

Alexander Cherenov
*LONER IN THE RUSH HOUR
CROWD*

I AM GOING TO KILL



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«Издательские решения»

Cherenov A.

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This book is a psychological detective story. The hero eliminates evil in a classical way: by eliminating its carriers. The objects of his work are modern «masters of life» (nouveau riche, multimillionaires from yesterday's ignoramuses, criminals and speculators) and their henchmen. They are an obstacle on the way of a person to worthy life, and therefore the hero resorts to extreme methods of «re-education». Maybe this is the only sure way to establish the «kingdom of God» on Earth?!

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Chapter one

I am going to kill, because I am a fool. If I were not a fool, I would sit at home and drink tea with jam. But I am a fool, and this is so. And so it is not from an excess of self-criticism. And not because there are not enough brains: alas, too much of them. Therefore, I am a fool not hopeless: principled. Having principles: what could be worse?! The order of the «hopeless one» gives, at least, hope on being. A principled fool not only has principles: he also «goes to the principle», going like a war. He climbs onto the wall, he knocks on the locked door. In a word, «causes fire to himself». He begs for trouble – and acquires requested.

All this is me, and all this because I have the wrong look on things. What does life teach us about the right look? That's right: the right look is when you don't look and see! In exact accordance with the installation «I see nothing». And, if also «nothing I don't hear, I don't know anything, I won't say anything to anyone», this is a guarantee of longevity, because you will not touch anyone – and nobody will touch you... maybe... if you're lucky...

But, at least, there is a chance! And the indifferent fool and there is no chance: after all, I am also an indifferent fool! Would be indifferent – would not be a fool. And, if there were – it is harmless, not interfering with anyone, first of all, to myself. As a result: I am doomed to loyalty to the priority of not personal health, but public. And in what form: through damage to the health of individuals, unless, of course, these flawed ones – and without my damage – can be considered personalities. And I am doomed not only to loyalty, but also to the ministry. And this already «obliges and imposes». Some declarations on the principles do not get off. We must prove them – and ourselves – on practice. And it is necessary to practice not on mannequins, but on living carriers of evil. Such, here, trouble happened to me. And it still happens. And all that is needed: pass by! At least, do not cling to personal complaints about the public, even if unwilling to! Alas...

The struggle for the right thing – through «going to work» – is hard work. Is what I do humanely? Well, this is how to look. Here already need a viewing angle. In the generally accepted sense, humanism is a principle of worldview, based on the belief in limitless human capabilities to improve, the requirement of freedom and protection the dignity of the individual, the idea of the human right to happiness and that satisfaction of his needs should be the ultimate goal of society. The text is not mine: from some dictionary. But our thoughts with the disinterested, I hope, the author, are in unison.

So, here: if we approach this principle from the point of view of «the life owners», then humanism is the exclusive right of the latter-day «navels of the earth». They do not accept any restrictions, nor even calls for moderation in the spirit of the attitude towards «rational egoism». «Mine is mine, and yours are mine too!» The case of Clovis lives and wins! Let even common sense and humanity itself prevail.

But there is another point of view: the priority of public interests over personal ones. In my «work» I slipped exactly to it, unintentionally, of course, through carelessness. And did not want: it happened. But, if objectively, outside of my «accident»: it «has the right on equal rights» with rival. Moreover, today the rights of this point are preemptive. Willingly or unwittingly, I myself make them so, giving them an advantage.

Like a sweet dream, I see a reverse perspective! Oh, I would not consider my identity through the prism of society! Not to contact him even through good deeds, because they all have one way out: «sideways and always to the benefactor. Better it will be so: «mine is mine, and yours is yours!» – in the sense of «your problems». And do not ship me a question about the relationship between the individual and society! I agree: even there, abroad, today have already «fed up» with their former priority. Understanding, that the public is above the personal, is now universal. That is, the individual

must make room, and if she does not want, then press her. And even oppress. And this is in the mainstream of universal understanding too, even under ritual spells about human rights.

So what I have, to whom and what to refer to. In case if this will be necessary. I am not about the judgment of man, and even not the Last Judgment: the judgment of his soul. So far with this business is the order: we «reached an understanding» with a friend. And if I condemn myself for anything, it is solely for the absence of indifference, saving and beneficial one, elixir of life and peace of mind.

Hence is my point of view on the question: do I, the individual, need to compromise personal for the sake of society? And not only to compromise, but to stand up for the one, who supplies me with some problems? Isn't it easier to turn on the defensive reflex: «I see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing to anyone»?! And I, as a person, would not associate with society, if not other «personalities». Unfortunately, I am a different person myself. Not average, but social activist in misfortune.

But I did not myself come to life like this: they brought me. Who are they? A strange question: «personality», of course! What exactly? Through their deeds, starting with the slogan «More socialism!» and ending with the slogan «Long live capitalism!»! Only in vain did they expect to find a lamb in me, at least, God's lamb, at least, for the slaughter.

I say this not without regret, proceeding from the black envy of «trembling creatures», because I myself am one of those who have the «right». «Slaves, who are under the yoke, must honor their masters worthy of all honor» – it's not about me. «Comrades-gentlemen» made a wrong address – and I made a wrong reaction. Because he explained to them, that «here you are not there». I explained lucidly, so that they not only reach them, but also that they «reach» – with my help immediately «to the point». To the last «point». To the finish line.

The eternal Russian question: «who is to blame?» I will be honest: both, but each in its own way. I am guilty of having responded. They – that provoked the reaction. They privatized my right to a decent life, and I went even further: privatized them themselves. I have privatized their bodies and the lives of these localities – and other comrades will, I hope, take care of their souls and lives there. And, I hope, not from the office of Our Lord.

Of course, I didn't limit myself to choosing objects of work, and I do not confine myself only to the «mighty of this world» from yesterday's speculators. Thanks to their activities and the very fact of their existence, I did not stay and for a long time I would not remain without work and clientele, because «the bond of time has broken». New times are incessantly «giving away» a new «product». A vivid example of loyalty to the law of unity and the struggle of opposites: there would be no happiness, but unhappiness would help. You can understand it – and you need – in two ways, including, as happiness for others – and misfortune for me. Unhappiness for a person deprived of indifference. The «product» of the new times is the scope of my efforts. In the spirit of the new time – or, more correctly, of the timelessness, I am a life privatizer. The chosen lives of the «chosen ones». They «chose» themselves – and I «chose» them, because they left me no choice.

Why did this happen and continue to happen? If not ascend to the times, described by Engels in his work «The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State», I will say this: «I cannot do otherwise». I myself could not: «comrades» helped me – those, who are «gentlemen». Well, they got help of those, who now comply with the slogan «who was nobody – he will become everything!» «in rewind mode»: those, who have become «nobody».

These «nobody» is no less evil, than those, «who have become all». After all, they give live to those, «other». They give to live by one fact of their existence! And not only to live, but also to create, exclusively in the meaning of «messing up», «getting up»! That is, all – on the line of evil. For the very act of the existence of those, who «became all» is evil! Because they live not only at the expense of «giving», but also at my expense! But I was not called a sponsor! So it turns out: «those, who made the return journey», are accomplices of evil and evil themselves. But evil must be fought: we have been bequeathed to this by folk tales. And not only Russians, but all the other nations of the world. So I fight – to the best of strength and capabilities.

I did not immediately come to the choice and «got on the road». For a long time I was «out of stock»: pretended to «smoke out». In strict accordance with the law of natural selection: «do not protrude out of the hole!» «Do not be noticeable – and they will not notice you!» And there, you will leave «your trick» somehow. The main thing is to always be in the right place at the right time, that is, nowhere and never. «I see nothing, hear nothing, know nothing, nothing to anyone I will not say». Ignorance is power, mimicry is a gift! And, if you still have brains, the chances of being increase many times over. It does not matter, that this is the being of a cockroach. «Jedem – das seine!»: «To each one – his own!» «With a strong do not fight, do not sue the rich!» proverb says. She speaks because she tried it on itself.

But I was not going to sue or fight. I was not even going contact anyone. And I didn't want to go «on the road»: I was pushed out on it. Not life: the manifestations of its new owners! They – manifestations together with the owners – made two mistakes. First: they pushed me, pushed a caring person, who by its nature cannot «honor their masters worthy of all honor»! Second, they «made a mistake with the address», believing, that they had guided me on the right path: the path of «a slave, who was under the yoke». They could not imagine, that «we will go the other way»!

As a result, forced to reason, I reasoned like this: «If the Bolsheviks expropriated the expropriators, then why not push aside from their example, and not optimize the optimizers?! Is not the defense of oneself the first duty of man? Is not resistance to evil good? So why complicate the problem?! After all, the shortest distance between two points is a straight line! Hence: for good, too, must strive for the shortest way: through the elimination of evil... through the elimination of its carriers! In vain, perhaps, it is said, that everything ingenious is simple!»

Having become a «simple genius», I «pushed off» – and now I am producing «sweep rows». After such a «solo», who from decent people will turn his tongue to call me a serial killer? No one will turn! And if someone turns around, that «someone» is dishonest himself, because I'm not a serial killer and not a maniac. At the same time, I am not the avenger, not a «cleaner», and not a revolutionary. This is elementary: in vain did I, perhaps, burst into tears with the prologue?! I am like that because I got it. Me personally! «The soul of the poet did not endure». Well, somewhere «mine», of course, coincided with «our». Objectively: the good of all is above the good of the individual... «masters of life.»

Alas: it is not always possible to «stick to the line» in response to external stimuli. This is due to a heightened sense of justice. It is unfair because when unjust people live and thrive – at the expense of others always, even if the settlement and other accounts are their own. Therefore, I am «a little bit Dubrovsky» and «a little bit Robin Hood». Only, unlike them, I am on my own without flags and slogans, without a «support» resource «in the face of a group of comrades», without the need for publicity. I am one soldier in the field, «lone wolf», but not «the orderly of nature». I did not «subscribe» and did not hire. And I am not programmed to improve the breed. Well, here, I do not set global goals – neither before myself, nor before the masses, nor before the objects of work. I do not wave the flag, do not climb the podium, and do not rush to the microphone. I do not call anyone and do not raise anyone in the spirit of «Arise, o mighty Land!» And I do not act «on behalf of», even for the good of those without whose authority I completely get around.

And everything is because I am not... (see the list above). Well, I do not have such a need and there are no such genes. And such a person is not from nature: from such a life. Before – in my old life – I was not like that. Because before there was no such life. In a past life, I was «no one», who «would become everything». In this life I did the «return trip», «made a maneuver in the other direction». Not by my own will, of course. Only willfulness is a double-edged sword. Without knowing it and not wanting it, his source reoriented me to the «other value system» with the same will. The one in which the biggest is human life of the specific person. With only one «but»: in terms of her weaning from him, solely in order to save the lives of everyone else.

I already hear the question: «By what right?! Who gave it to you?!» The question would have been legitimate if it were not for the iniquity that called me to work watch, the lawlessness of the new «masters», even if elevated to the degree of law. It was this that gave rise to my lawlessness – according to the law of the investigation and the reason. How goes around comes around, so will respond! But my lawlessness is just a natural reaction to legalized lawlessness. Under this set, I had the legal right to assert my rights to the rights! And I declared them.

How did I declare? It was very simple: I took it! Following the example of the cinematic Abdullah, to whom Allah said: «If you are strong and brave, go and take it yourself!» I will not say anything for strength and courage, but I «went and took»! So, no one gave me anything, because I «did not go out with a petition»! «In the struggle you will find your right!» – «decreed» the Social Revolutionaries. I just improved the slogan – and gained the right before the fight, in future – so as not to be distracted.

Well, to the question about the law... Well, the one that is «for what». So, after all: «Do I have a trembling creature or do I have the right?» And my court is fair, quick, accessible in form, without corrupt judges, lawyers, officials. I work accurately and precisely, quickly and ruthlessly like a surgeon. Yes, I am a surgeon: remove malignant tumors... from life and society.

