

18+

Nickolay Popov



THE DOLL

Nickolay Popov

The Doll

«Издательские решения»

Popov N.

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Dear reader, I offer you three small stories. They are different in content, so finished reading one of them, it is better to make a small pause, in order to think, to philosophize. Out of all placed here short stories I want to highlight the one: The Doll. I want to add that the pamphlet (The Doll) can be called a warning to humanity since wonderful Engines of Creation can be easily turned into Engines of Destruction.

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NICKOLAY POPOV

The Doll

*stories of fantastic and
everyday matters*

Michurinsk 2020

Попов Н. Е.

Κυκλα

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Commentary

A few words about the stories. All of them in due time had been published in the newspaper . I am grateful for it then to the executive secretary Michael Philippov, who is deceased now. God rest his soul. He tried to draw me into the bustle of a newspaper gently as he could, prompting topics for articles; at any time he'd been finding a minute or two to talk on business or simply heart-to-heart conversation. My first story , reworked a bit at the request of Michael, was published as a whole, despite the shortage of newspaper strips. The local newspaper in those years went to the book format; a computer layout has been applied, and this attracted me very much. Philippov knew about it, and realized that the author wants to see his thing printed in a book format. I wrote a little, as always, social, cultural and even religious questions required some evaluation or discussion. Sometimes I offered film critique. Executive secretary flattered me: "Nickolay, you write not often, but you will be read by everybody." He used to say it in order to push me to new materials and stories.

Nashe Slovo The Guest

Out of all placed here short stories I want to highlight the one:, a pamphlet of fantastic content on social and political theme. The real book by Eric K. Drexler served as a material for the story. Drexler E.K. is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. is the title of his book. The book itself was published in the U.S. in 1986. Eric Drexler worked in the Laboratory of space systems of the same institute. In August 2005 Drexler joined , a molecular engineering software company based in . shows a broad and complete picture of the greatest revolution in the history of science and technology, which, in author's opinion, can occur in the first half of XXI century as a result of the development by mankind an alternative technology for production of products by assembling them literally over the atoms! *The Doll Engines of creation Nanorex Engines of creation* [Bloomfield Hills, Michigan](#)

This refers to the so-called nanotechnology. ... who does not know, means small; word-for-word translation from Greek – dwarf. So nanocomputers and nanomachines, which will enable the indicated above assembly of products over natural "bricks", i.e. atoms. What would come of it, read the story. And who will be interested in the book , can look it on the Internet. Its full name is: *Nano Doll Engines of creation Drexler E.K. Engines of Creation Garden City (N.Y.). – Anchor Press. – 298 p.*

Human curiosity knows no bounds. We are getting closer to the mysteries of nature. The truth is out there. But here's the trouble: good intentions pave the road to hell. Do not forget the wise idea. And in this sense, our pamphlet can be called a warning to humanity since wonderful can be easily turned into , depending into whose hands fall. Did the scientist from Massachusetts think over it? We do not know. May be I'm behind the times now. But. To tell the truth, over the past fifteen years I have heard of nanotechnology and nothing about assemblers, replicators and other accessories of modern shaping. It is possible that the technology had already been tested and approved. In any case, it is quite dangerous, because nuclear weapons fade before a new formidable force. *Doll Engines of Creation Engines of Destruction they*

So as not to finish on a sour note; I want to add that in the end, it's just a fantasy, a virtual world.

We know that everything is transitory, and Love is eternal. Take a look out of the window: there is certainly good weather or not good, it's raining or snowing, the sun shines, and perhaps romantic moon, patroness of lovers. Outdoors, say, March or April. In the mornings, caught by light frost, still snow is crunching. And in the daytime on warm islands of land green grass stretches into the light, the birds pour marriage songs and your heart is sweetly shrinking in the chest pending of joyful anticipations.

