



Maria V. Golitsyna

WHAT THE CLARINET IS SINGING ABOUT...

...on the way to you...

Synergetic novel

For the Lord

From the author

In this novel the author presents the theory of consciousness in an easily understandable **fiction** way. Even better **say**, the author applies the theory to telling a story about a woman:

Humans perceive information at different levels of consciousness. 1-3 levels make human concrete consciousness, the remaining 4-7 levels maintain subconscious domain of human perception. Some people do it mainly at 1-2 levels and understand everything literally, without messages and conceptual implications; more advanced people (more educated and cultivated) - at all levels, including even the 7th. To comprehend oneself means to see all levels of consciousness and understand their interaction. Sometimes people sound not logical enough, since unconsciously wandering amid these levels they incoherently voice different levels, thus losing track of a conversation.

Altogether the levels are connected through chakras with plains of human existence (e.g. the mental level connects through the 3rd chakra the thin mental body of an individual with the mental layer of existence on the Earth; 4th-7th levels of individual/collective subconscious are connected through corresponding chakras with layers of collective subconscious).

The vibration of any information may vary in color, and the color of the vibration is processed by a chakra of the same color (e.g. the vibration of the information concerning one's karma-information of cause and effect- is in green spectrum, and, therefore, is perceived through the 4th green chakra).

To summarize the aforesaid:

Levels of consciousness	Chackras	Plains of human existence	Types of information	Colors of vibrations
I. concrete consciousness	muladharah	ethereal	verbal, literal, pertaining to emotions	red
II. sensitive consciousness	swadhisthanah	astral	emotional, pertaining to feelings	orange
III. abstract consciousness	maniphurah	mental	mental	yellow
IV. individual subconscious	anakhatah	causal	karmic	green
V. individual/collective subconscious	vhishudhah	bhudhial	creative	blue
VI. collective subconscious	adgnah	nirvana	intuitive	indigo
VII. sacred subconscious	sakhasrasah	sacred	insight	purple

In the left column of the book the reader will find a physical (real) world with dialogues of characters (i.e. what happens in reality), and in the right column the inner world of the heroine is described, her inner monologue (i.e. what she thinks is happening).

This is the way the author sees the world and invites you to make an entertaining journey of consciousness.

To make the journey complete the author stimulates all your senses through verbal, color, and visual images (illustrations), as well as music, which can be treated as complete products themselves.

This new style of story-telling the author calls *a synergetic novel*.

Enjoy the journey!

May there always be sunshine in your way!

With love,
The author.

I level of consciousness (emotions): Igor...

III level of consciousness (thoughts): Igor – intelligent, slender, handsome, capricious, and with self-respect... Usually they have several love affairs simultaneously... Fragile, seeking for ideals everywhere... Tremendously exaggerated self-esteem... Well, very much like him! So, yesterday I met Gena and today him...

IV level of consciousness (karma): Yeah, looks like Destiny...

III. Well, actually the word *destiny* cropped up in ancient Sumer and meant *name giving*. And as Higer states, 'Tell me your name and I'll tell you what you are!' What are you, Andrew? – Sly and at the same time flexible. Quite a pro at cheating to the extent of perfection ... As to virility – extremely confident... Keen sexual appetites... Well, that's true! 'Impulsive'... No, there was something more complex... like... 'impetuous'! 'Impetuous, quite often inclined to act on impulse rather than on thought. Never do anything detrimental to themselves, even if it might hurt someone dear'. That's also true!

II level of consciousness (feelings):
OOOOOOOOOooooooooohhh....

V level of consciousness (The Teacher): Well, yesterday I was my best.

III. And I seem to have dumbfounded him with the news from the 'banana republic'. Sure, in case he sees Andrew... The world is such a small place... And according to my theory of *mutually exerted gravitational force and structural intuitive three-dimensional grid*... It'll be another proof to... But my theory doesn't need extra evidence.

V. He'll know what to tell Andrew. He was just eating me with his eyes! Admiring with his head off...

III. He was so jealous... jealous of getting abroad so easily. Someone without homeland... No, he won't understand me.

V. He is still so mediocre... Spent his vacation in Poland... Look at this 'Roof of the World' – his most cherished dream.