Why did it happen so? No, not even that: why did I happen to be like this? Probably, it happened so because it would be boring to live without fools with principles, of course. We, such, interfere with the settling of what should not resist. It does not pay us dividends, but this is our destiny. Like that hump of a camel. I already said: «I cannot otherwise». Could I, it would be different: elementary!

Yes, and then: «who if not me?!» No, I do not climb on a pedestal with a large chest. This is a topic of high esteem. Alas, everything is much simpler: if not me, then nobody. No one breaks into the guardians of justice. At least, no one cares about it in practice. That is, by specific deeds. Good intentions do not count: what is lined with them has long been known. I do not harbor good intentions, and I do not sum up a scientific base for my actions. I just act. I pay my due, without waiting for the Court to a hypothetically Higher Instance. Because it's impossible to wait for it: there are everywhere procrastination and formalism!

Instead of this tedious occupation, which is not even guaranteed, I am already calmly and efficiently «cleaning the object». «I clean» not under the contract, but at the behest of the heart: «I cannot otherwise». I have no scheduled tasks, but I have a plan. No, not a plan for the shaft and not a «dream-idea», as one comrade said. I do not build communism in a single yard. Such plans I do not have. My plan is simple: «I'm alone on the road». But go out not from the bay-floundering, but according to the plan.

According to the plan I have «not a single day without achievement». «Rumbled»? Okay, let's lower the bar: «Not a day without good deeds». Of course, about the «day» – that's a small emotional overlap also. Good deed is not a must. And then what are my words about the absence of scheduled tasks? A good deed is, sorry for the high calm, the flight of the soul! This is a rush! Well, remember: «the soul's wonderful impulses», which must be «dedicated» to Motherland.

My impulse is from the same «string bag». I, of course, specially I do not «dedicate», but I think, that my impulses are for the benefit and good. To whom? To Motherland, of course! After all, if I'm not looking for personal benefits, then their recipient is different! And, if I optimize the «villain of social significance», then only society can be a «recipient of dividends»! I, though not a «sanitary order of nature by definition», but also sanitize! I'm improving too! I contribute without even setting such a goal! As a non-revolutionary and «a little bit of Don Quixote», I am just a partial person. But everyone would be so indifferent! How would we live, even and the smaller number, but the highest quality!

But, alas: we are such living minerals. I am so generally one, alone in this anthill. I am loner in the rush hour's crowd. Only form is romantic, not content. And in a world full of people, you

cannot just piece: lonely. But I am not a «lonely monk, wandering in the rain under a leaky umbrella». I prefer Confucius Ibn-Sin:

«I am alone, but do not consider me wrong,
For the true faith I am the first example».

This is much more optimistic and closer to the image. I, such, am the one, but am I the only one? Jesus, Mahomet, Buddha, Lucifer – we are all kin... along the line of loneliness! And yet we are all colleagues, even though of different appeal, but one vocation! Our role: working with the team. «Everything is in the name of man, everything is in the good of man!» Each of us found himself in the work with others! We all fight and embody. We fight for the happiness of mankind, we embody the ideals, each in its own way. For example, I fight in line with the optimization of villains and their nutrient medium.

So, it turns out: small spool, yes roads! That's immodest, but it's me – about me. About who is small in number, but great in works. Although works – to do, do not alter! For my works are derived from the works of democracy. She did her dirty deed: she took away the last brains of the masses not overweight. In the absence of brains, «People» healed belly. To me, he is not an assistant. Moreover, sometimes he himself is the object of work, because with missing brains he is «on the other side». And it does not matter, that he does not understand this. For me it does not matter. I am not an educator: I am a «terminator», «finisher» of human copies. And if people are in the way of my ideas about good and evil, I remove the obstacle. For me, he and his antipode: «the powers that be» are two sides of the same coin, whose name is «Evil».

A little more «tear the stripped vest»: indifference in me because I am not a democrat. «Democracy» is good only in the book and only as a concept. In life, it is cut off from the roots, and exists separately, itself by oneself. as an abstraction, which has become its opposite in practice, as the opposite of the claimed reputation. Here, they say: «democratic state». How can this be, if democracy is the power of the people, and the state is the apparatus for the suppression of the majority in the interests of the minority? It turns out: the power of the people – as the power over the people! It's original, but only in the «black and white» format!

But the people are not those. who are on top! Not those, who are «above»! The people are me! And he! And they! Hence, the power are we: me, he, they! More precisely: the branches of power! We are the branches of power, not corrupt deputies, bureaucrats and bandits in police uniform! And, if they are «branches», then of another power. Not popular: «democratic». They are dry branches. And dry branches are cut mercilessly – any gardener will tell you!

I believe that for the first time I have illuminated myself enough, although do not like to «shine». After all, for the «knife and ax worker» day is night. But «to consolidate the past» – once again: I am not a «orderly» or avenger. I just can't hold back. I can't pass by. And now I came out «not to be able» and «not to pass by»...

Chapter two

...I see him from the window of his apartment. His is the arrogant master of arrogant «Lexus». Auto divides the footpath in two. They with master do not confused by mothers with strollers, old women with their sticks and children with dogs. No, it might be embarrassed, but the owner does not allow it. Nothing bothers him: he is the master of life. At a minimum, declares itself as such. I see it not the first day – and it is not the first day that it accelerates with its «automonster» pedestrians – «violators of traffic rules on footpaths». Several people, who tried to stand up for the status of the pedestrian walkway, received an immediate failure: they were beat out.

Thus, the issue of re-education is no longer necessary, neither in front of me, nor in front of the «object of work». This is no longer amenable to treatment with therapeutic agents: «surgery» is needed here, radical «surgery». By his dishonest deeds, «this» honestly deserved the rank of «client». And, «means to us – there is a road!» as one comrade said.

I calmly dress and leave the house. A couple of minutes, not more, left me before meeting. Him – too. But, unlike me – not only see me: until the «twelfth strike».

«Hello.»

I am extremely polite. I am not even embarrassed by the fact, that I deserve only a quarter of a full look. The text, of course, and should not wait: I cannot wait. If I wait, it's not the one that the average citizen is expecting in response to his greeting.

«Tell me, please, haven't you seen the sign „Passage prohibited“?»

Paradox, but before the «entrance» to the footpath really hung up «brick»! As if it is already unclear, that the footpath is not a continuation of the highway! What pedestrians walk on it, not cars! At least, must walk!

The «master of life» changes slightly in the face, but only so that the next one in the queue for the change would be me.

«What did you said?!»

Even «gold-rimmed glasses» do not save me from the «noble» contempt. The owner – both life and jeep – opens the door. He clearly intends to teach me a «lesson of life». It is possible, that the last in life. The complex allows him not only to hope, but also to count on it: a man is a head taller than me and half a cube thicker.

But he is mistaken – both in intentions and in calculations, exclusively in his own. Because «giving a lesson» is my role. Even if after this lesson life is no longer necessary for him. He, of course, is not against living yet, but I am already opposing his desire. Not «on behalf of»: «for the sake of life on earth!» I am not confused by the installation on the weaning for the sake of life, because it will not be better, because it will be better for all of us – without him. And although I act from myself and for myself, I am sure that my subjective desire coincides with the objective needs of society. And, therefore, I do not transgress: I am glad!

«Well, you...»

I immediately find out «everything about myself». I learn through the «digest» using local idiomatic expressions. On the second, the fists, «equipped» with the mount, are clearly «served» with steel mount. «Comrade» already understood everything and decided to «urgently correct» – by «correcting me».

I unclasp my hand. Quickly unclasp: there is no time to become a hero. The eye of the «master» slips into, what I have in my hand. In the next moment, his muzzy face breaks into a smile. He laughs: I have a small folding knife in my hand. This is against his mount and the muzzle, which fears the mount?

He swings at me quickly and not to scare me. Not to drive me away like an annoying fly: the guy obviously prefers words to words. Such a thing, that he used to bring to the end, until the end of people like me. Therefore, the «fly» is destined to not be driven away, and swatted.

But he again makes a mistake, already the second one in such a short time. I am not as defenseless as he would like. And yet I am not going to play the role assigned to me: either hit the run or hit the curb after the blow struck me. And I'm not going to join the discussion: the eternal mistake of our brother-intellectual.

Instead, I press one small button – and from a small handle of a small, supposedly folding knife, like a lightning, a small, only a few centimeters, blade flies out. That's right: crashes, like bullet from the barrel of a pistol. And since I am aiming at the «master» in the eye, it means «there is a way for us there!»

The exchange of roles is made: my failed «murderer» took place as a victim. «Getting in the eye», he returns to the driver's seat. But already back and cross. And in an optimized form: he definitely does not have one eye. A small blade hits with terrible force. Both of them – both the blades and his strength – are enough to work out not only the eye, but also the brain. «Rear view» is not available to me, but I have no doubt, that a few millimeters of the blade «enliven the landscape». And I do not guess, but I know: I tested it on metal and wooden objects, so to say, «conducted tests on the bench».

But the second eye can even be surprised. This remark is not to the issue of pathology: just a «protocol for inspecting the scene of the incident». For a moment, I even wonder if I hurried with conclusions. Well, in terms of the «final solution of the issue». After all, a person who is able to be surprised is not yet a goner! But next the moment we leave each other in doubt. First, the counterpart's surprise is peculiar: only that he was in my place. After all, it was me who now had to revive – or deaden – the landscape with my «presence-absence». Secondly, the not-yet-finished man was already... a washed-up man. More precisely: finished off by me personally. Yes, and as a man, he ended long before his end. And, maybe, he did not start at all. And if so, then so be it! In the sense of: not to be him. And if they were to be only the former!

I look around. Not spy: not before the movie. I'm visibly nervous. Not because of the act of optimization: the situation and does not claim the status of «and the bloody boys in his eyes». I am nervous for another reason: our street is not at all quiet, because it is not a street, but the central street. But I am lucky: as ordered, the street works off the street. Along the line of living souls: none in sight. I hope that I am «out of the field». This is not for long, but enough for me to «get out of the battle without a loss». I am lucky. Although why is it «lucky»? Why should it be the other way around? After all, «the opposite» – and so is my daily «modus vivendi».

Just in case I mow my eyes round and in all directions. There is no one here. It probably happens, that way because there is. But, «however» – it's time: a chance «light up» is ready to give himself at any time and not at my disposal. Therefore, I do not think long. Already at the moment of departure I was visited by the thought: would you let me know? Do not draw with blood the «victim of the attack of the unknown» sign «brick» on the windshield? Well, to understand and think?

But the next moment, this thought is «driven over» by another: what if they understand more than I would like? That is, they guess, that this is the work of a local comrade? Simple logic: what is the business of the «transit passenger» to the «alien scoundrel»? There are his own scoundrels on the «transit»! So, «the soul of the poet did not endure... according to his place of residence»?! Here, and it will turn out: instead of trying to instill in fear potential offenders, I will instill myself by giving trail to «comrades from the regional administration»! Of course, I really want to sensitize them, but it is better, though, to enlighten oneself.

And I do so: immediately, albeit slowly, I appeal in a passerby. One thing is done – and now I have to do another: to comprehend what has been done. No, better, like this: «done»! And there is something to comprehend: the first thing. I don't want to remember a soldier who mourns his

first victim, but even a soldier cannot remain indifferent, even a soldier who is «state-wise»! What to speak for us, civilians?

I go home and indulge in thinking. No, I do not «lay wreaths on the grave». The «untimely fallen» fell even at the wrong time, but with an obvious delay. According to merit, he would have long since grown into worms: no good. Therefore, my thoughts are «on the other side»: «what to do?» Not in the sense of «run or stay?». On the contrary: the question is global. Like Chernyshevsky in the novel. I took the first step – do I need to do the next? After all, the first step was from the category of «soul beautiful impulses». Should I move to another category – that's the question! Whether to put work with the client on the stream or limit to what is called «according to the situation»? And, can, be limited to already made good?

