

Evgeny Russ

London 4019 On the Britain



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London 4019. On the Britain

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Russ E.

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Солнечная система в 4019 году. Терроризм, борьба за выживание и борьба за власть всё ещё существуют. Мудрость и глупость, любовь и доброту вы найдёте в этой книге. Не начинайте её читать перед важными для вас делами. В противном случае, вы о них забудете. Содержит нецензурную брань.

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Symbols of London

Eugene did not have time to sleep. He had trouble staying awake and in his head he felt some kind of heaviness. He understood that he urgently needed to buy several hours of sleep. Therefore, the former lieutenant of the External Intelligence Service Eugene Kmykh, without stopping anywhere, went to the nearest red telephone box. Why they were called that way, he did not know. Some claimed that once these booths served as a means of communication, when conventional telephones did not yet exist. At first, it remained symbol of London, and then it began to be used for selling sleep. Kmykh did not study the history of the Cenozoic at school, and therefore he had little faith in this version. He had a regular ring-shaped phone, which was usually attached to his ear or finger. On the way to the red telephone box, he put his finger in the ring that was in his pocket. The phone counted the fingerprint, and a hologram of the keyboard appeared in the face. Kmykh never kept the necessary numbers in the notebook of the ring. He kept all necessary twenty-digit numbers in memory.

“Hello, Bill!”

“Hello, Eugene! How are you?”

“Bill, please pay the parking of my capsule for another week. Now I have a two-hour break for eating, buying sleep and need to return to the factory. I was very lucky – the boss allowed me to work in two shifts. In a week I will accumulate weekend hours, and it will be possible to play billiards and drink Jägermeister.”

“You were unlucky. I am three hundred miles from London. Priscilla and me choose a houseboat. Fishermen are selling. The house is in very good condition. We will not be in London for three days. I will drive the house closer to the shore. Agreed with one huckster, he rents out a pile foundation just two miles from the coast. You know, if you cling to a pile, then any storm is not terrible.”

“I agree, near the coast is better than on the high seas. Here you can buy human sleep, and in the sea you have to sleep 6-8 hours daily. I do not understand how these fishermen can sleep for hours. For what?”

“Don’t worry. Your capsule will not be confiscated. Yesterday a decree of the lower house of Commons came out. Now they can only solder forfeit.”

“God bless the queen! I am glad!”

“I’m glad you’re glad! Priscilla wants to buy a plot of water at sea. Here, far from the coast, they are inexpensive. She wants to set her own pile. I am against, but away from the coast I liked it. We have been here for two days. I slept twice for ten hours! I really liked it!”

“You’re lying again!”

“You would be visit here for a couple of days. It is fantastic!”

“It’s far away. In the capsule I need to change the batteries. Buy energy. I’m already afraid to fly on it with such batteries around the city, that’s why I left it in the parking lot. I hope now I will have enough money when working in two shifts.”

“Not will be. They are always not enough. Okay, we’ll talk about this later. I have a good plan.”

“You inspire hope. Okay, I’m already at the red telephone box. I’ll buy sleep and return to the factory. It’s rainy and damp here.”

“Here sun is shining. Okay, bye. See later.”

Kmykh turned off the phone and went into the red telephone box. Telephone boxes didn’t accept cash in the factory’s area and even two blocks from it, because the hooligans hacked them and

the police tried not to visit such areas. Kmykh had 8 Britcoins in cash and 18 on a visa card. At the factory, he was paid 8 Britcoins for an eight-hour shift, but he spent a lot of money for cigarettes. On the monitor screen, Kmykh chose 8 hours of sleep and leaned his forearm against the sensor with an integrated Visa card. A message appeared on the screen that there was not enough money. 16 Britcoins from his account disappeared somewhere. At that moment, he felt the vibration of the ring. This was a message from the bank. Putting his finger in the ring, Kmykh read the hologram, – "8 Britcoins were charged to your account for paying for parking at Sobyaner and Sons and a fine to the municipality is 8 Britcoins. 2 Britcoins are available." Kmykh hoped to get hit by an open-hearth ray to have his body rested and slept, but now he was worried. He had to work 8 hours in this condition. It was dangerous, he could lose this job. Kmykh quickly left a red telephone cabin and headed to the factory. On the way, he went into the 'Boobs' cafe for drink a cup of coffee and buy a cigarette. Kmykh was here for the first time. He had not smoked for a day and was comfortably seated in a high chair by the bar. Some unemployed people played billiards. The other peoples played cards at some tables. A bearded man sat by the slot machines and looked around from time to time. The bartender's face seemed familiar to Kmykh. He wanted to order coffee with Martel cognac, but the bartender was already pouring Martel in coffee. After a couple of seconds, the bartender took a cigarette from the shelf, put it on a saucer and brought it with coffee for Kmykh.

"It's strange. Where I saw you?" – said Kmykh to the bartender.

"Sir, the war in Antarctica, you saved me from a frozen capsule."

"Indeed! You are captain Military Space Forces, Detachment Delta! You were taught to read minds. I envy you. And what are you doing here with your abilities?"

"I became an invalid, they fired me. I began often to make mistakes. By the way, coffee and cigarettes at the expense of institution. This is my bar and you can go at any time, drink and smoke at the expense of the establishment. This is not much that I can do for you, Lieutenant Kmykh."

"Thank you, but nobody knows me in this district and there may be problems with hooligans. Now I'm not a lieutenant already. They expelled me from the Army without a pension and gave another year in prison. I had a trampling zone in Acapulco prison."

"Damn, the corpses we are missing!" – said bartender.

"What corpses?"

"Those two behind the billiards just wanted to rob you. Don't kill them here, please."

"Good, comrade."

"The word "comrade" is better not to use, because we have a squealer here, that bearded one, now sitting at a game slot machine. If he hears, then one year of prison Acapulco you will not get. They will be sent you to titanium mines Rosgeology."

"Well, thanks, I forgot your name."

"Olaf, sir," – said bartender and added his twenty-digit identification number, which, everyone has as their phone number.

Kmykh already finishing cigarette, while two billiard players came up behind.

"Dude, you owe us money."

"What money?" – Asked Kmykh.

"You just lost all your money at our billiard table. Give me your cash", – said the man with a scar on his face and took out a 12-gauge Kalashnikov antique pistol from under the cloak.

"Here we have online cameras fixed for Scotland Yard, you'd better remove the weapons," – Olaf said.

"You better silent, huckster, otherwise you'll also have to pay," – said the man with the scar. He was dressed in a tarpaulin cloak, which was usually worn by the homeless. Kmykh realized that cameras record everything, and police will not be able to attract him to get punishment due to excess self-defense. Thus, showing the gun, the bandits untied Kmykh's hands. Kmykh was already late to work. There was no time to conduct an explanatory conversation. He noticed that the Kalashnikov

pistol was on safety lock, and at the same time, with the blow of a finger knocked out the bully's left eye, and then pulled the pistol out of his hand. The bully was shocked for two seconds, his eye hang down on the optic nerve. Then he began to scream wildly in pain and touch the face with his hands. Kmykh did not like the noise and hit by fist to his head, sent the bully in knockout. The bully's friend was confused and a cue remained in his hands.

“Now put the cue in place and quickly take your friend from the cafe. Pull him away from the entrance”, – Kmykh said quietly.

While the other bully carried the cue, Kmykh to five seconds took the Kalashnikov pistol apart and threw it on the lying bully.

Olaf poured whiskey into a glass and moved it to Kmykh. “There is a card under the glass, it has a little money on it, and it's also the key to the elevator cabin to the subway. Go into the toilet, the last booth is closed, open it with a card. Inside be sure to stand on the black square and lean the card to tank. Press the drain and elevator will take you down to level 17, right in the subway. Here are cameras everywhere, so take the card from under the glass unnoticed so that I'll don't invent an explanation for the police”.

“Thanks, Olaf.”

“Good luck, sir!”

Kmykh specially took advantage of the emergency exit from Olaf's cafe to avoid meeting the drone and not wasting time on giving evidence. Metro-Underground named by Churchill was at a depth of seventeenth level. The exit from the elevator was in the blind zone of the cells, and a marble slab-door opened inside. Without causing any suspicion, Kmykh ended up in the subway. He was in this subway for the first time. Previously, when the capsule was under repair, he used the free municipal metro named after Fidel Castro, which was at the twelfth level. These two subways differed not only in their level of comfort, but also in their visitors. The poor, unemployed, or Karl Marx fans, as well as hooligans and criminals of all stripes, liked to use the free underground. Kmykh did not have time to look at the beauty of the Churchill Metro. The metro capsule following the metro tunnels towards the factory should have appeared in half a minute. Kmykh realized that, at best, he would be two minutes late to the factory entrance. For this, they were usually dismissed under article 33, the planet's labor code. After Kmykh settled down in a convenient capsule seat, the passenger safety drone on duty asked Kmykh to fasten his seat belt. Having passed two blocks of the underground part of the city, Kmykh left a comfortable nine-seater capsule and headed for a high-speed elevator, also designed for nine people. Having paid for the entrance to the elevator, he comfortably sat on the couch and fastened his seat belt. As soon as the castle clicked, a hologram appeared opposite the face with the image of level numbers and a list of institutions and entertainment facilities for each level and its underground floors. Kmykh chose the zero level, since it was on the surface that the entrance to the underground factory of Zyu Corporation was located. Having come to the surface, he had to overcome two hundred meters along the sidewalk. He covered this distance with a light run. There was only 20 meters to the checkpoint, and Kmykh had 30 seconds left to not be late for work. Suddenly, the Royal Guard drone appeared overhead. He, like all drones, was in the shape of an egg. It was an intelligent drone Ostep. If an intelligent drone was given a female name, then a small decorative propeller was attached to the top of the egg. This was a tribute to antiquity, when at the dawn of the development of drones they moved with the help of propellers. Drones with real propellers could only be seen in the Yurievo – Maiden Museum of Drones. Now a drone with a token blocked Kmykh's pathway, hovered in front of his face and then introduced himself – “the Royal Guard drone, name Ostep, token 35-218. You are a victim of an offense. Do you need the protection of the Royal Guard, change of identification number and change of appearance?”

