



In the compartment.
Full version

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You never know where and with whom you are destined to meet. In fact, it is not so important, it is important to understand-why! And when this understanding comes- all that remains to do-to realize it in life...Содержит нецензурную брань.

Для подготовки обложки издания использована художественная работа автора. Обложка книги разработана автором в дизайнерской программе и является интеллектуальной собственностью Николая Лакутина.

On the scoreboard of the Krasnodar railway station the inscription:

"Flight 242S Adler-Novokuznetsk arrived on the 2nd way. The departure time of 22.49»

People hastily began to move to land. Nazar arrived to his car, when the conductor checked the ticket peredistijs men.

Adler-Novokuznetsk? he asked the guide.

"Yes, Hello, let me see what you have," said the guide.

Nazar held out the ticket, having familiarized with which the conductor is made:

– Yes, that's right, just our car. May I have your passport?

Nazar submitted his passport. The conductor checked the data with the ticket.

– Please come in.

A few minutes later he was walking down the corridor, peering at the compartment numbers. The fourth issue, the thirteenth, the fourth compartment... fourth compartment... Here it is.

– Oh, lucky, ' came a voice clear leader-jovial attendant of the company.

– Good evening, may I join you? – a nice soft tone greeted Nazar set in a coupe guys.

"Go ahead –" said the second man, who was sitting just on the bottom shelf, intended for a new companion, who quickly released the shelf by moving to a neighbor. On the top shelf someone slept, or pretended. Anyway, on the occasion of the celebration and celebration of the new neighbor, the passenger from the top shelf did not show himself.

– Far? a smiling companion asked.

– in Novosibirsk.

We Stasanor early exit.

– Why did you say lucky? Nazar turned to the merry fellow.

– Well, then, you have what?

– Thirteenth.

– Well... that's what I mean...

– Clear, and I'm not superstitious, I don't care, as long as the company pleasant the road was.

– Don't worry, a day or two will shake together, a conversation develops like, come on, what do to meet people? Peter – the man with a smile held out his hand.

– Nazar.

– Stas, – held out hand another guy.

– Nazar.

– Nastya, all of a sudden from the top shelf came a voice, and extends a graceful maiden's hand for an awkward imitation of a strong man's handshake.

Raising his head, Nazar saw a pretty smiling girl's head with disheveled hair sticking out from under the blanket.

– Nazar, nice to meet you.

– Also going to Novosibirsk? she said with a pleasant smile.

– Yeah.

– And we said "very nice" when they got to know, Oh Nazar Nazar, just appeared, and already making confusion and uncertainty in the ranks of the passengers. Everywhere double standards, that for country, – with feigned resentment shrugged it off Peter.

Nazar once again looked at Nastya, caught her fleeing smiling eyes. She immediately turned to the wall and continued to sleep. And Nazar seated sounded sitting in front of men:

– On the occasion of the truce offer fifty!

– Uh..."no, brother, you have offended us to the very heart. So only a hundred! Stas played along.

– No question, winked new neighbor, getting out of the exclusive bags is not a cheap bottle.
– Company... the evening ceases to be languid. Well, nastyuha, hold on, now apply stronger fall our shackles of timidity I... – slapping the palm of one hand on the fist of the other, it is clear describing the actions of a sexual nature, said Peter.

Hearing clapping She turned around from the shelf, and managed to see the gesture. Peter swiftly removed his hands behind his back, pretending that he had nothing and he isn't even said and done.

– Petya, native, and do I mind, – kindly and gently said Nastya, – of course, we can start now. And he added, sharply changing the intonation:

Without me!

Nazar quickly orientated himself in the situation:

– Uh, no, I won't be a part of this either!

Peter in despair jokingly and seriously at the same time appealed to the Stas:

– Stasyan, well! You're the only hope. Do not leave a friend in a difficult hour!

Stas fearfully shook his head, looking for help from the neighbors in the compartment. He huddled in the corner of his lower shelf, pulling the blanket over himself, pretending to hide from Peter. There was laughter in the compartment.

Nastya decided to take part in the fun too. She straightened her hair, put herself in order and, hanging from the top shelf, assessing the elite bottle, asked:

– So, guys, we're juicing and I fifty grams, I also want.

– Stasyan, crawl out from under the blanket, the situation is improving, – Peter addressed his friend.

– That doesn't mean anything. I am ready to participate only in the plan to SIP! – said Nastya, choosing a place for landing from the upper deck chair.

Peter instantly changed his face:

– SIP? My girl, why do you keep telling all our secrets like that?..

Nastya, without hesitation, threw a pillow at his head to Peter, he fell down on the lounge next to Stas.

– Vulgar! – she explained her actions.

Elegantly descended, Nastya turned to Nazar:

–I'll sit next to you?

– Please, Yes, please – said a new passenger.

Nastya sat down next to Nazar, pouring wine into glasses.

"Let's have a little," he suggested, setting the bottle aside.

The clink of glasses rang in the compartment. The first estimated Peter:

– Not bad, not bad at all.

– Well went, – supported Stas.

Nastya stretched pleasure.

– I've never tried anything like it. Where did you get this work of art? she said, turning to Nazar.

The answer was slightly unexpected:

"It's a gift, I don't know where it's sold or sold. I think it was a private collection.

