest in this one single street. The Registry office, the Art Gallery, the cinema ‘Rodina (Motherland)’ and the shopping centre “Krasnoyarie” were a successful addition to “Krasrab”. There was not only a cemetery but if you looked for it thoroughly, you’d find one. (Schools change their numbers, universities change their names, I left those ones that relate to my and Mitya’s times).

In the nineties and even in the early 2000s hookers were standing along the Avenue in the evenings, who did not know the expression “girls with low social responsibility.” So “Krasrab” not only worked but also rested. Then the times changed, girls gave up the oldest profession of a prostitute, became reasonable and everybody got married to princes. But that’s not certain.

The famous” Tsvetmet – the Krasnoyarsk university of non-ferrous metals and gold is traditionally considered the main University, preparing geologists, metallurgists and economists for production. The results of school examinations of school No. 15 students could be taken as entrance exams, and therefore in September 1997 the future specialist in the field of metal processing by pressure Dmitry Shilov was standing at the entrance to Tsvetmet and holding his student’s card in his hands.

On the one hand, this piece of paper in a blue cover protected him from service in the army and was necessary for any school leavers who respected themselves, but on the other hand, -metal processing by pressure was a product of Mitya’s parents influence and the first-year student wasn’t interested in it at all. But Mitya didn’t want to give up his studies, after all, according to a famous joke, it’s better to dream for five years to pass the exam at the Siberian University, than to admire the Caucasus for two years in the company of the same young tourists in the same clothes...

First of all, Mitya was impressed by people from the university. All informal youth of the working quarters of Krasnoyarsk was hanging out in the corridors and classrooms The desks were decorated with inscriptions like “If you’re not a homosexual, draw railcar another on” – there was a picture of a steam locomotive to this inscription.

“Every lector has in ass one vector”, “the button to switch off the lecturer” – and the button was drawn there. “If you have no mind-go to Tsvetmet”, “no Mind-go to the Teacher Training University”, “No mind-go to medical university” ... If to believe the inscriptions, the absence of mind opened a wide prospects for life for a future student. There were also the lines about love on the desks: “Better fuck the gnome in booty than a girl from ec. faculty” Reading these lines, Mitya, for some reason, felt sorry for the gnomes because they were not in a better position.” After the kind and creative atmosphere of the school, it seemed to Mitya that he had appeared in a prison for difficult teenagers. Many students came to Krasnoyarsk from other towns of the region, and finally getting rid of parental supervision, behaved as they could. Mitya didn’t really want to go to studies but there was nowhere to go.

There was a peeling off bench not far from the main entrance to the university building. Looking at the layer of husks, cigarette butts and broken glass around benches, one could say that a lot of students study all day long exactly here. Mitya wanted to pass by the informal guy sitting alone, but the guy said:

– Hey, guy, are you a fresher?

– Yes!

“What’s your name?”

– Mitya.

I’m Spider. Mitya, do you have cigarettes?

“No, I don’t smoke.”

“And what about beer?”

– No.

Well, at least one and half thousand roubles for a bus?

– I have.

“Well, get away from here, Mitya!

“Why?”

– Well, I don’t need you – no cigarettes, no beer. My head hurts, I do want to smoke...

Spider laughed a little bit strangely and Mitya suddenly smiled back. He was dressed from head to toe in black – a biker jacket, jeans, heavy boots, and a faded t-shirt with a silly inscription, but Mitya liked him for some reason. Spider with his jokes was better than a pack of pals from Cheryomushki and Pashenniy, and the majority of them were the first year students. In five years these guys will occupy the checkpoints of Krasnoyarsk plants every morning, and now the children of the working quarters are on their duty at the studies which they don’t like. Almost every student had a plastic bottle of beer Koupecheskoe in the bag between books. This beer from the legendary brewery “PiKra” was cheap and that’s why it was drunk in enormous amounts. It got to the point where beer was allowed to be sold in a cafe inside the University, and not only in Tsvetmet, but also in the Polytechnic and even in the State University. It was not just banal greed, but also a subtle understanding of the psychology of the student —the ability to hangover quickly and effectively increased attendance of morning lectures. Vicious practice of making students drunkards at the place of study was stopped in Krasnoyarsk only in the twenty-first century. (I hope so.) There must be some advantages of a bright future, such as the lack of light beer...