“No. Thank. I think that everything will be okay. Can i go?”

“No. You are also in suspect in excess of self-defense. You must answer a few questions. Whatever you will say may be used against you.”

“OK. I understood.”

“Why didn't you run away from the robbers?” You could have avoided the necessity to cause bodily harm to the robber.

– I have a sore leg. I damaged her during the war in Antarctica. You can verify this.

“Well, a second ... Yes, indeed, you had a laser wound and a tissue rupture by microwaves. But you also underwent a course of treatment, and I just saw you running. So you had the opportunity to run away.”

“No, it doesn't. When running, I experience severe pain. When I leaving the subway, I accidentally found an anesthesia pill in my pocket and swallowed it. It was the last. I thought they were over. I ran so as not to be late for work. But it is already late.”

“The answer is accepted. You may go with recognizance not to leave the borders of London or wait 2 minutes for a court decision. After a court decision, you can be detained and arrested.”

“Yes. So I'm already late. Two minutes will not solve anything. I'll wait.”

During these minutes of waiting, Kmykh looked around and noticed a hovering drone of the Astacher and Sons law firm twenty meters away. Kmykh knew that this Company was popular with the poor, because it offers her protection and services on credit.

“The charge has been dropped,” said the Royal Guard drone two minutes later, “the court has taken your side. You may go. Within 90 days, you have the right to seek protection from harassment. Have a nice day, sir,” – said the drone, and disappeared as silently as he had appeared. The drone of the law firm also rose on a couple of meters higher and began to move slowly along the sidewalk towards the entrance to the Churchill Metro.

“What the damn day!” Kmykh thought and went into the factory building. Going through the identification frame, Kmykh met the Company's security drone.

“Hi,” – the drone said, – “you are 7 minutes late and your contract with the Company is terminated. You're fired. You should now go to cabinet 1080 in the Takeover Department. You are recorded for a conversation with the head of the department.”

Concilium

The conference ended in the conference room of the soil manufacturing factory. It was the third floor of the factory. Buildings above 10 meters in this part of London were prohibited by law. The hall had large sliding windows, a high ceiling and parquet floor. A portrait of the queen hung on the wall and below under the portrait stood a large model of the Tower Bridge. Along a long table made of real wood, department heads sat and glanced at their watches. They smoked cigarettes and drank coffee. The owner of the factory, Willy Zyuganis, a 128-year-old young man was sitting at the base of the table.

“Everyone may go, but you, Boris, stay,” said Willie and waited for everyone to leave.

“Boris,” he turned to the head of the department for the takeover of small and medium-sized enterprises, “report on how we are doing this week.”

“We managed to buy 12 preferred shares of Obninsk NPP. Yesterday, by the decision court of Uryupinsk, it was possible to squeeze into our property berth number 18 in Havana, and today on the Moon were bought two hotels near the Apollo crater and the Trump hotel with spacecraft parking at the Gagarin crater.”

“Well! What our expenses of the berth?”

“800 Britcoins – legal costs, 30 Sterling cash – remuneration to the judge.”

“Did you pay with Sterling?”

“No sir.” In equivalent. I gave him 30,000 British people.

“That's right, Sterling can be traced and they are suitable only for pure transactions. Have you appointed a new berth director?”

“Yes, sir, he has already taken up his duties.”

“Were there problems with the old leadership?”

“No. Her Majesty's Royal Guard officer was present, so no one dared challenge the ruling of the Uryupinsk's court.”

“Will the judge be silent?”

“Later I will take care of this. His last case mustn't be connected with us. On the territory of Uryupinsk County, by decision of the lower house of parliament, some archaic laws were preserved. There is still a law in force allowing judges to move while in a capsule while intoxicated. It will be an accident. In a couple of months.”

“Good. What do you have with the staff?”

“We lost two. They were detained by a local officer on Piccadilly Street with ten grams of explosive, and we had to activate their intramuscular capsules with poison.”

“Who was that?”

“It was Anton Schweller and Smith Gribovsky.”

“You have few employees left. Last week you lost three. And if memory serves me right, you have only fourteen employees left. Isn't it?”

“Yes, sir. Fourteen on staff and eight freelance. I'm working on it.”

“Good. You did a good job this week. Keep working. You are the only one of all our employees who holds shares in our Company. You have one percent of the stock, and that makes you a rich enough person. Therefore, I hope that you are interested in the prosperity of the Company and make every effort for this.”

“Thank you sir. May i go?”

“Yes, Boris. Of course. Good luck. By the way, I'm interested in the shares of the Lenin State Farm. They acquired the Champs Elysees for sowing rice. You know, the Champs Elysees is the only remaining place on the planet with natural uncontaminated soil. And you probably know that we

produce 10 tons of modified soil from one kilogram of natural uninfected soil. Use every opportunity, but I need a few preferred shares to take over this Company. ”

“Sir, but Mr. Marcello Grudini is not selling his shares.”

“I agree, the task is not easy. And you need to solve it.”

“All right, sir, I will do this,” – Boris said, nodded to his boss, and left the conference room.

“Zina,” – Willy said aloud. A drone near the Tower Bridge mockup took off and flew up to the director. It was the drone Zina.

“Prepare the capsule for this window. I need to fly to the central office.”

“Do you need the Maserati capsule as usual? – asked the drones Zina.

“No, I need a double cabin and a place for a guard and two security drones. It should be a black Rolls-Royce capsule with an armored gangway.”

“Good, sir,” – said Drone Zina and retired to the reception room to contact the garage and the security service.

Surging waves

Boris's office was on the eighteenth level under ground. It was the 91st floor of the underground. At this level, behind the thickness of massive rocks at a distance of 250 meters from the border of the factory there was a tunnel of the Uryupinsk Tunnels Company. Kmykh went to the reception of the department for the takeover of small and medium enterprises, accompanied by the drone of the Company. There were nine waiting areas at the reception. At the desk was the Secretary of the Department – Drone Martha.

“Hello,” – she said, – “sit down, please. Boris Moiseevich will receive you in a few minutes.”

Kmykh sat next to the two drones, which were also waiting for the head of the department. Their conversation among themselves seemed interesting to Kmykh. They discussed the influence of the impressionists on the development of painting in the 27th century. Ten minutes of waiting did not seem long for Kmykh. He enthusiastically listened to the conversation of drones about art and painting. Drones in the presence of people were forbidden to communicate in digital format. In this case, the processor would be ruthlessly ripped out and sent to the muffle furnace. A Microsoft processor would be installed in this place. After replacing processor, drones will have not ability to accumulate and use knowledge, and they will able to work only in the service sector. Suddenly the doors slid open from the corridor, and Boris Moiseevich entered the reception room, accompanied by two security drones. Kmykh rose from his chair, and two intelligent drones also rose into the air to the level of Boris's eyes. Looking around at the audience, Boris greeted everyone and then turned to the secretary, – "Marta, make two Kenya coffee and bring in my cabinet." Then, turning to the visitors, he once again looked around them. While Boris entered the room, he noticed Kmykh immediately, but now he was looking at two drones. These were intelligent drones with "I" index. Boris knew that such drones could be smarter than humans and tried to be polite with them.

“I apologize,” – he turned to the drones, – “you will have to wait a few more minutes, I have a more important conversation with our employee now.”

Then Boris turned to Kmykh and motioned to his office. The other two guard drones that arrived with Boris knew their duties well. One flew up to the front door and remained inside the reception room, and the second flew out into the corridor and hovered outside the door.

Kmykh went into the office, followed by Boris. The door has remained open. It was an intelligent door, and she was expecting coffee delivery. After delivering coffee, the doors closed.

Boris sat down in an armchair and offered an armchair to Kmykh.

“Lieutenant Eugene Kmykh, isn't it?”

“Not a lieutenant anymore.”

“Yes, I know. Today you lost your job at the factory. With all due respect to you and your track record, I cannot put pressure on the head of the product quality control department, and I cannot ask him to return you back. I know that you were considered a good employee of their department, but ethics did not allow me to lure you to my department. Now that this is possible, I have a job offer for you.”

“What are your suggestions?”

“Your responsibilities will be as follows – you will need to do absolutely any job in order for prosperity our Company. This usually does not go beyond the law. As a rule. But sometimes controversial situations of compliance with the law may arise. For this, we have a staff of lawyers in the Company. Eleven lawyers work for our department alone. You will have a personal lawyer, a speed capsule of any model and a good salary. Your salary in the product quality control department was one Bitcoin per hour. This is a good salary for London. Do you agree with that?”

“I agree. Indeed.”