First you need to deal with sensations. What are they: satisfaction? Fear? Decay? Elevated lift? Perhaps, a bit of everything. But the «root» is the rise: the rest are «bind». I feel good, not because they haven't caught them yet: because there has been less of one rascal. Because I did a good deed. I do not know the details of the traffic violator, but I know that he deserved his fate of my client.

It takes about ten minutes – and here, the first passer-by. Now you can: I have already «retired to the prepared lines». «The First» behaves «in accordance with the instructions»: «I see nothing, hear nothing, know nothing, say nothing to anyone». He fearfully mows his eyes at the «still life», looks around and «gives the go»! Correctly does. That's right: and mows, and looks around, and gives. Because, God forbid, they will notice... what he noticed. After all, then «involve and embrace». «Involve» by dragging, and «embrace» from all sides not only with your hands. It's very simply for us go to category from witnesses go to category of suspects and accused.

But fools do not sow and do not reap. For ten smart there is always one... «other.» It is now. This «eleventh» – well, ten smart plus he – climbs into the car, in the American manner pokes his fingers into the client's carotid artery, and raises the alarm. Simply put: hi. Several people come running (much more scattering – and in all directions). A group of three fools – all the clever have already dispersed – is harassed by the police, and she succeeds. As far as I understand facial expressions, the police only record what they have nothing to fix – in addition to the «body in the range». Fools are «drawn and embraced», but foolishly they still do not understand this. Understanding will come to them later – together with a «group of comrades» with improvised means «in the department» already there.

And now they are overwhelmed with a sense of pride in the consciousness of their duty. Soon, other feelings will overwhelm them – at least, two of these social activists will never again succumb to the «call of the heart». An excess of feelings will fill the lack of brains and all together they will give birth to the thought: «Do not go where you don't ask! And even ask – do not go!»

On this day, I no longer see the permanent «garage owners» in our walkway. Perhaps, they are discouraged by a fresh spot on asphalt. Not even one spot, but several: the client leaked through all the holes, both natural and additionally arranged by me. Only one person lonely draws circles at the scene: investigator. Judging by the fact that he is alone, I make the only correct conclusion: a comrade was thrown «under the tank». And this means, that the case has already been recognized as having no prospects – and the comrade simply «works for volume»: collects waste paper. And this already means, that I can calm down completely, and even before the investigator write off the file to the archive of my memory.

But this does not cancel thoughts on Chernyshevsky: «What to do?» Restrict local success or step on the slippery slope of the struggle for justice? Stepping on her, I should be aware, that I will have to work as a scout behind enemy lines: only aliens are around. And my next step may be the last. But «you cannot shoot all»! This audience grows like toadstools: it is not necessary to cultivate. Maybe you should not burden yourself with routine tasks, even more so with taking higher obligations? Wouldn't it be better to limit oneself to work «according to the situation», when there will be no patience, no

other way out, except for going out to the business and to the client? I'm not a «conscious fighter for the cause of the revolution»: I'm just a partial person...

Chapter three

I click the knife button. No, I'm not «at work» yet. I am just inspecting the weapon... And once again «no»: not crimes, but retaliation. And this is not a question of terminology. This is a fundamental difference. And I look around not to say goodbye to it. You have to be the last fool: this is not a knife, but a work of art, piece work. As they say in places «not so remote» (simply – far): «First grade!» And, if, really, not in my pocket, then he has a place – in the museum! And not in the museum of the history of the Ministry of Internal Affairs, and in the Armory!

I got it on occasion, got even before me finally «got it». I brought it from the army, from the harsh places, that «at the very edge of the earth». By the way, that's very convenient: look for the ends... on the edge! How did this happen? Elementary: if Shura Balaganov happened sit in the prison along with a source of information about millions of Koreiko, I happened to be in the hospital with one goner, neither the name nor the face of which I do not remember. And not «already», but «immediately, as soon as». As soon as I went out of the gate of the institution: «out of sight, out of mind». That's very convenient also: how to remember something, that did not have time to remember? I myself always try to «sink into the soul as deeply»: mutual short memory is pledge of mutual longevity.

The reasons, why I liked him, I do not know. But I just liked. In the soldiers' hospital is boring. When there is no vodka, no cards, no women, the time is turned on exclusively by talking. And I was the master to talk! Also, what a master! I could talk «certified silent» himself! But this goner and did not have to talk: he himself was asking, maybe, because not long left for him to live. As the team informed me, the comrade with might and main was preparing to meet the «woman in white shroud», and not only with might and main in all-armed.

So in one of our conversations, I don't remember already, an illustration of what, this knife appeared. The knife was worked by a craftsman-dad, who at the same time was listed as a recidivist. The design was simple and effective in Russian. The main thing, the device did not fail: checked «on the stand». I do not remember how and why, but I became the owner of this souvenir, which is not a souvenir at all. But I remember exactly, that when I gain the rights of violence to a comrade did not apply. Most likely, there was a mutually beneficial exchange: my good participation – for a part of his goodness.

Soon I left the hospital «as prescribed» – together with a gift. Before departure, I, as a decent person, went to say goodbye – and «said goodbye»: a comrade «ordered us all to live for a long time» the other day. I will not say, that I was too upset by this news. I will say more: it did not upset me at all. After all, the guy «gave the ends not only into the ground, but also «into the water». It is a sin to say so, but a very correct decision. Now let someone try to find it! All at once: his, me, our relationship, the knife, the manufacturer! And if so, then there was nothing: neither me – in connection with him, nor him – in connection with me! There was no other «according to the inventory»! I was free «on all four sides»: none of them had tattoos on me! And the «apparatus» is his spiritual testament to us all... in my face!..

I am lovingly stroking the device. I have indescribable sympathy for it. No, I, of course, can express – and even «express», but I will not repay what I deserve. This thing gives me what I never had: self-confidence. I felt it, not yet seeing the device in action. For sensations, I had enough of what I saw «at the booth.» I could only sympathize with the stand and the one, who in the future will be in his place. Well, it says so: «sympathize». My client does not deserve sympathy. He deserves only what he gets.

I check ammunition. The device is designed for five «shots». «Benefactor» gave me a device with a full ammunition and a clip of the bargain. Unfortunately, this device has the same drawback as a firearm: the striking tool remains in the target. And, like the bullet, I cannot remove the blade from

the client, because the device is worked out conscientiously. Force transmission system and the spring is so effective, that the blade pierces the chest of a person through! If he had a plumage, then I would have to grab for it, like the tail of a firebird! That is: go and catch! Do not pick it out, in fact, especially at the place of work, when every second is dear to me! With all my political courage, I strictly follow the motto of one comrade, who said: «In our business, the main thing is to slip away in time!»

I still see crooked smirks on their faces: this does not happen! But gentlemen critics do not know the story well, and not only the history of weapons, but also a simple story. If I am not mistaken, Pharaoh Amenhotep the Second, son of Thutmose the Third, from a distance of one hundred steps from a simple bow, a simple arrow with a copper tip punched a three-finger-thick forged copper plate! And not the way it was done by the papa, who was just «breaking through» with a three-finger tip. The arrow shot by the son, passed through and fell! But I work with a better device and not from a hundred steps away!

Since my «arrows» are a consumable, I immediately faced the challenge: to fill the expense. And I went to the key keepers and bazaars. Of course, I could turn to familiar mechanics – and I would not be denied. But the police could turn to them, and they would not be denied either – this time about me. Why so gloomy? Well, if only because with all the incapacity of the modern police it is not worth it at all, really, mix with shit, even if it is it. In order to think of the idea to establish a manufacturer, it is not necessary to finish law school. I could be calm for the device itself and the «head» ammunition, but «local replenishment» could give a trace to me. At least, today's police watch TV. And it shows that you can find out the nature of the alloy and method of manufacture.

That's why I made a choice in favor of the handicraftsmen: neither I know them, nor they me, especially since I attached only the parameters of the blade to the advance. Yes, and I chose non-resident craftsmen: I visited neighboring areas. That is, I did everything to make life difficult for detectives, because God protects the cherished. That's how I replenished with «ammunition.»

Everything would be fine if it were not for the unification of the method. In my case, unification is not good, even if I work well, because that narrows the search range. Me, it means. That's trifle, but you look: it narrows! So you need a duplicate option. And I had to choose this option myself. To do, that is. Thanks to the «benefactor» for having saved me from the torments of creativity. And I resolutely embarked on the path of plagiarism.

I got up on it, sitting at the table. For the one for which I disassembled my «pocket crossbow» into structural elements. I had to record a sequence of operations: I didn't want «extra» parts left after the reassembly. Almost without changing anything, I «shifted» the circuit to an even more compact device: a writing pen. Our bad time is good because the pens now we have for every taste, and not one of them, no matter how idiotic she looks, causes not suspicion and even curiosity.

My «taste» required a surely thick handle – and I executed it demand. It is hardly necessary to explain why the thick one: Kulibin from me – ... not Kulibin, and therefore I could not reproduce the «one to one» trigger mechanism with the original, because it could not happen. Well, yes, I am not the first one. Even our missilemen cannot reproduce «one to one» «American trophies»: all the time at the exit are extra tons and extra meters. So, I not only am not in a hurry to sprinkle ashes, but even am ready to give it to more «worthy comrades» – all, without a trace.

But, be that as it may, I not only loaded the «catapult» into the handle, but also made it work. At the same time, I «in passing», nevertheless, became «a little Kulibin». Not from a great mind: from necessity. I had to change something in the device. I was going to use in the handle are not knives, but needles, and not to punch their bodies. Under this case, I already stocked up with «chemical warfare agents». How to stock up? Little background: when I tried to become a businessman, for which I just did not take it! What kind of goods did not pass through my hands, more precisely, through them. Because, basically – all by. Pass me by. Everything flowed like water along with money. But something, nevertheless, «stuck». Among these «something» turned out to be the «illiquid

assets» of chemical and organic origin: at one time in the market of «unofficial services» they were in considerable demand.

Where did the «illiquid assets» come from? I, too, have a question: because they have eliminated the whole «chain», from the supplier to the recipient. And I was – «on the side of a bow», that same «fifth leg», that is not needed even by a hare, not to mention the valiant detectives. That is why I stayed on the sidelines – along with the cargo, that was entrusted to me and not claimed. My comrades have sunk into oblivion – they never returned from it. At first, I wanted to courageously get rid of the evidence. But there were days and nobody followed them and for me too. And then I decided: let them lie. They do not ask for porridges, but, you see, someday they will be useful! And, it seems that such time has come.

Yes, such a commercial past does not decorate the «ideological fighter». And I would not be beautiful if I were an «ideological fighter». But I am not an «ideological» or even a «fighter»: see above! And also for me there were four guys like mountains: «Woe from wits», Griboedov, Chatsky and the phrase «Who are the judges?» So, «do not judge – and you will not be judged!» Otherwise, «Tell me who I am – tell me who you are!», as comrade Nero said!

I repent: unlike a knife, this device had to be tested not «on the stand». At the same time, something else had to: take sin on the soul – together with a strange soul. One consolation: the soul was a rat, not in the sense that, to my joy, the man turned out to be bad. The soul was a rat, because it belonged to a rat. I had to check the operation of the device. «In conditions as close as possible to the fighting»! I want to immediately please the defender of wildlife... in myself: I did not make the rat suffer. She «walked away» quietly and without much delay. It inspired optimism. Oh, if the rat – «number one» survival in extreme conditions – showed such a «suddenness», then what to say for a man! Hence – am I not a humanist?! Even in relation to those objects of work, that need to be «escorted» exclusively through the «wheel» and the «iron maiden»!

Someone may ask a question: «Why is it so exotic: shooting knives, needles?» It is clear, why: «for the moral-psychological effect». And also for conspiracy: it is more difficult to search for originals. This is not a primitive usher with an ax. The original must be sought not with the feet, but with the head. And with this, today's detectives have big problems: the form does not match the content.