Meanwhile, his friend sat down next to Spider -an informal guy from the youth hostel Cabbage, with red hair and eternally swollen after yesterday’s guy who came from far away district center to study environmental engineering. His nickname Cabbage got because of the jars of sauerkraut that his mum sent to her son every week from the village. The son would prefer vodka or money, but the mother believed that the cabbage was good, and the whole hostel believed that sauerkraut was quite good even with illegal “Moskovskaya” vodka at 18 thousand roubles for half a litre. Cabbage wore an earring in his ear, a t – shirt with a portrait of Kurt Cobain on his fat body and knew how to play the old guitar the songs of Tsoi and Egor Letov. Sometimes he was beaten for his earring and t-shirt and sometimes he was not beaten for Tsoi and Letov. Cabbage had a difficult but interesting life.

The boys – looking at a couple of “excellent students” – are you going to pass your exams? asked Mitya,

– Exams? —grinned Spider – well, mother will send money to Cabbage and I will unload wagons, if you don’t lend me a million roubles...

A million?! – Mitya was surprised,

– “Of course! Do you think that I will buy satisfactory marks for myself? I’m a smart intelligent young man, I want to be an excellent student!

– How will you work with such a diploma?

– Work? smiled the Spider sadly, – to sell the jackets at the market, you don’t need a diploma. We’re all getting the same profession here, a legal deviationist from the army.

– We are going to be officers after the University —said Cabbage. – I saw the guys in the yard behind the building were studying to turn the cannon.

– Which way?”

“Over there, towards the theater of a young spectator.”

– Well, “Motherland” is not a good idea to shoot! – meaning the cinema, Spider joked. And what about you, Mitya, which troops are you going to?



No, I'm not going to the army, – said Mitya, – I am an athlete, hockey player, I play in “Yenisey”.

– You will be taken anyway – continued Cabbage, to Sport company! We will turn a cannon towards you, and you will run away zigzags.

“And jokes are not your strong side, Cabbage,” – thought Mitya. But he said aloud:

– OK, you are interesting guys, but I have to go, I need to come into Dean's office.

“Do you know what they call the Dean's office?”

– How?

– Alco-deanery. So much cognac was brought there to get a credit, it's equal to Alco-deanery for one session!

– I'll kick the door open and tell them the joke.”

– Come on, but from the University you will have to go to military registration and enlistment office. The Dean's office doesn't like to joke.

– Listen, Mitya, – Spider became excited, – let's go to “Glass” with us today? It's fun and port “Golden” is always there. We will sit and play the guitar “All goes according to plan”, and then take a leak with port hospitable corners and entrances of our favourite city. Cultural rest, I promise you!

“Glass” was called the square in the center of Krasnoyarsk, opposite the store “Detsky Mir”. For many years it has been the most “informal” place of the city with guitars, cigarettes and those glasses with vodka and port. And nowadays there you can meet fans to remember the good old days, but they are not so young. And the square rooted with monuments of 2000s and benches of 2010th. Comfort – Letov and port will be not actual.

– No, guys, if I start with a glass, I won't even have a bottle! Mitya joked and went to the entrance of the University where the student cards were checked by strict old women... And Spider and Cabbage turned out to be normal guys, though informal. All people are good if you get to know them better.

#2011

Many years later, Mitya learned from a casual conversation that Spider gradually switched from alcohol to drugs and died in intensive care somewhere in the middle of 2000s, and Cabbage came back to his Ust-Zapinda, took out his earring, changed his vest with Cobain into the T-shirt with Putin and became someone like the Head of the district. Alcohol – in fact, is the same as casino, it is necessary to play, but not flirting... On the other hand, the ability to drink hard with someone helped to make not

the only career, including in Krasnoyarsk. You just need to know who to drink with and how much. In this case, Dmitrii Shilov was no longer an applicant, but a Professor.