Michurinsk

March 17, 2020

the doll

fantastical pamphlet

“What is it?” – “Ananas.” – “May one eat it?” – “Yes, of course. Dad came back from Spain. Navat, he brought me a video camera!” – “You’re happy, Hermes. And my stepfather cannot repair the boat; two months have already passed. He is a good kind chap, but he has no money for a new motor. We cannot put to sea for fish.” – » Do not worry, Navat. Dad says that soon he will be the head of the Ministry. I will help you, certainly! You will have a new motor.” – “Thank you, Hermes, and what will you be when you grow up?” – “I’m going to work.” – “Why? You have everything.” – “Navat, I want you and your stepfather both and everybody like you to live a little better, and every person wishing could work, too. Moreover I want that uncle Semey who lives in our backyard, no longer cursed my father and every morning no longer raked in a container with garbage. What are you going to do, Navat, when you grow up?” – “I will become as rich as your father...”

Eugene turned the monitor off and then on again. The line appeared on the screen: “... true”. Again this inscription, he thought. Where did it come from? The line disappeared. What could this clip be true? The only thing that could be really true – the name of the boy of ancient Greece. The name of the second boy, we can say almost biblical – Navat. On the whole this video clip or maybe the film resembles black-and-white scenes 60’s, except that the camera when shooting, apparently as if on purpose was stuck in one place. And the inscription. It appears for a few seconds anywhere in the plot, one has only to turn off and on afresh the monitor.

First of all Eugene “ferried” computer’s databank of his father to his own computer before being moved to a new apartment from the old house in the north-western area, where he lived with his aunt for a long time. Shortly before her death, Eugene’s aunt opened the safe, and along with the keys handed an envelope to his nephew, saying that it was time to get acquainted with it. In the envelope on a piece of embossed paper was an encryption. As it turned out after, it was the entry code in the computer storage. And when Eugene not without difficulty calculated it on the keyboard of his own, he landed in the infinite world of information hitherto hidden in the chips and microprocessors of Japanese design. *Hitachi*

In the database the file where Eugene discovered a video clip in the service table was listed at number 38079. Refer to the table; Ghenya drew attention to the fact that the individual code numbers periodically used to change its color. At first he did not attach any importance to this and choose to view the files at random. But then somehow unconsciously began to gain those numbers that either changed color, or just flickered on the table. All nights long he wore out by sitting at the screen while listening to Tom MacMurfee’s lectures about new technology shaping, about achievements in the field of genetic engineering, of biotechnology, assemblers and nanocomputers. And when the number 38079 was displayed in a black frame, Eugene finally caught himself that therein some program is working with him.

He saw a video for the first time. The plot lasted exactly seventeen minutes. May be, seventeen minutes for a clip were a lot, but for the real movie were not enough. Anyway, every evening began with a film-plot; moreover the changing of figures in the upper right corner of the screen apparently meant the number of views. That night Ghenya watched the movie for the seventeenth time. He knew it by heart, delved into every word, trying to understand the possible hidden meaning in them. Now there was no doubt – in memory of his PC this entry for Eugene’s father was particularly valuable.

About his father Eugene knew almost nothing. In addition to name, he heard that his father worked at the Research Institute and studied biochemistry. Ghenya’s aunt when she was alive told little of his brother; she was ill and she had been lying for many years in bed. She said that in politics

he was indifferent, but from purely economic considerations became a member of the neo-liberal party, because the Liberals subsidized his work at the institute. Then told as after the July revolt two foreign cars drove to their house. Brother moved off and did not return. Wife, having left her child, drove off abroad; soon the people in black suits came to the aunt and searched the house, broke everything upside down, but what they were looking for did not find.

Eugene asked for a reference collector browsing long lists of names, even once found his own name in them. But his father was not in the lists. Then Ghenya estimated his personal budget and seized the opportunity of Charged Hypertext. He succeeded in finding the extra information about his father: "... a well-known scientist, associate professor of Molecular Physics of the Stuchka Latvian State University, researched on nanotechnology. He worked in the laboratory of the Commissariat of Atomic Energy in Saclay. On his return continued to work in the field of molecular electronics. After the military coup in 19... for safety works had been suspended." And the last thing what Eugene decided to use, although he knew that he had no right to do so. He was a kind of programmer. Coding of computer programs long ago turned from a hobby into a profession. His personal computer almost what it means to receive a signal from the outside: . However, any leakage of information about him could not go unnoticed. According to an official request to the Security Management Eugene's father allegedly was in hiding in USA. Temptation turned out stronger than the instinct of self-preservation. The result was the following document: *in the law did not know no access closed* **"Managing Security Service. Top secret. For high treason and failure to cooperate for the benefit of the country's prosperity and security Romanovsky Hermes Baromeevich sentence to death. The sentence to enforce.**

Director MSS Navat Nuritdimov."

