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РАЙСА КАРИМБАЕВА
RAISA KARIMBAEVA

Quarantine

A BOOK OF STORIES AND POEMS



Райса Каримбаева
Quarantine. A book
of stories and poems

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Аннотация

ABOUT THE BOOK During the quarantine period, I decided to collect all my satirical stories and poems in one collection at all, in order to cheer up a little and think, dream about something pleasant. In the everyday hustle and bustle, we completely forgot about the main values of life, about spirituality, about love, about people close and dear to us.

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Quarantine

A book of stories and poems

Райса Каримбаева

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Quarantine book of stories and poems



Cactus

A light breeze rushes into the open window, pulls at the light curtain. There was no one in the room, only the Black Cactus with sharp large needles was angry with the whole world. He was asleep, but this wind woke him up and made him get up from the pastels. The cactus grumbled, if only a little bit and he would have caught that butterfly in a dream and would have taken a piece of cake from her. What's the cake! The whole world would be his!! A butterfly, light like the same breeze, soared from flower to flower, humming an uncomplicated song: "La-la-la la-la-la... the sun is me! How so good!.

Cactus looked at the alarm clock. it was already half past six. You could sleep for another half hour! Fool the wind! Well, what did he achieve!! It's time! It's time! Well, I got up and what!. What am I going to do now so early! The cactus grumbled. Grumbled as always. He always grumbles when he doesn't get enough sleep. He went to the window, took his papers, which never run out, folded them in a pile and stuffed them in a suitcase, preparing to leave the house for work... Then he smelled the hot delicious buns that his mother was baking. He was very happy about this, even cheered up, but he remembered that his mother had died. It has long been gone. And he still could see her because of this work. Work.. work.. work all the time. Not to go to my mother, to visit the elderly, missing her only son, to whom she

devoted her whole life. Mom understood everything. Of course, this is an important state work, responsible. She bragged to all the neighbors about her son, the boss, the Director of the meat processing plant. True, her neighbors never saw her vaunted son, they only met at the funeral. The cactus from unwanted memories completely turned sour and became like bitter pepper, the sun has rotted us. Buns.. these buns again... Where does this flavor come from? Only his mother could bake this way. ... He leaned out the window, shaking his head left and right, trying to smell where the aroma of delicious, sugar buns came from. The city was still asleep, snoring quietly in its beds. There is no one on the street, only the janitor's wife sweeps the yard again. Every morning from six to eight, she sweeps the courtyard, as invariably as this old two-story house for as long as he can remember. "Okay," thought the cactus, it's time already!. Then, remembering something, Cactus again leaned out into the open window and yelled at the top of his voice:

_ Hey, down there!!! The street cleaner!! You're just a fool!! You will never achieve nything and your children are fools, and all are fools!!! _ he screamed and his bitterness gradually passed, becoming like a summer sun. So annoying someone Alisher. Traktorbaevich, nicknamed "Cactus, assigned to him for thorniness by whom he himself does not remember, rejoiced like a little child.. Cactus.. Cactus and that's all. He's already used to it and calls out to this nickname, and his name is so melodious, which his mother gave him I almost forgot. Even at

work, his name is simply “Cactus.” Briefly, like a shot, and to the point. He wanted to shout something more sharp and insulting to the janitor, but forgot, because he again remembered about buns... Cactus liked to offend people who could not answer him in kind, could not defend themselves, who were silent on all his attacks. They were silent, and he Cactus improved himself at their expense. Humiliating someone, he felt almost like God. So this janitor kept silent She is always silent in a rag, secretly wiping away a tear from resentment, Silent. “Well, shut up, and I’ll go further” – thought Cactus. The cactus was lonely, although rich by local standards: there is a car and an apartment, and a dacha, on which his subordinates are tirelessly busy with, but his wife is not. Do not... and of course they spin, but he himself quickly puts them in place. He doesn’t like it. when someone swings at his freedom and, most importantly, money. And also how he thinks about the expenses that will have to pay for his wife, After all, you need to feed, but probably eats a lot, and buy her dresses and how it is... buy earrings – rings! Otherwise, it will be inconvenient in front of neighbors and bosses to carry her to the sea.. No.. I’d rather be alone, I’ll spend my money myself, but I’d rather collect it for a rainy day. I love to collect them in a three-liter jar, Cactus thought and smiled with relish at his find, and then look at them, crumpled green dollars!! Watch and admire! This is happiness!! Not that your family is children, like there are other resorts. No happiness – these are the same green, crumpled banknotes that I keep under the only thing in the room – under the bed.

Although the cactus was rich, he dressed extremely poorly, wore torn, already completely decayed jeans. he was even proud, he said. that they are always in fashion, showing everyone on their knees. that stick out of huge gaping holes. Without taking off he wore the same ancient shirt, everyone suspected that he definitely did not wash it. So he wore the same thing every day. I didn't drive my own car either. Shore from the eyes Especially the guys who run around in the yard, Still scratch. Allah forbid. As soon as he thinks about it, Cactus, it immediately becomes bad, Oh, how bad! Every day he walks into his garage, polishes the car with a rag to shine, admires her like a girl, even kisses her, then sighs bitterly as if something is impossible. Brushes away the tear that treacherously came out in his eyes from emotion and pride in himself, and will go on to work on foot. Yes, yes, on foot and not otherwise.. And then suddenly the car breaks down or stops shining like a Christmas tree toy. Allah forbid this to happen! Of course he will go on foot, come out early and walk for an hour in the fresh air to the Akimat. And there a compassionate friend and comrade Vovka is already waiting for him at the akimat on his stunted Zhigelka. Vovka will not leave him in trouble, he will even take off his last shirt if necessary. So Cactus gets to work. And to all and sundry, he always complains, weeps, lamenting: they have offended his dear, there is nothing to eat and nothing to wear, and everything hurts and they got everything. Compassionate people will pity him and give some money, their salary, some

food, some worn things, but in good condition. The cactus puts everything in a bag until it cracks at the seams and the disgusting smell of rot from spoiled food and moth-eaten rags goes. And as this smell goes, the Cactus plays the role of a sponsor and in front of the journalists (and this is a prerequisite for his action, so that all newspapers talk about his generosity and kindness) will distribute to orphans from orphanages and elderly lonely people all the junk from his a well-worn bag. Of course, you can't wear it anymore, let alone eat it, but everyone is silent, because it's uncomfortable. The man tried, he even cried with zeal, and there were journalists, and they didn't print in the newspapers. Here is a photograph of orphans and old people standing, and he, Alisher Taktorbaevich, is distributing alms from his "expensive" bag. And everything is so beautiful and correct. "You can't upset a person," the old people thought, "you can't!" And this bag of junk is lying by the garbage can. Only scourges and drunks dig deeper and then, after spitting on this rot, they will be thrown away, deep into the garbage container, so that others are not dragged out by chance and poisoned. And Cactus, that is, Alisher Traktorbaevich, was sitting on his director's chair, by the way also old and with a huge hole in the back, once a leather chair, sitting like God and rejoicing in the deal, and most importantly PR. This PR will give him a new position, which means money and opportunities to steal. The cactus always liked to say, twisting his black mustache: "Live and let others live" What did it mean to steal and let others steal while there is something" ...

One day the Butterfly flew into his lonely house. Butterfly is a graduate student. She was doing her thesis and on economic issues went to him. Cactus offered to help her, but for money. At first she went out all in anger and rage, but then she came back and agreed. Here is another side where you can earn extra money. Therefore, he was so fond of all responsible work. And how not to love her? The girl brought money, and then he invited her to his place, saying: “You won’t come _ not see you work!” Said it suddenly and bluntly! The girl hesitated and came. But not alone but with the police.! And she arranged everything so cleverly that for the first time Cactus felt ashamed of his act. Of course, she did not prove anything, but the red tape was still the same! Cactus had to carry in his car the chiefs of the police and the chiefs of the district department of the plant, and all kinds of inspectors, apparently-invisibly. Another big smile, offering “gifts” – crumpled dollar bills from his three-liter can. He even kept watch at the entrance of a superior boss to offer his services to give him a ride or go to the market or work in the country, or drag sheep carcasses from the meat-packing plant just to hush up this rotten business. Praise be to Allah! It has carried it so far! Not only did he stay in office and did not go to prison, he also got the position. Now he will work in Almaty not as someone, but as a chief engineer. While an engineer, but with such agility as that of Cactus, you can become a president... ugh, that is, become the director of the local meat-packing plant, but for now it’s not bad in engineers!