#1997

There was no Dean in the office, so Mitya switched on his natural charm which could be taken for arrogance by mistake, and broke into the Dean's assistance office. He was an ordinary middle-aged man whose baldness and belly participated in the competition "who will grow faster." And in this fundamental dispute there was a tendency of double championship.

Hello Evgeny Yurievich, I am Mitya Shilov, a first year student.

– Hello. What's your question?

– I play sports, I play hockey with a ball in "Yenisei".

– Congratulations!

– Thank you. I'd like to say that because of my hard trainings I don't have time to attend classes at the University.

Here Mitya coloured the truth, because the training schedule did not allow him to attend any classes at all.

– What can I do for you?"

– Maybe you have some individual training programs for athletes or correspondence tuition?

– Dmitrii...

– Mitya.

– Mitya. It isn't the national hockey League, this is the nonferrous metals University.

– So I'm also fighting for gold, "Yenisei" is the champion...

– Our students are taught to fight for gold in the factory, carrying out the plan.

– Are there any options?"

"Of course there are! If you do not get into "Krastsvetmet", you will go to KrAZ and, instead of fighting for gold, you will fight for aluminum.

– Oh...

– Yes, so choose-either to study and in five years to get a good job, or sport. There's no other way.

"Thank you, good-bye."

– Goodbye!

If Mitya's studies began with a student card, they ended with another document- a credit card. In September all students got credit cards, where the scholarship was transferred. A month later Mitya stopped going to classes, and three months later the scholarship stopped coming to the card. The former student Dmitrii Shilov realized that his absence at the lectures was noticed. He did not appear at the University of non-ferrous metals any more. Hockey with a ball became a matter of life for Mitya at that time.

#2011

Mitya always easily communicated not only with people of his age, but also with people much older than himself. From the age of 18, as soon as it became possible to drink, he easily communicated with adult men as with his friends. It was possible thanks to joint training of the young with the elderly and thanks to quite simple customs of Siberian sport. And Dmitrii Shilov had been doing sports since he was 5 years old, and at first it was... figure skating. In the end, he didn't become the Siberian Evgeny Plushenko, at the age of 7 Mitya began to play hockey with a ball which was loved by most people in Krasnoyarsk, and had been playing for 14 years.

Stadium “Yenisei” #1998

Evening training on the ice of the stadium “Yenisei” ended, and the field players one by one skated to the cloak room. This element was always carried out quickly and accurately without additional commands of the head coach. By that time Mitya had moved from the outfield players into goalkeepers —the guys with the best skating ran to attack, and Dmitrii Shilov continued his father’s work, being the only player of the team without a stick. And there was no discrimination – in hockey a goalkeeper was not supposed to have a stick. Against high-speed forwards, a goalkeeper of Russian hockey has only sleight of hand, reaction and task to hit the ball with any part of the body.

– Hey, guy! – Mitya was called by a hockey player of a medium height in his mid twenties, – do not run into the cloak room, stand up at the gates gates, I want to work through my strikes.

– “Well, come on,” Mitya agreed, “practice will never harm.”

– “Learn, lad, while I am alive!” – an experienced striker said and with careless movements of his stick he lined up a straight row of balls on the ice, —
come on, catch, don’t shame the name!

“We’ll see who shames himself here,” Mitya chuckled to himself. In “two-way” where fast movement is very important, Mitya didn’t remember that guy. But while training he hit hard and as the gates in hockey are small, orange “cannonballs” flew from this “gun” mostly into a goalkeeper. Shoulders, arms, legs were hurt, a couple of times they flew into the stomach. Finally, the bombardier got tired and waved to Mitya, saying, “let’s go!”, moved into the cloak room. And then, feeling under the sweater several fresh bruises, Mitya could not keep silence:

– Why are you hitting so hard?

– Hard? the sniper took off his helmet, his red hair was wet. – It was I who pitied you!

– OK, next time you will stand at the gate, and I’ll hit.

– All right. Hey, how old are you?

– — Eighteen.

– Hey, a grown man! Let’s go there and drink with the guys after a long and hard training.

– Come on. What’s your name?”

– — Vladilen.

– — Vladimir?

– “Not Vladimir, but Vladilen. From Vladimir Lenin.

– I’m Mitya.