So, I got equipped and was ready to «go out into the field». There was no need to go far: here it is – just look out the window! A wide field... of my activities! But, as one comrade told us, haste is needed only when catching fleas. But I was going to catch a client – and remain elusive myself! Therefore, I have not yet decided on the mode of operation – and it was already necessary to determine the safety measures.

Yes, of course, I can «pick up the clientele» right from the window. While the villains missing. But besides the scoundrels, there are enough brains both on them and on everything else. Including to think about. Think about how true the installation is, nevertheless: «Do not commit fornication where you work, do not steal where you live!» «Save on the search – it is harming yourself! In the sense of: look for adventures on her! And do not just search: find them!

As Vysotsky sang, «I explain it popularly for the ignorant». If I will «work at the place of residence», even our conditional detectives, even if not immediately, but «reach» – both to the thought and to me! And when they get there, they will narrow the search to several houses! Hence – what conclusion is it? «Elementary, Watson»: you need to knock down the «garbage» from the panties, and along with the track! That is, «to guide them on the right path». And this can be done only by expanding the geography of work. That is, go beyond the «zone of circular review». With similar facts that took place in different places of the city, you have to put... no: drive the police to a dead end! Only different places should be... really different places! Not neighboring streets, not neighboring neighborhoods – only neighboring areas! It is necessary to divert suspicions of detectives – along with their few brains – away from the place of residence!

Of course, insurance is a retreat «from the line». But without it, there will be no «line»! Yes, and insurance does not cancel the task of optimizing villains «at home», so that they do not spoil the look and mood. It is necessary to combine! Need to work in parallel! We have to keep up – in order for the police to have time only to register the facts! To anything else she never had time! So, there is a road in the neighboring area, not right now – if necessary! I'm only trying to decide: dare me or not?

And, behold, how can I dare, I have not decided with this yet. After all, this is what kind of cross I charge myself! Even without being «Dubrovsky» and «Robin Hood», de facto I will «sign up as an accomplice»! But is it enough for me alone? And do I need it? All right, I optimized one villain. So, after all, he so pissed off my eyes and soul that there was no strength! The forces were found only on its optimization. Well, let me still have a reserve in place. For insurance, I will work out a similar clientele in other places. Well, enough! This is not a contract, but easy prevention! I do not set myself global challenges. I am not going to present all human sorrow for payment!

Yes, there is a problem. And the problem is serious. But my view of it is local and extremely narrow: the width of the window and the circular view. The main thing is that not a single bastard should call in my eyes and drip onto my soul! And in «Jesus the other way round», I'm not going to disguise myself, not the All-Forgiven, but All-Unforgiving and the Vindicator. Sorry, but this is an ideology. And my interest in this matter is purely practical: if you are not at me, scum, then there is no me at you! Do not catch my eye, do not get in my way – and we disperse peacefully! I am not bloodthirsty. I have enough of the blood that is necessary for enlightenment in the minds of potential customers. Do not disturb me to live – and I will not disturb you! Is it not a revolutionary approach? So I'm not a revolutionary! I am only removing obstacles from my path! Do not be an obstacle – and I will not remove you... for lack of need.

So it's decided: I haven't dared yet. As it is peculiar to us, «Ivans»! Russian «maybe» is our «modus vivendi» together with the «modus operandi»! Do not do today what can be done tomorrow – and, at least, for a day, you are free from work and thoughts. And, most importantly: you are free from having to make a decision! Maybe, Jesus really is right: «... do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow itself will care about your: enough for each day of their care!» If it's really so, then this a Jew is a real Russian!..

Chapter four

I walk down the street – and I wasn't in a good mood, as it never happened: the «brick» was broken again, and the footpaths once again saddled the «steep» ones. So, that's fate, but in passing – not fate: fate – on the case, not fate – on the sofa. I did not make a choice: I did not have it. Yes, and I did not choose, and me. Rock himself chose me to be the judge and executioner in combination. All claims all claims must be addressed to him. But the main claim – to yourself, the «cool» gentlemen. Because now I have to «produce» from this word: «twist the tail», «twist the heads», «twist the arms». That is, to do very «cool». Alas: «we do not have power in ourselves», and if you are imperious – so much the worse for you. That's not blame me, but on high self-esteem.

Now I do not save for tomorrow what can be done today. Because it is not possible, but must be done! And today, «while we are free, we are burning, while our hearts are alive for honor»! And, if «closer to the ground» – while at me from all the «frontal» openings the smoke is falling! Now I am in the most creative frame of mind, because I am definitely not located to these comrades!

There are three men in the car. The scope of work is above the norm, but «there are no such fortresses, that the Bolsheviks would not have taken». And the three of them do not impress the impregnable Ishmael. For a start, I do a reconnaissance: determined by location. Unfortunately the place is very close from my window. But the street again justifies my expectations, «earning money» from the parochial alley. And the windows inspire optimism: an afternoon siesta is a holy time for drunks and pensioners.

I went to my comrades. I bow politely, and then – also politely – «I work a little bit like Lenin»: I stretch my hand to the side, even if it is a broken, but still sign «Travel is forbidden!» The people turn out to be intelligible – and they do not need to repeat the «said». Instead, an explanatory work begins among me. «At first» I «indicate the route of movement», the final point of which – just three letters. «On the second» all three start to get out of the car. I also «turn on»: I take the «shooter» out of my pocket. Its ugly look causes terrible laughter. Join my smile. Neither give nor take: «warm company», laughing at the scabrous joke. «Friends, comrades» format «to the grave»!

The comrades have already begun to equip themselves with additional arguments in the already begun «discussion». One of them is «replenished» with a wrench, the other with a hunting double barrel, which the rear seat of the car slips on him. The third is armed with text and fists. I do not mind: under such a matter optimization will go «for a sweet soul» – together with the souls of customers. It will go as easily as vodka – with a good snack in good company. And this company is good – by the fact only, that it is not good at all. It's suitable company to work with it.

But to delay with this event is not worth it. Therefore, I do not give my comrades «to turn into battle formations» – and the first to «open fire to defeat». Comrades do not even have time to marvel at how amazed they are. All three, one after another, immediately take part in the installation on the theme of Vasnetsov's immortal creation «After Igor Svyatoslavich's Battle with the Polovtsy». In the «budget option» due to the shortage of participants. All, of course, are «in the role of Polovtsy». For the collective image of the Russians – also in the «budget version» – I work it out, because the truth is always with us, because we stand for it like a mountain.

And here again the devil pulls me under the arm: «Draw a „brick“! Everything is at hand: both „paint“ and „canvas“! You leave a mark, but not inherit! Help me understand dull!»

The temptation is great – and not only by the grandeur of the seducer. But, thinking for a moment – the limit! – I tactfully, but decisively, «withdraw my hand» for the same reasons as the first time. I already «left footprints»: the second case in a month, ten meters from the first one and on the same topic! Then the brainless will come to the idea, because she will come to him: «Is it a coincidence?»

This is too much to match. Therefore, while still working out my comrades, I am already making plans for the evening. On the very evening that had already come – through me – on these comrades. «I already have no time to bend over the map of hostilities» in the form of «the chief of my staff»: it's time to work! Alas, I will have to work under the conditions of a time limit, in an unfavorable operational-strategic situation, «turning already on the march» and «engaging in battle right from the wheel»! Yes, and I have to work out not one client and not one site, because I have already «lit up» my house twice. I assume that «sapienti – sat!», even if among the cops of this «sapienti» cannot be found during the day with fire! But this is the case when you cannot spoil the porridge with butter! Better to be safe than underinsurance!

Therefore, I have only such a mode of operation: «one leg is here, the other is there!» This means that I must cover at least a couple of areas of the city. And I have to keep within the hour or two, not more: I must minimize the time gap with the «action number two». Incompetent comrades from the competent authorities need to think only what I need. And I need to think, that they should not do. And they do not need to do anything except treading asphalt and expressing regrets about the lack of even minimal clues. This is in their own interest, because «in much wisdom there is much sadness; and who multiplies knowledge, multiplies sorrow». Unnecessary knowledge is a problem not only for the head, but for the ass, and not for someone else's – for your own.

So, let the gentlemen of the «Pinkertons» think, that a gang is operating in the city that is not tied to my local territory. For me, it will be an alibi and a false trace: the classic «two in one». And for them that's an extra reason to tell the authorities: «Oh, a very tricky mystery you invented to us!»

Eh, we should take a taxi, but it is not necessary! It is impossible: the damned taxi drivers have a memory – even if it turns off! Even today's defective, with a personal car. Therefore, diligently imitating the unhurried pace, I run to the bus stop. After all, I am not in a neighboring district that starts on the other side of the street. It is not for nothing that they say: «you will put it far away – closer take it!» And I'm going to two non-prestigious areas on the outskirts: I bring cops, but at the same time divert suspicion.

I admit: I am going unprepared to the task. The terrain is not explored, no reconnaissance, no plan, because with this trinity of pure impromptu came out. It was necessary to postpone the event, include it in the plan, «prepare design estimates, prepare a justification» and so on! But «the soul of the poet did not endure» – and it brought and carried the poet! Unfortunately, not for the first time! So now I'm not only taking away, taking away, but glossing over. Smear the sins that are blemishes. I slander me in an original way: by accepting new ones. Not per capita: on balance. But the fact that it is not my sins excuses me. I correct others.

Sorry, Lord, but it's about You! These are Your sins. It is You, the All-Good and the Most Gracious, who allowed and allowed! Indeed, without you and Dad, as you yourself admitted, not a single hair from the head will fall. That's why I am do not burden the soul, but on the contrary: I unload! And you do not reprimand me to declare «with entering», but bring me on the tablets! «I agree to a medal» – «in the face» of gratitude in the trade union line: «for active participation in the clean-up work on cleaning the territory»... from scoundrels!

Half an hour I'm on the spot. Fortunately – not only me: potential clientele is on-site also. In its place, albeit not in its own way: in private cars on footpaths. I look at my watch: there is no time for courtesy. Since it is necessary to act decisively and quickly, I do just that: I quickly and decisively ask for trouble. Customers think that – for trouble for themselves. For the time being, I do not dissuade them from this. Comprehension of the truth happens to them at the very last moment, when the blade is already flying towards its destiny – «in the face of the client».

I am satisfied with the parameters of the object. I didn't even have to arrange a contest: all the «masters of life» are the same as twins. And this one corresponds to «one hundred percent»: arrogant, fat, with an arrogant smirk and sunglasses on the forehead, which even in the deep darkness will not take for Socratic. He even earns extra points: accelerates pedestrians with wheels, horn and obscene

language. He is not embarrassed by the fact, that de jure he is not master here, but pedestrians. After all, he is the «master of life». And that means, he is «the master of everything in it».

I come to the chosen one and do not even try to diversify the repertoire. Well, the one: about the «brick». The chosen one also corresponds: for a start, «sends me on a business trip to a known address», and then begins to get out of the car to continue «work among me» already in place. And not one begins – but with self-made brass knuckles, which even from «amateur status» do not look less weighty. Looking at the «sweet couple», I make an unmistakable conclusion about the path traveled by a friend: over heads and ribs. In this case, the intellect is clearly not attached to the birth certificate. This facilitates the achievement of mutual understanding. I also «love» those, who personify a new thinking: «I bought it for one dollar in one place, I sold it for three in another, I live for these two percent».

A comrade does not have time to «turn around in battle formations»: my tool does it before. But the friend manages to grin contemptuously. But this is the last thing that he manages: it is up to us and the «battle friend» to keep up the pace. In the end, everyone gets his: customer – reward, I – satisfaction. The deed is done – and I must go. No rest: on another object. I perform the latest reconnaissance – and I get an additional portion of satisfaction: our fleeting tete-a-tete did not attract the slightest attention of rare passersby.

