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Anna Delenn

WHY ANFSA
FORGET ALL

or Just The drunk book

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**Why Anfisa Forget All.
Or Just The drunk book**

«Издательские решения»

Delenn A.

Why Anfisa Forget All. Or Just The drunk book / A. Delenn —
«Издательские решения»,

ISBN 978-5-44-986052-1

The main character, Anfisa, finds herself in different situations and places about which she knows nothing. She has an obsession of trying to remember everything. As if breaking through a veil of memories, each time she recognizes the faces of people, places, and situations. And yet the main question of Anfisa: everything that happens to her and around her is a figment of her imagination or the reality of her desires? Or maybe this is what it was? Or what will happen?

ISBN 978-5-44-986052-1

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Anna Deleenn

Translator Miya Mo

Editor Privy Advisor

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ISBN 978-5-4498-6052-1

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

Foreword

Sometimes it seems to us that reality is what it really is. Or maybe reality is what we really want? And what can we want and what do our desires and wishes consist of? If we look at every moment of a tiny desire, then it turns out that desire is a need, without which we cannot move on to our main desire. But what is desire?

Thinking about this, ideas come to me that true desire is only a state of goodness, silence, happiness. And it doesn't matter how it was achieved. This is a moment between the past and the future, in which lies the elusive mystery of being. Each such moment advances us towards awareness, despite the piles of endless memories of already non-existent realities.

In this book, I described the condition of a girl who is afraid to dream. And once she allowed herself to dream, she found herself in constantly changing stories. Since these fantasies already lived in her head, situations developed faster than she had time to think. And so her dreams are already an established reality.

Chapter 1: Station

Hurry – rather not be too late... Running around puddles and people, Anfisa ran faster and faster. Recall – recall the city in which she was going to come, but what is it called?... Creamy Shores or what?... She must run! She cannot stop and look at her ticket. She has no time.

Maybe Lucy, my girlfriend, remembers. She remembers everything.

– Lucy, hello! Where am I going? – Anfisa asked in a hurry.

– You're back for the old!? To Sunny Beach or the North Valley, – said Lucy and she got off the phone.

Oh Yes! Exactly! Running into the station platform, Anfisa saw a train. Here it is, my train!

– Where is my ticket? – surprised Anfisa. – Probably in my purse! Where is my purse? It's not here. I don't have it!

Anfisa looked around. There is only a huge old suitcase standing next to her, and as addition to it, grandfather's boots and an old mother's fur coat on her.

– I told my mother for a long time: Throw away that old fur coat, you always keep old stuff! – grumbled Anfisa. After searching in her pockets, she found a ticket for the tram. – Oh, I got this ten-years-old ticket and the number on it is lucky. Okay, I'll check it later.

– So where is my ticket?" – excited Anfisa. – Time is running out and the train is about to leave.

Seeing the train conductor, she ran to him and panted, asked:

– Dear, you know, I have such a situation. Here is the train, I need to get on!

– Your ticket! – He said in a stern voice. – You all have a situation!!! Your ticket.

– You know..., – mumbled Anfisa.

– Ma'am, where are you going?"

– To Sunny Shores!

– This train goes to Tyumen.

– Oh, for sure! I just forgot the name.

– You won't go anywhere without a ticket, and yours is only suitable for the tram, and even then it is ten years ago.

The train started moving and Anfisa, standing on the platform, watched as people jump into the train cars. – Why can't I? – she muttered to herself. – Oh, I can't with this heavy fur coat and a suitcase. They are so heavy, and even these huge grandfather's boots too. I'm so tired, I better to sit down on a bench.

The train, gaining speed, went further and further. And Anfisa didn't even have the strength to be upset, she only remembered the inscription on the last train car, Grandmother's Village.

And now she seemed to understand everything. After all, everything is logical: boots, an old suitcase, mother's fur coat, a ticket for the tram with a happy number 771199.