But now Cactus is afraid of these graduate students like fire and nightmares at night. As if this butterfly brought its butterfly horde and this horde began to gut it, letting the affairs be taken apart on the shelves and in court!! My heart was already bad! Now the heart is naughty from fright! We ought to go to Turkey! Waste again!! Not,. I would have to lie down at home... From this washing Cactus completely wilted and in order to cheer himself up he took from the very bag with which he fed the old people and orphans, dried and fossilized, all covered with green mold, and began to chew it and choke with zeal...

Here's another graduate student on my head! – thought Cactus and was ready to hide under the table from these graduate students. They all prowl and prowl, they turn everything upside down, and in fact, that's an infection, stubborn, they don't take bribes. What a time it has gone!

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Woe from Wit

Aigul, a young girl of 28 years old, in a thin silk dress came from the province to Almaty, from Koktobe. Almaty surprised her with its beauty. A provincial, modestly dressed girl in a floor-length dress walked through an unknown city and smiled, looking at the bizarre ornate paintings on the stands, inviting her to visit this or that boutique. She got on the bus that carried her to Sayakhat. The bus was not much unusual in that there was no conductor. People themselves paid for the fare by dropping a coin into an iron box. The drawer was spitting out a small piece of paper with finely minted letters. If you want to pay, you want not to pay. Good! Freedom! The bus started. Aigul sat by the window and looked at the city landscape. High-rise buildings, bright advertising signs, trees, people flew by. The sun was shining brightly, hot in summer, so that in some flower beds the flowers withered, turned yellow, frayed. She rode, thinking about her own. Mom's legs hurt and needed to find a cure. Phlebeurysm. Her legs were blue with swollen veins and ached. She could not walk. I got tired quickly. Aigul was worried about her, so she went to the polyclinic, and at the same time stopped by her uncle. Uncle was not at home. At work. And in order not to stand until the evening, she decided to wait with a friend. A friend named Janelle has lived in the city for two years and during this time has become terribly urban:

a short mini skirt that barely covers, pink wavy hair that falls slightly to the shoulders, purple long nails and she spoke in a lisp, with a strong accent, so it's not possible to listen to the Kazakh speech spoiled beyond recognition. She thought Janelle's dialect was funny, especially the word "Don't boldyyyy! Real Kazakhs speak a little differently, but a resident of a megalopolis who has forgotten his native language cannot be explained. Aigul sat by the minibus window and remembered her friend, then worried about her mother again. Veins are an unpredictable and terrible disease, at any moment the veins can burst even then.. It's even scary to think what will happen then. Aigul drove away obsessive fears and forced herself to think about the good. When you think about the good, it will definitely come true. And everything will be fine.! Aigul was sure of this. At that moment she heard a voice from somewhere from above. The voice shouted with all its might and was indignant:

– Why are you sitting?! Can't you see I'm standing!! Make way! I Bastard!

Aigul came to her senses and raised her head. A dandelion granny was standing right above her. "It didn't work out well, the girl thought. How could I think so?" -And she immediately jumped up, giving way. Granny sat down contentedly and was no longer angry. And Aigul swam further in her thoughts. ... In their aul, they are not treated by doctors, but by doctors of various stripes. And no matter how she persuaded her mother to go to the doctor, she did not succeed. There is no doctor in the village.

Only in the regional center, and it's a long way to go there. As many as three hours by bus, which travels once a day to the regional center and back. Here people are treated by doctors. It's good if the healer is from God, and there are charlatans. Aigul was afraid of them and did not trust them. Treat differently. Better, of course, surami from the Koran, but it happens to be urine, applying it to all the places where it pleases, And assures that he will definitely help, scolding if it still does not help. took, people themselves put "sadaqa" on the table, thanks to God. Everyone went to her and my mother went. K. immediately diagnosed "Damage", "A terrible damage that you can die" and added that only urine should be treated. Aigul did not understand: how is it with urine, if spoilage is gins, and they should be driven out of the Koran by suras. She already knew something in the Koran and even learned to read from the local mulda. Aigul was about to give a hint about this, but immediately from all sides they began to hiss menacingly at her so that she would immediately be silent. And Aigul became quiet. In the aul, the elders are not opposed, and it is not good to disobey the elders. Oh, how not good! Mom diligently applied bandages soaked in urine. First it was necessary to boil this very urine, and then apply it.

When you cook it, there is a persistent disgusting thick green smog. It smelled very hard. Even dad began to swear, unable to endure these torments. The younger sisters – the 10-year-olds laughed. They found it funny to the point of colic. And unable to bear, so as not to laugh and thereby offend their mother, they

went to their room or to the street and laughed. And Aigul cooked it all on the orders of her mother and put it on her sore spot.. If it helped, but alas. The sores on my legs became even more, blisters appeared and the terrible itching only intensified. Therefore, Aigul did not forgive herself for not being able to convince her mother to go to the clinic, and she was also making this brew. Horror!! After suffering for a week, my mother stopped these procedures herself under the unabated anger of the treating woman: “Why did you remove the bandages?! I had to continue applying!” “Probably, I should have completely lost my legs, then it would have been right in her opinion,” she was perplexed and angry at the treating girl. So she came to the city for medicine for her mother. A beautiful city with many opportunities for young people attracted and called to stay Aigul. And no matter how he beckoned to him, Aigul could not. She could not leave her sick mother, and there is nowhere to live here. Uncle is cramped. Seven huddled in odnushka, Where else is she! So for a day you can, and then home. And it’s not convenient somehow, it’s not good to embarrass people. Aigul did not like to visit guests. Homebody.

Then the bus stopped and a dark gypsy woman entered, in a shabby, well-worn dress of an incomprehensible gray-brown-crimson color. In a pitiful voice, she began begging for alms:

– Help, please!! – she lamented, looking straight into the eyes of passers-by – mom is dying, dad is dead, there are seven of us. there is nothing. Give who can. – holding out her palm, she

belittles.

Aigul submitted 150 tenges. She could not look calmly at people asking for help. She herself came out of poverty. Traded in bread from a bakery. One tenge from the sold-her. I managed to earn 300 tenges per day. There is no work in the village. Everyone can get out. Therefore, she cannot look at poor people without pity and sympathy. Nevertheless, the gypsy, having collected a “pitch”, left, got off at the next stop and headed to the next bus with the same request. “The city is expensive. It is difficult to live here,” thought Aigul understandingly. She tried to understand the person before judging. At the next stop she got off. Janelle lived in a five-story luxury building with an intercom. You should have said into the intercom and only then they will open it to you. Aigul tried again, but again there was no answer. “Probably gone,” thought Aigul and was about to leave when a cool black foreign car drove into the yard and Janelle fluttered out of it like a butterfly with pink hair and bright makeup.

Well, hello! – stretching out her hand says Janelle – How long have you been standing? Get in the car. I’ll buy you some tea. There is a pretty cafe here not far.

Aigul sat down. In the city, people do not cook for themselves, go to cafes of national cuisine and eat there. Saving on food, they buy expensive things from the cu turier and go on vacation to the sea in Europe and Turkey. Janelle did that too. She ate in tiny portions in a dessert plate and was always hungry, For Aigul it seemed wild. Why go hungry and are afraid of fainting when

you can eat normally, even if not in new clothes? Why expensive diamonds when you are about to faint, because your head is very dizzy with hunger? Aigul did not understand this, but was silent so as not to offend her friend. They went to the Cafe. On the way, as usual, they chatted about nothing, laughed and joked. The roadside cafe was on the corner, at the intersection of two streets. The cafe was surrounded by greenery, there was a fountain in the courtyard, and the children of neighboring houses were bathing in it. Janelle They sat down at the table. Everyone here knew her well and every now and then she answered greetings or was the first to say hello herself. Waiter, boy 20 years old. came up extremely quickly. After ordering food and almost not touching it, when it was already brought and it was possible to start the meal, Janelle gave out:

– I just want to tell you about the new fashion. No, this is not an advertisement. I've been doing this myself for almost a year and a half. Business is very convenient in that you do not need any expenses. All work on the internet. -And right there, not allowing to figure out what's what, she thrust some pieces of paper into Aigula. They needed to be printed in several samples and sent out over the Internet. Income from how much you distribute. And the more mailings, the higher the income. Can. of course to hand out, but on the Internet it is faster and there will be more clients.