The video ended. Eugene was sitting near the monitor. Black screen reflected a desperate unblinking stare. Eugene again dialed the clip. The plot was not repeated; only in the upper right corner was still the number 17. After the second input the letter accrued to the figures, all of the code moved to the center of the screen became dazzling white, adding the letter . No doubt remained what to do next. Eugene reached for the keyboard. **D R**

He saw the familiar conference hall at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (he'd already seen this hall in the video of his computer); at the very room for months without leaving the screen, he'd been listening to the interesting lectures delivering by Tom MacMurfee. Now in the hall were not so many people, no TV cameras or people with dictaphones and notepads in their hands. On the podium was a man in glasses, a thick notebook in his hand, he waved it, apparently, continuing the speech that was by now begun before the break. He spoke of the space resource, about the coefficient of utilization of space, quoted figures by the example of Russia, where every citizen accounts for 30 square meters of industrial building, and in a city like Togliatti, this figure exceeds 80 m! ²

Eugene knew the scientist coming to the podium. So he turned to the audience waited for absolute silence and began to speak. He was listened in silence, without interrupting. Ghenya realized that this man was going to say something very important.

Not sleepy. Ghenya went to the kitchen, brewed strong coffee. Pacing out the room looked at his watch. 2.45. It was dawning. June nights are short. How much time he had left before the arrival of the police? At 9 a.m. the secretary comes to work. She will sit down to the computer and detect the leak. Cannot fail to notice the alarm will be triggered, has already responded. So, at the latest, they will call on him at 9.30. One must do something. So far, he'd been by the program. He took the information by dialing the code numbers in the sequence, which him a service table. Here it is. Randomly appeared on the monitor and already without his participation. What's next? The endless columns of numbers slowly crept up the screen as useless titles at the end of a film. A black blank frame between the numbers. Stop. At this point must be the clip code. Enter the code. What is it? Arithmetic example appeared in the black frame: . Well, let's solve it = . The code number of the video clip. Ghenya slammed his palm against his forehead. It's a children's word game! It is only

necessary to turn the result upside down and read it. . Entering this word on the keyboard, on the screen he saw his old house. Invisible camera climbed the stairs, the door opened – heart shrank in the chest – a familiar corridor, familiar walls, here there were the same way as many years ago. Here is the room where he spent so many years. An iron bed is in the corner, the political world map is on the wall, a desk and an old school globe. The whole world! – “...” *led prompted the fruits of our research can bring to the whole world and to all of humanity both blessing and infinite evil...* **16 x**

9 +1215³ 38079 GLOBE GLOBE!!

“Please, I’m not a burglar; I urgently need to be in the north-western region. There and back! I’ll pay, I’m not a bandit!”

“That’s evident. Sit down.”

The driver opened the door. Zhenya slipped into the car.

Anna Yermilovna, despite the early hour, was bustling beside the house in a flower bed. Having caught sight of Eugene running along the path to the house, she clasped her hands:

“Zhenya, what’s happened?”

“Do not worry, Aunt Anna.” Zhenya was panting, wondering what he could tell the hostess. “I just have urgent work; I need a map right now.”

He spoke wide, portraying the ball with his hands. “Forgive me, please. I haven’t been here for ages. Scary little time... left.”

“I don’t understand what you want?”

“A globe, Aunt Anna, a globe that stood on the desk in my room.”

“Oh, globe,” Anna Yermilovna smiled. “I threw it in the attic. One can’t see anything on it; even Riga is not clearly visible.”

“I’ll find what I need.”