– When was it? – began to recall Anfisa. – Ten years ago. I was only fifteen. My mom and I probably went for a present for me. It was winter... Yes, I remember this mother's fur coat...it's cold...the tram... a birthday present. This was probably the year when I really wanted a new phone with a flashlight. But it was a terrible day, and that stupid birthday!

– Enough! I don't want to remember this anymore! And indeed it was not then. Then when?

– But the ticket is happy!

– I remembered it now! Exactly, it was on the eve of the new year. My mother and I went to buy gifts, there was a terrible snowstorm. Mom grumbled all the way at me and there was a moment when I understood everything. It's snowstorm, it's cold, and I'm wearing a short trendy jacket, which I traded from a girl from another school, giving her my long awful coat!

– Yes, I understood everything. I was very cold and did not want any gifts, nothing, just to go home, under a warm blanket... Then I became very sick with a sore throat. Everything was horrible. I don't even remember the new year.

– So, the ticket? – the chatter did not subside in Anfisa's head. – Where is my ticket now? And where am I going in my mother's fur coat and grandfather's boots? And what is in this suitcase? Maybe there's an answer to my long-standing question: Why am I so unhappy that I can't even go on vacation normally?!

– How tired I am and hungry. And where am I now? How did I get here? – She looked to the left and saw the train station. – Yes exactly. I'll go eat something. Where is my purse? There is money and a ticket should be there, probably. Oh yes, I don't have it. What to do then?

Anfisa lowered her eyes to the floor and there bill in a thousand were stuck under the leg of the bench she sits on.

– Oh wow, everything is perfect! So this is what the lucky ticket is about! It was not in vain that I found it, which means that the fur coat on me is not just by mistake! Of course it is old and too big a little bit.

– When is my vacation? – She reasoned with herself. – In summer! And I'm in a fur coat. Hmm... horror! How hungry I am, I can't think of anything else now! Food, and then everything else! Now I have enough for food and a new ticket. Oh, I am saved! Luck and blessing have always accompanied me through life!

– I'm so happy! But people around me not so...they are so gloomy, they all fuss, they run somewhere and everywhere, they invent all kinds of nonsense. Such a nightmare!

Chapter 2: Coffee Shop

– Food-food... – With these words Anfisa got up from the bench and wandered off to look for a coffee shop. – What a strange day! Where do they eat here? I'll find pointers. There is a waiting room over there and the dining room is to the right.

Entering the dining room she stood in line.

– Excuse me, Sir, are you the last?

– Yes!

For Anfisa everything here looks like in her former school cafeteria: the choice of menu is limited, the smell is peculiar, large tables, a lot of people and just as noisy. Such a strange and already forgotten sensation.

– I have to make a choice, what will I eat? – Anfisa asked herself and immediately answered. – I'll probably take the soup and that salad.

– Girl, have you chosen? – the cashier asked.

– Yes, please, pea soup and carrot salad, as well as black tea. – Anfisa replied.

– Eight hundred and fifty.

– How much? So much? I don't have enough for a ticket!!

– Take it or not? – the cashier said roughly.

– Yes! – Answered Anfisa holding out a crumpled bill found under the bench leg.

Anfisa picked up a tray of food and went to look for a table. But unfortunately all the tables were occupied! What to do? Yeah, there, at the end of the big dining room, one elderly man was sitting at the table. Hoping that he would not refuse her, Anfisa went there.

– Hello. May I sit here at your table?

– Hello dear. Have a seat young lady!

– Thanks! My name is Anfisa! – Anfisa said affably.

– Well, what a weird name! In now days you don't understand anything. The soup is tasteless, the clothes are terrible. Can't figure out which are the boys? Which are the girls? And the names are just a nightmare. I'm just Sergey Alexandrovich. Anfisa, from Egypt or what? – muttered the man.

He continued grumbling... while Anfisa silently ate her soup and hardly even listened to him thinking to herself.

