

The flight to New Wank

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The fact is, dear friends, that this story is not interesting destination, which serves as a village in one of the real regions of Russia with an entertaining name, and not even randomly gathered companies of people heading to this area. It is curious how paradigms and destinies of each passenger of the Shuttle bus change in a short one and a half hour trip.

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

At the bus station of one of the cities of the Altai territory for twenty minutes was a small Shuttle bus. On the windshield of the bus was adorned with the inscription "Novodarino".

The bus driver was Smoking his fourth cigarette in those twenty minutes, standing at the open door, tired of long and frequent trips of the car, faithfully serving him for a good twelve years. There was only one passenger on the bus. A woman of about fifty. Driver, Stephen, several times throwing wary glances in her direction, and could not fail to notice her sadness.

Over the years of transportation Stepan met many views. A lot of joy, a lot of grief. Lost, happy, passionate, foggy, in love and hopeless, what views he has not seen enough of his career as a driver. Like this woman saw for the first time. Her sadness was something special. Usually people go to the bus, immediately sit down at the phone or open a book. On this route and a half hours, something to take time. Someone is sleeping, but mostly reading or sitting in gadgets. This woman had been staring out the window for twenty minutes without looking up. Maybe she didn't even blink, it was uncomfortable to look too openly in her direction.

– Thank God. How long till we leave? – out-of-breath voice asked a man of about thirty-five standing at the driver's door.

The driver calmly looked at him, made another puff and replied:

– Minutes forty still stand, waiting for.

– How forty? Are you? I have to be there in an hour! – pleading and uncomprehending eyes exclaimed guy.

Stepan carefully looked at the guy, made one last drag and tossing the cigarette, said:

– Two options!

– In terms of? – did not understand the guy.

Anything you don't need to be there in an hour or in a minute stuffed full bus and the bus engine increase two turbines. But I'm leaning towards the first option, ' replied Stepan.

Look, I gosh Katz, heard? I never expected anyone. And I'm telling you, I need an hour to be there already, in this, your Tracenine. Let me deal with the passengers, and you with the turbines, or the wings there, at the bus, at your discretion. U agree? – went on the offensive guy.

– Theoretically, I can try to solve the problem with the bus, but how are you going to solve the problem with the passengers?

– Elementarily. How much is a one-way ticket?

– Three hundred.

– Well here, I will pay the remained empty places, and the question is removed, how many there it is necessary to finish? – the guy looked into the bus and his enthusiasm diminished. There was only one woman in the back seat.

Stepan smiled.

It means twenty-five seats and a capacity of forty-three, multiplied by one thousand three hundred... what's happening? – intricate turned driver.

Gosh got the smartphone, quickly there counted and summarized with a sad look:

– Fifty-five nine hundred is obtained.

Stepan never collected such sums for the flight. It sounded divine...

– Well, the time is coming again, and cheered the guy – drove?

– Are you willing to pay nearly sixty wooden crosses to come in this hole? Isn't it easier to take a taxi for two or three thousand? – discarding interests, paternal offered Stepan.

Yeah where I'm looking for now. Let's go already, money it not the main thing, and here time, missed, you won't return. We've missed him enough. Go!

Gosh took out a wallet, counted eleven five thousandth notes and gave to the driver.

– Now still nine hundred can find the money, – fumbling in pockets, added guy.

– Okay, jump, we'll deal with the money after. For an hour I can't promise that the route can accommodate half, but will try to catch, Stephen responded, nervously running the cab in an effort to get to the driver's door.

The guy in the two jumps I jumped in the bus.

– Oh...? Yes, there is still no one, and we were in a hurry – he heard a voice somewhere nearby, we'll do that outside of stand up, chat, what is there, in the sweltering heat to sit still naseema on the road.

A man and a woman put heavy bags directly on the ground at the open doors of the bus. At that moment the doors closed and the bus drove off.

– Uh.... Stop! Where!!!

– Stop!

The driver did not notice that the door stand two people, when rapidly pressed the gas, but when they heard the whistling and shouting, I looked in the right mirror. Two poor fellows desperately waved their hands, and something very emotional uttered their speech apparatus.

– Well, a couple of tickets down and you have two, already minus five – the driver winked at the guy and launched into the cabin of onlookers.

Two out of breath figures squeezed between the rows of seats and sank heavily into the empty seats.

– And I still do not understand, is that it? – asked the unknown who is Lyuba, the girl is quite young but plump too.

You why I left, the Parking time? – Nikolay who came with the girl addressed to the driver.

Stepan slyly appreciated in the rear view mirror saying to man about forty-five years, not too different complexion from the girl.

– So, where to put the people? The bus is Packed. Now I rest just next to wait, ' replied the helmsman.

The voice of Stepan rang out so confidently and specifically, that came a couple was taken aback. The woman at the window for the first time distracted from his thoughts and looked around the salon. Just carefully studied the eyes of the salon came a couple. Gosh just sat there with a smirk on my phone, not participating in the universal silent the misunderstanding.

– Do you understand anything? asked the burly man with the girl.

– Nope... she replied.

And I nope... – supported Nicholas, and you, woman, can you tell us what's going on?

Woman at the window shook her head and again stared off into the distance through the glass of the bus.

– You see the guy in the black jacket sitting next to you? the driver said to the misunderstood couple.

Those two are staring at the guy.

You know who? – the importance of asked Stepan.

Luba's girl shook her head and looked at Nikolai. Who also did not know what kind of guy and that it is special.

– No. Who's that? – Nikolai asked from the driver.