Embraced with the globe, Zhenya took a back seat.

“And because of this damn you raced through the city early in the morning?” The driver asked, looking at him in the mirror.

“It’s not a damn thing. This is our land.”

“Yes,” the driver smiled crookedly. “The whole world is in your hands.”

“Maybe you’re right.”

Zhenya slammed the door behind him. Then checked up all the windows, closed ventlights and started to wet cleaning: vacuumed a carpet, sofas, chairs, upholstered in soft capes, pulled out of the closet flypapers and hanged them around the room. Only after all done he set the globe on the clean-washed wooden parquet and sank to his knees. Zhenya carefully inspected the surface of the ball and found a thin seam, rising from the base of the stand, on which the globe spun, from the South Pole up exactly along the meridian of Greenwich. He took a knife and gently introduced it into the ball. The flutter of his beating heart was immediately delivered to his trembling hands; the blade struck the finger and blood dripped on the parquet. Ignoring the injury, Eugene finished his work, cut through the seam to the equator, and then looked inside, pulling apart the narrow slit with the help of fingers. No doubt remained – on the axis inside the globe, in tight embrace of iron flower resembling lotus a glass bulb was resting. With a fine hacksaw Eugene sawed off a half of Africa, stuck his hand in the globe and gently drew the flask out of the flower.

Here are. Programmable assemblers. *they*

The liquid seemed viscous in the light, milk-white. How many of them here? Each of them is certainly less than a bacterium, so liquid is white – they diffuse light. It’s best to examine them in natural lighting. Zhenya went to the window, passed the computer and suddenly stopped. It seemed to him that he saw someone’s face on the screen. Came back – no one. What nonsense? He came closer – white longitudinal stripes appeared on the screen. But it was impossible to read if it was any inscription. Then Eugene put the flask on the table and tried to operate on elements of the image

with the mouse. He hardly managed to make out two words: and The idea worked like lightning – he grabbed the flask from the table and moved it to the drive slot. *drive bulb!*

Hermes Baromeevich looked at Zhenya from the screen. Aged, with a light stubble unshaven face. At first it was a picture. But then:

Legs gave way. Eugene sat down on a chair. Recording continues:

The liquid had no smell, gradually spread out on a porcelain plate and there's been no trace of it in the flask. Zhenya brought out of the closet a heavy dumbbell, gently lowered it into the plate. At the same moment, the milk surface around the dumbbell covered with a network of microscopic bubbles. Some seconds passed – and the liquid in the dish was boiling, as if that chinaware was standing not on the cold floor but on a gas stove, while the black, covered with bitumen varnish, dumbbell suddenly started to change color from the bottom. It seemed that it was slowly sinking into the shiny new yellow cylinder. Easy click. The plate, unable to bear the precious gravity, split in two – fluid leaked onto the floor. As soon as the white tongue appeared from under the rubble of porcelain, like frost on the glass, fan-shaped golden patterns swung on the parquet. The viscous milky trickle, having mixed with droplets of blood on the floor, suddenly became fluid as quicksilver, and acquired a ruby colour. on the parquet ceased. *Stitches*

Eugene took his breath. Well, thank God, the neutralization is over. But the scenario, you don't say so! And what shall we do now with this blot? He took a new plate and with a piece of paper without any effort collected a bloodstain from the floor. The paper did not suffer at that. In order to ensure that the operation is successfully completed Zhenya had to find another suitable metal object. Meantime, changes took place in the very plate. From the center a little bustling bump has bulged. When bubbling ceased, Zhenya with the help of tweezers carefully took from the dish a solid yellow nubbin, pushed off its transparent wings – but for them, he would have never thought that it was a fly. A fly?! He looked anxiously at the liquid.

"It seems, having linked with my blood, she changed its qualifications – now favorable reaction with biomass. Well, I'll feed you, bitch!"

A phone call made him wince. With horror, he looked at his watch. 9.15. Calls were heard constantly by telephone, at the door.

"Insatiable bastard! Can't believe it, she does not like chicken legs!"

Eugene rose heavily from the couch and staggering, went to the kitchen for a water glass...