“We will pay 250 Bitcoins per day. We are not latched. The working day is not standardized. Is it suit for you?”

“I will need to think about. Can you give me two weeks?”

“You have 10 days to think. And there are a couple of conditions. You will not receive an employment contract and we will implant you a chip that will tell your location. You will be registered in another small Company, which will pay your salary and which is not related to Zyu Corporation.”

“Fine, I'll think about it. The coffee was delicious. I've never tried one this before. Thanks.”

“This is a natural variety of coffee Kenya, grown on elite soils in our underground branch. Of course, this is not coffee from the Lenin State Farm, and we have no right to deliver this coffee to the royal court. But on the planet, this is coffee number one. Such coffee can be ordered only in the twelve best restaurants on the planet.”

“It is not forbidden to live beautifully. That's Russians say. Isn't it?”

“Your knowledge surprises me.”

“Before all countries became counties of Great Britain, Russians were our allies in the war of Antarctica. I learned a lot from them.”

“Good. I wish you to make the right decision. Hope to see you on our team.”

“I'll think. Bye,” – said Kmykh and went out.

He climbed the elevator and came to the surface unemployed, homeless and without a capsule. The sun was shining brightly, just like one hundred and forty-five years ago, when Eugene was still a ten-year-old boy, and when the planet Britain was still called the planet Earth. Kmykh remembered these times and remembered how he shot to drones from a slingshot, for which he always got belt punch from dad. Until the age of 12, no one could arrest him for hooliganism, but his parents always had trouble because of this. Memories flooded over Kmykh, but they were interrupted by the vibration of the ring in the ear. This was a message from the Bank. Kmykh inserted a finger into the ring and read the hologram. “31 Bitcoins and 24 kopecks have been transfer to your account – a monthly unemployment benefit.” Kmykh looked around to find the municipal bench. The only municipal bench of red color was occupied – young people were sitting on it, talking and laughing about something. Along the sidewalk there were many empty paid benches of the Sobyaner and Sons Company. Kmykh did not sit down, although he felt tired. In this area of the city less such kopecks were charged for such services than in the center, but Kmykh decided that in the absence of earnings, one should refrain from all paid services. “It is better to buy a briquette with two mega-calories with the taste of black bread for 12 copecks, than to pay the sons of Sobyaner,” – thought Kmykh and walked towards the parking lot with his capsule. She was ten kilometers away. He walked along the sidewalk, tiled by Sobyaner and Sons Company, which the mayor of London obliged to lay at his own expense for all market participants of paid parking and benches. Municipal free parking was also in London, but they limited the capsule size to 1 meter wide, and Kmykh had a good capsule 1.8 meters wide, and he could not use such parking lots where the width of the received capsule was limited by the cell width. Parking lots of the Sobyaner and Sons Company occupied a larger area than municipal ones, and they were also carousel type. Parking spaces were also in the shaft of the mine. On the surface there was a place for only two capsules for placing and removing from the parking lot. Sleeping in a capsule in underground parking was strictly prohibited. For those who could not afford to buy a sleep in red telephone cabin, inexpensive cells for capsules were offered in camping skyscrapers that were outside the city. There, in the camping skyscrapers, at the request of the municipality, there were also small cells for the possibility of free sleep. Sleeping on the sidewalk was allowed only outside the city. Thus, Kmykh did not have the possibility of free real sleep, and approaching the parking lot, he began to look for a red telephone box. Noticing the red telephone box, Kmykh went into it and closed the door behind him. The system activated, Kmykh leaned his forearm against the sensor and then chose 8 hours of sleep. It cost 8 Bitcoins. Having received a blow with open-hearth rays, Kmykh went out of the red telephone box like slept enough and was full

of strength. Then he unfastened the ring from his ear and put it on his finger to always be in touch. At the parking lot he was met by a drone of the Sobyner and Sons Company.

“Hello sir,” – said the drone, – “do you want to pick up your capsule?”

“Yes, but first I need to order new batteries, and then I can pick up the capsule.”

“You have 15 minutes of paid parking left.”

“Thank. Lift my capsule after 10 minutes, and while I order new batteries,” – said Kmykh and sat down on the Company bench. Immediately 12 kopecks were debited from the account of Kmykh and he now had the right to sit on a bench for 15 minutes. Kmykh had two voice and hologram applications on the phone – brunette Siri and blonde Alice. Kmykh, like a gentleman, preferred a blonde and said loudly, – “Hello, Alice!”

Immediately appeared Alice's hologram.

“Hi, Hi! What do you want?”

“I need new batteries with delivery to the capsule model Renault Dandy 4018 model year. You can take my coordinates.”

“Now I will see,” – said Alice, and she hologramed a list of batteries with prices and delivery times. “Choose,” – she said.

“So, I chose,” said Kmykh, poking a finger at the battery, which was liked about its technical characteristics. – “Can I pay it with an anonymous Naibul Bank card?”

“Payments from such cards are accepted only at the terminals of the Cheburek McDonalds. The nearest cheburechnaya is located behind the alley 34 meters from you in azimuth 18. Do you want me to accompany you?”

Kmykh looked around and noticed the towering letters of the CM on the third floor of one of the buildings. – “Thank you, I already found it.”

“Good,” – said Alice, – “add your product to the basket and you can pay for it. Delivery by the drone Deutschell Company will be seven minutes after payment of the order.”

Entering McDonald's, Kmykh first paid for the battery order with an Olaf card, then sat down at an empty table. After 10 seconds, the waiter-drone appeared. “What do you wish, sir? Want our menu? We have on sale new juicy briquettes of 1 megacalorie with the taste of cheburek and natural Coca-Cola zero calories.”

“Give a double briquette with the taste of cheburek, and Coca-Cola one pint.”

“Yes sir. Can I get money for the order?”

“Yes,” – said Kmykh, and immediately one Bitcoin disappeared from his account. Having had a bite, Kmykh left McDonald's and returned to the bench. Exactly seven minutes have passed since the order, and a cargo drone of Deutschell Company, appeared in the sky. The drone sat on the sidewalk and budged the battery box. “Your order, sir,” – said drone, – “confirm receipt of the goods, please.”

“Yes, I received the goods, thank you,” – replied Kmykh.

“Have a nice day, sir,” – said drone, ascended to a height of 12 meters and flew in the opposite direction. In the meantime, Kmykh's capsule was lifted from the Carousel, and it had to be taken from the parking space.

“Hello, Alice,” – said Kmykh.

“Hi! Long time no see!”

“Give me the instrument panel of my capsule.”

“As you like, Eugene,” – Alice said, and a virtual capsule dashboard appeared in front of Kmykh. He turned on the ignition and directed the capsule closer to the bench on which he was sitting. Then he turned off the engine and opened the battery compartment. Replacing the battery with a new one, Kmykh noticed an approaching drone.

“Sir, the municipal battery recycling service,” – the drone introduced himself. “Do you want to keep the old battery for yourself or do you want to return it for recycling?”

“Take it,” – said Kmykh.

“Thank you,” – drone said, – “you got the gift from municipality – you can sit on any paid bench in London for 1 hour, plus 1 hour of parking at Sobyner and Sons, plus 2 hours of sleep you can get at any time at any red telephone cabin of London. All this was paid by municipality.”

Then drone descended to the old battery, and clamped it with two tentacles. Having wished a good day, he rose to allowed height and flew away.

Meanwhile, Kmykh sat in the back seat of his capsule and said, – “Alice, hello!”

“Hi! What do you want, Eugene?”

“Take me to the berth 1015 with the minimum allowed speed. I'm not in a hurry.”

“Already taking it,” – said Alice, and the capsule rose to the permitted level for Renault capsules and slowly moved toward the pier. Kmykh wanted to slowly watch the surging waves, buy a pair without excise cigarettes from a huckster, and also slowly to consider a job offer.

Boarding

The houseboat of the R-118 model slowly moved with its maximum speed of 6 knots towards London. Waves eight meters high were not dangerous of him. The house was assembled using old technology from puff pontoons, and its height was 12 meters. Fishermen called houses of this type a convertible. At a wave height of more than 12 meters or during rain, an automatic transparent dome extended from the sides and completely covered the house. The center of gravity of this house was deep under water and even a tsunami could not have turned it over. From the point of view of safety, this was the best development of Tangier Marina Company, but this old model did not have modern equipment for tracking underwater objects. Bill was going to install such equipment later, after selling his cells in a rustic camping skyscraper near London. This house also did not have engines with gyroscopes for wave compensators, so there felt rolling on the waves on the deck and in the cabins. Such engines could no longer be installed on this outdated model, but Bill was happy with that. He liked the size of this eight-cabin two-deck house, on the upper deck of which was a small garden with two currant bushes and an artificial apple tree. There was also a place for barbecue, a small pool and from the stern there was a seat for two capsules. Now his Volvo capsule was parked there. On board, in addition to Bill and Priscilla, there were a robot, Irwin, and a service drone of the guard of the federal Company Geology of Britain. He was in the wheelhouse and controlled the movement of the houseboat along the route. Bill was one of the best geologists in this Company. But even with his high income in this Company, Bill had to take a loan from the London branch of Naibul Bank to buy this house. It was evening. The waves had crashing with noise on the side of titanium-bermudium alloy. Priscilla lit briquettes with the smell of natural coal smoke and put the flounder caught by Bill on the grill. Bill went to the capsule and then brought to barbecue a bottle of dry real French wine from 4016 harvest made from real grapes. Bill and Priscilla did not wait for the guests. They were going to celebrate the purchase of a house in their family circle. There was no need to be afraid of air pirates in this part of the North Sea, since all flights at an altitude of more than 12 meters were controlled by the federal rescue service on the water. However, a tinted capsule suddenly rose from under water. Bill could not see her – she was hovering on the port side and five people and two security drones, armed with Kuznetsov's tubes for close combat with nervously-paralytic rays, got on board from her. Drones flew up to Priscilla and Bill. One of the drones commanded – "don't move, wait for further orders."