– I know! You’re the son of Sergey Ivanovich, I remember when you were young. I could burst into tears from emotion, but it’s cold, and all the tears have gone out through sweat.

– Well, let’s restore the water balance!

– — Well, vodka is 60 percent of water!

Never before the players have changed their clothes after training so quickly and purposefully... After all, sport is a big school of life. And the evening continued exactly the same way, as many years later many joint evenings will be held with the participation of Dmitrii Shilov and Vladilen Vyazhevich.



Mitya, are you sure that you will be a goalkeeper?

– Sure.

– That’s a boy! Now look, don’t switch!

– “For what?”

– The forward. I don’t want any competition.

Big sport #2001

People leave big sport in different ways. Mitya honestly played several seasons in Krasnoyarsk, Chita and Bratsk, but sports career was not long. He left for Chita as the third goalkeeper, eventually he became the first one, and the team moved from the first League into the highest. It would seem to be a success, but a new coach came and Mitya had to move to Bratsk. And again endless trips around Siberian towns, games, again exit from the first League into the highest... A full feeling of déjà vu without much development. And he would like to play in “Yenisei”, in his hometown, in the native district, at the native stadium. But dreams still didn’t come true, and then there were injuries and eternal companion of provincial athletes – alcohol Sport season is an endless sequence of repeated events which were boring for Mitya by the beginning of the third year. There was a chance to meet a legendary coach of “Yenisei” Sergei LOMANOV and instead of March, Mitya appeared at the stadium by May, but nobody forgives such delays... Why was it delayed until May? Because the young athlete had many friends. While he was drinking with friends, two months passed.

So, Mitya became a veteran of the sport only at the age of 21. On the one hand, it was a great failure, but many years later Mitya said that it was better to finish sport career when you were young when you could change your life and get another profession. Retired from the sport men at the age of 35 men, as a rule, do not know how to do anything else, and they work as children’s coaches for a pittance. The great country pays great athletes in the past not great money. Or do you consider that they go to different deputies from big prospects?

Dmitrii Shilov went away from hockey but by his own admission, he had dreams about the great Sergey LOMANOV for another two years. He looked skeptically and said directly: “I don’t need you in May. I needed you in March, Mitya!” Did Sergey Lomanov dream of Mitya? The history doesn’t say about it.

But professional sport gave Mitya the opportunity to pay military duty to the Motherland in the sports company. He served not as “a clerk in the staff” of course, but not in dangerous places. A soldier-athlete in Chita was given 2600 roubles a month, it’s about \$ 100 at the exchange rate of that time. But liter of local beer cost 18 roubles... so you can calculate how many vitamins and minerals the body of a young soldier athlete could get from popular beverage. And in sport Mitya gained priceless experience of communication in the men’s team, experience that one can get only in the barracks, in the bath, at hard work and in the sports cloak room. There, as in the song of Ivan Dorn, you shouldn’t be shy. There where all things are called by their names and to say nothing in response to a verbal attack is the same as a shame. A schoolchild, as they say, does not understand.

#2011

Most people sink to the financial bottom because they do not want to work and believe that the cherished money should fall into their pocket suddenly and immediately. Especially, there was an example of their parents and grandparents in front of children of 1990s. People who gave their lives to the country retired almost beggars, and their capital consisted mainly of pleasant memories about Soviet youth and all sorts of sores.

The relationship of a Man and Work in Russia can be a subject for a long and careful study. “Wherever you work, but not to work”, “Work loves fools” – our people in their attitude to work decided long ago. Now almost everybody dreams to be top managers, oligarches or deputies, it means that young people are interested, first of all, in participation in the process of distribution of wealth, rather than participation in the process of making it. But all in vain. Work, of course, loves fools but it gives these fools very much with love. The knowledge of life, understanding of what you can do, the ability to take the burden on yourself not to fall down while walking. That is what you can learn only in practice. Mitya had a lot of working practice in his life. And it did not stop – who has been making ice rinks

for children with his own hands for many years in the morning? (Here about “poured” the audience of the video blog will joke, but with a sense of humor.)