Peter, rethinking what he had heard, took a fresh look at the remains in the glass:

Wow and you have not regretted this exclusive random passengers?

– Random? No, I'm inclined to believe that coincidences in life does not happen, – said Nazar.

– Sensible! – biting, put his contribution Stas.

Nastya was curious:

– Why did you get such a rare souvenir?

– And who? Peter added.

Nazar appreciated the interest and, smiling, replied:

I'll tell you.

The companions rubbed their hands in anticipation.

– But first on the second! Peter cried out ahead of the story.

Nastya sighed, looking disapprovingly at Peter. Nazar pour into second and began his story:

"Yes, it's a matter of chance. I was in the right place at the right time. I went to Krasnodar on other business, and common interests led to an interesting acquaintance. A Georgian, who speaks excellent Russian, invited me to celebrate his birthday. He has lived for many years in Krasnodar, relatives send him all sorts of Goodies from the Motherland, of course, wine too.

He has a big family, a wife of six children, a house full of guests. They like to walk in a large group, this is not a Russian sabatucci.

– Yes, heard, bumped into the story of Stas, twisting in the hands of his still almost full glass.

– Don't interrupt, I wonder! – Nastya was indignant, looking at Stas.

Nazar continued:

– The situation turned out quite banal. While the guests were distracted by the parents, one of their children fell from the roof.

Anastasia gasped, and Peter calmly poured himself wine, ready to toast to peace.

Spoiled, all excited, running in front of the guests to each other to show off... here>. Daughter the younger climbed onto the roof at Sanam and slid to the edge of the slippery tile. I just caught her in time. The benefit of time! the narrator finished.

Peter's toast fell. He just said, a little disappointed, shaking the wine like a taster.:

– As they say, there would be no happiness, but misfortune helped!

– That's really true what they say, at seven nurses the child without an eye – responded Anastasia.

Peter did not miss the reason for the disturbance and oppression of the brotherly people:

This is for the child's rescue only one bottle given? Whoo... goons!

Nazar modestly smiled answering:

– Actually, they gave me five bottles.

Peter again not flustered:

Oh, yeah? Well, then you're a goon! Where are the others? And we're, you know, save, tormented himself unheard of claims are made to suffer...

While the people were distracted by the improvised clowning, Peter again took the bottle to his hands and poured himself another one as a matter of course.

Nastya could not keep silent:

"You are our sufferer, Martyr. That's what I see, under the guise of fourth pour, tormented the whole.

Nazar, assessing the situation, took out a second bottle from his bag, which pleased Peter to clap his hands. The crowd-entertainer was justified:

– Company... I take it back! At least until the second one is over!

Nastya again protested the simplicity of Peter:

– Hey, don't be cheeky, huh? He's the one who saved the baby, not you, why are you settling in to someone else's glory? You perepalo-rejoice that you have, – having turned to Nazar, and having softened a voice, the girl said, – by the way, thank you, Nazar, here Petya for anything wouldn't share such gift.

What makes you think that? For something maybe I would share! – making sycophant face and gestures showing insinuations of a sexual nature, addressing them to Nastya, said Peter.

Nastya thought for a while, then answered the Joker:

– You know, I think you'd give a lot for this case. Animal nature in you a lot too, Peter.

I'm almost a Saint! You shouldn't be talking to me, I'm just a fun person! – drinking another glass justified Peter the merry.

"Yeah," Nastya said incredulously.

The evening closed the border with the night. In the train, almost everyone was asleep.

– So. The fun is dragging on, let's wrap it up for today! the girl suggested.

Good sense of humor once again issued a counterattack, turning to Stas, nodding to Cindy:

– Smell danger!

But the joke wasn't appreciated. Nastya turned back to Nazar, and said uncertainly:

– Nazar, can I ask an indiscreet question?

Peter nodded stas:

– Company... rushed. Sit down, Stasyan comfortably, now let's see what you've been waiting for...

"Ask," Nazar suggested with interest.

Peter's eyes were shining, and he longed to hear something that could be sung on other trips.

He sat back, ready to listen and watch.

– You wouldn't want to come... – Nastya began.

Peter even stuck out his tongue, rubbing his hands, fidgeting on the spot.

– Switch places? I just don't feel comfortable on the top shelf. If I may.

– Ugh! – clicked the angry drunk with the observer.

No problem. Get over here and I'll go upstairs, " Nazar replied.

And yet the local jester found something to say:

– Clear, top-it always will be better!

For which he was awarded another pillow in the forehead from Nastya.

By mutual agreement, the passengers exchanged seats, threw the bed linen and clothes, settled down and in new places took in the arms of the night...

Morning. The second day passengers of the train "Adler-Novokuznetsk" met the usual knock of the wheels.

Nazar woke up on the top shelf, stared at the ceiling, felt not the best way after yesterday's wine. He raised himself on his elbow and looked down.

– How healthy are you sleeping, brother – came a yawning voice of Peter.

– Oh, Sam-five minutes ago, pulled myself together, and then, if I hadn't helped, Napping, and would be until the evening – he heard a female voice.

Propped on her elbow, Nazar saw a girl who belonged to the last sentence, and before he could recover, he immediately received from her a sparkling and yet peaceful, but expressive hi.

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