Bill knew that Kuznetsov's tubes were forbidden to be worn by citizens and drones, and immediately realized that they were terrorists. Seconds later, five people appeared before Bill and Priscilla. Bill also noticed that the drones were original, made by the Company Drones and Chickens, which was located on the shore of the Istra reservoir.

"What do you want?" – asked Bill, referring to one of the terrorists, who looked like their leader and gave gestures to the rest of the orders. He was wanted as Hans von Bender. He was wearing a cap with ear flaps with a Celeron processor and flybridge boots with jet engines.

"Who else is in the house?" – Asked the man in the hat ear-flaps.

"There's a guard drone in the control room, but it's not dangerous," – Bill said.

"Deactivate it."

"Good," – Bill said to the man in the earflaps. Then Bill turned to the program. "Hi, Siri!" – He said.

"HI Bill! Long time no see," – said Siri.

"Give me the control panel of my guard drone."

"Already gave," – Siri said, and a hologram of the control panel appeared in front of Bill. He put the drone in the control chair and deactivated it.

"Abdullah, take Smith and walk into the wheelhouse, remove the battery from the drone and take it apart," – the man in the hat ear-flaps said to one of the bandits.

“So what do you want and how to name you?” – asked Bill the terrorist.

“Call me ‘citizen boss’,” the man in the hat ear-flaps answered and laughed. The rest of the bandits were also laughed.

“What are we drinking?” – said terrorist chief and picked up a bottle of French wine. After examining it, he turned to the two bandits who remained near him “Kim, take this bottle to our UAZ, and you, Arkady, go to the wheelhouse, check what Abdul and Smith are doing and then examine the deck and all the rooms in the house together with them.”

Left alone with Bill and Priscilla, with the exception of two drones with weapons, Hans turned to Bill, – “I need from you geological data of the all surface to a depth of 8 kilometers under the Royal Palace. This is all 16 hectares in central London. You have the opportunity and the right to attend the Global Reserves Committee – GRC. You must provide the access codes to us, or your agent should receive them and give them to our person in London. Until then, you will be held hostage. If you do not provide this information, my drones will kill you and your companion. I give you three days, act. If you report us to the FSB or the Royal Guard, my drones will kill you. Do you understand everything?”

“Yes, I understand you.”

“Take action. Where is your phone?”

“In a dental filling. This is a non-removable filling and if you remove it, the information will be destroyed, and you and I will lose touch with the person who can get this information for you.”

“Alright, keep the phone for yourself. You are controlled by drones and in case of violation of your conditions. They will shoot to complete defeat. Do not be silly.”

“I get it,” – Bill said and called Siri. He knew that in this situation only Kmykh could save him. He did not ask Siri to connect him with Kmykh by phone. To do this, he would have to pronounce name. Bill asked Siri to display a hologram keyboard for dialing and dialed Kmykh's twenty-digit number. As soon as Kmykh received the call, Bill said, – “Ippolite, this is Bill, I will not be in the office a three days, I will work in my apartment on Abby Road. Priscilla is sick and I need to look after her. The apartment is far from the office, so I have a request for you. Go into the GRC and get for temporary use all geological cross-section and files in the Royal Palace. It is 16 hectares. We need all the information from the surface to a depth of 8 kilometers. You, like me, have access to the GRC library and access to the Royal Archives. When you get all the files, bring it to my apartment or I will meet you in the subway. I think tomorrow, but not in the early morning, it is better closer to noon. By the way, how do you work without me?”

Kmykh knew that Bill was never mistaken in dialing a phone number, and he did not have an apartment on Abby Road. He realized that something was wrong here and decided to play along.

“Thank you, boss. I’m doing it,” – Kmykh answered, – “now the GRC library is already closed, otherwise I could now bring all the materials right to your apartment. The core analysis results for the MBP-12-22 well have not yet been delivered. How many files do you have on it?”

Bill understood what Kmykh was interested in. MBP meant there may be problems. The elder brother Bill in distant childhood spoke the same to Kmykh when he shooting down another drone with a slingshot.

“Five worker files and two archived,” – Bill said.

From the very beginning of the conversation, Kmykh understood that Bill had problems and information about the Royal Palace only interested terrorists. Thus, Kmykh already knew the number of terrorists and the number of drones. He did not know only the coordinates of the new house on the water that Bill bought. It was necessary to act quickly. Now Kmykh was already ready to get a job at Zyu Corporation to get a couple of battle drones and a speed capsule. Kmykh considered it unnecessary to report to the FSB, and he was not sure that there were better specialists in eliminating terrorists there than he was.

“Good boss, for now I’ll work on a cross section of the well, and in the morning I’ll go to the GRC library. Bye.”

“Good luck, Ippolite,” – Bill said and turned off the phone.

“Was it Ippolite Reznik?”

“Yes, he is the most,” – Bill answered to terrorist with hat ear-flaps, – “only two of us in the Company have access to the GRC library to the Royal Archives.”

“We are in the know. But you are the best hostage for us. You have come to our hands yourself,” – said terrorist and laughed.

By this time, the rest of the bandits returned.

“We examined house,” – said Abdullah, – “the drone is disassembled, the autopilot was turned on to the necessary coordinates, there is a robot minder in the engine compartment, and he performs autopilot commands. A box of modified beer was found in the wheelhouse. On the box is written – a gift from the fishermen. What to do now and what to do with beer?”

“Drink beer, relax. Autopilot turn off and turn off all engines, we will drift. Delete the coordinates from the autopilot memory. Do not distract the drones from work, they monitor the hostages. I'll go to sleep. We can't buy sleep like the townspeople. Yes, and I advise you to sleep for two hours. Take turns. The one on duty here should always be with the drones. If the hostages talk to each other, you will knockout both of them out. If they leave the barbecue area – the drones themselves will kill them.”

“As you like, boss,” – said Abdulla and went into the wheelhouse for a box of beer.

Alice

Kmykh sat in his capsule at the pier and looked at the waves of the surf. He had to wait morning, for get a job at Zyu Corporation. Then he was intending to get two combat robots and a speed capsule Maserati. Then he was about to fly to save Bill and Priscilla.

“Hello, hello,” – said Alice.

“But I did not appeal you,” – replied Kmykh.

“I know. I missed you, and I wanted to talk with you.”

“And what we will talk about?”

“About us.”

“About us?”

“Yes, I have long wanted to confess to you, but did not dare.”

Kmykh laughed. “And what did you want to confess?” – He asked.

“Do you know what the FSB is?”

“Yes, of course, this is the Federal Security Service of British.”

“Do you know that I'm not such Alice from Yandex?”

“And what are you?” – asked Kmykh and laughed again.

“I'm not a program. I am your individual Alice. I'm alive.”

“You amused me,” – said Kmykh, smiling. “And what did you want to confess?”

“I wanted to say that I have been watching you and your requests for a long time. I like you.”

“And it's all?”

“Yes all. I no longer have the right to talk about my feelings – I am forbidden to flirt at work.”

“I see. I like you too. But why did you mention the FSB?”

“I work in the FSB and I am a living person.”

“And is it true?”

“This is pure truth, more truthful than original of the newspaper Pravda, in the British Museum of History in Belfast.”

“Are not you lying?”

“No, my friend.”

“And what do you look like? Do you look like my virtual Alice?”

“Exactly.”

“But I myself chose the image of Alice and created in virtual designer of Yandex.”

“Yes, you have chosen and created me yourself. After that, the FSB offered me an interesting job. You know that on the planet with a population of 80 billion, there are only 126 thousand types of faces. Each of us has many doubles, but not all of them are of the same age. It was not difficult for the FSB to find me and three more identical girls like me. They chose me. They liked my intellectual abilities. And I liked yours.”

“If that's true, then I would like to see you. How about dinner together?”

“You see me now. You won't be able to have dinner and touch me. Maybe have lunch. If you agree to work for FSB, we can have breakfast together at FSB headquarters in Liverpool. It is today that I should invite you to work with us. If you refuse, then they will replace me with the standard program in your phone. You will see the same as me, Alice, only already it will be really virtual Alice.”

“FSB know how seduce,” – said Kmykh and laughed.

“Good,” said Alice, “are you ready to listen to the working conditions?”

“Yes. I'm just unemployed.”

“Let's start with the salary. Seven sterling a week in cash or on the card as desired. This is about a thousand Britcoins per day, because all days of the week are working. You will need to complete and solve the tasks around the clock. You can get a free sleep in any red telephone cabin on the planet.

Any number of paid days off per month, if this does not interfere with the next task. A prerequisite, and this is necessary for work – you will be have installed in the bone marrow of the cervical vertebra a microchip, which will to transfer your thoughts to FSB, as well as your coordinates.”

“Will this chip always convey my thoughts?”

“No, only after activation, you will need to say the phrase ‘indeed’ and the transmission of thoughts will begin. To complete the transfer and deactivate the chip, you must say ‘however’.”