– We have no Internet in the village – said Aigul

– Nothing, so give it out – Janelle did not give up

– To whom? – asked Aigul- No one has money. And they don't

eat these pieces of paper. Inedible.

– Oh, come on, forget ... – said and immediately began again, but in a different way- That's why I quickly got rich and my personal life began to improve, tell me, eh? Are you silent? You do not know? And I'll tell you, you need to lose your mind!

Aigul choked on a piece of bread:

“This is a joke, isn't it?” She asked naively, hoping it was a joke after all.

– Village!! – a little angry girlfriend – No. This is not a joke, but reality! So I studied well, graduated from college with honors, I have a job, but no personal life, that's all! And I am beautiful and tender, and the suitors do not look. But life goes on, I'm not getting younger. Before you have time to look back, life will fly by. I want to live beautifully, richly! And there is no money, there is no rich groom either, but there are a lot of problems. I will soon turn 30, and not married and no life. As if someone had stolen her life. I'm standing at a bus stop, waiting for a minibus, and then a boy so handsome with blue eyes, tall that your uncle Akhmet, runs up and shoves me a brochure. At first I thought I wanted to steal something, raised a cry, and he shoves it at me and smiles such a carefree smile that I felt jealous. I came home and began to read. It turns out one scientist said to the whole world. that the mind brings only sorrow. They say that for the happiness of the mind is not necessary at all. Here, says the children are happy why? Because they don't think about anything, they rejoice at this day, this sun, wind, even flies and mosquitoes.

Memory is the mind, and from it all the troubles. So I decided to become happy as a child. Professor M has a clinic here. He came here from America. I looked: all the people here are evil. I got upset and decided to make the people of Kazakhstan happy, that means to help, and opened the clinic. Yes, she's right there. in a neighboring house on the ground floor. The procedure for erasing memory is not expensive – 29 thousand tenge. Don't worry, I will pay for you for the first three sessions, and then you yourself. You will see, all sorts of thoughts will disappear, life will become easier, boyfriends will appear. I've probably not, I've even lost count of them. "Janelle taught her stupid friend to reason.

then the phone rang, did she pick it up?

– Hello! -Said Janel_ Who are you?

– But how who? – shouted in the tube – your neighbor! You have completely flooded me! It flows strongly from the ceiling, the ariston burned out, the wiring is jammed..

_ What Neighbor? – asked Janelle_ I have no acquaintance named Neighbor. very sorry, but I don't know you. Excuse me. -Nothing understanding says Janelle

The pipe swore and died out.

– Some strange, says Janelle and rushed to carry on to carry some kind of nonsense. Aigul did not listen to her. She was shocked and did not believe what was happening. It seemed to her that she was being played. That this is such a joke. And she smiled. But

then Janelle grabbed her hand and rushed to the exit:

– I will now show you everything, she chirped hastily, holding her friend tighter and fearing that she would slip away inadvertently. She grabbed so hard that her hand was numb and her fingerprints were blue. Five minutes later they entered the private office of a professor named M. Here he was consulting and doing hypnosis. Under the influence of hypnosis, a person partially lost his memory, and with it his mind. The queue was not long, only ten people. In the aul, the queue for bread is much longer at times, since there is one store for the entire aul. In the office of Professor M. you had to register and make an appointment. Then they will appoint a time and by this time you will enter. Not earlier, not later. If you are late, you will not come at all. Therefore, people were worried, often asked the time again and were in a hurry, they were not even angry a lot. Who came here for the third time. someone for a week. Those who have been in nirvana for a week, in paradise. Sometimes with stupid faces, as if falling from the moon onto a sinful earth, they did not understand what was happening and cried like little children. But moms weren't around. And the "children" were crying louder. calling your mom. It was funny and disgusting to watch.. Janelle was busy in the reception, asking something, answering the secretary's question, and calling somewhere. Aigul, left to herself, was left unattended. They forgot about her. She whispered in Janelle's ear that she wanted to go to the toilet and, having received an approving nod,

immediately rushed to the exit.

She ran for a long time, trying to get away from this place as far as possible. The wind ruffled her hair and spoke tenderly:

– Faster, fast, little princess. To freedom from these stupid and insidious people. Run quickly, and I'll help you. I'll throw sand in their eyes to stop them ... “” whispered the wind. And a handful of sand and dust rose to the top and, swirling with great force in a whirlwind, rushed at the people. Because of the dust and wind, nothing was visible. People covered themselves with newspapers with their hands to protect their eyes. Aigul was afraid to get into a taxi or a bus. She was terrified of people. She was afraid that she would be taken to this terrible doctor M. Looking around, seeing the stupid smiles of passers-by in nirvana, it seemed to her that the whole city was going to this doctor for an appointment. And everyone lost their minds like bewitched. This is why the fashion went for very short, barely covering skirts. That is why all and sundry are naked, revealing their “charms”.

“They just forgot to get dressed – it flashed in my head – That's why everyone walks in the same underwear, which must be hidden under clothes. Forgotten! They just Forgot! And I was thinking about what I was thinking when I moved here.” She ran for a long, long time. She ran, stopped to rest, then ran again like a madman. People avoided and did not understand her. The city had its own life, here everything is different, not like in an aul and not every aul person can live here, keep up with the rapid

flow of time and money. Here, everyone survives in his own way as best he can.

Aigul, having finally reached the station, boarded her train and left without buying her mother any medicine. Uncle Akhmet, who lives in the city, will buy the medicine. He will laugh about the incident he heard from Aigul and say that they are swindlers, and the people in Almaty are the same as in the aul. Aigul will breathe a sigh of relief, but for a long time she will not dare to go to her uncle's home. And she no longer communicates with Janelle. It's so scary to lose your brains! Allah forbid this to happen!!

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Black sock mask

This plague began in China and spread throughout the world. It looks like a common cold, devours the lungs in the blink of an eye. But in the beginning, as some sources of the ubiquitous Internet say, animals, not people, but rather bats, were sick with it. But since the Chinese eat everything, they immediately became infected with it, and then all of us. Another source claims it is a mutation of the common cold. One way or another, we all sit at home and go out into the street only wearing masks. Masks are made of everything, they say even black socks. Just take a sock, insert the ear straps and you're done! What? Very simple! The main thing is that the sock is clean! And then just imagine, a smelly sock and even in it all day! What should I do? It was necessary to go to the store urgently, but they were not allowed to go there without a mask. So it is written on the door on a large poster with a blue fountain pen: "Please do not enter without masks!" Well, okay... Do not enter.. so do not enter... I went to another, there the same thing, the same poster with a request. And the downpour on the street is such that it is wet to the skin! I'm healthy here, I started sneezing! How he sneezed! They all jumped aside! The whole crowd scattered in all directions! And then such a policeman approaches, affectionate.. So citizen, why are we without a mask? What? I'm not! He stuck his head into his jacket and sniffed past. I got to the house with bushes

and... In short, I took this sock, attached straps to it and... Here it is a mask! What? Fashionable and beautiful! Satisfied with himself, or rather his ingenious resourcefulness, left the house! Yes!!! Munchausen is resting! Where is he up to our Kazakhs! We can't do it yet! We are, in general, a genius nation! they say the nomads discovered America! Yes! Proud of my ancestors, I went out into the street with my head held high, or rather, with a high freckled nose! I went through nothing at all and then I realized that something was wrong with this mask... The air is different. or something... smelly... So someone sets fire to the garbage dump all the time, maybe that's why... Look, it smokes with might and main... Whoever sets it on fire, Allah alone knows... Not that scourges scurrying at night there, not that the tenants themselves, that is, the neighbors... Although, the neighbors are unlikely to set fire to. the smoke will stretch straight into their windows, cover the whole house with smog, so much so that call an ambulance. Not. Not the neighbors are setting fire to... Maybe the scavengers? Well, those who take out the trash? Why would they? And in order not to export, do not waste gasoline...

So I went to the store door with such thoughts. At the entrance on a small table stood "Feri" All in my thoughts I silently opened the cap and threw it over my head, then took off my shoes and began to thoroughly wash my hairy, not shaved, like chimpanzee legs, with it. Having wiped them thoroughly, I wanted them already...

– Young man! What are you doing there?! – the stern voice of a satisfied fat aunt made me jump right up to the ceiling.

Stuttering, I looked up from such an important matter and... saw that a decent crowd of onlookers had gathered near me.