– How difficult for such an old one to understand that everything has been changed for a long time. Enough to live with the old concepts! After all, you have to live here and now!

Having finished the soup and leaning on the back of the chair, she realized that she really felt good!

– Girl, what do you say about this? – Sergey Alexandrovich asked Anfisa.

– What?

– About the times! Here you are, for example, dressed as an astronaut. Iron is polished like a mirror, huge boots. You don't look like a girl! In my days, girls wore dresses, and young people in suits!

– Why am I as an astronaut? I'm in my mother's fur coat. – Anfisa thought in surprise.

– Are you talking to me right now? – She asked him while looking around.

– Everyone has strange clothes, I saw this only in cheap fantasy TV shows.

– Interesting, but how do I look? – And looking down at her legs, Anfisa saw quite, to put it mildly, strange boots and everything else as he had just said.

– But, I looked cool! I just had to tell him something, but I do not know what! I need to come up with a beautiful story, so I won't fall face down into the mud, muttering another absurdity!

Chapter 3: Sixth Planet

– You know, we're at the train station right now, right? – clarified Anfisa on the go, thinking of what would happen next.

– Yes, – Sergey Alexandrovich agreed.

– I'm dressed like this because I'm waiting for my interstellar passenger spacecraft to fly to another planet, Epirus! This is the sixth plan from the solar system.

– I think we are at the train station and some spacecrafts come here!?

– A train will arrive for the passengers for the spaceship to take them to the space shuttle and then to the space port which is in orbit of the earth.

– What size spaceship?

– A huge spaceship, about eight hundred people! – Yes, everything became clear for Anfisa at this moment.

– How much does a ticket cost? How long to fly? – Sergei Alexandrovich did not let up.

Anfisa went into herself again, pondering her answers: – Oops, what should I answer him? Hmm, if the soup now cost as much as eight hundred and fifty, then it means going to the nearest resort for about sixty thousand, and flying to another system probably sixty million, oh! So I'm a millionaire! Probably an important person! What am I doing? Need to think about what I dreamed of as a child. Become an actress or writer? Let be the actress!

And so, after a pause, she was ready to answer with dignity.

– A ticket there costs about sixty million, this is for VIP person, the regular ticket will be cheaper! Fly usually takes a week!

– Seven days!?! What to do there for a whole week?

– On the spaceship, all sorts of entertainment for every taste! Just a holographic deck itself! A bunch of restaurants. It will not be boring!

– Wow! And what is a holographic deck?

– It's a place the size of a tennis court.

– I want to get there too!

– You keep dreaming and don't hesitate! Everything is possible and you will succeed!

– Always dreamed of flying to another planet on a spaceship! And what is this deck for? Also tell me about yourself, about the planets and where have you been?

The fantasies of Anfisa seemed limitless, in her imagination she saw endless stories about space, about new people, about others from other planets, about herself, what could be her life!

– That was ten years ago. I really wanted to be an actress. I also really liked to come up with all sorts of stories about everything I saw! Do you understand me?

– Of course I understand you! In my childhood I just never stopped dreaming.

– So, dreams come true! – Continued to fantasize Anfisa. – Mom drove me to an interview in one creative studio. There they saw special talents in me and immediately offered to engage in acting. I was happy! Three times per week I went there. Almost immediately, participated in many performances, tried different roles. All that came to me in my fantasies, I was reliving segments of absolutely different lives on stage. At such moments I was so happy that every minute was a great blessing, as the most precious jewel that cannot be measured!

– Five years later, I was noticed by one famous director and offered a role in a film about other worlds, in a science fiction series. There I played the role of an ambassador from the earth. I had a lot of emotional experiences then! And everything turned out perfectly!

For a few minutes Anfisa felt like a star! Such as always wanted!

– So maybe it is? – Anfisa asked herself. – It's just a strange day, I just forgot everything! I heard that this happens in people when they work a lot and sleep a little!