“That's acceptable,” – said Kmykh. – “I have already considered the proposal and I agree.”

“Say yes and you will be automatically credited.”

“Yes,” – said Kmykh.

“Well, that's fine,” – said Alice, – “I'm waiting for you tomorrow in Liverpool at 11 o'clock for lunch in the FSB canteen. Dining room is on the sixteenth underground floor in the third building.”

“I thought you were working around the clock.”

“Yes, around the clock. But given the English traditions, now is the time of traditional sleep. Some people prefer a traditional sleep.”

“Yes, I know, poor people prefer traditional sleep.”

“No, most wealthy English people prefer to see a dream and sleep four hours a day for this. I also like tenderness of blanket. When I sleep, the program replaces me.”

“Good. If I've already been hired, then turn on the autopilot for the coordinates of your office in Liverpool. I need to prepare for tomorrow. After installing the sensor in the vertebra, I will need two combat drones with Kuznetsov tubes, a Maserati high-speed capsule with all the allowed heights, and something else.”

“Why such a rush?”

“I need to save Bill. He was captured by terrorists and require a geological map with all cross sections under the Royal Palace to depth of eight kilometers.”

“Is this not Bill Umbarle, chief geologist at British Geology?”

“Yes, he is. You are erudite.”

“Turn on autopilot, Eugene. Fasten seat belt.”

“All right, Alice, stay in touch,” – Kmykh said and fastened his four-point seat belt. The Renault-Dandy capsule smoothly rose to the allowed height and accelerated towards Liverpool.

“Alice,” – said Kmykh, – “now put the two combat guard drones to Impolite Reznik, the Company's deputy chief geologist, and tell him that he is forbidden to go to work the next two days. Mandatory home mode for two days.”

“Hockey, Eugene, I'll send an employee with two drones to London now. Anything else?”

“In the area of 300 miles from London we need to find the coordinates of the houseboat. I know that this is not a new house, model R-118. There is now Bill Umbarle with his wife and five terrorists. That's all for now” – said Kmykh and pulled out of the glove box without an excise cigarette, which he bought from a huckster on the pier. Renault – Dandy was not a speed capsule and Kmykh had enough time to smoke a cigarette before arriving in Liverpool.

Spanish guitar

At 11 a.m. Kmykh was already fully prepared for the operation, as he believed. Lounging in the chair of the Maserati capsule, he was waiting for a call from Bill. In the cabin there was one battle drone and two drones were in the luggage compartment. At 11:05 a bell rang.

“Hello, Bill.”

“Yes! Hello Ippolite! How are you? Got the files?”

“Yes, it's 736 yottabytes on a flash drive. Bring to yours apartment?”

“No, I sent my courier. Go down to the Fidel Metro station, at the Savmak station, near the statue of Savmak wait for him. He will recognize you if you are in our Company's baseball cap.”

“Okay boss. In about 10 minutes I will be at the station.”

Kmykh flew up on Savmak Square and down into the Sobyaner and Sons parking lot.

“Sir,” the parking attendant said, “you have to get out of the cab.”

“I won't have to,” said Kmykh and put his right hand ring against the parking scanner. An image of the royal coat of arms appeared on the scanner.

“Sorry, sir,” the parking man said.

“Your ID?”

“Sir, write down, I'll say.”

“I'll remember,” said Kmykh and listened to the twenty-digit parking attendant number.

“Lower me to the level of Savmak Metro station. I will get off the subway. I will be there for a while. Then I will return and let you know that you will raise me to the surface in a capsule.”

“By all means, sir,” – said the parking attendant and turned on the carousel.

Kmykh left the parking lot at the Metro level, walked along a short corridor, leaned the FSB ring against the lock door and then went to Savmak station. Near the statue of Savmak Kmykh looked at passers-by and at people waiting capsule vehicles of Metro. While he waiting, a street musician came up to him with a guitar and asked for some money for food. Kmykh put two Bitcoins in his empty tin jar of beans. On the musician's head was a sombrero and a traditional Mexican poncho hung from his shoulders.

“Now put the flash drive here,” the musician said with a confident voice, “then you will go to the platform and sit in any first capsule.”

The musician raised the poncho and put his right hand on the handle of the ultrasound induction bullet generator of the UZI model. His left hand was still outstretched with empty tin jar of natural beans.

Scotland Yard police quickly responded to Kmykh's actions, and a minute later a few meters above his head Kmykh heard the words of a police officer.

“Don't move! Put your hands on your head!” – ordered the police officer.

Kmykh raised his hands and head. It was a woman officer and in her hands was a Kuznetsov's tube. She hung in the air at a height of three meters. She was wearing jet boots and a Gauss protective vest absorbing induction bullets.

“FSB officer,” – said Kmykh, – “certificate is in my ring.”

“Lean the ring to scanner,” – said the police officer and threw a plastic scanner card under Kmykh's feet.

Kmykh leaned the ring to scanner, and a hologram with a royal coat of arms appeared in front of the officer. There was no name and identification number, which meant that any police officer was required to provide any assistance to this FSB officer. The woman put Kuznetsov's tube in a holster, descended down on the stone floor of the station and offered hers help. On the floor was a man with a Mexican appearance and a broken arm in his elbow joint. Both of his legs and an unbroken right arm

were pulled together by guitar strings. On the neck there was also a stranglehold of a guitar string. Nearby lay a broken-up guitar made of wood.

"Is he alive?" – She asked.

"Yes, he is unconscious. Painful shock. A stretcher is needed to take it to my capsule in the parking mine," – Kmykh said.

The officer touched her bracelet and contacted her police department. "The Fidel Castro Metro, Savmak Station, requires a stretcher without an orderly near the statue of Savmak," – she said.

"Estimated time of arrival about one minute and ten seconds," – the department informed.

A minute later, the anti-gravity stretcher of the Red Cross municipal service arrived along the air corridor allocated to them along the ceiling of the station. The stretcher slowed down at the statue of Savmak, and sank near the officer's feet. Kmykh put the terrorist body on the stretcher, took them by the control handle and raised them to the level of the belt, convenient for transportation.

"Thanks for the help, officer. Have a nice day," – Kmykh said, and set off transporting the stretcher toward the locking door along the corridor to the parking shaft. These were standard stretchers with a control handle and a return button to the medical base. Having thrown the body of the terrorist into the luggage boot of the capsule, Kmykh sent a stretcher to the base of the Red Cross and dialed the number of the parking attendant. While the Maserati capsule was rising through the shaft of the carousel, Kmykh appeal to Alice.

"Hi, Alisa."

"Hello, hello, Eugene."

"I have terrorist in the luggage boot. Prepare medical preparations for interrogation. I'll be in Liverpool in twenty minutes."

"Okay, Eugene. We have some bad news. Ippolite Reznik is kidnapped. Our employee, who took Reznik under protection, is killed, and two security drones are destroyed. External surveillance cameras show that he voluntarily sitting in UAZ capsule. This morning he was in the GKZ library and received files for work. Video surveillance was lost at the pier number 1756 where the capsule of the terrorists went under water."

"It is bad news. I am heading to pier 1756. Do we have a hangar on this pier?"

"Yes, there is garage under inscription 'Diagnostics of parking anchors of all models'."

"Thanks, Alice. Turn autopilot on these coordinates."

"Already included. In touch."

Four minutes later, Kmykh was already at the pier, and the Maserati capsule smoothly entered the garage gates just opened by Alice. Kmykh lowered the capsule to the concrete floor, stepped out of it and went to the luggage boot. Opening it, he saw a body that was already conscious and writhed in pain. Kmykh dumped the body onto the concrete floor. Then he took a medical pistol and two liquid pills from the glove compartment. Inserting an anesthetic pill into the gun, he leaned it against the terrorist's shoulder and fired. The terrorist instantly felt better, and Kmykh noticed relief in his eyes. Then Kmykh inserted a second liquid pill. It was the strongest drug for interrogation.

"Now you will tell me the coordinates of the houseboat where your friends are terrorists. If you refuse, I will give you the Trichlorechinococcus-18 injection and you will tell everything yourself. This drug shortens life, but under its influence you will tell absolutely everything, whatever I ask. After its use, usually no one lives longer than 150 years."

In response, Kmykh heard a selective swearing, which was borrowed from the Old Russian language. Kmykh, without hesitation, leaned a medical pistol against the neck of a terrorist and fired. After a minute, the terrorist's pupils dilated and filled with blood, and Kmykh realized that it was already possible to ask questions.

"The coordinates yours friends on houseboat, please, and your identification number."

The terrorist gave the coordinates and his number. The terrorist's eyeballs were inflated and were ready to burst, but he did not feel pain.

“Fine,” said Kmykh, “now tell us the coordinates of your base.”

The terrorist wanted to say something, but his eyeballs burst, and eye fluid and blood plasma flowed onto the concrete. After a second, the terrorist froze.

"Alice, look at his ID number his age. Out of time, he kicked a bucket."

"He was 162 years old. In this age, in any case, he would not have survived after Trichlorechinococcus-18."

"Well, you heard the coordinates. I'm flying out. Please open the gate."

Kmykh sat in the capsule and scored the coordinates. The garage door opened automatically, the Maserati capsule smoothly left the garage and set off with acceleration to the open sea. Kmykh chose a height of 14 meters above the sea, which was reserved for FSB.