– Ah! – I realized – everyone needs to wash... The bathhouse has been closed for the second week and it is not known when it will open, but they will not be allowed in without washing their hands. Damn, what a smell here! Fu!

– Young man! I'll call the police right now!

There is nothing to do... So almost barefoot, barefooted, he stepped aside, yielding his place to “Feri”. a thin, shaking man entered again, took my place at the “feri” and, having swallowed a couple of drops of its solution, walked by... Without even washing his hands or feet...

Feeling very sterile, I, disdaining, went to the counter. My inquisitive, sharp eye found dirty, muddy stains on the shelves, dirt on the floor, due to the pouring rain... and the ubiquitous fat flies... So fat that you can send them to a barbecue! Why! The Chinese eat all kinds of worms and flies! And why do these creatures, that is, flies, do not die even in such a cold?!

The store is full of products. What bread do you want! I dig deeper, chose a couple of rolls and asked me to wrap them in a bag. Then came out!

Can't take it anymore! What's that smell?! Pulling off my “mask”, I greedily gulped in fresh, honey air, which happens only after rain! And then it dawned on me!.. The sock from which

I made the mask was from a heap for washing... In a hurry, I took the first thing that comes to hand... This is exactly what it was said in the manual for making: “Take the first thing that comes to you under hand.. “And you can’t take it off now! A little nauseous, the blood is already caked, the brains are boiling! And I still need to go to the bank! I can hardly hear anything...

Reaching the bank by taxi and standing in a long line in the pouring rain again, I finally walked to the table where my aunt was sitting in a muzzle, that is, wearing a mask.

She started asking me something, but I didn’t understand anything. Of everything she said in a low, barely audible voice, and even through the muzzle, she could only make out “Pee Peepy”

“Maybe he wants to go to the toilet, you never know what...” And smiling out loud to her, I wink:

– Well, you go, if you so want, I’ll wait.

To which she glared at me in anger, like the Nightingale the robber or there, Kashchei is the immortal and even louder, as the muzzle only allows, she repeated:

– Pee-pee-peepy!!!

And then I realized what was the matter! Eh! Where ours did not disappear! I pulled a roll of toilet paper out of my bag and smiled, understanding everything. handed it to her, they say, take it, do not hesitate... What is really there,.. anything can happen!

In response, she pulled off her muzzle and, to my surprise, screamed to the whole audience:

– Security! Get this madman out! My strength is gone!

I- What happened? – Asked the guard.

– Yes, I ask him, do you have a certificate? Surname name what they say? Open an account or something ...? And he sends me three letters, and even shoves a roll of toilet paper in the face! Get him out, or I'll throw him out of here right now! – the aunt was so angry that her hands were shaking, and her eyes were red and completely out of their sockets, foam was flowing from her mouth and she herself looked like a dog that would now devour me along with giblets. “If it was only one person, I still have a whole queue to eat!” She shouted incessantly.

Before I could say a word, they kicked me out of the bank with a kick in the ass!

Just those times... It's my fault if I haven't eaten porridge myself in the morning! He can barely speak... I would say clearly and clearly at once! Come on! Can't you understand these women!

Soaking wet under the shower, I got to the other mail.

What to do? it must be so. Look, grandmothers, they always hang out in line. Why not me too? Came up, took the line, I'm waiting! I'm waiting for two hours...

Here the sock, that is to say, the muzzle mask, threw out of anger, but then, thinking it over, picked it up and crumpled it up and put it in my pocket.

Two heads in front of them in headscarves fought. One, under the pretext of “asking something,” slipped forward and received

her money.

Another caught up with her and grabbed her by the handkerchief, threw her to the ground and began to bludgeon her with all her might.

Everyone stood and no one intervened. Barely breaking free, beaten, with tousled hair, crumpled, in a torn coat and without a mask, unhappy, whining, crawled out of the entrance and walked away. The other, proudly, victoriously, with her head raised high, entered, as if on a throne, and sat down on the only chair. The others stood in silence.

There were no more scenes.

Silently pulling my smelly sock-mask over my face, and barely holding back so as not to pull it straight to the floor, I went to the checkout...

I was standing at the checkout for some business. Recently it became known that the government is handing over 42,500. There were rumors that only those people would be handed over. who worked during the period of the virus. was left out of work, that is, was sent on unpaid leave. And so everyone who worked was served. And this one is correct, the person worked, it doesn't matter. that he has a salary of 500 thousand, he will receive, and those. those who did not work will continue to live. They lived before and will live on. Since I was unemployed, I didn't even think about going for benefits. Not allowed. And it's a shame to ask the government for help. Young, healthy I will somehow live. They even said that those women who are not allowed in the

decree, only up to a year... And that's true. The child is already a year old, you can go to work, and the child will look after himself, he will change his own diapers, and he will make his own porridge! That's right! So I thought, but my mother persuaded me to apply and I, not even ashamed, went to the bank. And what my surprise was that I, it turns out, am one of the lucky ones who receive, albeit one-time, but help. joyful with such overwhelming news, I caught my fat cat, who was hiding from me, jumping on the refrigerator and staunchly defending myself, as from a fascist, and pulled him out for a walk for the thirtieth time in a day.

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Certificate of publication No. 220041401850

How I fought with the phone

In a cell phone there is as if some sort of drunken man is sitting as a lord, who does not know Russian and speaks, or rather writes in Chinese. That's for sure! So, today I wanted to talk to a friend of mine about painful problems. I want to write to her that I am sitting in prose and mail ru. I regularly enter text into the typing window in my phone, gently poking my finger over the letters. Has entered, like everything is correct, checked. Sent. The phone says in a blue square from me: "Rustam otin, male prose, miilya..."

I haven't read that the smartphone has issued and I'm sitting so smart and smart, until I got confusion from my friend: "What other male prose and Who is Rustam Otin in general? Have you met long ago?"

After reading the message, I quietly fall into horror and slowly slide off my chair... But I myself do not know who Rustam Otin is! I look again at the message and check: suddenly she was mistaken. Not. all right. It turns out I wrote to her, or rather, my phone! What will people think of me now? That I sit all day in male prose with some Rustam Otin?! Reading in men's magazines! I don't know him myself! And I don't look at men's magazines at all, but I go around them for kilometers! I make excuses, I write that this is a mistake, that this is a telephone... He doesn't believe.. He giggles... Okay, somehow we'll digest...

I'm trying to change the conversation topic about shopping.

I am writing to her that I will have to send money through Russia. I make sure that there are no incidents. I wrote everything exactly. I poke on the send key. Telephone:

The sixth miilya Russian yuyuyuyu!!!

Am I so glad I ran six miles?

Yes, I, to be honest, have not been running in the morning for a long time... I even felt ashamed..

Telephone:

– All... glitch-glitch-glitch!!

Like I am swimming somewhere with the same Rustam at sea.

For the last glitch, I was ready to kill this phone at all! But...

Having passed on its last “glue-gluglue”, the cunning phone lit up with a caustic dark red light, they say it wants to eat, charging is at zero and stalled!

I AM:

– During! Otherwise I would have thrown it in the trash!

But the phone knows I won't throw it away. I gave 80,000 in blood for him! They will kill me at home, devour me with giblets, they say begged, ached for a whole year “buy” and “buy”, and now in the trash?! This is such money!

An acquaintance from our whole conversation with her understood that I had just problems and even big ones... I suspect what she was thinking...

And what is the phone? Lies calmly and does not blow in the mustache! I'm already afraid to approach him! No matter how

my relatives read SMS... or rather the phone!

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Certificate of publication No. 219102301512

How Alik sold his apartment

We have been selling our apartment for three or four years and cannot sell it in any way. At the beginning, our apartment was an ordinary Soviet three-ruble note in a house. built during the heyday of the Soviet Union. There was nothing ordinary about her. The announcement of the sale of the apartment hung in the most visible place – on the window overlooking a busy highway. This area of the city is the most respectable, the most “fashionable” and then it seemed to us that it would not be difficult to sell an apartment. But as it turned out, this is not at all the case... People just came and went without saying a word... There was a kind of emptiness, hopelessness and despair in their eyes, and some even disgust, that very contemptuous “Fu!”

Tired of everything, Alik, grabbing another leaving customer by the floor of his jacket, shouted in his hearts:

– Tell me something?! What’s wrong with this apartment? Why don’t you want to take it?