– You are so happy! – interrupted her thoughts Sergey Alexandrovich. – I’m thinking why didn’t I do anything like that for myself? To live a lifetime and never try for a minute or at least to wish myself a gift for myself!...

The old man sobbed with bitter tears from the realization of an aimlessly lived life.

– My dear Sergey Alexandrovich. I beg you, calm down, you are still alive! So you have the opportunity at least once to do what you dreamed about! Are you ready to listen further?

– Yes, dear! Forgive me! – he cheered up.

– I haven’t been on Epirius yet! I only know that there are creamy shores and a lot of butterflies. I managed to visit the planet Pyatisolnts, it is beautiful and fabulous. It is located on the fifth plan from the solar system and this planet has its own five suns. I call it Sunny Valley! It is inhabited by very cute little creatures that look like people.

Some like flying elves, some like gnomes. They are kind and friendly. On this planet it is very hot and there is only water in the caves, but it is terribly cold in those caves. People there organized a resort for themselves. They built a huge dome right in the middle of the planet. And, imagine, the planet is flat as a pancake. And what is there on the other side, no one knows or they don’t tell.

In the guidebook, of course, legends are described about strange, three-legged creatures that live without light in water or on land. The question is, can they get on the bright side? And why can’t we talk about them? And how are they dangerous? A lot of questions... They say that those creatures can penetrate the bright side through springs in caves only once a year, when five suns go down.

Chapter 4: The Dark Side

– Why are they dangerous, honey? – Intrigued by the Anfisa's story asked Sergey Alexandrovich.

– I really do not know myself. They say that these things can settle in a person! Some thus move to the earth and enslave people and suck out all their life energy. And then a person becomes so sick that he can not be saved! Elves say this because a person is weak in his spirit and does not know why he lives! People talk a lot about everything with a lot of emotions. And conversations and emotions are like corridors for the passage for anything of the parallel spaces!

– So they are huge and powerful?

– Hmm, I don't even know! You know, everything over there is measured differently, not as we imagine! That planet is just a resort for people, although it is not so simple! I heard from one woman that the inhabitants of the planet allowed people to build this resort and fly there. But they collect energy from people who do not appreciate and lose it. In the form of their, people's, emotions. They know how to collect it and use it as a life-giving force. The inhabitants of the planet are special, wise, balanced, they can predict the future, see through walls, and fulfill wishes. They talk with trees, with flowers, with water. They never get sick and live up to three hundred years.

– Imagine how smart they are? – reveling in her own story continued Anfisa. – They work for people in hotels and restaurants. It is so unusual when a little fairy brings you a cup of coffee or makes a bed, and a few fairies comb your hair!

– Honey, how unusual this is! What kind of food is there?

– The food is different, but they do not eat meat and animal food.

– How are people leaving there without any meat?

– I don't know, nobody seemed to complain! The food there is hearty and tasty: mushrooms, berries, fruits and vegetables grow all year round. For example, a berry similar to our strawberries to taste like whipped cream with cottage cheese and strawberries with mangoes. Ate one and you do not want to eat anything else! Because one such berry weighs about two hundred grams. But the mushrooms are very strange: they are large and seem to breathe. Along the dome there are a lot of them and people can watch them! Residents do not eat them, because they believe that mushrooms have a soul, and the mushroom matrix is like a whole planet.

– I try to understand and imagine all this, it's so incredible!... Can people walk around the planet outside the dome?

– No. People are not allowed to walk. They cannot stand the power of the suns, special costumes are needed!

– On that planet everything is alive and it seems that everything is talking to you, even the air. But if you just peer into this transparent air, you can see how the pearly particles fly out of your nose when exhaling.