"Start, Sgt."

"So, two-room apartment, traces of disorder are not observed, the owner is absent, the situation corresponds to the way of life of an old confirmed bachelor."

"In short, without unnecessary epithets," interrupted Lieutenant, dissatisfied by the morning call.

The policeman entered the door.

"Here an agent of the notary's office asks to come in. She has some kind of paper."

From behind the policeman came out a pretty girl and held out a sheet of paper.

"What the hell? What will?"

"This morning we've got it on the Internet," explained the agent.

"," the lieutenant moved his lips, The date and signature. He's – he died? Then what the hell are we doing here?" *I, Romanovsky Eugene Germestovich "bequeath my apartment and all its contents with furniture, equipment and jewelry to the Regional Committee of the Liberals.*

"I have to make an inventory."

"And we, in fact, why here?" Lieutenant surprised. "I have not found the body. Kindly vacate the premises. Go on, Sergeant."

"On the floor: two clean plates, one broken, water glass, folding knife, and a punched school globe. On the couch: a life-size doll made of dark porous material."

"What was he doing here?" Lieutenant grinned.

“Dimensions doll...”

“It’s not obligatory.”

“Doll clothes...”

“It is also not necessary.”

“On the table: a personal computer of the Japanese firm ...” *Hitachi*

There was a crash. The sergeant looked back, his face turned white as paper.

“Lieutenant, doll! She became yellow!”

Burst leather trim, screamed springs, the doll was being sunk into the mattress, breaking the rotten wooden beams.

The lieutenant came to himself first:

“Call outfit.” The sergeant did not move. “Call outfit!”

In the doorway appeared a middle-aged man in civilian clothes, in a coat and hat. The lieutenant straightened up, opened his mouth to report.

“Get ou-u-t!” snapped a civilian.

He stepped over to the couch, looked inside. The doll lowered down in the sofa box to the very floor and looked like the deceased in a coffin. A man in civilian clothes began to shake with rage, satanic sparks flashed in his eyes. He noticed an empty flask on the table, grabbed, turned it over in his hands, looking over, and like crazy slapped it down on the floor. The flask jumped up, rolled with a clatter on the parquet.

The phone rang. The man picked up the receiver, on the screen appeared a thin figure of the Secretary from the Managing Security Service.

“I told you not to bother me!” croaked . *in civvies*

“Colonel, plug in the sixth channel!”

“... the former director of the MSS.” TV presenter continued transmission:

“Ladies and gentlemen, as usual, you are greeted by an independent regional television channel. In our telecast we’ll review your emails, listen to the news and even create a sensation. This morning, we received an unexpected message. In our channel’s email, we found an interesting documentary record. We offer it to your attention.” *Vitrage*

On the screen in the top right corner the number 18 flashed out.

The colonel pulled out his handkerchief, put it to his bald head, tossed on the floor, and then turned off the TV channel. On the screen an inscription was left:

“You see the footage, captured on videotape at different times. This is not a movie. The events and facts in the film are true.”

Michurinsk

July 4. 2019





“...Do-wn! Do-wn! Do-wn! Down! Down with the ruling Liberal government! Down-n-n-n! Tomorrow belongs to us-s-s-s! Victory! Long live Vi-cto-ry!” (from the area are wafted bursts of machine-gun fire, gnashing of tank tracks, thunder four cannon shots, in the government office clink and scattered on the floor window panes, from the street a black infantry grenade flies, Hermes grabs it and throws out of the window, it explodes in the air, break to pieces two more windows).

“Father, get out of here! What do they want?” – “They don’t want to live, son. Leave alone. Nobody touch you.” – “Too late, my father!” (in the hallway heard sporadic shooting and shouting, trampling, the door swings wide open, armed men in camouflage uniforms burst into the office).