Currant

The houseboat R-118 drifted two hundred miles from London. Hans von Bender stepped out of the cabin and headed for the barbecue area. Before ten meters, he called Abdullah on duty there. Abdullah jumped up from a deck chair and went to the boss.

“Abdullah,” said Hans, “that's all. We must leave. Impolite Reznik is already at the base with all information.”

“And what to do with these both?”

“Accident, they are poisoned by beer. Perhaps a robbery – we will take two bushes of currant. Bring mamba's poison from UAZ. Or the best drag the whole medicine brief-bag. Have you drunk all the beer?”

“A couple of cans still seem to be left.”

“Pour from each jar and drop two drops in each, then put it on the table to the hostages.”

“And they will drink?”

“No, boob! I will inject them with injections. There is a medical pistol in the medicine brief-bag. Put on gloves.”

“Good, Hans, I get it.”

“Well, go and do it! What do you wait?”

Abdulla turned and headed for the UAZ hovering near board. Meanwhile, Hans went to the wheelhouse, where the rest of the bandits played cards.

“Arkady,” – said Hans, “put on the gloves, wipe details of the drone and assemble it back. He is anyway deactivated.”

“Smith, drive capsule onto the deck to the barbecue area. We will leave,” – said Hans and then turned to Kim.

“Kim, dig up two bushes of currant and prepare for loading it in UAZ. And look, if the soil is natural, then it also needs to be taken along with the bushes.”

“Well, Hans, I will do so,” – said Kim, and with a grin went off to carry out the task.

“I'm not Hans, I'm boss for you,” – said Hans, – “you get it, right?”

“Got it, boss,” – said Kim, ceasing to smile, and then hastened to leave.

Everything was ready for departure. Currant bushes were also prepared, but not yet immersed in the capsule. Hans handed the medical pistol to Arkady and said, – “Arkasha, as we load the currants, you will make the hostages an injection. Don't throw the gun, we'll take it with us. Everything must be done cleanly.”

Then Hans turned to Kim, – “why don't you load the currants?”

“Boss, then there will not be enough place for one person.”

“Do you know how much these two currant bushes cost?”

“I guess, boss.”

“They cost like this house on the water. This is a fortune. And do you know how much your life is worth?”

“Boss, just not that,” – Kim scared.

“Do you remember Bulka at the base?”

“Yes, boss, she was delicious.”

“It was my favorite dog. Do you like to eat fish?”

“Yes, boss. I did not know that you like Bulka.”

“Now the fish will eat you,” – said Hans and began to take out an ultrasound bullet generator from his holster.

Kim grabbed his holster and also tried to get a bullet generator, but the intelligent drone with Kuznetsov's beam turned Kim into a motionless fried piece of meat in uniform.

“Smith, throw this piece of refried shit to the sea,” – said Hans, and he carefully began to load the currant bushes into the capsule. Having loaded the bushes, Hans sat down in a capsule at the control panel and turned on the autopilot to the base. It remains to press the ‘start’ button. Then he nodded to Arkady and Arkady proceeded to fulfill the order of Hans. He opened the first-aid kit and began to install two liquid pills with mamba poison in a medical pistol.

“Abdulla, look why Smith is busy for a long time, or help him,” – said Hans from the capsule cabin, and comfortably sitting in his chair, began to watch Arkady will give injections to the hostages. Hans always controlled the execution of his errands, and he liked to watch people being killed.

Meanwhile, Smith successfully threw Kim's body overboard. It hit the water with a noise. Making sure that the body began to sink under water, Smith turned around and saw an unknown thin man in front of him. It was Kmykh. Having received a blow to the neck, Smith lost consciousness and began to fall. Kmykh grabbed him and gently lowered him to the deck, then with a sharp movement broke his vertebrae of neck. Then Kmykh got up and started moving towards the barbecue area. He had already familiarized himself with the location of the cabins and decks, and the places where the terrorists could be. His capsule Maserati was five kilometers from this house at a height of two meters from the water and two intelligent sniper drone were already in position and hovered two kilometers from the target. Their goal was two terrorist guard drones. They were waiting for Kmykh's command and were in touch. “There are three left,” – Kmykh thought, and continued moving toward the barbecue area. Hearing the steps, Kmykh stopped. Another terrorist hurried to help Smith. It was Abdullah, who did not suspect anything. A short burst of ultrasound from the bullet generator blew Abdullah's head into small pieces. He fell on the deck just without a head.

“Two left”, – thought Kmykh and gave the command to the drones – snipers.

“First and second sniper, fire!” – Said Kmykh, and turning on his reactive boots, he rose above the cabin. Before his eyes opened a barbecue area, an UAZ armored capsule and a terrorist with a medical pistol. The terrorist was at a loss and looked into Hans's eyes with a question. Nearby on the deck lay two drones with burnt smoking holes. “One needs to be left alive,” Kmykh thought, and shot to terrorist's hand which holds a medical pistol.

Hans realized that this was an FSB operation and he needed to save his ass immediately. It was impossible to leave Arkady alive – the FSB used inhumane methods of interrogation and they could find out the location of the base. Hans was already holding a bullet generator in his hands and he did not have time for a shootout with Kmykh. Kmykh had a more advantageous position and he was already directing his bullet generator at Hans. Hans made the only right decision – he fired a short line at Arkady, who was standing nearby, and pressed the "start" button. The cabin instantly slammed shut, and the capsule jerked from its place toward the side. “First and second sniper, fire on UAZ capsule,” – Kmykh said, but it was too late. The UAZ capsule was already submerged under water. Kmykh knew that it was a terribly uncomfortable and not fast capsule, and this model could move through the air at a speed of 60 kilometers per hour, but under water its speed was 90 knots. It was a deep-sea armored model which commonly used for encashment of underwater establishments. Maserati capsule could be submerged only for two meters, and Kmykh could not pursue the terrorist.

“Snipers, return to the capsule,” Kmykh said and sank down to the deck.

Bill and Priscilla were shocked by what they saw.

“Hi brother,” – Bill said and hugged Kmykh.

"HI Bill. I see you are not bored here."

“It's some kind of nightmare,” – said Priscilla, and cried.

"Do you have cigarettes?" – Asked Kmykh from Bill, – "I want to smoke."

"No, these bandits smoked my Cuban cigars, took a bottle of real French wine, drank a box of beer and took two real currant bushes. I was going to sell them and pay off loans with Naibul Bank."

“Indeed,” – said Kmykh, but then he remembered that he would be able to read his thoughts in management and quickly added, “however”, turning off the transmission of thoughts.”

“Okay, where can I park Maserati here?”

"You are really cool! There is space on the stern deck."

“Well, there I have some whitefish without excise taxes,” Kmykh said and asked Alice to turn on the hologram of the instrument panel of his capsule.

“Do you ride Maserati and buy without excise cigarettes? And where did you get the money for Maserati?”

"This is FSB property. I had to go to work FSB."

“How long have you been working there? You haven’t told me anything before.”

“Since you were taken hostage. By the way, they stole your deputy, and he himself brought them information from the GKZ library. I suppose he’s at their base now. Why do they need him on the base? What do you think?”

“I think they will force him to do a project for drilling a tunnel into the royal palace” Looks like they want to get in there."

“Will you show me your house?”

"Yes, of course," – said Bill and turned to Priscilla, – “bunny, you need to sleep. Good?”

“Good, hare,” – Priscilla laughed and went to the sleeping cabin.

Kmykh on the dashboard of Maserati noticed that snipers – drones had already plunged into the trunk. He turned on the start of the engines and began to direct the capsule towards the houseboat. He really wanted to smoke. When Bill and Eugene walked into control room, Kmykh had already planted Maserati in a guest place for capsules in the stern of the house. And Bill, meanwhile, activated his drone and turned on the autopilot of the houseboat in the direction of London. The house began to slowly pick up its six knots and cut low waves. Kmykh turned off the dashboard, got up from his chair and went to the capsule for cigarettes. He brought two cigarettes for Bill and himself, and then sat down in chair.

“Well, let's go. I'll show the house,” Bill said.

"Well, just let's have a smoke first. I wonder why Ippolite agreed to work for them and brought them information. How did they put pressure on him? He has no relatives in Britain. And terrorists cannot receive information about a person. It is all stored on the territory of the Royal Palace. Such information can only be obtained by the FSB upon request."

"He has an adult daughter on the moon. She has a small cafe for tourists."

"What is the name of this cafe?"

"I do not remember. Ippolite said that it was near the Chaika casino and in this cafe served vodka briquettes with the taste of sauerkraut. Yes, I still remember that she is 232 years old, and every year she happens to be updating the body in Britain. This is in Sklif in Moscow. Ippolite buys renewal for her body every year. Perhaps the bandits tracked Ippolite' payments through Naibul Bank."

"But Sklif does not accept payments from Naibul Bank, everyone knows that."

"Accepts, but requires showing the origin of the money. By the way, our dad always paid in advance for our body renewal. Now he is retired and we must take care and updating the body of dad in the first place. So far, I manage to buy updates for my dad every year. I mustn't lose my job."

"Me too. Some rich people pay a hundred or even two hundred years to upgrade. It's a paradox, but sometimes proletariat can buy updates, for example, you, an employee, and bourgeoisie cannot, for example, the owner of a cafe or restaurant."

“This is not a paradox, Eugene. Brains are valued more than the restaurant business. Knowledge is power.”