– There are also covered walkways to the water source, similar to corridors, and pools were built under the dome itself. The water in them is warm, similar to jelly of a different color and smell, and it is very pleasant. And the color of the water changes from the one who swims in it! Can you imagine? – Anfisa continued with a few more thoughts:

– Looking at this amazing phenomenon, I realized that the color and smell of water is the mood, the condition of a person floating in the pool and therefore the water is not completely colored everywhere in the pool, but only around the floating! You can watch and watch it!

– For example, you came to swim annoyed and then the color of the water will be very bright. But as soon as your irritation has dissolved and everything in you has balanced, then you don't want to swim anymore. You leave the pool peacefully and the color of the water becomes light colored again. If the color around you was red, then when you calm down it will turn pale pink!

– And here is how the smell of water changes: for example, if you are in love, the water will be pink-orange, and the smell will become similar to the mix of roses, honey and powder.

– There, in the Sun Valley, all space is filled with dialogue. And if you are looking for an answer to the question that is spinning in your head, you just need to stop and ask your question. And then by looking at everything around you, you will hear the answer. Because everything is one, all as one, filled with gratitude and love. And any emotional state of one immediately causes excitement in everyone who is nearby.

This conversation got Anfisa thinking for a while trying to feel this state of goodness and love. And having been in this pacifying state, she suddenly said, surprising herself:

– I would so like to be able to speak with trees, flowers, mushrooms...

Chapter 5: What Did You Mean?

– Mushrooms, by the way... – Anfisa continued her thinking out loud, – ...look like older people.

– What do you mean and why, by the way!?! -Offended, asked Sergei Alexandrovich.

– Do not be offended! I just find the similarities between older people and mushrooms in wisdom and... quarrelsomeness.

– So you think we're grumpy?

– Is not it so? Or what do you call endless discontent at times or youth?

– I bet if the youth dressed normally and talked normally, the old people would be happy.

– So you argue and say that if they were like that, than so!... And what kind of youth were you yourself, Sergei Alexandrovich? And what were your old people then were for you?

– Yes, we were ordinary and normal! And the old people always just grumbled like that!

– Hmm. The conversation was difficult! Why is it so difficult to find a common language with older people, – Anfisa thought, – I'm really ready to understand his old age! Maybe I'd better tell him about mushrooms?

– Sergei Alexandrovich, why do you want to fly to another planet? – she asked in a rumor.

– I just want to feel what life is on another planet!

– So it turns out so interesting, and over there will you be also criticizing everything too?

– Of course not! This is another world with its existing system!

– Youth is also a different system. Don't you think?

– You got me. Perplexed. – Having fallen slightly into thoughtfulness, Sergei Alexandrovich was surprised at his own conclusion. – Why do we people criticize each other? And we think that somewhere it will be different!

But Anfisa decided to tell more.

– Do you want to hear more about mushrooms?

– Oh sure! – Cheered up Sergei Alexandrovich.

– So, the mushrooms, as we are used to think, can't answer or rather they have a different speech. And if you just glance at them, it seems that they are just sighing. But if you look at the mushrooms for a long time, you see how they constantly turn around conducting conversations with each other. It is very funny to watch the mushroom couples, their tops touch and rub against each other. And big mushrooms with their hats as big umbrellas cover small mushrooms.

– It's sad that people perceive everything superficially and do not want to see deeply without fuss and criticism, but why? – Asked Anfisa to Sergei Alexandrovich.

– Maybe because then you have to see your own depth? Or its absence?! – He suggested.

– Maybe so! We do not know the exact answers, we can only guess about everything! Elves say: look and listen to silence, and you will understand!

The conversation of two completely different people, has already grown into something more. They, with a difference of fifty-five years of age, acquired common meanings and they had the same questions. Anfisa and Sergei Alexandrovich no longer cursed each other, but each remembered their own youth, imagining up how it would be if?... They just laughed and were happy as if they were seventeen and they were old friends who lived in the same place at the same time.

Minutes replaced each other, visitors came in and went out of the dining room, and they, Anfisa and Sergei Alexandrovich, were there without noticing time.

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