Again I look at my watch: only forty minutes have passed since the previous promotion. Taking into account the fact, that those, who want to «pay their respects» are not visible on the horizon, but our forensic examination, in contrast from the cinema, only shows the day of death, I can safely go to the bus stop. My path lies in the area adjacent with this: the same remote place, but with its «masters of life». On the way, I am filled with pride for both of us: for myself and my work. The «Pinkerton» riddle is made on time, in the right quantity and quality.

To the neighboring area by bus – about ten minutes to go. To the place where the «cool ones are found» is another ten minutes. Twice I have time to praise the bus fleet: the cars go right on schedule and even more. «At the line of attack», I go out with a margin of five minutes. And that means I have time to look around, to make a choice and not to be mistaken with him. All three things I put in a limit. And, most importantly: the goal is the one you need. With the exception of one nuance: it is «three-headed». So, I will have to «slightly exceed the limit» – and my launcher will have to work out in the mode of «separable warheads of individual guidance».

There is no time to pick and choose: time has gone. Yes, and «ammunition» is nothing special to regret: I use not the «gift» clip, but the one that «for everyday wear». It is also more useful for the alibi: after all, while «I remain faithful». Therefore, I have a legal basis to doubt, that the local Sherlock will succeed in reaching the manufacturer. But if they also do not establish the composition of the alloy, I will be fatally disappointed. I ask pardon, but to deal with absolutely fools, although profitable, but not interesting! Well, not the adrenaline rush to the blood! Neither in quality nor quantity!

Everything goes exactly according to the scenario, even boring: a dozen of maters, a demonstration of power – and a final. The curtain falls – and not on the scene: on the eyes and brains. I linger on the fallen only in order to verify the quality of work. I am convinced: the work was done qualitatively – through holes in skulls. I have no time for lyrics again – not to mention about desire – and I look at the clock: one hour and five minutes from the first «stripping». It seems to fit the standard: three stocks – within an hour. For Russia it's almost simultaneously. And then the informants will help the «native militia»: they will give a minute disagreement. And the exact time will be approximate, as required. The discrepancy will be within tolerance: «plus or minus».

I breathe out with a full breast and with the step of a Stakhanovist, coming from the shift, I head for the bus. I must go home. On the way, I meet no one: it was already dark, and in this, by God forgotten, the land, the people half an hour, as dispersed to their homes. By the way, the ill fame of both regions is by the way. Where else to work detectives, if not in problem areas, especially since I threw them fresh problems.

So, I did today, as many as three good deeds «about the seven heads». I foresee the question: «Well, why are you attached to these car owners?» He will be asked by a person who is not burdened with brains. The one to which the lacking truth does not reach: it is necessary to bring. I bring: the case – not in the car, but in the types. Because they are not just types: types. They are the personification of unrighteousness, its quintessence and the focus of all the evils of the «exclusively inhuman» regime. For this regime excludes man from being, for it is for some men at the expense of others – and those others is the vast majority. And let me not on their behalf, but from among them. Therefore, in returning to the violators of traffic rules, I pay the whole regime. I reward, without even setting myself the goal of reward.

But my critic is also wrong for another reason. In my work, I do not limit myself to artificial frames. I am a «multi-stationer» – not from nature, but from such a life. Life does not allow for selectivity. Indeed, in this case, no less worthy of the number of potential customers will be overlooked. Alas, but a textbook of «there are many called here, but few chosen ones» needs substantially edited. In this: «as many as are called, there are as many elect».

It means that «I go out alone on the road» not to not see the forest behind the trees. And let me not enough for this work, this work is enough for me. After all, even in the Year of the Dog, or, there, the monkeys, our age is the Age of the Rogue! And our century is enough for our age!

Therefore, the «comrade» can be calm: «there will be a pipe for you, there will be a whistle». Have a condescension: I'm just getting up to speed. And then: it is impossible to grasp the immensity. And I am always ready to add: «but the possible need to embrace!» As one man said: «So let us cut these heads until the sword is dull!» And I am much closer to the literal interpretation of the covenant, than its author himself! So, if I need criticism, I myself am at my disposal. And not idle criticism for the sake of, but for the «correction line».

Chapter five

«Firefighters are looking for, police are looking for...», as one comrade wrote. People of my age remember how these searches and these lines ended: «Search everywhere, but they cannot find...». This poetic report on the search touched an unknown hero. I can rightfully take it to myself. And not with one reason: with many. First of all, they are looking for me too. Secondly, it is the police. Thirdly, they are looking for committing the heroic act in the amount of three to seven units. No matter what is heroic, only in my understanding. Fourthly, they are looking for me – and they cannot find me. And not because they are looking bad: because I help me not to find. After all, if they were looking for the hero of the poem, albeit for scanty, but still signs: a typical appearance, typical pants, then in my case the detectives don't have that either. Well, I did not give anything at their disposal.

Therefore, it gives me an unconditional aesthetic pleasure to hear on TV the plaintive requests of the police to assist it in the search for an unknown attacker. Due to this «crying» it is not difficult to conclude, that I have already been made more than once: «the unknown tried to remain unnoticed – and he succeeded in this». The lamentations of the militiamen are another argument for.

It strengthens and raises, but, at the same time, and does not allow. In order of succession: faith in yourself, mood, loss of vigilance. Yes, there are shifts: nothing moves. As far as I understand, my opponents understood what they should have understood: nothing. They decided what they, today's, and must decide: this is the work of unknown hooligans. To accept hooligans for robbers and robbers they are not allowed by the fact that «the victims of the attack of the unknown» remained «in their own interests». With the exception of one: life.

With a feeling of deep satisfaction, I learn, that I managed to remove suspicions from my place of residence. Opponents are clearly beginning to «spread the idea of the tree». And, «spreading out», they cannot «flow» in one direction. No, of course, they have a lot of versions. But all of them are from despair and for paper. True, one day a very unhealthy one flashes – because a healthy one – the thought: «What if avenger put his hands to this case?»

I am already beginning to worry – and not only for the fate of thought, but also for my own – but I immediately get the opportunity to calm down. The thought of a comrade is quickly knitted hand and foot with one single counter-question: «This avenger is something like Figaro: here and there?!» And the fellow «floats». At first he tries to raise the noun «avenger» into the dignity of the plural, and then, without waiting for the «third cock» on his ass, courageously capitulates. The proposal, as going out of step with the general opinion, is consigned to oblivion.

For this reason, unity of mind reigns supreme: this is the aggregate unrelated disparate actions of hooligans, their own for each district. There turns the eyes of «stars» of the regional police department – where I look at them.

I am calm: everything goes according to plan. I do not observe any pedestrian walkway auto-privatizer out of the window. Familiar businessmen – real scoundrels! – covered, if not horror, then thoughts about life and about yourself. The air smells of autumn and pacifying peace. I do not claim copyright for the smell of autumn, but appeasement is my production. Pleases and the attitude of «people». He reacts adequately: «by stormy applause, turning into a standing ovation», even if only in eyes. That's because «our love with the owners» is mutual – «to the coffin», in which one side is trying to drive the other. Well, as it should be in democracy in the Russian way.

The tacit approval of people does not oblige me to anything – and at the same time it does. And may I not be «a conscious fighter for the cause... and so on», but because «I cannot do otherwise». Therefore, for the «rear» I am calm... after I organize it myself: «people» – it is «people». There is only one hope for people: that it will not betray you. But it can: «people» it is «people»! Therefore, I am not for it: I am for myself, and not «in the name and on behalf of», but because «who, if not me?!»

Then: why «obliges»? Honestly, I do not know. I have only one clever explanation: because I am a fool. If I was not fool, nothing would oblige me. I did not subscribe to obligations. I do it at the behest of the soul, and not according to the order. And in the matter of optimizing such an object, this consideration is paramount. One should not go to this business like unloading wagons, but fluttering along with the soul! Because all the soul must invest in this case – and not only your own! In such a case, no one can call you: only you yourself! Here, I called myself. And under such a call, it is quite possible that the feeling that trust imposes responsibility can slip through. Meaning: inspires! Not as a line from a contract of employment, as a moral incentive! I do not find another explanation. And I have no time to look for him: the work is worth it. And, okay, just worth it: waiting! You can say: I have already waited!

As a result, «I'm alone on the road... dragging a weary ax». Here it is time to say: «a lot of plans». This is the question to which I have already answered: on the priority of interests. So, here: in my work I do not close on violators of traffic rules from among the «civilian» scum. There are as many as three objects of preference in my assortment: law enforcement agencies, businessmen, officials – all of them with certification «sneaky» in the appropriate person. I did not enroll them in clients: they themselves. Therefore, there is no way back. For both sides: me – «on them», they – «on the last journey».

Only visual information is not enough in this case, of course. Well, after all, I myself is to blame: there was nothing to turn into «a little bit in a social activist». Therefore, I «expand the circle of informers». I collect additional characteristics from open sources: newspapers, Internet, rumors, opinions of colleagues. Colleagues are usually the most principled: they do not spare not so much themselves as each other. And not at work: outside it. Therefore, their information can be trusted, if not «for one hundred», then for ninety «with a tail». Envy for succeeding the other is the most reliable key for opening mouths and souls. All I have to do is «move a stone» – and an avalanche of revelations will sweep away the «untainted image of the selfless worker of the sofa and chair».

Where do I get these opportunities from? So, after all I am «a little bit from there» myself. «We were once trotters». I was in the System myself – it was the System that rejected me, because a little earlier, I turned away the System. This is not forgiven – and I was not forgiven. I left – yes, a little bit remained a few roots in the face of individual «friends». As I left, I didn't have any planes on them, but they «saved themselves» as a source of information. At first, I consumed it along with a snack under the next «one hundred grams» of vodka. But when I «embarked on the warpath», the maintenance of the conversation on my part was already focused. In the end, I became the owner of such a number of «palace secrets», that even after sifting through a frequent sieve, they would be enough for several sentences.

But judges can rest assured of their missing conscience: «I do not want to disturb you with anything». The solution to the problem of my clients is my problem. And I solve it in my own style: operatively and exclusively in a surgical way.

So, what about worry, I cannot worry: my work front is wide. But I start by saying, that... I continue in the same vein and in the same spirit: I go according to the souls of violators of traffic rules. This time they are from among those, who are ex officio resolutely suppressed. But since they are unable to stop, for the violators are the essence, I come to their aid as a volunteer, as no one is an authorized social activist.

«Not long the music played». But at the same time, «a holy place is never empty». In the literal sense: recently cleaned of «tough» violators, the place under my window is even more vigorously settled by gentlemen from the local police department. Unfortunately, I have no luck with my place of residence: I coexist with local law enforcement officers. But they only care for my place of residence – only to the parking lot. Alas: they consider themselves to be «masters of life» to an even greater degree, than the owners of «cool cars». Yes, they themselves are the owners of «cool cars»... with a salary, which will be enough to buy a piece of bread and a pair of pants.

Why none of the «boss speaker» does not even look out the window? Why no one slides an eye on this defile of foreign cars? Why nobody does not ask the question: «Tell me, comrade, is it not for nothing...»? I haven't been interested in this «why-bother» for a long time. After all, all the questions have one answer: the one, who should ask, is «from the same basket»! And for demand, you can also get a counter argument: «Tell me who I am – I will say who you are!» And get it exclusively on the neck, as well as more tangible places.

Therefore, I'm replacing these questions with another, more relevant: «So, we have a road there?» I didn't come right away – and not to my comrades: to the thought. I'm not a «fighter for an idea». My principle is: «You do not touch me – I do not touch you». In order for what happened to happen, quantity must turn into quality, to be more precise, the amount of mental anguish – in the quality of determination. And one day it happens, as it should be, by chance. On the basis of the car and the traffic rules again, when the «guardians» dispersed the pedestrians peacefully walking along the allotted street on their foreign cars. Accident is a special case of regularity. And, if movie character, under the impression of what he saw, said: «And then I decided: „To sell!“, I decided, though also in one word, but even sharper: " To delete!»