The outgoing, yet another successful buyer reluctantly turned around and saw all the despair and pain of Alik, who almost had tears running from his eyes, yawning. scratching his head gave out:

– Oh well! So I will tell you. I do this purely out of good intentions and only because I know your parents well.

Alik became alert and became quiet. He wiped his snot and

tears and began to listen to his teacher like a first grader. A failed buyer, this brute with a big belly and legs hanging on his knees, on the contrary, unlike Alik, who even became shorter and looked at him with all his eyes, suddenly acquired an important look, straightened up and even grew at once a whole meter, towering over Alik is like a lamppost.

_ Firstly.. – he began, bending his fingers, – you did not make major repairs

– Well, I whitewashed cleanly and painted the floors ... – Alik justified himself, not listening to him to the end.

– Yes, your plaster is falling!! – shouted the buyer, who did not like that he was interrupted. “Your plumbing is old! The pipes are leaking!”

_ -So the house was built in the 60s of the last century, back in the days of Khrushchev! What can I do?!

_ And I don't care what and how! The apartment should be as good as new, as on the glossy cover, he pointed to the magazine, which he always carried with him in his pocket. There is a beautiful picture of a recently built high-rise building in a completely different, neighboring city.

_ Well, this is Almaty! And this is our Chu! There are no such houses here!

– But the prices are the same as in Almaty! And if so, then the repair should be the same!

– So the prices, they are the same everywhere, in Almaty, in Chu, only in Taraz a little cheaper.

– Have you ever thought why we have such expensive apartments in Chu?

– Probably, they found oil ... – Alik got out.

– Here it is, oil ... – He shoved the magazine back into his pocket and was about to leave.

– Although, in Almaty it is a little more expensive ... – Alik breathed, but no one heard him. He stood alone in his apartment and, as evil, missed his next buyer again.

“Why am I just going to sell my three-ruble note?” He wondered more and more often. “They rightly say: “A stupid head doesn’t give rest to his feet.” he sits in a cozy armchair in his shady apple orchard and sips hot coffee with milk and crunches fried chicken.

– Listen, Ishimbaev! Are you dreaming again? And who is she? Beautiful? – Stuck his friend Kasym with questions, showing up to him early the next day.

– Uh-huh ... – Alik said, still twisted in the clouds.

– The name of? Are you dating? – Kasym pushed him slightly, smiling from the top of his mouth.

– AND? What? – Alik did not understand, having fallen from heaven to the sinful earth.

– What are we going to do, I ask..

– Repair... We will make repairs! – Alik said resolutely and irrevocably, as if he had cut it off.

From that very day, repairs began. Not a simple repair, but with the tearing out of all the veins and meat from the old

Khrushchev. It seemed that she was crying, losing her face, her value, her story. The dust from the fallen, old, destroyed plaster stood in a pillar so that nothing could be seen. One after another, the rooms turned from an old Khrushchev into a new fashionable one like on a glossy magazine of that same failed buyer. All the repairs cost him a round sum, and if you add everything up, it turns out just 12 million, no more, no less. Two months later, Alik updated his advertisement for the sale, displaying new beautiful pictures of his three-ruble note and waited.

A month passed, then a second, a third... year. Nothing. People came and went. They looked, snorted, scratched their heads, sniffed something, looked under sofas, armchairs, beds, into the toilet, into the toilet, the bathroom, the kitchen, went to the balcony, asked "what's in the attic" and were even going to buy it, but.. for 6 million, maximum for 10.

– But I spent all 12 only on repairs! – Alik was surprised in response to the amount offered to him. – What is wrong now?

– Hmm... As you know ... – shrugging his shoulders, the buyer silently left.

The neighbor, the most advanced in terms of sales, suggested to Alik to contact the realtor.

I don't know how realtors work in other cities, but our self-appointed realtor, or simply Sake, who knows how to sell everything in two days and doesn't take much, surprised Alik.

He demanded that Alik vacate his apartment for a while and did not interfere in everything. The most important thing is

to sell, he claimed.

– Do you trust me? – Sake grabbed him by the throat.

– Well..

– Yes or no!

– Hmm.. Okay... Hand over!

– That I respect! This is masculine, our way. – Sake smugly stroked his goat, tattered, scanty, black beard sticking out in all directions. With great enthusiasm and self-confidence, he began to wander through all the apartments and carry something about modernity, hokka, and something else that Alik did not understand at all, but only assented, pretending to agree with him.

“The main thing is to sell.. – he reassured himself, and what is there and how is not important.

And a week of rest will not hurt. I already hesitated with this repair, be it not okay!”

Collecting not cunning belongings in his backpack and leaving the apartment in the hands of the all-knowing Sake, Alik left the city. Long dreamed of visiting the mountains, going to the sea. But what sea do we have? But the river is also nothing. Having erected a tent on the bank of the river, near the thickets of the jigida, Alik gladly dived into its shadow and fell asleep in a blissful sleep.

A week later, anticipating a new renovation made according to the latest fashion, and most importantly, new buyers who “will simply take away each other’s apartment,” as the respected Sake

said, offering fabulous money, Alik entered his house. Climbing the stairs, with each step, his heart pounded harder and harder. First floor, second, third, and here is the fourth...

He opens the door lightly... It opens with a creak... and...
His jaw just falls off!

With wide eyes, he rushed about his apartment and did not recognize her at all!

Where is modern?! Where is the know-how?! Where is the Chinese style?! Complete devastation, the wallpaper came off and snot hang from all the walls, showing through its nakedness, the new plaster fell down so that even a brick is visible, the plumbing does not work! There is no water (oh God!)? There is dirt, dust, cigarette butts, linoleum on the floor, the floorboards are torn out and holes are gaping here and there, that God forbid to fall through and break your neck, construction debris is everywhere, even in the toilet and in the sink, in the bathroom and in the refrigerator. New furniture was taken out, and instead of it there was a perforated sofa with springs sticking out of its core. Instead of the new digital, the old Soviet one doesn't work!

Alik grabbed the phone and frantically dialed the familiar number to Sake.

– You ... – What are you doing, huh?! – He yelled in fury into the phone.

“Oh, haven't you come yet?” They asked calmly in the receiver. – Now, they will drive up. – beeps were heard in the receiver.

and indeed, an expensive foreign car drove into the courtyard of the five-story building, a fat lady rolled out of it, in an equally expensive black fur coat, although it was only autumn on the street and there would be no snow for a long time. Adjusting her dark glasses, she looked up to the top and, in spite of the old women always sitting at the entrance, went up to the fourth floor.

– Are you selling the apartment? she asked.

Alik didn't know what to say. To say that no, because, for sure, it will start its "fu!" or..

– Dddd-yes.. – stuttering, squeezed out of Alik. – How much will you give? At least a quarter or so ... “” he asked bashfully, he felt as if the drunk was asking for a drink, realizing that nothing could shine for him at all for such devastation.

– what a repair! What a style! – her eyes shone with light – Wow! It's modern! Exotic! Know-how!

Alik stretched out in a smile, still hiding his eyes, staring at the floor.

– You know, I went around everything, but your apartment hooked me! I will give 13 million for it! Immediately!

Alik's eyes widened in surprise. Not believing, he even pinched himself and when she left, having laid out all the bucks on his table, he jumped for joy to the ceiling!

Well her, this fashion! Simple mortals do not understand her! The main thing is to sell!

A week later, he was sitting in his cozy country mansion and drinking his coffee with milk in his shady apple orchard. His

house was the most ordinary, albeit without any modernist and know-how, but dear. cozy and even sincere. And this is the main thing.

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Certificate of publication No. 219090400933

I sit dreaming. I look at houses, mansions for sale. I really liked one mansion. Such a beautiful picture, but the price is also very beautiful – under 1 billion tenge. I wondered what kind of house it was under one billion, what was inside. Probably, there should also be a pool for a football field the size and rooms of gold and marble.. I am opening... a bare piece of land, overgrown with weeds in 12 acres of land and nothing more... Nothing at all!. Only the sign under the photo reads: “Here may be your dream home and it may look like this picture” and next to it, on the right, is a beautiful picture of that same mansion. The curtain.

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At the hairdresser

Today, Monday, getting up early, my mother suggested that I go with her to the hairdresser.

– Just take a walk. On the face, how good! Why sit at home all day?

There was really nothing to do. Everything that could have already been redistributed yesterday: erased. dried, ventilated, floors washed to a shine.