“Who are here? Oh, Hermes! That’s a meeting! You are also with them, aren’t you?” – “Navat, this is my father.” – “I know. I’ve come namely for him.” (he gives signs to the military, they come up to the minister, twist his arms behind his back). “Do not you dare!?” (Hermes rushes to his father, the rebels with machine-guns pressed him against the wall, the prisoner was led into the lobby, heard a short burst of fire, Hermes is trying to break free and gets a hit in the face with the butt of the gun). “All are free!” (Navat gives orders to the military, those are leaving the office, he leans to Hermes lying on the floor) “Don’t you hurt yourself, do you?” (helps him

to stand up, makes sit down in a chair, takes out his handkerchief, pouring water from the carafe, gives to Hermes, the latter wipes the blood from his face) “You will answer for the murder of Prime Minister!” (Navat applies to his balding head the wet handkerchief, throws it on the floor) “This is not murder, but execution. Who is not with us is against us. And don’t forget about it, because I have not yet determined whom you are with” – “I hate you, you’re always jealous of me.” – “Yes. But now we have traded places. Now it’s your turn to envy me, now you, each and all are... (raises up his palm, doubles it into a fist) here!” – “I don’t care about your politics, I do science.” – “Politics and science – twin sisters. Young, budding scientist will work for the benefit of their homeland. Assemblers, replicators. Soon this will come in handy to us.” – “I’m not going to work for you.” – “You will. You cannot not to work. You need not money, you need a job. And now you have no money in any case. Who will give them to you? I will. Do you hear?” (Points to the broken window) “Shooting stopped, because no one else to fire back, because we are in a majority, because everyone wants to think the way I want, and you’ll think the same way.” (He stands up). “Soon I’ll come for you. There is no place for you to escape.” (Exit). *the provisionals*

“We have heard it in the first part of your speech.” said someone from the audience. “What do you propose instead of machine-tools and automated lines?”

“We offer a completely new shaping technology. Gentlemen, work in this direction is already underway in Europe, and we cannot know how far they have gone forward. Therefore I propose to combine our efforts and to create here,” the speaker tapped a finger on the podium “in the United States the Information Center for the exchange of experience and reliable control over all laboratories in the world, leading such work. This isn’t a reassurance, gentlemen, for the fruits of our research can bring to the whole world and to all of humanity both blessing and infinite evil against which the splitting of the atomic nucleus will seem a miserable laboratory crackling.”

“The case let,” demanded from the audience.

“All right. Let us listen to our institute graduate Tom Brexler. His phantom machines he called engines of creation, but with no less confidence we can call them engines of destruction, too.”

“... badly smelling and lumbering machines are already beginning to seem old-fashioned in the background of integrated circuits and molecular physics. We are proud of the technology that gave us life-saving drugs and desktop computers. However, our spaceships are still primitive, computers’re “stupid”, and medications do not always help to overcome a disease. From ancient times so as to make a product, people used one and only technique: rearrangement of volumes in one or another substance. Diamond and coal, gold and sand, living tissue and cancer – right along cheap out of precious, sick from healthy differed only by way of placing atoms. I’ve already talked about the achievements of genetic engineering, about the construction of DNA molecules. Our works are now in a crucial stage. But, as my colleague said here, we cannot know what stage similar works in European laboratories are currently. I will come back to this issue.

We are on the verge of creating such a technology of forming, that will allow us with our micro or nanomachines – let’s call them assemblers – and nanocomputers penetrate in one taken separately molecule and rearrange the atoms in it at our discretion. Thus, there is a real opportunity to get out of any matter any substance,

as well as from a sore living tissue to create a healthy one. As regards the technology for products with adjusted properties, here we do not need metal-cutting equipment. Molecular technology will allow us to collect the desired product atom by atom, molecule by molecule, which would make the production process as environmentally friendly as the cultivation of an apple-tree. In order to get the product from raw materials (anything can be used for raw materials), you need three components: raw materials, assemblers and nanocomputers. The last two, placed in a neutral liquid medium represent a viscous liquid of any color. In contact with raw material work begins, the outcome of which depends on the program laid down in nanocomputers. An assembler that executed its program puts an end to existence. Later assemblers will , so to speak, in replicators, self-replicating nanomachines. Components for these machines, i.e. atoms, do not need in manufacturing – they are given by nature.

reborn

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