



neighbour

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Have you ever met in your life a person who unobtrusively, carefully enters into personal space and then never returns from there... even if he doesn't know it. His name becomes identical with the word "necessity," not even "attachment." It gives a sea of positive emotions and colorful dreamy dreams, but there is another side of the coin!

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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.

Neighbour

Most often we meet in life templates, modules, copies, stamps. In a word – nothing interesting. Therefore, it is not surprising that among all this diversity of monotony we blunt vigilance and critical thinking about people, especially the opposite sex. However, this applies not only to people. This applies to their actions, their thoughts, desires, views on life, plans for life, goals and means to achieve them, if any.

We get the first disappointments, as a rule, not in adolescence and youth, because there people still somehow try to preserve their individuality. But when a person is fully immersed in a social grinder, then break out of it, the chances are very small. And we become like each other. Typical problems, the standard of care, standard of living. The model of disappointment.

But one day, one happy day, fate takes an unexpected turn...

– I'm a pretty nice girl. Or a woman. No, girl. Well, that's forty-two. I am beautiful, toned, in shape, take care of myself. I'll give any kid a head start. In General, I'm a girl! – flaunted in front of the mirror, Anya.

– Fans were the sea. Well, it may not be the sea, but it was. Yes they were. Well, say fans. Run... No, more like molested. The knights then present died out already five to six hundred as. And those were " the last of the Mohicans." Now courting a man is a couple of fresh phrases, like: "Hello, how are you?", "Would you like to meet you?" Then an hour in the cafe, because the more they are not enough. Listeners they are, and to speak plainly, not learned, and about. Only read one single thought – "how would you fast processing, and preferably not too expensive". Well, men... well, what to take with them. And here are the pals I meet. The main thing is so much pride in them, so highly appreciate themselves and carefully carry, where to go. Where not spit-you will get to the Prince.

Anya powdered her nose, straightened her skirt and went to the grocery store. This day was no different from most of the others. Gray masses of people, some sad news discussions, fake smiles. Someone congratulates someone on something. Someone is standing against the wall, buried in the gadget.

– Nothing interesting, except for purchases for me today, it seems, promises, thought Anya.

But suddenly, drew attention to the guy.

– Pretty. Worth, thinking of something. I'll walk.

Passed.

– Not looking, parasite. Is that steel? Nothing. Now, I'll make the neckline looser, pull up the skirt.

In the course went the thighs and the hint of heels.

– Well? See? So. And, why, again turned his face. I don't get it, is he gay? A... I understand. Where the world is going, – decided the beauty.

And now, when all hopes and kinds collapsed and not having to stand still for a moment, somewhere from behind he heard a pleasant voice:

– Girl, I'm sorry...

– Ahh... so. Got you, darling. Dogs! But this light is not delivered. Alright, I'll let him enjoy a little, but we'll see, quickly sounded in the head, Ani.

She turned.

You dropped something, here, take, ' said guy, holding out his keychain with the keys to the car.

– It seems, overdid it with your hips, need to was wag not so self – denial-flashed in anybody.

The guy was handsome.

Thank You, naive child smile radiating a Holy simplicity, announced Anya.

The guy smiled modestly and went about his business without making any more sound.

– Hey, wait! Is that it? What, you don't even ask for the phone? – I wanted to shout after him. But the face was adorned with Holy simplicity. The mise-EN-scene to spoil it with no hands.

– A curious character got caught. They sell clothes over there, they must have mirrors. I'm gonna go see if there's anything wrong with me. Maybe the nose smeared with soot? Why he jumped? I don't recall that. Cute, bitch.

Anya walked over to the mirror.

No, soot. Quite a lady-candy. It's him. Contagious, handsome. All right.

The day went on as usual. Affairs-care, wheel of fortune and frustration, all as always. Few days later, Anna saw the same guy near her house, he spoke with a lady.

– .. so this, therefore, is the new neighbour – he realized Anya, Natasha, on the forty-fifth apartments said the man some comes up to the floor. We're neighbors with him now, too. Wondrously. What kind of MOP is that? Mom, maybe. No, kissing on the cheek as if it were not mom. Is that his girlfriend? Or don't you bring your wife?

Anya strained her convolutions.

– Wait. How old is he himself? Natasha said that the family comes for forty years. This that him forty that whether? Him? Forty? Him? He looks twenty-five..., six..., seven. Well, thirty... two... trio... not forty! Why do men age so clearly said, Anya – Oh, cute, an infection.

Meanwhile, a new neighbor passed by.