Stylish orange... vest #2001

Siberian men traditionally have very complicated relationship with the. That is the result of that serfdom did not immediately take roots in Siberia, and the fact that in the Soviet years the chiefs stood on the towers with automatic weapons, and the men looked at this picture with both sides of barbed wire without much enthusiasm. In general, the farther away from the capitals, the faster the thesis 'All power from God' changes to the thesis "the Boss is a fool like you, he was just lucky." As for relations with the authorities the Shilovs fully supported the Siberian traditions. Mitya's grandpa worked as a huntsman in the factory grounds at the Krasnoyarsk sea, his father trained goalkeepers in the hockey club "Yenisei", and both had problems with the management, to say the least of it. We will tell about them, but now let's back to hard lives of former athletes.

After untimely finishing sports career Mitya himself, without the knowledge of his parents, got a job in the Department of landscaping and planting greenery of the administration of Leninsky district of Krasnoyarsk. Initially he thought to be a boss, but he was refused. He was offered a simple job... Very simple. If you've ever seen people in orange vests who wave brooms and shovels, cut trees and do other badly – paid job outdoors, then you understand perfectly, that in the dictionary of antonyms next to the word "Wealth" should be a photo of a worker of the Department of landscaping and planting greenery of the administration of Leninsky district of the city of Krasnoyarsk. But people even without higher education were employed there and were paid little, but regularly. So our Mitya put on an orange vest and went to fight with trees and bushes. The war did not last long.

In any story, first of all, it's interesting to know the ending. So the first Mitya's crusade for improvement of the native area had a tragicomic denouement which is worth telling about. Let's start, perhaps, so: there were no signs of trouble, it was a warm spring day in Krasnoyarsk, in the morning the guys in orange vests were given the task-to shorten the branches on several poplars. The originality of the job was not perfect, and colleagues, not particularly in a hurry, went to the unhappy trees and started their work.

Spring Krasnoyarsk poplars resembled the skeletons of witches or scared to death monsters. Cutting down of paralytic dendroids resembled more punitive medicine and really did the impossible – with each procedure terrible and miserable plants started to look still more frightening and pity. Such executions were held annually around the city and were considered to be "the decoration". But a job is not chosen, and the team of masters continued to cut down slowly from half-awoken stumps their young twigs which were going to bloom.

– "Are you mad, guys?" – shouted the man "Where should you be?!"

– "We should be in Hollywood", – Mitya thought, "and drink cocktails with Tarantino". And aloud he said:

– Don't shout like that!

It was loud. From the outside, it even looked like Mitya was mocking.

– "What?!" – the man shouted. From the height of the third floor he seemed small and not scary. And the pruners are still a weapon. So Mitya experienced strange calmness, and the man was getting furious with each second.

– — I say, don't shout like that, we can hear everything!"

– Fuck you! They can hear! In 15 minutes you must be in Yunost Street!

Yunost Street was parallel to the legendary "Krasrab" and with a certain degree of lyricism, it could be really called a street of youth of Mitya and many of his friends. But the song words can't be erased: Mitya answered the claim of the wrinkled man :

– Fuck you! We'll finish here, we'll be there in an hour, what can happen for an hour?

If the man had a gun, Mitya would collect the whole charger.

- What’s your surname?”!
- Shilov.
- “Shilov, you’re discharged!”

Under such strange circumstances Mitya met the Deputy of the Head of Leninsky district. Usually such acquaintances are somehow useful for ordinary people, but Mitya immediately realized that his meeting with the authorities would be useless in the future.

What else is worth remembering from this story? Perhaps, the return of orange vest and the pruners is less solemn than the return of police badge and gun in Hollywood movies. And the fact that the Shilovs’ family tradition was continued. It didn’t work out with the authorities once again.

#2011

What about friends? There were many of them, at one moment there were some, at another moment – others. There were only old and reliable friends – the childhood friend Maxim Nazarov, the classmates Andrei Glazkov (“Dryunya”) and Slava Nikolaev, who from October years was called “Glory of the CPSU.” Almighty The Communist party eventually collapsed, and Slava remained. All of them, as well as Mitya, did sports, but didn’t want to become professionals, they preferred study at that Tsvetmet and SAA Siberian aerospace Academy, which changed its name every five years, but it was two bus stops away from native school. Mitya went along “Krasrab” to the other side and with the help of his parents got a job at the legendary plant “Kraetsvetmet”, producing gold, silver, platinum and other urgently needed in the national economy metals.