Only the lessons are not done. The internet is a good thing! What lessons do you want to find! There would be a desire! So I sit at the computer all day. Dad takes the computer in the morning. He gets up especially for this at eight, as if to work. When his sister leaves, he locks the door behind her and immediately at the computer, for his favorite game of chess, cards, then migrates to another site and there is a fan of the whole country and neighboring republics. Waiting impatiently for Aydar to wake up and, after waiting, puts it right over a cup of tea. Later, both go out for daily, two-hour walks.

Mom does not particularly approve of this political news, concerts are better. Once again, at a thousandth, listen to your favorite singer or singer, scroll through the video, which is already boring to many, but very much loved by her. The fight for the TV in the house was long ago decided in favor of my mother, and when her favorite series about the unfortunate Simar and her

sister Raleigh begins, my father's series about the "Brigade" and about cops immediately turns off. Dad silently takes a hundred square meters and, going deep into the next room, in silence, calmly inspects his beloved "Brigade".

This winter in Chu, however, like all our winters, is warm. The whole year can be easily divided like this: spring, summer, autumn and... spring again. Little snow falls, the sun is generous at any time of the year.

While my mother was getting ready, I was waiting for her on the street. It's good with us! The snow is melting, the air is clean and fresh, there is no dust or stifling summer heat. If you look closely, you can see swollen buds on the branches. Near one private house on Lenin Street, a tall, branched tree with huge red-crimson buds flaunts with might and main. Each is the size of a fist. There are no dried, yellowish-brown leaves that did not have time to fly off in the fall, as on other trees. An unusual, pale yellow tree stands out strongly against the background of black, crooked elms, of which there is a whole darkness! Elm grows well on clayey sandy floor. Thin birches and poplars are very rare. Cherries and peaches compete with elm. Soon everything will bloom and our city will drown in the delicate scent of blossoming, fragrant flowers. Beauty!

The road to the hairdresser took only half an hour. There were no people in the beauty salon itself. Nearly. A couple of girls were sitting in a manicure and a fat lady with small legs. She had a very small shoe size for her height that caught my

attention. This is rare. It's time to put them in the Red Book as a rare specimen. Seeing her tiny legs, you involuntarily look at your "skis". Well, yes.. You don't need skis here, you can safely fly from the mountain without special equipment. With my height one hundred and sixty with a penny, I wear all the forties with a hook! Fashionable, pointed shoes were out of the question. What are there, spiky, there is nowhere to hide theirs. And here is beauty! Miniature, like Japanese women! Remember their kimono suit and their shoes? Here, this is the same! While I was admiring her legs, my mother went into the hairdresser's and, having learned that the master was busy, went out and sat down next to the red sofa. All the furniture in the hall was red: two sofas, two broken red armchairs, a broken chair, also red, red in crimson, small flowered blinds on the windows, a red coffee table, polished under glass in the corner, and... black out of place, an idle TV and green butterflies to it. On the ceiling, around a red chandelier, hung tattered and re-tied colored rains left over from the New Year. Opposite me hung a huge mirror, all over the wall. A curious face with huge blue "lanterns" under each eye looked out from there. These "lights" cannot be hidden or smeared under any paint. Tired of annoying questions about my health, I just don't pay attention to them, pretending to be deaf and dumb. It is surprising that neither mom, nor dad, and even grandparents and great-grandfather had these "lanterns" and do not! Just me! Probably, it was Allah who painted me, so that I would not paint, so I would not waste time and money.

Cosmetics are expensive! And here you don't need to paint, it makes no sense, anyway, they shine through the multi-layered tone of powder and cream and are visible even at a great distance. I saw the same "lanterns" at my neighbor's. Maybe she and I were sisters in a past life? Her husband is calm, he did not dismiss his fists, it was just that she was born. Looking up from the mirror, I noticed an awkward, dark-skinned to black, thin, bony guy. He spun around the "Japanese woman" and told her something with interest, gesturing with his hands. She was reluctant to answer him, all the time looking at the study, where everyone is given thick, solid, black, Uzbek eyebrows over the entire forehead. This fashion is in Chu for the second year and all and sundry go to make thick eyebrows. They say that if you have money, you can go to Taraz itself, make the eyebrows of "Brezhnev", so shaggy, thick, solid, with hanging light hairs, lighter than the eyebrows. Mom also wants to make herself such, she says that she is tired of painting, and you can't stock up on black pencils (eyebrows). I propose to her to do it immediately at Brezhnev's. With her stern look, which is about to kill anyone right on the spot, they are just the way. For her tongue, she immediately received this stern, killing look and turned away. Mom was waiting, or rather, we were waiting together for the second hour. Finally, this aunt, who was sitting in the hairdresser's chair, came out with wet beet-dyed hair and an old shawl covered with paint smeared over her shoulders, but she immediately came back. I only managed to notice that her hair is rather thick compared

to my thin one. They say that girls have thick hair, they must be cut on the bald head. But this trick didn't work with mine.

No matter how many of them you cut, the hair, as it was thin, remained. I remember the bewildered, unhappy face of the master, who was trying to build at least something on my head. Poor master! She fought for half an hour, but she could not build anything except a pot called "square". So I walked all my life, on any day, even a significant one, with this pot on my head. I understand, "square" – a beautiful haircut, but on my head and with my hairs, for some reason it reminds me of a pot! Yes, that one for children! True, now I hide it under a scarf, letting the ends of a long scarf fall onto my back, presenting luxurious braids like in a movie.

...That lady went out and came in again, and my mother and I remained sitting and waiting, curiously examining the other visitors. Our attention was attracted by a very beautiful girl with thin eyebrows. Not eyebrows – lovely sight.! Neat, thin, black, real!!! She flew past like a bird here and there. Now in the manicure room, where she painted her claws in a red, bloody, saturated color, to match the color of her lipstick, then in the hairdresser's, "ask something", then she again sat down next to me, on the next chair.

I understand that she is going to the wedding. Otherwise, why paint the long claws red? In Chu, on the occasion of toys, it is imperative to paint the claws in a red, saturated color and make Uzbek, solid, preferably shaggy like Brezhnev's, eyebrows, one

thick line, over the entire forehead! To be seen! True, take off to go to the bathhouse and you can't bathe. I do not know why...

...The black guy kept sticking to the "Japanese woman". Finally, unable to withstand the pressure of her boyfriend, she jumped up and disappeared into the office, where they make the same Uzbek eyebrows for everyone.

Left alone, he completely relaxed, lay down on the sofa, occupying it all and fell asleep, just not snoring. Here came two more young prettier slender women who mowed like actresses from Korean TV series: long, black loose, straight, slicked hair and a short, slightly covering underwear, a skirt in a large gray cage, plus white knee-highs at any time of the year, be it winter or summer. One of the girls had a backpack on her back, which made me understand that she went to school, in high school, and the other, apparently, had graduated from her long ago, but she could not leave her favorite school skirt in a gray, large cage to the mercy of fate. And he walks in it to this day.

In addition to the famous, shaggy, Brezhnev and Uzbek eyebrows, thick, solid, in one line across the entire forehead, in our town, thin, tight-fitting trousers of different colors of the rainbow are in great demand. They are worn by everyone, regardless of the size of the fifth point and age. On the little ones, these trousers, which look more like tights, look nothing at all, but on an adult lady, the owner of magnificent forms... One such beauty flew into the salon today. She had a beautiful high chest, a thin, narrow waist, and from below... these leggings are black

on a curvy heel with curves. short legs. There was a feeling that she was in a great hurry, being late somewhere, and simply forgot to put on a skirt, and went out into the street in her underwear. I wanted to get up and tell her that she had forgotten something, but my mother's stern look just riveted me to the place, making it clear without words that I wouldn't even think about it. Pants-pantyhose for another half hour were spinning for some reason in front of me, sparkling with their fifth point now and then. The swarthy guy did not give a damn about everything that happened. He snored so hard that the roof shook every time he snored.

.. Two more hours passed. During this time, a girl flew out of the hairdresser with a baby in her arms, but that lady was not yet visible. This made me understand that our lady had not only dyed her hair and did a khimka, but also gave birth to a beautiful girl, and if a couple more hours passed, she would be able to see her second child. The thought that flew like lightning scared me. I thought that we were in the maternity ward, and not in the hairdresser, and, getting up from my place, I once again looked at the sign on the door. "Hairdresser". Slightly below – "wagon hall."

"Everything is clear ... – I thought. – They not only cut their hair..."