My personal moment is not a detonator to the public. One just layered on the other. But there is no one to anyone no appendage. So sometimes it happens, that the personal and the «other» go not only by parallel courses, but also by the same path. They go both in my brain and outside of them. Once again: I am not the avenger usually. Basically: it does not always work for me. Sometimes «I leave the image» and hardly return to it. With hard work over clients «not from the list». But, if I am at times and avenger «not for myself», I am only «for the company», because I am «in the name and on behalf of myself». Although I will not hide: the feeling of universal injustice, fleshed out by personal impressions and «case materials», is also involved in the progress: moves me to the point. More precisely: on business. Therefore, sometimes I can say about myself: this particular set of «inspired us to work and to feats».

Another lyrical digression is to ensure that my «movers», «historical roots» and that «guiding and directing» were clear. No, it – «the same one» – does not push me in the back and does not drag me by the collar. It only helps me not to make a mistake in choosing a goal. The goal must be worthy part of my client. My «inner pilot» only guides me to the path of truth. And I can no longer take another route:

«Where is the truth? Above the truth is fog.
She lives between snakes and ashes in a crypt,
But I go after it and light
Its way with my trembling lantern» (Edith Södergran).

No wonder another comrade said: «The point is not in the roads we choose. The point is that inside us it makes us choose the road». And no matter how «high» it is, it «forced» me – and now, I light the way to the truth, partly, of course, and not always literally. Because I «light up», «thinning, weeding and removing». Whom? Weed element, naturally: nouveau riches of all stripes and their advocates from the people – those same law enforcement officers, who are protected exclusively by the rights of the haves. And those «servants of the people» who changed their roles with him, having overlooked the principle of one wise man: «consent is a product with complete non-resistance of the parties» – for there was no such agreement.

That's why I go back to work. Do not go myself: they lead me – no sense of duty: the unjust deeds of the unrighteous. It does not give me not stay aside! Hence there is the setting: «And the eternal battle! Rest is only in our dreams!» Well, and my clients, I hope, if they dream of peace, it is only in terrible dreams. Although one of them should be reached, «you will be judged for your deeds»! That «from anyone who has been given much, much will be required, and to whom much has been entrusted, from that more will be demanded»! Here I go – on the soul and on the heads. Alas, there is no other road to justice, least, in our life.

I'm afraid to be annoying, but I did not choose the path: he chose me. And the «comrades» helped him not to make a mistake with the choice. Although, they know, with what and with whom it will end, they would not spare the forces for a mistake. After all, they helped this path choose not only me, but themselves also: me – as a judge and executioner, themselves – as defendants and convicts. And not as victims: as objects of deserved retribution. Therefore: «let justice be done!» For it can happen only outside the walls of the «palaces of justice»: there it is, even if by right, but unrighteous...

So, I'm going to kill – on the situation again. Here it is – another proof of my personal approach to the issue! «Citizen» in me «has a rest», although I «plow» for him and at him like a nigger! This work is unplanned, but urgent: boiling so that the cover breaks! Most of all «gets» the fact, that they violate those who should stop. I can still understand «Quod licet Jovi, non licet Bovi»: «What is allowed to Jupiter, is not allowed by the bull!» But where is at least one «Jupiter»?! There are solid «bulls» around! «You take bribes not according to rank!», as rightly noted the Mayor at Gogol. I would also have worked all of them out, but «my hands are short». And their ones are long: will get me «from under the earth», because «I sit high – I look at you!» Hence it's the task to me: «Cut the bough on the shoulder!» So I'm cutting them – the bough, which I can handle! And let others comrades with wider shoulders chop off – «along the line of wider opportunities». I have so much work – at least, write down the Guinness Book of Records!

Today there is the real defile of «cool» cars here – of the «cool» cops. So they serve the people selflessly, that they have reached the «Lexus», or even two «per nose»! This is not counting the elite apartments, cottages, furnishings and «elite» accounts of the «closed type»! «To whom a great deal is entrusted, much is given to that!» And, if not given, then taken! Our «righteous tenants» are the real specialists on the interpretation in their favor not only human laws, but also divine! That's another «point» in their «debit».

But today I will have to sweat. And much more than those pedestrians, some of which combines cross-country running with running with obstacles, and the other should be set «away from sin». That is, retreats to the starting line for a circumvention maneuver in the hope of avoiding a meeting with the «defenders». And, here, «we will go another way». For them, the shortest distance is a curve. But I remain loyal to the «golden classics»: «I attach a ruler».

The fact, that people dematerialized, that's even good: I do not need and sympathetic views. The best help from the side is her absence. Because «in many wisdom there is a lot of sadness...". Or, as the same Mayor said: «Sometimes a lot of mind is worse, than if it hadn't been at all!» Comrades passersby relieve themselves from the sin of meeting with me, and me from the sin of meeting them. Let not themselves deliver, but thanks to the «masters of life», who did not allow them to become even random passersby. And this already helps them not to become «victims of an accident»: true to the classics, I leave no witnesses. And this is not my fault, but them: always have to be in that time, and in that place.

But I deduct this merit to the «valiant» guardians as not active, and in passive. After all, they did a good deed on the way to evil. Not even that: the good turned out to be only a by-product of evil. «Waste production».

I proceed to reconnaissance. Not all cars are habitable. Part of the car owners managed to disperse in the corridors of the magnificent building of the Central Internal Affairs Directorate, which was once the temple of science. At the time of «totalitarianism», the Research Institute of some exact sciences flourished here. But with the «triumph of democracy» the sciences did not disappear – and the need for churches to worship them disappeared. And the amenities of «defenders of the people» also had to think! After all, science will not protect the new owners of life from the people – and this is the primary concern of the «servants of the people»! Well, how can you not please the native man?!

On the one hand, the «lack of personnel» is distressing. I came not then to walk twice. It turns out the shortfall of the plan. But on the other hand... As a finished materialist, I cannot fail

to recognize the law of the unity and struggle of opposites. Therefore, the other party must have a place to be – and has. And on the other hand, my task is made easier: «it is impossible to grasp the immensity». It was only the hero of the song, who could smugly say: «I am the holder of the sky with strong hands!». For all their fortresses, my hands will not suffice not only to heaven, but also to the piece of the earth! We, realists, must be... realists! After all, optimizing two dozen violators – namely, so many violates the rules of the road today – and remaining incognito at the same time is akin to a feat in the square!

And I «go to the goal» with peace of mind. For additional calm for the time of work, I «turn off» the soul. Even «iron Felix» the Chekist's parameters: «hot heart» and «cold head». And am I not a security officer?! At least, along the line of work in the deep underground, even under his window?! That and it: the security officer!

First of all – the second after reconnaissance – I produce inventory. There are in stock five goals for twenty-four units. I must manage, because it is necessary. There is a word: «We must!» And we, fools, have such a right, which is a duty: first to jerk a stripped vest on the chest, and then – from the trench! Nothing obliges us, but we still do it! But if you took a tug – take away life and the jackpot! I do not need a jackpot – I need lives! And therefore, not even called, I answer: «Yes!» I answer myself – not to someone else's man, who sometimes says, it seems, the right words, but it turns out, as in the saying: «Not the mistress who says – but the one who cooks soup!»

All car owners are of the titular nation. «Aliens do not go here», especially, they do not drive. This simplifies my task even more: our «love» is mutual. Because I used to perceive Kipling as abstract literature – about the fact that «there,» they have it.»

Take up the White Man's burden —
 Send forth the best ye breed —
 Go bind your sons to exile
 To serve your captives' need;
 To wait in heavy harness
 On fluttered folk and wild —
 Your new-caught sullen peoples,
 Half devil and half child.»

Now I read these verses as an autobiography. And so the bill to «those who are», I have a little bit personal. But it is a seasoning to the dish: the objectivity of the consumer does not interfere. On the contrary: promotes learning – in this case, of the souls of men. Conditionally human: after all, «the owners of life» are «beings of a higher order». That is how they themselves and «position», in vain, that they themselves – only in the first generation are not «from the plow». But conditionally human they are for me. True, «from the other side»: nothing human, with the exception of external resemblance, I do not observe in them. Therefore, I agree with the classification: «creatures». And, if they are beings, then I have no sin either. Sin is our human construction «for internal use» only. Therefore, I do not even need an indulgence: there is no crime object.

Is it conceptual confusion? «Mixing genres»? It may be, although, hardly. But if this is so, it is not from a lack of thoughts and arguments. And those and others – an excess, even though the competition arrange! Now I am satisfied: I have not one line of defense, but as many as you like! And every argument is like a bayonet! And all together they stand like a mountain for me! But I'm not hiding behind them. I just declare their presence to all interested parties, and, above all – to me, because we, intellectuals, love to delve into the soul. We love to tear it up and turn it inside out. But when she is under the reinforced concrete foundation of authority, when she is in a bullet-proof vest of arguments and arguments – try, dig it up! And I have such a defense – «blood from the nose»! I have to go to work! What are we security officers, if not with a cool head?!

Of the five objects of work, four are officers in uniform, and only one is a sergeant. But he has such an impudent, such fat face that I begin to moan with grief: the comrade obviously brought

a big boss. And, judging by only the details of the driver, the boss deserves at least an extraordinary optimization. I know these and not according to rumors: «We were once trotters once...».

But to «no» there is no trial. That is, it is, but postponed. And this is not a big word: I'm memorizing the number of the car. In absentia I sentence the absent client. But the «presence of absence» does not detract from the presence of de facto: after all, but four souls. Four waiting for my close attention soul! I use this noble word only in an arithmetic sense: as a unit of account, because I do not even doubt the absence of «souls» of the soul. That is normal, human. There is a bulletproof vest, but, unlike me – not to protect the soul, but instead of it. And body armor is of a police officer. And that says it all. No comments.

Reconnaissance leads me to a disappointing conclusion: I am at a strategic disadvantage. The cars are lined up, but of the two, the number one closest to me with the client, is well visible. I do not have time to work them all in turn. No matter how lazy and stupid they are – and I have only one of them all. I simply will not reach the last in the list. Even if he is not armed with a pistol, at least he is armed with a «cellular» one. Horseradish radish is not sweeter!

So, we must collect them all to the heap! Think, head, think! Although... what is there to think!

«Hey, you! What the fuck are you here crowded on the footpath? But you, your mother, are servants of the law... lousy!»

I work on option «number two». At first, I wanted to «introduce myself» to local state security. I have a travel card – the appropriate one: a red crust with gold embossing. Until you figure out what is written there – and I am already a «special service»! Yes, and I will not let you understand!

But this thought is good only for the first time, because the idea is rough and it does not always have a chance to pass. Much depends not only on you, but also on the client and the case also. With this option, a lot is needed for success: speed, onslaught, impudence. But the main thing is reliability: artistic data is always needed. And now I am «not in the image»: no suitable state of mind. No creative mood.

But there is a duplicate option. And I use it. Principality – it is arrogance in relation to the «servants of the law» – is the trouble-free method. «Servant» will not always lead to imposture, but always provocation bite! But how else: he is the «master of life»! And therefore he must teach me life – and at the same time «give life» by giving on vital organs.

The «guardians» are taken aback: they have obviously lost the habit of «compliments» in their address. But their confusion does not last long: a couple of seconds, not more. And already at the third second, they are amicably, as if on cue, get out of their cars.

«Yes, yes, all – here!» I continue «to cause a fire on myself». In their interpretation: «seek adventure on your ass». My call stimulates the movement activity of the «watchmen». Almost by jumping, they overcome the distance that divides us. Two of them on the move unbutton holster. The average citizen with these gestures should already «ship in his pants». My pants are working in the provision of the regime «hands – in the pants.» And not figuratively: my hands are where my instrument of production.