JSC “Krastsvetmet” #2003

To get a job at the plant of non-ferrous metals was always considered a great success in Krasnoyarsk. New people were taken to the plant rarely and with reluctance, choosing newcomers mostly from their factory dynasties. Because of it, Krastsvetmet got its nickname among people the “Mother-in-law’s plant”. However, work at the production of precious metals has never been easy and harm to health caused not less than any other metallurgy.

The prestige of working at the plant after the collapse of the USSR did not fall, as in others production, and even raised. In 1990s, when money was paid regularly only to officials and racketeers, Tsvetmet not only kept all the social “appendixes” like the Palace of Culture and its own recreation center, but also sold shares to its employees. Trucks with vodka and sugar were parked in front of other factories in Krasnoyarsk at that time. Quirky guys changed products to vouchers and gradually took over the former socialist property. And “Krastsvetmet” miraculously remained in the regional property and paid taxes to the budget of the region. Many people said that this miracle was the Director Vladimir Gulidov, elected by the labor collective in 1988 and he died in a strange car accident in 1999, but our story is not about such global matters, and about one simple employee of JSC Krastsvetmet, Dmitrii Shilov.

Of course, the position of a handyman in the factory was not the earth Paradise. Those who worked “in perimeter”, at the main production, received several times more. If Mitya was paid about 12 thousand roubles a month, that is, the specialist of the main production received 30 thousand, and even more. Gold and platinum bars were fused inside, and jewelry was made in the jewelry workshop. But not a single gram of precious metals could be carried out through the checkpoint, so if some lady came inside wearing gold earrings, she could walk in beautiful look only on the territory of the plant. Mitya worked “behind the perimeter”, combining boring work duties of the format “bring-unload” with reading books on marketing and advertising. He was fascinated with it, especially, since drinking at work was strictly forbidden.

Together with the whole country Krasnoyarsk moved away from the shock of the nineties, and it became clear that Russia didn’t have many things – there was no normal trade, there was no normal advertizing, no good things. In the books Mitya met both new ideas and what he took for granted: the importance of communication, ability to set goals and achieve them, understanding that good money is earned not at the factory, but in your own business. Even then Mitya began to think about something of his own, but all the arguments usually ended in some bar or with beer on a bench. How many such almost “businessmen” and almost “successful people” waste their time in pubs and playgrounds of our cities? They drink powdered liquid that has no relation to real beer. So, life deceives them even in this. It is sad, gentlemen- comrades...

At the plant, Mitya had a new friend-Sanyok. Sanyok was a simple guy: single and cheerful. He took part easily in every activity and lived a fast life as he could (as far as he could with the factory wages, of course). Sanyok did not like books if only simple detectives and science fiction, but to overcome the hardships of factory life, such a friend was just a godsend – and he will tell a joke, and laugh at yours. Well, an old Sanyok’s “Toyota” helped Mitya more than once at the right time. Many friends have a car under their ass, but not everyone will move their lower hemispheres to share it.

Vladilen Vyazhevich, the newly appeared master of jewelry production, often watched Mitya and Sanyok from the windows of jewelry production. The plant took care of hockey players – sponsored the team “Krastsvetmet”, and some former athletes were given the opportunity to touch if not sports, then the most ordinary gold. Of course, only during the work. However, there was a popular trick at “Krastsvetmet”: the guests who came on a tour to the plant were offered to take away a gold bar of 16 kilos if they could lift it with one hand. People tried to do it enthusiastically but at least to lift a heavy piece of metal of uncomfortable form was possible only for the strongest

guard of the Governor Khloponin. And this kind of information was likely just a legend for the rest of the fans not to lose their hope. After all, even the most honest person working with precious metal sometimes has the wrong idea.

#2011

A clock was ticking on the wall, a tap was dripping in the kitchen, and Mitya was sitting at home and blaming himself. For the whole days he wondered: how did I come to it? why did I let them do it with me? Where did I lose that scent and was led on a frank divorce for suckers?

