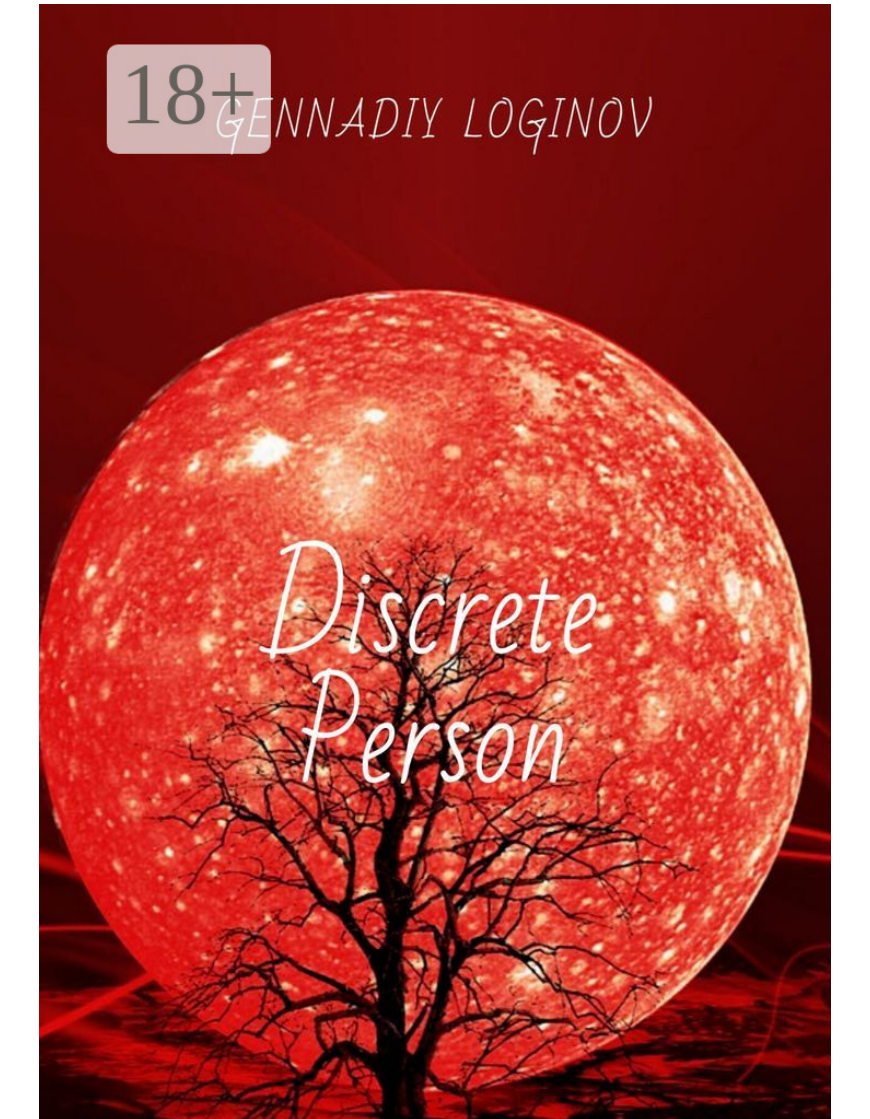


18+

GENNADIY LOGINOV



*Discrete
Person*

Gennadiy Loginov

Discrete Person

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Аннотация

The killer committed the crime and fled the scene. It would seem to be a common occurrence, but what if the victim, the criminal, and the investigation were unusual? Then, perhaps, one should not be surprised that the purposeful detective found himself with a strange partner...

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Discrete Person

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Discrete Person

The fact that I myself, at the moment of painting, do not understand my own pictures, does not mean that these pictures have no meaning; on the contrary, their meaning is so profound, complex, coherent, and involuntary that it escapes the most simple analysis of logical intuition.

– Salvador Dali

For the umpteenth time in the long history of forensics, a police inspector had to investigate his own killing. The case was further complicated since the inspector couldn't recall for sure the circumstances of this undoubtedly tragic event, no matter how hard he tried. Moreover, he didn't remember how he had found himself in this place, where he was going and what goals he pursued.

Lighting an illusory cigarette, squeezed between two phantom fingers, he watched with some elusive longing as non-existent smoke dissolves under the pressure of imaginary air. Having examined the prostrate body, he quietly shook his head and stated again: there was no doubt – it was him, Inspector Time. Or Inspector Space Time, if the full name is needed. He saw one of the infinite multitudes of personified manifestations of himself, existing in parallel dimensions everywhere within the world of matter.

And if Eternity is a category of being, then Time is a category

of motion: if we assume that Time has an end, then Time has a beginning, and Eternity is holistic.

Someone killed Time once again, and now – a killer had to be found and punished. The inspector had to be hot on the trail left by the body. But the trail was going cold quite quickly; hence, the situation should brook no further delay.

Passing through a dilapidated house with its cracked floorboards and shabby wallpaper, where a storm raged in a rusty bathroom, and the star bulbs blinked, producing little light, the inspector went out onto an endless street. Along its entire length, the seat of an endless bench stretched. From the sky, the huge white mass of something fell, forming impassable drifts, and delving a little deeper, the detective realized what it was, namely – crumpled and thrown sheets of verses. Snatching at them in search of the coveted hot trail, the inspector lost track entirely. He didn't even notice when he turned off the endless road, finding himself into a labyrinth of gray matter.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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