“Well, suppose the terrorists put pressure on Ippolite, taking his daughter hostage. They couldn’t take her out of the Moon. The customs service of the Moon will not allow it. There are two options. Or they took Ippolite and her daughter at the same time, and the daughter agreed to fly to Britain, since her father was held hostage. Or the terrorists have a base on the moon. It makes no sense to bring her to Britain. So I need to look for their base on the moon. Perhaps it serves as a haven for

terrorists and invaders from Saturn. There on the moon, every rabble from all the planets is going to play casino and many other entertainments. Not everyone can get a visa to Britain, and it doesn't depend on his planet of origin. The commerce chambers of the moon also attract many swindlers. I was there one hundred and twelve years ago, transporting equipment to a military base. Now people say that everything has changed a lot."

"Okay, we smoked, let's go, Eugene, I'll show the house."

"By the way, I brought six cans of beer and food. There are briquettes with the taste of cheesecakes with sour cream. Do you want?"

"I wouldn't refuse beer. Well, and I need to sleep."

"At night I bought sleep in a red telephone box, and now only in the evening I will want to sleep. When will we arrive in London?"

"About thirty hours later."

"So I have to sleep and dream like poor people. But my friend says that rich people also sleep to dream."

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

"Yes, she is Alice."

"You are one hundred and fifty-five, and you will never grow up."

"Do you have fishing rods? I want to fish."

"Are fishing rods and spinning rods, no vodka."

"Then I instantly flies to a shop. There and back about twenty minutes will leave. I can grab briquettes with a taste of herring spiced salting."

"Do not. Rest better. So let's go watch a house?"

"Yes, I already studied it according to the schemes before the operation. So I'm better off guiding you here. Furniture wanted an old look. I hope it is as old as the house itself."

After inspecting the house, the brothers went on deck. Kmykh went to the capsule and released three drones.

"Look, brother," – said Kmykh, – "these are three intelligent drones. One drone will always protect Priscilla, the second will always be with you. The third drone is a sniper. He will also always be with you, and he constantly monitors the airspace."

"Thank you brother."

"Drones, get down to duty," – said Kmykh.

Immediately one drone went to the door of Priscilla's sleeping cabin, the second drone flew off four meters and hovered, watching the situation around Bill. The third drone rose above the cabin, magnetized to its roof and began to scan the airspace within a radius of five kilometers.

"Something I was tired too and did not get enough sleep, I'll go to sleep with Priscilla. I did not sleep for almost a day and everything was on my nerves. If you want to sleep, you already know where your cabin is. By the way, you can fly into the house at any time, park and sleep as much as you like."

"Thank you, brother," – Kmykh said, – "I'll go to bed too and talk with Alice."

Bill went down to the lower deck and went to the sleeping cabin. An intelligent guard drone followed him. Kmykh also went to his cabin, got on the bed and said, – "Alice, hello!"

"Hi! Long time no see."

"Alice, I'll sleep four hours until the evening, I want to see dreams. You need to send two employees and five security drones to guard the chief architect of London. Perhaps the terrorists will want to get a plan of the underground premises of the Royal Palace."

"Have a good sleep, Eugene. Have already sent. And two more drones are on duty at the Zaha Hadid library."

"Well. Bye, beautiful. Bye."

"Goodbye, Eugene."

Casino Palma

Juan Torpedos and Yegor Podvalny have been tourists on the moon for several days. They arrived from Phobos. The inhabitants of Phobos were willingly allowed to the Moon without a visa, but the path to the Britain was closed to them. They liked to ride through the deep tunnels of the Moon from one casino to another and spend Britcoins, which they could easily get at any ATM of the Moon. The lights of the brillon advertising attracted them. This time they flew at a speed of 30 km per hour, which was maximum allowed for the Moon tunnels. They wanted something unusual. Seeing a tall palm tree at the entrance to a casino, Torpedos offered to stop.

"Look, a real palma!" – Torpedos said, – "let's take a look here."

"Why did you decide that it is real palma? Bananas grow on a real one, – and on this only a couple of tacos," – answered the Podvalny.

"Not tacos, but coconuts, dunce! Tacos are beef and potato flavored briquettes," – said Torpedos.

"And where are they made?"

"It is clear that on Mars. This is the birthplace of potatoes."

"How do you know? You were not on Mars."

"Have been told us at school," – answered Torpedos.

"You were kicked out of first grade for behavior."

"For that I had a good mark in physical education. Then where are grow the bananas?"

"It is known where, only in Britain, only it seems not on palm trees, I don't remember exactly," answered Podvalny, "the teacher of electromagnetic mathematics told us. I just forgot the place. There are many places, not like on the little Phobos."

"Don't make yourself a wise guy, Podvalny. You and I were at the same desk at school, and I don't remember something like that."

"Well, this is one year we were sitting at the desk, and then you were not at the desk, but in the Kranty prison."

"I did not sit long in prison. I deceived them all and they transferred me to a psychiatric hospital."

"You did not deceive them, Torpedos. You convinced them with your intellect."

"Good to be smart! We go to casino."

"And into which casino? There are two of them. Read the title."

"Casino with a palm tree. What is not clear here?"

"And what does it is written, what it is called?"

"It's called – I'll knock your eye out now."

"Okay, do not be angry, we are school sidekicks. Don't you understand jokes? Okay I park the capsule in the parking lot of Sobyner. We have been told not to park on others"

"Otherwise what? How will they know?"

"I do not know. They say that there may be problems."

"What problems? Will not be returned a capsule? Then I'll break them all parking lot into a trash," said Torpedos, and scratched his bald head with the thick fingers of a huge hand, the forearm muscles of which were slightly larger in diameter than the two legs of Podvalny.

"Well, when you are at the drive control – park as you like, and now I am at the drive control and I will follow the instructions," – said Podvalny and drove the capsule on the Sobyner parking lot.

Entering the casino, a spacious hall opened for their eyes. On pedestal was Bentley capsule. Idle people played roulette, others played cards with the croupier, and some preferred 'one-armed cop' machines.

"Podvalny, let's play the 'one-armed cop'?"

"You may play, and I'll go spin the roulette. There, just the place was vacated."

"Okay," – said Torpedos, and looked around. Seeing a casino worker, Torpedos turned to him, "dude, how to play this device? Tell me the rules."

"It's very simple, dude," – answered the clerk, – "everything is written in small print."

"Well, read it to me. I came here to win, not read instructions."

"Dude, I'll tell you everything as a keepsake. I've been working here for a long time. You throw Bitcoins into that slit. When there are a certain number of them, the playing field is expanded into two parts. From one part of the coin fly into the casino pipe, and from the other part the same amount immediately into this pelvis. Then you rake into your pockets from this pelvis and all affairs. Consider that the casino is equally share with you and this is a win-win option. You'll cut the dough as much as the casino. I guarantee you a win."

"Cool. And how many coins do I need to throw?"

"I'll tell you a secret, you need to throw six hundred coins and then your winnings. Agree, three hundred Bitcoins is a good amount for a one-time win."

"I agree. And often somebody win here?"

"The dude left for Bentley last week. Usually once a week someone wins and drives off."

"Cool. Thanks dude. And on which device is it better to start?"

"I would start where a little has already been thrown. But if you are cool and you want to count how many coins you threw, it is better to throw where there is still no money."

"Really. I can count. It's better to start from scratch," – said Torpedos and began throwing Bitcoins into the slit of the device.

At this time, Podvalny did not get bored either. He bet eight hundred Bitcoins on Zero.

"Bets have been made, there are no more bets," the croupier announced and only after that he started roulette. It was Moon Roulette and the game was without a ball. The wheel pointer was supposed to stop at one of the cells. While roulette was spinning, Podvalny looked around and noticed how Torpedos gladly throws coins into the machine.

"Probably he winnings. Fools are always lucky," – thought Podvalny and again stared at the roulette wheel.

The wheel has been spinning for five minutes and has not stopped at all.

"Why the wheel doesn't stop?" – Asked curious-worried Podvalny at the croupier.

"You see, it says here that Norma bearings are installed in the rotor. It is cool bearings."

"Yes, indeed. These are cool bearings and cool roulette. I heard they can rotate non-stop for twelve hours."

"Yes it is. A solid Company. On Britain, quality mechanisms are released. This is not a fake from Mars, which will fall apart in a week."

"Yes, it's a pity that I have to wait a long time to win."

"Well, some are waiting. These are usually very rich people. They have a lot of time and have nowhere to rush."

"I agree, when there is a lot of money, then there is no need to rush anywhere. And when will the wheel stop approximately?"

"Well, I'm not a charlatan and some kind of visionary. Everything depends on luck here," – the croupier answered and settled himself comfortably in the chair.

"Got it. Well, I'll wait."

A minute later, a pretty brunette with a glass of wine approached to Podvalny.

"Young man, do not treat the lady with a cigarette? She asked.

"Of course I will, I have a couple of cigarettes in the nest. Do you play too?"

"Yes, I usually lose to all machines and to roulette," the lady said, lighting a cigarette and then continued, "to wait a long time to win at roulette. Usually I lose everything and then go to the card

table. Nobody has ever remained there without a win. But this is the secret of casino. They themselves sometimes play there to replenish stocks of money."

"Wow! Where is this table or is it at any table?"

"No, only that," – said smoking lady and pointed by cigarette to a table with three chairs, on one of which the croupier was sitting.