And the answer came. He lived too long in a comfort zone, everything was ready – he had a flat, a car, surrounded by friends, and his dear wife. Life in the present seemed a holiday, and the future was assured. The main issue – apartment —was solved by the works of previous generations. His grandmother’s flat and the flat of his aunt who had no children and the parental flat had to move to Mitya. And it’s life: you haven’t done anything yet, and you have already had everything.

Dasha #1992

In Krasnoyarsk everything, however, is connected with the Yenisei. The city was born and grew on its banks, the energy of its water made Krasnoyarsk the industrial giant. The Yenisei Kyrgyz living on the banks of the river called it Enesai, “Mother river”. For the Russian Cossacks the severe Yenisei became a “Father”. In this Russian title there is and the desire to become related, and the recognition of the power that is higher than yours, and the attempt to negotiate. Do not kill, the father, protect and feed...

At the entrance to Krasnoyarsk the Yenisei is divided into the main channel and two passing into each other streams which go along the right bank – Abakanskaya and Ladeiskaya. Between the left bank and Tatyshev island there is also Tatyshev stream. The river has always connected people together, fed and watered, gave work, and weekends-holidays in Krasnoyarsk are always held on the banks of the Yenisei.

On that hot summer day Mitya and his friends, like all normal schoolchildren, were enjoying the holidays. They were riding bikes and playing tennis, football, drinking local “Pepsi Cola” made in Krasnoyarsk. For adults... summer is a small life, and for children who began to grow up, life is every summer day.

Mitya was sitting on a bench near the hockey box with his classmates Kostya and Dryunya, tired bicycles clung to the poplars and were waiting for the next stage of races in the yards “Tour de Kras”. The young riders invented goals for themselves, as well as the rewards. If you win the race around the house, you are the champion.

– Mitya!!! Mitya-ya! Max appeared in the distance, running.

– “What’s happened?”

– Your mother and Dasha! Over there, – Max could not catch his breath and waved to the side of the river, the boat...has overturned!

They jumped on the bicycles, rushed to the bank, there they learned that several adults with children were swimming across the stream on a boat, the boat turned over. Two experienced swimmers-the husband and the wife-tried to save two six-year-old girls, Dasha and her friend, but did not save, and they themselves went to the bottom.

Then, from the bank, somebody called search and rescue team, they had been looking for the bodies for a long time.

They didn’t manage to find them.

The Yenisei-father took away and did not give back.

Mitya became the only child in the family.

#2011

What is money? A universal ruler that can be applied to everything – people, relationship, life itself?.. “If you’re so smart, why are you so poor?”, “Not so good with money as bad without them”, “Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.” All this, of course, is wise and looks good as status “Vkontakte”. And when behind the door there are serious guys without any official certificates and authoritatively ask to return debts, you will need the status not in social networks, but on a tombstone. Or on a wreath” from friends”, if by that time friends will have still remembered you.

Only now all thoughts in your head are about money. And Mitya had a time when money didn’t seem to matter. Money came and went away easily. “Easy money!” – so, I remember John Connor speak in “Terminator-2” to his friend, breaking up another cash machine.

Divorce, Sochi and two “Blue birds” #2004

After the first in Mitya’s life wedding, in 2002, loving grandmother gave him 300 thousand roubles, at the rate of that time – more than ten thousand dollars. For a young loader from the factory – it’s a fortune! Well, beloved grandson is building his happiness. So, the granny changed her three-room flat into one-room flat and the difference gave to Mitya. And I would like to write that Mitya bought shares of Google, Sberbank and other “blue chips”, opened his business or something like that, but it was all different – he spent 200 thousand roubles immediately to buy a car Nissan Bluebird, another 25—30 thousand were spent to install music and illumination... And the rest of money was wasted for drinking with friends. Even now, to spend for drink 70 thousand roubles you have to try, and in the early 2000s – it was possible to have fun for weeks with such sum of money, what Mitya actually did. No smart books, motivational speeches and business plans. All mindless youth in a new car with music and alcohol and friends.

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