«Hands behind head! Face – to the car!» commanded me dashing major. Apparently, for excitement, he forgets about the team about the legs. We must also order: «Legs – shoulder-width apart!» As in the morning gymnastics: «Lean forward!» But this scenario is not the same. According to this scenario, now they should put me on the ground, carry out explanatory work among me – by means of my legs, and then escort me to the «office»: it's not just one of them – such a pleasure. The guys honestly share me with colleagues. After that, I will be installed, attracted and transferred through the court. Load me up so that little does not seem. «My back» will be offered the entire «gentleman's set»: from the provision of resistance, accompanied by violence – to the storage and distribution of drugs. No, of course, the valiant guards will not declare that I tried to distribute drugs among them. For this business, they always have a «public rations».

«Comrades» are waiting for the execution of the team. They are waiting with impatience: they are no longer eager to expose me... with their feet. I take my hand out of my pocket. I don't have time to show clients the image of death: the object is in the line of fire, even at a distance of aimed shooting. And laughter about my «argument» I had already heard enough. This is not the repetition that is the mother of learning. The simpler is the better in this particular case.

«Hand...»

The major does not have time to duplicate his order, because Christ's logic comes into play: «And what do you look at the bough in your brother's eye, but do you not feel the log in your eye?» I don't know if the major had time to feel it, but the «beam» of my blade sticks out in his eye. Very small the tail sticks out: the rest is already «permeating the space», taking the next client into the past.

Beyond the time limit, I cannot allow his companions to even be taken aback properly. Therefore, the «shots» follow, one after the other. And one after another my clients in ironed uniforms are falling to the ground. I am not Hercules in part of the musculature and not Bruce Lee in the field of martial arts. But on the part of «call in the eye» – I am a little bit of Robin Hood. I will not say that, like him, I will split the blade with a blade, but at five paces I will not give the slip, as they used to say in Pushkin's times! Well, here is a talent I have one! I would have to fight for gold at the Olympics – and, I understand, I am fighting for the truth at my place of residence! But I take my job professionally – not worse than the Olympians. I respect clients «for the whole ten», otherwise I would be guaranteed a completely different one from their side!

So it's done. To admire the still life – here, really, that's strictly: «dead nature»! – I am busy. And so the saved moments I spend, or rather, invest in a circular review, as I was once taught both in the soldiers and in the students. The review pleases with the desired «presence of absence»: no one in sight. I hope, and me too. I return the knife to my pocket and mentally I spit with clients. It's time to tackle the issue of an alibi: after all, for the third time I am «giving a tip to myself».

I giving a farewell glance at foreign cars. A hot wave of desire rises within me, because I want them all to burn to the ground! I have a specific desire. Because I «greet»... more precisely, «welcome» not only «motorists», but also cars. Optimization of the car would have caused me no more regrets than the optimization of their owners. And regrets about optimizing the owners I have no more, than regrets about crushed cockroaches. It is more appropriate to say, that it is desirable to consider the optimization of a car «in one package» with the optimization of their owners. And I would have done it if it were not for a whole bunch of «but».

On the one hand, cars, like, and nothing to do. But the whole thing is what a car! A normal citizen can see such a car... only on the pedestrian path in the place of residence. This car is an exclusive for the «owners of life»! And he will pass by inheritance to the next «owner». Hence: the absence of exceptions for the owner excludes them for his «iron horse», the one, that is, albeit unwittingly, but a means of violating traffic rules. The one that is of noble origin is intended solely for violations.

So what: sorry nothing. In the sense of: not about anyone, except myself: I don't have time for «extra services». And there is no it because there is no magic wand! This is one thing: to wave the wand – and «here it was – and no!» And quite another thing is the world without wizards, especially in conditions of hard time trouble. And the distraction to unscheduled volume is what is, and a departure from the principles. For my claims to the «gland» are mediated through the «living organism». But I am not only not the avenger, but not luddit. Therefore, my glance is filled with bitterness, but the thought is sober: to leave without fireworks! Especially since «representatives of the alibi» were waiting for me – those, who are destined to give it to me.

I do not suffer from searches. This time I don't have to go far lands. I after all changed the parameters of the clientele. Therefore, I only need to «fix the past». Fix in the brains of those, who follow in my footsteps. Or rather, according to the one that I will provide.

I know where I should go for the alibi: to the places of the greatest concentration of «watchmen». And where are these places? That's right: where it is quiet and light, where law-abiding people skip themselves, offspring and dogs. Our «watchman» is not a fool, even being an idiot. He will not go where the «element» has already gone, because there is the lack of light with an excess of trouble there. And the «servant of the law» must also return home in order to spread «extrabudgetary» butter on his budget piece of bread, «voluntarily donated by a grateful population».

And I'm going to the park. Rather, in what was left of him through the efforts of the chief architect and chief of staff of the city magistracy. The sun is already beginning to fall beyond the horizon: the meeting in the Central Internal Affairs Directorate on the subject of «even more devoted service to the people» was clearly drawn out. But the «survivors» lanterns have not yet lit, because for «time «x»... it's not time yet. The latest light resources and the presence of a wide avenue, «theoretically illuminated,» allows watchful guards to leave the workplace relatively quietly. Today, they have already managed to earn money for butter – and, if they knew Mayakovsky, they could rightfully exclaim: «And life is good, and live well!»

But they didn't need to linger: the sun was already red-faced from shame for its inconsistency. Therefore, they confidently keep the course on the «even more central» street: there, no one will hurt them. And, here they may be lucky – for the road.

It turns out, that we are going out with the «comrades» at the same time «from point A and point B». Our meeting is inevitable, because I correctly solved the problem in terms of speed calculations. Therefore, our meeting will take place in a relatively secluded place: each park has its own appendix. Ours is no exception. I do not try to attract the attention of the guards, but for some reason I have no doubt that I will surely attract him. This is evidenced by my experience – both in life and in meetings with the «supervisors». Therefore, I have no doubt that the «comrades» will try to complicate my task – and at the same time life. This is not included in my plans, but does not interfere with them. On the contrary: «one more brick in the wall», as Pink Floyd aptly defined at one time: another stone in the foundation of my righteousness and legitimacy.

We «discover» each other. True, I do it a little earlier, because I need this meeting a little more. We are entering the opposite course – and the meeting is already inevitable. I see how «comrades» «for some reason» look at each other meaningfully and even joyfully. Well, that: I look forward to you, friends!

«Your documents!»

Sergeant is full of official significance and civil greatness. Start, not so hot, what, but that's good to start.

«Has the curfew already arrived?»

I am not joking: I'm asking for trouble. And it seems, that I succeed in this: the smirk that settled on my vis-a-vis's face slowly leaves it. The «guardian» is not yet aware of the enormity of my crime, but already understands, that I am on the right track, and he and his colleague even more so.

I do not have time to group – and get a baton on the ribs. That's oddly enough, but I am satisfied: it was not I, who «opened fire on the headquarters». Now the optimization will go for a sweet soul, even if not for a sweet soul. «The servants of the law», meanwhile, had already «armed themselves with their feet» with the clear intention of knocking me out «for one more portion of butter». In general, the calculation is correct, if you count on the average citizen, intimidated by power, wife and life. But this time, the «comrades» are mistaken in the calculations, because I first calculated. And this is for me to knock out... sticking.

I «groan from pain» artistically – and reach into my pocket. «Comrades» joyfully «rub their hands» – through the eyes. But they will not shine for long: this is already my concern and my little iron friend, the one, that I extract instead of the notes. The sergeant even manages to resent his face: his disappointment is so strong, that I did not live up to the expectations placed on me. He is clearly already going to impose responsibility on me – through hands and, maybe, legs, because I am

incorrectly «guided by the place». Because I «disturb public order». More than that: I try on social foundations! After all, this society is only on such foundations! He has no others! And that means that I am the enemy of society! The enemy of all that is dear to these people, even if it is expensive – from the pockets of other people!

I work on the lead: the sword – in the form of a fist – is already brought over my head. That is, already moving in the direction of my nose. And I put a «retaliatory strike». Bah! Bah! «Comrades» are optimized. At least, one of them – a sergeant – deserves to say goodbye to him. Individually: spitting in the face. But I appreciate too much the possibility of forensic biological expertise. I don't want to give detectives an extra clue. And therefore I am limited to a friendly kick in the ass goodbye. Do not worry: if the dust will be identified, then only as a generic concept. Like dust, that is.

In the autumn evening comes quickly. The sun has just shone – and now it is increasingly replacing the pale sickle of the moon. But its activity is only in the work with his elbows: in matters of energy supply comrade is not a competitor to the star. And this circumstance more than suits me. I calmly look around at the place, calmly fix the «presence of absence» and calmly «retreat to the rear». For today I executed the program, although I did not program anything...

Chapter six

The city is full of rumors, potential clientele – of fears. The effect of just starting my career exceeds all expectations and expectations of all. Naturally, everyone expected their own fate, but not everyone waited. This is me – about customers: their expectations are of a completely different kind. The «people», who define themselves over the people, react as they should... to me: full pants of «good». In the calculations for their address, I was not mistaken.

It seems, I was not mistaken in the calculations and at the address of those, who are at my address: our valiant detectives, valorous only the fact, that once again they demonstrate a complete innocence to the prowess. Comrades have no chance to be awarded with medal «For Valiant Labor»: there is neither work nor valor. Usually it is enough only for the heroic deprivation of property and the health of the «defendants», always at the place of service and when working in the numerical majority. And this is not like in hockey, but as in the military: for the success of an offensive operation, you need to create a threefold superiority in forces. Through our daily practice, our «guards» argue that «in war as in war» is not only in war, even if they are fighting only with their own people.

«Firemen are looking for, police are looking for...» Fortunately, they are not looking for me, but without a nameless villain who will take «about three heads» or even more. Comrades went where I sent them. And not sent as they «send» us. I did without the mediation of the language. But that didn't stop me from instructing them «on the road» – and it does not matter, that far from true. At a minimum, I provided the comrades with a front of work, mainly in the line of collecting waste paper.

I gave the authorities of the rank-and-file Pinkertons the opportunity to prove themselves in all their glory: to show off in front of the cameras at the moment of giving instructions and assurances. Instructions and assurances, although offered to different consumers, are no different from each other with the exception of verb forms. In the first case, the verb is used in the imperative mood: «take» (measures), «establish identity», «neutralize». In the second this is the same, but in the first person in the plural: «we will accept», «we will establish identity», «we will neutralize».

So far, the instructions and assurances «correspond» to only one third – on the part of «take.» Municipal Department of Internal Affairs widely notified the general population, that it: a) accepted the plan; b) took action; c) made commitments. This «three-headed» acceptance of the case was limited. Then it goes didn't want, no matter how pushed his superiors. The case got up because it was «stuck».

I do not dismiss the blame for this disastrous result, of course: I did not give a tip, did not «light up». But the Pinkertons are «good» too: they are very bad. Operatively resting on the wall, the investigators immediately moved the «beaten path»: instead of working on the case, they took up work with the case. After a week from my «second coming», the valiant MDIA was able to present public first results of their arduous activities: the first and very plump volume. Of course, it could also show other results of its activities and also puffy: swollen faces of «developed persons», but did not do that. And not out of humanity, but for technical reasons: swollen faces did not fit into the screen. And the result was only on the face, and not obvious: the faces of the «faces» have undergone without good for the cause, as for the cause of truth, and for a particular criminal. They have endured, as elements of the next insolvent version.

But it's not for nothing that Lomonosov used to say: «How much in one place it will decrease, so much in another will increase». The failure of «law enforcement» is a clear proof of my viability, at least, the viability of the measures I have taken to ensure that no action is taken in regards to me. Failure to take effective measures – through the adoption of inactive – those, that are not for the cause, but for the «cause».

But «resting on our laurels» is the last thing, because this is idleness and because an ordinary day is a working day in my understanding. And when, faithful to the installation «to take care of one's

own», the day does just that: puzzling and stressing, then rest is immoral, because «the pipe is calling!»