– Oh... – pointedly and looked through the mirror in the cabin the driver is Gosha Kats!

The couple looked at each other blankly.

– A I Nikolai Egorov, and this Love... What's yours? unexpectedly responded the man, turning to the girl.

– Malyutina! she replied modestly.

Passengers chuckled, assessing the discrepancy between the names and dimensions of the girl.

– Here, Malyutina! – continued the man – but we are somehow so none of the pathos is not. Who is this Gosha Katz? – he asked not that at the driver, not that at the guy.

Woman at the window turned to the couple, then looked at the guy. She rose from her seat, walked forward, and sat down opposite Gosha, looking him attentively in the eye.

The guy looked up from the smartphone and looked at the woman.

Stepan with a smile watched the scene, nothing explaining.

The woman took out a notebook, a pen and handed it to the guy with the words:

– Sorry, I didn't recognize you. Can I have your autograph?

The guy took a notebook, silently, completely without emotion, signed and returned it with a pen to the woman, then returned to the smartphone.

The woman thanked the man, returned to his seat, and began with emotion to study painting.

The couple looked at each other again. The man could not stand:

– Hey, friend, say, who is this gosh Katz? – he turned to the driver.

Stepan smiled, glancing through the mirror at the salon, and said:

I don't know.

I don't know. – I didn't expect such a response Nicholas.

Girl giggled grunting.

– Seriously, I don't know. This guy introduced himself as Gosha Katz or Katz, I don't know what's right. Offered to pay for all empty seats, so as not to wait, and we went, inadvertently leaving you at the bus stop. It everything that I know about it, – the driver answered.

That's it! – laughed the man, and I'm wondering what the bus is Packed. Well, artist.

The bus was silent for a while. The couple stared at the woman studying the painting in anticipation of explanations, but she was in no hurry to give them. The man with the girl, and not waiting for clarification, turned in the direction of movement, and stared into the distance stretching beauty, and then, glancing at the guy in front.

– How do you know him, – after some time the woman said, folding a notebook in my purse – probably, the Philharmonic-don't go? – tried to she give some the answer village species a couple of.

– What? – said Nicholas, – I have a wife in the city Philharmonic rewind ten. Do you think if not in a Tux person, then in addition to vodka and cucumber nothing in life saw?

– Who does your wife work at the Philharmonic? the woman asked with interest.

The guy in the front seat looked at the man with curiosity.

– Chaplain! he replied haughtily.

The guy smiled and returned to the gadget.

– Who, uncle Kol? the girl frowned.

– A usher, in General-responded he.

On the bus again there was a silence.

"The first violin is beyond the Urals," the woman said softly, looking out the window.

Stepan looked through the mirror at the woman, then at the guy. Then ask:

– This is since when cultural figures began to earn such money that for an hour fifty to sixty thousand rubles easily to the wind...

The question was clearly meant for Gaucher. He got distracted from the phone.

– Look, I don't go in anybody's pocket. Why are you trying to audit mine?

– No, I'm just curious. I'm sorry if I offended you. I just thought musicians were getting paid. Know was wrong.

From the minute the boy was silent, then said:

You were right. All right. My musical career does not bring me much profit. What I make a violin, just enough for gasoline. Honestly, I do not understand how and what my colleagues live on. Interrupted custom concerts, halturki. Who as, in General. Was it worth it seven years in a music school to learn sometimes the conservatories...

Passengers on the bus listened to Stepan from time to time glancing at the guy.

– I owe money to my father. And everyone else too. He made a successful business in the nineties, managed, in General, to be on the crest of the wave. And so he made sure that his children did not need anything. To do what we want in life. Not what we have to do to get a penny, but what we want, what we like. I have another sister. She paints. In Europe, it is well known, it is there and lives the last four years. So I have money from my father. Everything is fair and transparent, I spend his capital.

The boy looked out the window.

– This is not very reasonable in terms of multiplying the available funds. I have no vein of the businessman, but on the other hand, why this money to rot on Bank accounts if from them there is no use here in life, in real life, instead of on paper, or electronic reports which, in fact, a penny – the price.

The guy looked back at the woman, then at those two, then answered the driver:

– I owe everything to my father.

The guy lowered his head.

– He called me this morning, said he wasn't feeling well and might not make it through the night. That you need to have time to spread the last word and solve a few formalities. Two hours later I got a call from the hospital of this town or village, Novodarino, said the old man wrong. So I'm in a hurry.

Stepan shook his head sadly and lay down on the gas pedal.

– This is an hour not Anton Grigoryevich, your father? – asked full a man have guy.

– He the most, – responded gosh.

Nicholas watched all except for the guy.

– Know him... little. Extraordinary personality.

– Precisely, – has supported Ghosh.

– Five years ago, he came to our slum. Built a two-storey house in one summer. Neighbors has always kept his distance, not let close itself to anyone in soul did not climb.

– It is not only you talked so much know him, always so, – said the guy. – To help – always without question, and the close friendship never drove.

– Yes, – supported Nicholas – I remember the year before sat down on the belly on their Lada. Spring, the road is broken. Past Anton Grigorievich. Walk, buy bread in the store came out. Never said I like it just the corner of my eye noticed. After five minutes looking on his way back to his jeep. Cable reaches, he touches everything. I was sitting in the car, warming myself. Pulled it out. Said Hello, good day wished and left.

– I'll find out, father, – supported the violinist.

Broke the driver:

– I do not understand something, if a person with money, why is he in such a jungle gone? The house was built. Usually, if you have money, go to meet a quiet old age in Spain, or if you do not speak languages – in the resort area of Russia...

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