

A vibrant, folk-art style illustration. In the foreground, a person with short brown hair, wearing a red jacket and a large tan backpack, is seen from behind, looking towards a village. The village features a prominent white church with red domes and a wooden building with a steep roof. The scene is set in a lush green landscape with tall evergreen trees and a path leading to the buildings. A large, stylized yellow sun with a face and radiating rays is in the sky, surrounded by white clouds. The top of the image is framed by a border of colorful autumn leaves and berries. The overall style is reminiscent of traditional folk art or a children's book illustration.

Virusomahia

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Аннотация

A young man tries to find the way to live during the strange epidemic that makes people possessed by different passions. He travels in search of answers and recipes. Virusomahia can be translated as fight with virus.

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Prehistory

Now no one will remember how this malicious virus got to the Earth. Whether it was created by mother-nature or the meddlesome minds of scientific people. But what happened, happened: the sudden accumulation of exhaust and the smell of something sweet awakened in people previously dormant vices: anger, envy, lust, greed, suspicion. Those who were friends before broke ties, families collapsed, primitive communal relations and the right of the big fist returned to society. But it was in this world, tired without love and sympathy, that our hero, the little Perun, appeared, and our story will be about him.

The Birth Of Perun

A woman wandered through the frozen city in search of a place to sleep. Strangers were not allowed in, and there was not enough money for a hotel. Finally, tired of wandering, she went down to the abandoned subway. Once there was a metro, underground trains that transported people around the city. But since the Virus came down, there have been mass fights and robberies in the metro, and the authorities have decided to close this source of vandalism permanently. Shops, public canteens, and all other crowded places were closed. Now everyone was moving in the advance caused by the car on autopilot and worked from home via the Internet. Doors and windows were sealed with iron shutters, and it was extremely difficult to meet passers-by. In addition, the Christmas frosts fully demonstrated the unsightliness of the streets. But right now, she needed to be in town, find a midwife, and give birth for a baby. By the time she reached the city gates, night had fallen, and it was useless to knock at the iron doors. So, having lost hope, she went down into the darkness of the subway, found a phone, turned on a flashlight, and wandered along the wide hall of white marble once Kropotkinskaya station. The ribbed columns, spreading out like stone flowers, looked like giants in the light of the phone flashlight, and the moving shadows made her heart beat faster.

"Stop who's coming", she heard a child's sharp voice call out.

"Pickpockets", she thought with a sigh. But at that moment, her strength left her and she collapsed to the ground, unconscious.

She awoke in a corner covered with rags and lit by a dim energy-saving light bulb that divided the area into even squares. On such, drawn with chalk squares, once, in her childhood, she jumped with her friends on the street. And the sun shone brighter, and people's smiles were sincere, and she was not afraid of anyone or anything then. She tried to get up on her elbows but realized that her hands were tied.

"Aunt Vera, she's awake", said the same shrill voice, not of a child, but of a girl of about fifteen.

Then aunt Vera appeared in the dark, huge as a cook.

"Go, Lubava, warm up the water", commanded aunt Vera. Then, turning to the bound woman, she continued, "and you, to eat more quickly, you will probably give birth soon, you will need your strength".

She held out a soft slice of rye bread. She poured water into a Cup.

"Thank you", the woman said hesitantly, and pointed at the knot on her wrists.

"What's your name?" Aunt Vera asked, unwinding her hands.

"Marina", she said, chewing her bread greedily.

"I had to tie you up, don't forget. You won't be able to catch up and lose your head", aunt Vera said defensively.

At that moment, everything began to spin in Marina's head:

she staggered, and a sharp pain shot through her stomach.

"Well, my dear, your hour has come. Did you give birth already or it's your firstborn?" Aunt Vera bustled around, and the girl who came with warm water ran to get clean sheets.

"Don't be afraid, don't be afraid, I carried my four and took six in my arms. Take a deep breath, we'll manage..."

On that frosty Christmas night, Perun was born. Mother saw your baby and smiled: "Let him be strong, Perushko-o". After these words vital forces forever have left its body, and soul has carried away there, where there is no envy and flattery, lust and enmity, and rules only eternal Kindness.

And the baby remained to live under the protection of a huge aunt Vera and young Lyubava.

The lessons of survival

When Perushko began to walk and understand words, to distinguish the squares of the energy-saving lamp and the bright light above, where Lubava went every day, when he first climbed the escalator steps and saw the street behind the glass, the first prohibitions fell on him from the strict but fair aunt Vera. "Don't come out", "don't breathe in here", "don't show yourself". At first, they were worth taking on faith, but then, through questioning and mistakes, came the understanding of the significance of what was said. The air above had a sweet-sour taste, sometimes strong, sometimes barely perceptible. And just such an almost indistinguishable aroma acted on the subconscious of all citizens, whether at the level of chemical compounds, or by the action of pheromones, causing negative deviations in the soul. Wealthy citizens got tranquilizers and wore masks. Ordinary people also used simpler masks, and their effectiveness was not always expected. Fights, harassment, and quarrels broke out here and there. Only injection of a dose of a tranquilizing substance stopped them, caused complete apathy and callousness. They themselves were inoculated with such an impenetrable antivirus, and became completely inhuman, unemotional creatures with mechanical movements and lack of any compassion for people.

Every morning Lubava came out of the depths of their

underground shelter to work. She was an employee of a self-service grocery store. The work was hard, but safe, because Lubava was completely isolated from customers. She watched the room through video surveillance, and as soon as the goods were finished on the shelves, she drove out on a high forklift and filled the empty shelves. For this she received enough money to feed herself and to maintain aunt Faith and Perusko. She herself had been left without a mother, and had it not been for aunt Vera, she would not have survived the turmoil of the outbreak. Then aunt Vera, who had lost her husband and children in a mass brawl, and little Lubava took refuge in a boarded-up subway, cleaned it of dirt and arranged it in a safe home with reliable air circulation, preventing the spread of psychovirus. In this very place Perusha's childhood passed. Aunt Vera was afraid to let him go to school, and taught him at home, asking him to read and answer her tasks. In addition, Lubava's notebook opened up an immense world of geographical discoveries, scientific knowledge and communication for Perusha. The online translator helped him to communicate with foreigners without difficulty, learning everything new and new. So passed his childhood and apprenticeship. But when Perusha was sixteen, the established harmony was destroyed: Lubava decided to get married. Aunt Vera, who had grown very old by that time, decided to move to the village, so as not to be a burden to the young family. And Lyubava's fiance, a little slowed down by the effects of tranquilizers, drove a large truck, which contained all

aunt Vera's belongings, Perusha's books and even a huge desk.

In the village

The village for many kilometers around, was deserted. There was a glimmer of light here and there, indicating that someone was still living in the house, but the streets remained empty and unkempt. In one of these houses, with a strong fence and log walls, aunt Vera and Perusha decided to settle. A neighbor, old grandfather Afanas, gave them the keys to the house and helped them light the stale stove. They had a large docile dog, Gavrik: the animals were not affected by the psychovirus, so they remained the most reliable companions and protectors in this harsh time. Gavrik diligently scared off uninvited passersby from the fence, and aunt Vera and Perushka even managed to collect a good harvest from their small, but lovingly cultivated plot. When the field work was over, Perun began to visit his grandfather Afonya often, listening stories about the past and reflections on the essential like a sponge. Until then, he had lived like a flower in a cozy greenhouse created by aunt Vera. Now it was time for him to think about the meaning of his life, about the purpose and the Higher goles.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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