And I «cannot otherwise». Once again I cannot. No, of course I could, but the day does not allow – the one, which «takes care of it». This is because it cares only for me in terms of writing cares and laying goods. I owe nothing to anyone... except myself. Well, the day that «cares». Therefore: «an order is given...". And, true to myself, I myself answer: «Yes!»

«Everybody from the list» help the day to «take care of» – on my head and on my ass. Despite the beneficial effects of fear and rare thoughts not about the pocket, the potential clientele soon begins to confront itself, that all this is not about them. These slogans are well known to me. «Anyone, but not me!» «This cannot be, because there can never be!»

But comrades are wrong, because they lull themselves, and do not refute me. They are lulling, not proving. Do not prove their innocence and invulnerability. And I'm already going. And not only by their tracks, but also by their souls! For their lost souls that I need to bring... no, not to the light: on the road leading straight to hell! They deserve no other way! I did not coordinate this issue with the Prince of the World, but I think, that he will approve of my line: both the line of conduct and the one I conducted for clients – and among them. On the basis of merit, my clientele is His clientele. I don't want to say, that I was contracted, but I think that the Lord doesn't complain to me either. After all, I save Him from both worries and from ballast.

Alas: clients not only lull themselves, but also return to the paths the unrighteous: on footpaths and to the unrighteous being. They again begin to place on their heads the crown of the «masters of life» and under the «crown» —the collar on our necks. This is not just a relapse. It's a challenge. Challenge us all. But most importantly: it is a challenge to me personally! «Everything is back to normal»? Well, well, if this is so, then I «walk in a circle» and at the same for their souls! If you do not want the bad – in the good will be even worse! Maybe, at least this time the setting «repetition is the mother of learning» will prove itself on practice!

Unfortunately – and maybe, on the contrary – work plans have to be adjusted. I do not always have the opportunity to work out a client right away at the place of his becoming a client. That is, as soon as I discover the fact of traffic violations. The reasons are many: over-limit liveliness in the street, a disproportionate amount of work, unequal forces, excess light, and so on. I'm not a wizard, after all: «I'm just learning». And it is only in a fairy tale, that something there helps to create real miracles. In life I am a soloist on the issue of creating miracles. And since I don't have a magic wand, with which the fool will pass the exam for the wizard, I have to take into account every component of the «miracle», first of all, the realities. In this context: «am I capable? Will I be able to?»

That is why very often it is not immediately «I go alone on the road». There are times when «going out» it's the same, that to look for adventure. Therefore, having found the intruder, I no longer cling to the instrument of production. Instead of it, I «switch to accounting»: I remember the numbers of cars, and – if it's possible – the details of the driver and the number of stars on epaulets. This is not just memorization – this is crediting to the conduit. This is, moreover, the production of a «friend» to customers, only deferred by execution.

And then the routine begins. This is familiar to me not from books and films. After all, I once did not just «fall out of the cage»: from this one. Therefore, I know all the tracks «leading to Rome»: former colleagues, newspapers, the Internet, television, and more my own legs and eyes. In our case, laziness is the most expensive. And so I'm not lazy. But I do not «shine» unnecessarily. And, if it's necessary, I do not «shine»: «we all learned a little something and somehow».

«Nobody is forgotten and nothing is forgotten». And I prove the validity of this postulate every day. And not only I prove, that is, I am in the process, but I also prove (as a result)! In the end, no one has yet been forgotten for what should not be forgotten. I can only follow the installation: «remember all by name», already in the context: «remember so that no longer forgotten!» And I remember the «comrades»...

The main thing in our business is information. This is already later will be calculations, plans, reconnaissance, binding to the place, because neither the first, nor the second, nor the third without information. Therefore, my first task is not to make a mistake. No, not in choosing a goal: there are no problems with this. All my elects are elected by right and duty. By law, for they have earned this right. By duty – because I am obliged to respect him (right). A visual embodiment of another installation: there are no obligations without rights, as there are no obligations without rights. We with the «comrades» must meet the conditions of the task – and I do everything for this that only depends on me. And not only for himself, but also «for that guy»: vis-à-vis takes the time to comply with great eagerness...

Therefore, I take all our respect for the collection of information: no neglect, no superficiality, no «plus or minus tolerances». In the end, my client is really my client. I know everything about him. All that I need to optimize it: the time of arrival, time of departure, contacts, mode, accompanying, character escorts, technical obstacles. And, since I know all the obstacles, «we have no barriers either at sea or on land».

But the absence of obstacles does not prevent the occurrence of problems. The main problem is not «how?», but «where?», because the answer to the question «where?» either complicates or simplifies the answer to the question «how?» After all, I cannot arrange a «collective raid alone». And I cannot work as a «shahid» either: I must save myself for other comrades, who, in that case, will turn out to be undeservedly overlooked deserved attention. Conceivable is necessary!

Therefore, in each case I work individually. It is necessary to take into account all the «incoming», «outgoing» and even «attendant»: the presence of «in the yard of an evil dog», the presence of tracking equipment, the presence of bourgeois children in the house. Though they are bourgeois, but they are little ones. Natural intelligence will not allow me to work daddy-scoundrel in front of my son, even if it is already hopelessly spoiled, but still small! So, it is necessary to comply with the «newly discovered circumstances»!

And I correspond. So, if there is a dog or son in the house, I try to optimize the homeowner outside his tenure. Of course, I try to work hard and even individually, but «it's impossible to live in society and be free from it», as the founder of Marxism said. Sometimes this society tactlessly imposes «its society» on me. And I cannot ask my comrades to leave us alone: after all, not to be left alone is their only duty. They are paid money for this: they are the «Praetorian Guard» of every «master of life».

As a materialist and advocate of the law of unity and the struggle of opposites, I will not say, that this only complicates the task: and simplifies too. Optimizing the right dog owner for me is unthinkable. And, behold, the optimization of his «faithful dogs» is sacred! For man the spirit is no greater pleasure than clearing the road to progress, clearing it along with all the obstacles, both standing and lying in the way! These people stand in my way. On the way to a noble goal: an ignoble scum. And, isn't it a noble cause: to remove this obstacle?! In my opinion, even the question is superfluous. Because this construction is possible only in the affirmative version – and without any «not»!

I will say at once: «Oh, what hard work is this one!» I am convinced: «to drag a hippopotamus out of the swamp» is much easier, than to render in conditions as close as possible to the fighting ones. In conditions when all strategic advantages are on the client side. All but one: my determination to bring this noble cause to the end of my client.

«Through thorns» – it's not only to the stars, but also to the corpses. And to create thorns this public is able and loves. «The masters of life» are so «confident» in their safety, that even in the toilet they go in the caret of bodyguards. And even though «we have no barriers», and even «there are no such fortresses, that the Bolsheviks could not take» – and this complicates the task and postpones the moment of the triumph of justice.

Alas, but you have to reckon not only with your desire, but also with the reluctance of customers, especially if this desire is supported by at least a bit of professionalism. In such cases, I involuntarily obliged to take into account the reinforced concrete argument «you will not shoot everyone!» And we, intellectuals, do not work with a machine gun: «this is not our method!» What are we intellectuals after that?! Our method is a point strike, and only on deserved heads. So, for work, I have only places... of public use. And these places are only in those places, in which the place belongs to the «masters of life» only!

I agree: that's unaesthetic. I myself would prefer boudoir to urinal. But only there it is possible to realize the installation «Only once there is a meeting in life, only once a string is torn by a string...". Other opportunities «owners of life» I do not leave.

It is necessary to once again comply in order to penetrate in the holy of holies of business: closed clubs and restaurants. In order to get through the main entrance, I do not have enough resources. I'm not privatizing property, but souls. They will not allow me to the porch in a suit second hand.

I look like a service staff. No, not for the attendants in the hall: there is no adequate flexibility of the camp and the facial muscles in me. I cannot bend over and cry. And it would be necessary, but I cannot. Therefore, the top of the servants for me is her lowland. I'm talking about plumbers and cleaners. I haven't yet fallen to the janitor, but, behold, I have already risen to the plumber. I can fit – and not just the equipment! For technical reasons, I can apply certain skills. I am not the «master of life»: I am only the owner of the apartment. And, it means, I must be able to fix the valve, tighten the nuts, replace the pipes. So, what if you dip me in... no: just in the lube, I'm still very well... a plumber... or a fitter. The main thing is that from me smelled of specialty a mile away.

Today I am a plumber. Needless to say, I made the blockage myself: I had to visit the nearest collector. I can't clog it «from the main entrance»: from the closed room of the «closed» club. Only the «highest» crap of the «highest» persons is allowed there. Therefore I'm not going to work from the front porch, but from the back up. My «sanitary view» in the face of the imminent threat of faecalization of the institution is not only credible, but also universal enthusiasm. What kind of passport issue can I talk about: all my requisites are on face, smeared and fragrant by no means French cologne!

It is difficult to identify a specific person in me, but it is not difficult to identify a textbook plumber. Therefore, I can easily get admission to all «leaking» and «threatening to leak» rooms. I almost skillfully imitate the vigorous activity on the approaches to the toilet, and then already is the «matter of technology». And this time: not plumbing.

I have no doubt that, as a result of a habit that has long become a tradition, my client will first of all visit the «institution for men». There is a lot to drink today – and, therefore, it is necessary to «free the place». The guard escorts the «client» to the very doors. And not to the door of the toilet: to the door stall. I have time to «show my passport» «in the face» of the fragrant sewage of the special equipment, as well as the plumbing set of a small suitcase and a wire «ruff». Therefore, my presence, animated by long intricate wishes «to assholes, shitty toilet», does not cause any questions. Especially as a wrench I knock on pipes no worse than a professional. Checking the neighboring booths, comrades are convinced that it is – just me, and graciously allow me to continue to «dig in the shit».

«Client» mastered on the toilet seat in the booth next door. He, of course, prefers to distance himself from the proletariat, but there is nowhere: all other places are «excluded from the list» personally by me: I «brought them out of circulation», «fertilized» and «refreshed» them. They are not ready to work with clients, but they are ready to work with this client. More precisely, they provide me with the possibility of such work. In such a case as ours, rely on the case – that head on the block! In any case, I rely only on such a case, which I myself prepared, I myself handed over and accepted for operation. My client had to go exactly to the place prepared for him – and he went there. We were supposed to be good neighbors, even not for long. And we became them.

I want to give a little help on the topic of «bloody boys in the eyes». So, here: no «boys»! Behind the partition, the Honored Worker of all affairs and affairs, the people's fighter with the people, the Honored Master of Sins of every suit and honorary donor «in the opposite direction» groans and torments – bloodsucker, in a word. He has already attempted, but only with unsuitable means in the form of complaints and denunciations. Despite their persuasiveness, they did not convince the testers. Because «who are the judges?!» Foolish people: «crucians have brought pike to pike court»! Yes, and then: you can't break through this with mortars, not like paperwork.

Therefore, about peace of mind, I cannot worry: the client has already bothered for me. And, as soon as he groans, I «open the window», such small, a round, like «peephole». I open it with a slight creak, which only the client can hear. I need the area of «fire». When the customer's surprised-alert eye is combined with a hole and «goes to the line of fire», I «pull the shutter». «Comrade» grunts – and «quacks». This is certainly perceived as another attempt out of the door.

I make sure, that the client is in the proper position, I curse at last – «in our way, as a locksmith» – and get out of the booth.

«There is more on the day of work!» I resolutely «attack» bodyguards, along the way seeking sympathy and understanding. For it is said: «it is important to be able to enter the conversation, but where it is more important to be able to get out of it!» I come out – and not only from the conversation, but also the winner. Because as a child, I learned another useful truth: «one can overcome the insolent in only one way: an even greater impudence». I take them in unceremoniously – along with their initiative. Along the way, I seek what I extorted: a likeness of sympathy. Dismayed, the «servants of the host» knowingly nod my shaved heads. Their arrogance is defenseless against my arrogance.

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