Two hours later, when I already imagined that perhaps this very aunt just ran through the window with the foreman and urged my mother to go and look just in case, our turn finally came. The lady we had been looking forward to for so long

and who had already given birth to a tiny girl left the salon. On her head was the same hair. I never noticed anything similar to Khimka. The hair is the same straight and the same color.

“I wonder what she was doing there...” the thought puzzled me. “Khimka, then painting, and then... straightening already curled hair?” Judging by her head, it was. I didn’t think any further, I just waited for my mother. Mom came out ten minutes later, with a neat boy-like haircut. However, it suits her.

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New Year's Eve

a few days before the new year, anticipating the long-awaited event, looking forward to it, a young man, about thirty years old, and his father were sitting at the dinner table in the kitchen, drinking tea, sweetly talking about this and that. Or, more precisely, how they will spend the New Year with a full dastarkhan, which will include manty, so lush and with meat, and mouth-watering boursaks and chak-chak and... Holy, without which, well, no matter how impossible, "Olivier". "What can a New Year's table be without Olivier? No. Olivier is Holy!

After yesterday's game at the computer, Marat's head was still cracking, buzzing like a steamer: "Gu-gu-gu!" Ears were completely blocked from the endless, incessant hum. "I should have gone to bed early.. – he thought. – Quit this game and that's it!" But only when you play, you forget about everything. You sit down at the computer and seem to have gone into the thirtieth kingdom. You are not in this gray, boring, disastrous world. The plant in the town has long been closed. Work only at the bazaar. Everyone is sitting and trading. And who is being sold to if there is no work? But now a change has begun. With the new akim it immediately became somehow more fun. He also repaired the roads, along which even the cart could not pass before, not to mention the Inmarks. I don't understand why foreign cars are made with a low landing? Are you literally a few centimeters

from the ground? You can't drive through potholes like this, can you? You will consider all the bumps as your fifth point, jumping up to the ceiling. Not...

It is necessary to make such that the wheels are like those of a tractor, huge, powerful. All-terrain vehicle! Everywhere will pass! The akim repaired the main roads. Well, those that lead to the akimat and the bazaar and from the station, in case they come with a check. This is already good! And then you come to our town and immediately your eyes on your forehead "Where am I?" And so neat and beautiful!. Just left the station there is a fountain and a monument to the hero! And the clinic! Well, the taxi drivers will take you to the market right away. They don't even need to tell them where to go. They only take to the bazaar, ripping off three skins from the client! On buses, a ticket costs only a penny! And the taxi driver has all two hundred! For one hundred tenge, it is better not to sit down! Who knows what mood the taxi driver will have. Buses are a real salvation for everyone. Here, just, we have to wait for him... Last year, my mother had a fight with the car fleet, asked where the buses were and why it was impossible to wait for them. Then things got better and buses began to travel more often. I understand they are people too. They need to eat or buy something to the bazaar, and they need to go about their business... So they drive badly, getting stuck somewhere along the way. No, it is better to take a taxi, if you are in a hurry, if you are running out of time and do not want to sniff other people's armpits, then it

is better to take a taxi. Expensive and with amenities. And if you have a lot of time and like to chat, then you can save money by riding the bus and swaying as if in a cradle. Good! Here's another piece of news. They say we will now have as many as four chemical plants! Our town is small, only a few streets, but there are four chemical plants! here not far, in a neighboring aul, a deposit was discovered, and so, they drowned the whole aul and the city in addition. The sky was drowned... There was nothing to breathe, the water in the river became dirty, it was impossible to drink water from the tap. Then something calmed down... And life went on its own course, as before. And now, if these factories are opened, then all the smoke, smog, will cover the town with its head. It's good if, like abroad, where the chemical plant is right in the city center, but! It does not drown the sky, does not dump its waste into the water, does not pollute the environment. And, in general, it is painted in bright colors of the rainbow so that you will not immediately understand that this is a chemical plant, everyone will think that a children's amusement park has been built. Everyone loves to take pictures near him and post their photos in the instagram! Here, I understand that, the plant! And we have one boiler room for the whole city, and the sky is so good! As soon as you leave the house, you immediately understand what is working! Boiler room! Dear! The smoke from the chimney is black with a black column against the sky!

Come on, what is all about the sad... New Year after all!

So they sit and talk nicely at the table, drink tea and dream

of how we will meet the New Year at a full dastarkhan with a bucket of Olivier! Yes! Not life, but raspberries! The bazaar is already selling Christmas trees, colorful toys and fireworks. There, in the bazaar, there is real New Year's bustle and excitement. And the buyer is not scared off even at times the price has risen on this occasion! Everything is being swept off the shelves! I love to walk there and watch. Here is everything that your heart desires! I don't want to take it! This smell of Christmas trees already tickles your nose! You immediately remember your childhood! The happiest time! These salutes, fireworks! They are bought in packages at once, several at a time! Therefore, a non-public competition in the whole city will begin! What courtyard has the best and most colorful and lasting fireworks! Look and be amazed at how the night sky is flashing with colorful lights and a joyful children's squeal and delight is heard here and there. With such a mood Marat and his father were sitting at the table and nothing could shatter this mood! As here...

From the ceiling it was poured directly on their heads, on dastarkhan, on bread, then more and more, in several places at once throughout the kitchen. Marat froze straight with his mouth open and wide-eyed, not really understanding what was happening! The father immediately jumped up as if stung, because the water poured right on his head!

– Fu! How dirty she is! – burst out from his father with disgust. – Why are you standing, carry a basin as soon as possible!

Marat, who broke his leg at the beginning of the year, limping, somehow limped to the closet in the corridor and..

Father heard a pile of pots and pans falling to the floor.

– What’s there? Are you whole? he asked, worried about his son.

– Yes.. – Marat said raising the pan.

– You, give her here, while I’m going to my neighbor, maybe something happened...

He ran out of the apartment, slamming the door behind him.

Marat, ridiculously spreading his legs shoulder-width apart, somehow bending over, tried to collect all the water in the basin he brought him. The basin quickly filled with dirty, stinking goo! A damp, musty smell of dampness and mold spread throughout the apartment, which had nothing to do with the New Year tree that they were going to dress up today. Water was already running from all corners of the kitchen and in the center, right from three cracks and along the window sill on the ceiling, destroying the expensive repairs, which were done this summer, removing all the plaster “with meat!” To the brick itself. The wallpaper, fresh yesterday, was covered with rusty stains, the expensive ceiling cracked at the seams, unable to withstand the pressure of water, and fell right on his head. Broken leg began to ache. Barely enduring pain, gritting his teeth, twisted a rag and collected all the water with it, wiping the floor dry.

Tired, he dropped everything and shouted “Why are you sitting! Come on help me!” rushed to his sister, who was sitting

at the computer, as usual at such a time.

– I'll break this computer now! Come on help me! Tired of your useless rhymes!

The sister, without saying anything, ran out of the hall where she was sitting and began to collect water with a rag. The flood did not stop for a minute, gradually taking over other rooms. Soon they realized that one basin was not enough and pulled out two more, then empty pots, pans, glasses and any container in which they could substitute under a stream of water, under a man-made waterfall went into the entrance. With a basin in hand, they ran all over the apartment, but the water managed to pour directly onto their heads. She was more cunning than them!

Marat was already all wet from head to toe when his breathless father came running. Running here and there, then up to the fifth floor, then going down to the first and so on ad infinitum, he sweated so much that his wet T-shirt dried right on him.

– Well, out of breath! he gasped. – I knocked to the neighbor, while she was opening, I went down to the first, to the other, to take a basin, and I also think where this tap, the common one, to close it! Otherwise, all four floors will flood! The third has already been flooded! The hostess does not know; she is away, the tenants live there.. She will come and find out... Surprise. As the saying goes “Happy New Year to you, dear!”

– Yes... We were also congratulated on the New Year...

– Where is mom? Haven't come back from the bath yet?

– No... More... It should come soon ... – Sunday... There are a lot of people, as always...

– Well, then I went to the first one, I'll see if I came, a neighbor.. It seems she has this crane. Let's close it for now ...
“” Having said, the father immediately rushed to the first floor, down from the fourth floor where they lived. With his loose and thick belly and at his age, it is not so easy.

And the waterfall did not stop. Venice! Who wanted to Venice! Here's to you, completely free! The same rivers, the same puddles, the same stains on the walls, the same sewage smell! Beauty!! Only there are no boats yet.. But is this really a problem?