"Good afternoon," said a familiar voice.

"Hello," releasing a low reverence and devotion, she answered.

He passed without asking a single question.

– I'm wearing the same clothes I wore when we met. He couldn't help but recognize me. People like me don't forget. Something is clearly wrong with him. Okay, whatever. Not like the Brest fortress took – originated evil plan of Ani in the head.

A nice guy really turned out to be a new neighbor. From that moment on, their meetings became inevitable. One of which happened the other morning.

– Welcome, – said at the meeting, a neighbor and passed on.

He's kidding! – revolted the feelings of Ani – so it will not work.

"Excuse me, please," she said, with far – reaching intentions.

Guy turned his the entire in attention.

– I wanted to clarify, as we did, the neighbors?

I stopped by recently, not yet had time to meet everyone. But it seems.

– Anya! – I extend my hand like a man, and a lady introduced herself.

– Kostya, we are, gently touching her hand, he introduced himself, politely smiled and then again going on the run.

– I'm from the fifties, shouted after Anna.

– So, we live on the same landing. I stopped at fifty-three.

– It turns out. Well, nice to meet you.

Anna complied with a nod with rolled eyes, lips and neck turn, and then went about his business.

– Well, another thing, now I run away from him. Let aiming to catch up. Not immediately maybe, but he'll take the bait, she decided.

Kostya was a family man. Lily's wife is a wonderful woman, Tanya's daughter is the best student in the class.

For almost twenty years of marriage a lot of envious looks from catching himself at Lily. The man is valuable. The successful man is generally weight in gold. And Kostya was precisely thus. He did not have a large, but bringing a stable income business. This income was enough to solve all financial issues of the family, however, Lily didn't see myself as a homemaker. Therefore, she worked for the benefit of one of the largest companies in her region, thereby forming an additional financial "safety cushion". Once a year the family allowed itself to have a rest on any azure coast

without refusing anything. And now, podsobrav capital – the family Council decided to buy a bigger apartment, and that was done.

Kostya got used to the increased attention to the person from women. To explain this he himself did not seek, but a fact remains a fact. The girls saw something special about him. Deep wise eyes, calm floating around Constantine's atmosphere, touching and infecting all his mind. Pleasant appearance, openness and impartiality. Such rare qualities in the modern world.

– I don't know – sitting in the evening in the kitchen alone talked to Anna, as he managed to retain that purity. Some sort of captivating naiveté. He acts like he's not interested in me at all. How could he not be interested in me? His wife and I can't even be compared. Either case, I, who knows her worth, and groundless, or that skank. No face, no skin and a butt with a Cam. Typical office plankton. How could he be interested in her? And more surprisingly, how could he not be interested in me? Maybe not? Not tasted, so to speak, or just true beauty not seen in your life, here and gone crazy with the habit, this also happens... I'm thinking. I'll watch him tomorrow and announce myself so I know my place.

– You know dear, I like the place more, but the people... for dinner we shared impressions Lily with her husband.

– Did someone hurt you?

No, not offended, just I saw how you watched our new neighbor.

Which one?

– Well... the one that animal grin hides behind a Hollywood smile.

– I only know one that doesn't fit that description, by the way, I married her.

Lily gently smiled and clung to the shoulders of her husband.

– You know, I can't explain, but I'm scared of her. You probably did not even notice, but I felt that it is very unpleasant, maybe even mean-spirited. Such a view on itself grasp the full. It's not even jealousy, it's more rage.

– You mean the neighbor from our landing? Anya, I think.

– Probably. Why did someone else come to meet you? I saw you with her on the handle fraternizing.

– Yesterday I met of the seventy-fifth with her from the twenty-sixth, with Lucy, with Roman and Nastya from next door, on the Playground crossed, and, a few hours ago, I was frantically shaking the hand of Nina Pavlovna, the local superintendent. But I so think, that you all -??? Pro Anja.

– You didn't waste any time.

– And when I lost him for nothing.

– How did I get a Walker like that?

– I admit, I am also interested in this issue.

– What? the Lily cried out in mock indignation.

– It's okay, I'm happy we're together.

Me neither.

– So what's wrong with this girl... or a woman. Where is the line where a girl ceases to be a girl and becomes a woman?

– I don't know if she's a girl or a woman, but I know she's a goat.

– Afraid?

– I feel like I'm gonna try.

– Not terrible. On the gate of our Union, many horns pooblamyval.

– Many people. But still, you be careful with her, please.

– What are you scared of? Her smile?

– Her eye.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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