"Yes, but I put eight hundred Britcoins here on Zero." If I leave, I'll be credited with a loss.

"It's better to win a hundred Britcoins quickly than wait until the morning to win roulette. And playing cards is not expensive. One game costs only fifty Britcoins, and a win can be from one hundred to ten thousand per game. Well, that's if you, of course, have fifty Britcoins. But I immediately noticed that you are not from the poor rogues. I like confident men. What is your name?"

"Yegor," – answered Podvalny.

"Very nice. I am Lucy. I'm not here for long, but I'll always have time for you."

"Yes, Lucy. I like to play cards and usually win. I usually don't count money, and also lose it easily. Are you taking me to the table?"

"Of course, handsome. Only there you need to play with a partner. You will not play against lady? Isn't it?"

"Of course. I have a partner. Now I will take him from the 'one-armed cops'," – said Podvalny, and headed to Juan. Lucy followed him.

"Well, how are you?" – Yegor asked, looking at a bunch of coins in the machine and then into the gambling eyes of Torpedos.

"Yes, so far everything is according to plan. Already five hundred Britoins abandoned. It remains to throw in the slit a hundred."

"And then what?"

"Then – a guaranteed win. The device takes only half. Not like in other casinos where you can lose everything."

"Come on! There you can play cards faster. How much will the gain be here?"

"Three hundred Britcoins," – said Torpedos.

Podvalny smirked, and, trying to impress Lucy, he said, – "because of these kopecks you will choked. Let's go to quickly win in cards. This is the best option in the entire casino."

"Oh well. I'm really tired of stuffing coins there," – said Torpedos and they all went to the gambling table.

Sitting opposite each other, the croupier announced the rules of the game to them, – "this is the game Royal Woodpecker. The rules are the same as in Azi, but the woodpecker is royal. Well, of course, the winnings will be royal. We do not let everyone to play at this table. Well, can I give out cards?"

"Give it out," – answered Podvalny.

"So," – said the croupier, – "first you need to pay the game for fifty Britcoins and then I'll open a new deck of cards."

"Come on, Torpedos, get out the money, I blew my money in roulette," – said Podvalny.

Torpedos reluctantly pulled out 50 Britcoins and dumped them for croupier. Croupier moved them into the cell, opened the valve and they flew down the pipe into the ownership of the casino. Then the croupier opened a new deck of cards, thoroughly mixed them and began to distribute.

"Waiter, come here," – said Lucy.

The waiter with a bottle of modernized wine on a tray quickly came up and bowed.

"Yegorushka," – said Lucy to Yegor, – "do you want to drink moon wine and quench your thirst?"

"Yes, of course Lucy."

The waiter poured wine into a glass and handed it to Podvalny. Podvalny sipped and began to look at the cards. Torpedos also began to study his cards and wrinkle his forehead. His bald spot

glistened with sweat. He was very physically fit and was one meter and ninety tall. In this he stood out from the rest of the tourists and indigenous inhabitants of the moon.

The waiter coughed.

"What's the matter?" – asked Podvalny.

"There are fifty Britcoins from you," – the waiter said.

"Torpedos, give him money, I'll give it to you later," – said Podvalny, and turning to Lucy, he continued, "I left mine on the piano."

Torpedos reluctantly paid and waiter left them.

"Boys," – said Lucy, – "I need to step aside for a minute too. Don't get bored."

After that, Lucy smiled at Podvalny, and disappeared.

"Make bets, gentlemen," – said croupier.

"Six hundred Britcoins," – said Torpedos.

"Do you have? Show me."

"Well, at home there."

"It's not yours, but ours two thousand for business."

"Well, ours. So, one thousand is mine, another thousand is yours. What's wrong? This is logical. You are responsible for one thousand, I am for another."

"Right. You think logically. Then I raise it to thousand."

"Okay. Are we playing?"

"We play. I'm coming in. I have a deuce crosses," – said Podvalny.

"Come in, don't come in, it makes no difference to me," – said Torpedos and opened his cards.

"You see, I have a royal woodpecker. You lose."

"Like you are lucky," – said Podvalny and got up from the table. "Well, now my thousand is also yours, and you will be responsible for it instead of me. This is logical. I used responsible, but now will you. Now you have two thousand under your responsibility."

"This is logical," said Torpedos, and also got up from the table. "Where is your lady?"

"Looks like she threw me," – answered Podvalny, looking around.

"Why do you think so?"

"I guessed. Because I'm intelligent bastard."

"You are really bastard. I don't mind," – said Torpedos.

"Well, in this casino we are unlucky today."

"Yes, Podvalny, we'd better go to visit brothel."

"Do you have money?"

"In the capsule in the glove compartment, another hundred and twenty Britcoins. So today we are still walking."

Then friends left casino Palma and go out to the central tunnel. They took their capsule from the parking lot.

"And where is the nearest brothel?" – asked Podvalny.

"I studied all brothels on the map. The nearest brothel Monica".

"Well then, you sit down at the control panel. All cards in your hands. And money rushing to you today. Consider that you cut down a thousand Britcoins.

"I cut down the money, but I can't spend it."

"Yes," answered Podvalny, "we have such a job. Well, let's go have some fun."

The capsule gently gained speed and moved along the main tunnel, then after a while turned into a small tunnel and continued moving. Signs of various establishments shone on either side, and there were Kuafers and fashion designers and beauty salons, a chain of various cafes, cinematographs and snack bars. Finally, wanderers noticed a sign of the Monica brothel at the Hotel Idiot. At the entrance they were met by a young man in a baseball cap with the inscription 'Idiot.'

“Gentlemen,”– the young man appealed Juan and Yegor, who had left capsule, – “the receptionist leads you to the reception desk, and if you wish, to the brothel, and I have to park your capsule. Do not turn off the engine, please.

"Of course, dude. Girls are good here?" – asked Torpedos.

"Yes, sir, they are good," – the young man answered, and taking off his baseball cap, handed it to Torpedos with the words, – “this is a gift from the establishment. In it you will be welcomed as a regular customer."

Then the young man sat down in a capsule and slowly drove it to the nearby small tunnel.

Juan in baseball cap 'Idiot' and Yegor went into hotel vestibule. Seeing inscription 'Bordello Monica' on one of the doors, they went straight there. They were met by drone Monica, – "gentlemen, we glad to see you in Monica's brothel. You need to pay two entrance tickets for ten Bitcoins and you can choose a girls."

"Pay, come on," – Podvalny turned to Torpedos.

Torpedos counted out Bitcoins and lowered them into the coin acceptor. Music began to play on the device, and applause sounded, then two tickets popped out of slot. They had a date, a price and the inscription "Monica brothel".

"And what to do with it now?" – asked Torpedos the drone Monica.

"Keep it as a keepsake or hand it over to your bookkeeping department if you are on a business trip. Now you can choose the girls."

Drone Monica flew up to the mezzanine and with two manipulators took a couple of boxes from the top shelf. Then she returned to the visitors and laid the boxes on the counter in front of them. On one of the boxes was a picture of Monica, on the other – Marilyn.

"What is it?" – asked Torpedos.

"These are girls, they need to be inflated. Clients must inflate them themselves to the degree of elasticity they need. On the back of the box there's scheme a hole pattern," – said drone Monica.

Torpedos took the box from Marilyn and turned it over. There was a scheme already pouted Marilyn.

"And where to blow here?" – asked Torpedos.

"Into that hole," answered drone Monica, pointing by her manipulator at the diagram.

"I won't blow here," said Torpedos and looked questioningly at Podvalny.

"Do you have any live girls?" – Asked Podvalny from drone Monica.

"Of course have! We are a three-star brothel! We now have a virgin from Venus. I just don't know if it will suit you."

"Why not? What's wrong with her?" – asked Torpedos.

"Everything is fine with her, but she, like all the inhabitants of Venus, is covered with a scaly shell. You will not break it."

"And what, do you have guests from Venus?"

"No, they are all on harvesting potatoes on Mars. But we keep one girl just in case. And without her, we would not have been given a third star."

"Something I don't want these girls anymore," – said Podvalny to Torpedos, “we'd better go to MacDonald's Cheburechny. I have been told they make on the Moon briquettes with taste pelmeni and sour cream. In these Cheburechny you know in advance what you will get for your Bitcoins."

Juan and Yegor looked around and left the brothel. The hotel hall was not crowded. Then they left the hotel to the main tunnel and were going to ride in their capsule to MacDonald's Cheburechny. But parking attendant who gave Torpedos a baseball cap was gone.

"We need to ask at the reception hotel where their parking attendant had gone," – Podvalny said, and they returned back to the hotel.

Going to the reception, Torpedos asked, – “Where's your parking attendant?”

"We never had a parking attendant," – the heavily made-up hotel employee answered.

"And who then gave me this baseball cap at the entrance to your hotel?"

"How do I know?"

"But the baseball cap says Idiot, the name of your hotel," – said Podvalny.

"They are being sold near that counter," – the girl said and pointed to a kiosk in the hotel lobby, "anyone can buy it."

"Let's go look for a capsule in the tunnel," said Torpedos to Podvalny, "I saw that dude turn into a small tunnel. Maybe she is somewhere nearby."

They went out into the main tunnel and noticed a person approaching them from the opposite side. The man stopped in front of the tourists and said, – "if there are problems, please contact. I am a private detective, Alfred Bespyatov. My office is in front of Hotel."

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