A neighbor's son, scared in earnest, came running from the fifth floor and, saying something indistinct, ran away. Marat did not even hear him.

When his sister got down to business, he sat down on the only dry chair to rest a little and recover. Taking the phone, he began to call the master:

_ Hello.. When will you be? Can you come now? Yeah... okay..

The foreman asked for 60 thousand for his work and promised to come tomorrow, because today he had a job for one client and he could not quit it.

Ariston, who was standing in the kitchen (already the second in a row, the first burned down because it was dripping on him from the ceiling, last year) was shut down. The light too... the

lamps were off... But the current in the bathroom was beating so that it jumped right up to the ceiling, as if stung. The bathroom of the ball is right behind the wall, near the kitchen. So I don't want to fill it underneath it right away. Shock even from the switched off taps and the battery. Impossible to wash your hands, nor just stand at all, so as not to be stung by this cybernetic snake from science fiction films. Remember how there a robotic snake, twisting itself out, stings ordinary mortals and sucks their blood? Here it is, the same thing. Now it is clear where these films come from! Not otherwise as a screenwriter, too, flooded under I do not want, and even on brand new wallpapers and ceilings!

In such a state, coming from the bathhouse, steamed and contented, the unsuspecting mother of the family found her cozy, lovingly made nest. Plus, all this plus the fact that a piece of a collapsed ceiling fell right on her head. Barely managing to wriggle out of the unexpected blow, she stepped on something and almost flew across the apartment at her butt.

Angry, despicable, leaving everything, she ran to the fifth floor, but the neighbor was not at home. There was only her already frightened teenage son. Gritting her teeth like a beaten dog, she went downstairs with a firm decision that tomorrow she would remember everything and make her pay for the renovation of the apartment.

The next day, Marat met with the master. The master demanded money in advance. Such a large sum of sixty thousand was not lying on the road, no matter how father and son wanted it.

In the bank, such amounts at once, right now, are unlikely to give, because Marat did not have work, and besides, he was limping on one leg. Local traders give at interest, but the percentage is high, and even then not to everyone, their own, verified. Somehow collecting money, begging from friends, taking something at a frantic interest and withdrawing from the account that was saved for the wedding, he somehow, with grief across the floor, scraped up these long-suffering sixty thousand and took it to the master, glad that tomorrow everything will be as before and a master of gold will correct everything.

Tomorrow he didn't want to step on, turning from side to side, he had already changed his mind about everything, counted all the fat sheep jumping over the wolf, reviewed all the films for that hour, but still could not sleep. Barely waiting for morning, he dressed and went out into the yard to meet the master. He was waiting for him like children are waiting for Santa Claus! Smiling, anticipating a miracle.

But...

The master with the face of a know-it-all walked throughout the apartment, looked into all corners and affirmingly stated that he would certainly come on Thursday, left without doing anything. Nothing at all. Just when he was leaving he threw Marat's mother that their kitchen did not smell at all of tangerines, but of dampness.

– I wonder what should smell like if there is such a flood in the house? – a thought slipped through Marat's head, as he

felt a cold, scalding wind on his back. It was my mother who opened all the windows and doors, fearing to disobey the great master. A joyful, free, victorious wind with a roar rushed to blow all the secret corners of the apartment, covering everything with snow. It became cold, like outside, like in a refrigerator. During the whole day and the following days, neither the doors nor the windows of this apartment were closed. Marat felt that his mother is a big polar bear from Antarctica. He had suspected it before, but now there was no doubt. Precisely, my mother is Polar Bear! He even posted a photo of a polar bear on his website with love, only to sign that it was his mother who did not. They will not understand yet...

It was three whole days until Thursday! How long, long days and endless nights! The whole family hasn't washed since Monday, the dishes were piled up in the corridor, almost near the toilet, because in the apartments of the Soviet era, the rooms are tiny, and the corridors are even smaller and there is nowhere to turn around, but it is convenient: woke up – and you were already in the toilet, turned – in the bathroom, another step and in the kitchen, you don't have to go anywhere, everything is close by!

All these days they ate exclusively on horns, because they had neither the mood to cook something, nor the time, nor the place where to cook they had.

Those who still worked tried to stay up late in order to come and go to bed right away and not behold the peeling walls, torn,

soaked wallpaper, the ceiling that fell to the floor, not to see these basins with water pouring on them, but immediately go into the world of dreams, where everything is still clean and bright as before.

“Probably, the New Year will never come...” – a thought lurked deep in my heart and did not climb out in any way, how do you not persuade her to do this, no matter what arguments in favor of “everything will be fine and like people” do not feed. Nobody slept. The nights were too long. And mom too. She spent the whole night scrolling in her head with the idea that she would finally find the culprit of the flood at home and how she would put everything in her eyes and demand payment for repairs. I had to wait all day, because as soon as at night, she was able to still find her at home and lay out everything right from the doorway!

– So that tomorrow brought sixty thousand! – she added her last argument and thereby finished off the hero of the occasion.

But she... collapsed right in front of her mother on her knees and howled like a dog beaten by the owner, whined:

– Excuse me. I did it by accident! Where will I get these sixty thousand? I have nothing to eat myself... I left that job, the owner sold the office to another. And the new one has no clients yet. Forgive me, already, eh? – Tears flowed like a stream from her eyes, she sat there, afraid to raise her eyes, guiltily dropping them to the floor. With her trembling hand, she hugged Azheki's legs, almost kissing them.

Shuddering from this, Azheka moved a little to the side. Her

heart beat, fluttered with pity for her. She had already forgotten about the ruined expensive repairs and the fact that it was impossible to enter the bathroom and not be stung by the electric current and about the eternal, indestructible smell of dampness in the apartment and even about the ruined New Year.

– Get up. Don't do that.. So be it... Bring it later, when you can ... – she said, forgiving her everything, and went to her place, in “Venice”.

On Thursday, that very long-awaited day, our saving one refused to come, referring to the fact that there was no partner, and he could not work alone, but he promised that he would definitely come tomorrow and fix everything.

– Well, yes, and there is the New Year! And if we succeed, even in this goal we will be able to live humanly and, most importantly, alive! “Azheki's daughter suddenly dropped.

– Don't... Suddenly he'll kill himself again ... – Azheka was frightened for her neighbor who flooded them.

– And you don't need to write anything.. Throw it all away, throw it away! – picked up the father and, tearing out the paper that had just been written, threw it into the urn.

They forgave the neighbor everything and did not talk about the flood and about money anymore, although they knew that she would not pay any money tomorrow or later. when she finds clients and her times go better. They simply could not, that through their fault someone would have problems. Who knows... It's scary to even think about it..

Right before the New Year, repairs were done. Straight, one day. As in the movie “The Irony of Fate...” Just not laughing...
– And what happened to them? – asked the brother’s sister.
– The old pipe rusted long ago and, it turns out, was simply bandaged with electrical tape... So it could not stand it ... – Marat said quietly. – Come on. What was, what was. You better decorate the tree. Look, still completely bald, – he smiled.
The sweet aroma of Boursaks and Olivier was heard throughout the apartment. The new year was saved!

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Bird hunting

We were six or seven years old when Sashka invited us to climb into the garden. The garden was large and surrounded by a large fence. All overgrown with wormwood and nettles. The trees were very tall. Especially birch trees. They propped up the sky itself and it seemed that they were floating in the clouds! The pears and peaches planted earlier by someone did not start, and remained dry, thin, bare twigs without leaves. Here, in the north, in the wilderness, where the winds blow with might and main and there are frequent showers, peaches do not grow. Our village was far from civilization and was surrounded by steppe. Wherever you look, the steppe is everywhere!. People with their families were gradually leaving the village, and their houses were emptied. So this garden is empty and overgrown. We got over the fence easily. First, the boys jumped, and then Gulka and I. The fence was high and at first it was a little scary, but I didn't want to admit it and we climbed over it all the same, overcoming the fear. All the way Sashka kept repeating that he wanted to show us something. And now, intrigued, we found ourselves there in the garden. Large bushes and trees grew along the alley.. Suddenly, one bird sat down on the alley and slightly bent on its side, limping slightly, went, trying to take off, but did not take off. The broken wing prevented her from doing it. The boys shouted, hooted, trying to catch up with her, but she didn't work. As

soon as they got closer, she flew up, and then returned to the ground again and, as it were, limping ridiculously moved, leading somewhere to the side....

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