I. Wow, it's a quarter to seven. I have promised Arina to come at six. Hope, she will cope with it... High time she stopped being baby – cannot she blow dry her hair wavy herself... It'll be good to get there before nine. How amusing to show Igor what's what. But I am so exhausted. Absolutely no desire...

Yeah, I need to make a call to Nina Petrovna, tell her that I have bought the radio-set.

Sure, it's pretty nasty of me to be attired in a red mini-skirt (to demonstrate everything except the most essential). Arina's beloved Igor will forget about her once and forever. O'K, it's none of my business. But after all, one mustn't forget his own interest as well! Hold me, it should be quite a trip. The right company for me! Never mind I won't stay longer than, say, an hour...

And Igor might feel like escorting me home. What a great idea! Marvelous! A good chance to wipe his eyes and teach him a lesson, and on behalf of all females to revenge...

And Arina? – That'll be fair. Remember, how she savored my pain... But I cannot like this... Then, Igor should be left with her.

It means that I ought to remain imprinted on his memory deeper and more securely... Red sweater? – Too much! Overdone! Though... And Arina may come across Andrew one fine day there, in Erevan... She won't lose the chance to mention my 'exclusiveness'. He is so jealous... He'll swallow the bait for sure.

If the Earth had been inhabited only by a single sex and there was used self-conception, I wonder, would it go round? - Without any stimulus hardly... If to believe Shirley McLain, the soul doesn't have sex and obtains it only when irrational materializes. Isn't meaning of life rooted exactly here? – Yeah, naturally... Adam and Eve, the Fall... Needs to think it over, when I am free...

Very much like Scarlet O'Hara.

And what stimuli elicit and accelerate physiological and psychological activity in advanced years then? Reminiscences? The more I live – the more I remember. The more I remember – the more I forget. The more I forget – the less I remember. SO, WHY TO LIVE? Crap! To remember more? To live longer? The sense of the pudding is in the living long ... at least for the sake of satisfying curiosity...

My God, why am I fussing...? Well, enough mascara... Won't be able to remove this awful redness of the eyes...

How do you like this Beauty?! She can't use make-up, only three hairs will be left on my head pretty soon... Great looks! My only solace – won't live that long... which is good... Though I am not an authentic beauty...to mature into an ugly and dull old lady doesn't seem too attractive to me! Better to stay young forever...

Or better – young until old age without intermediate stages... That's very feminine approach to the problem of aging, isn't it...?

Wow! I have to wrap the present yet. Or may be better to put on ... This sweater is quite acceptable as to the shape, color, and style... The color is very rare, and the lipstick matches it perfectly well. And the mini-skirt WITHOUT ANY DOUBT!

Here you are! O'K, I might be retired, i.e. withdrawn from your life, but it doesn't imply that my legs are not in demand! You will die at the sight of my beautiful legs! Remember me young, beautiful, and happy!

But if Igor didn't love me, he surely liked me at least... He was so sympathetic when Andrew broke with me. What a strange word '*broke*'... Yeah, he has broken me... fractured to pieces with sudden and violent force, smashed me, annihilated...

A N D R E W!

No! Only red mini-skirt and red blouse. The red ear clips and the necklace that Nina Petrovna presented me with.

Black tights and black shoes. As for style, then these shoes with a white inset would be better, not those all-weather worn-out boots... No, boots are something else... clogs. And if with the inset, then a white neckerchief...No, overdone! Let it be plain black shoes. The color range is of more importance. Well, it's dreadfully chilly outside. Then the red Mommy's sweater will do. A proper opportunity for a dress rehearsal. She put her heart into knitting it... And if so, I'll be lucky in it.

Though everything should be tried on.

Maybe it's my excessive self-esteem of a chronic paraphrenic again, and my legs should be completely hidden under an ankle-long skirt? Oh, my dear Mommy, what would you say if you saw your daughter right now in front of the mirror... so vulgar, so lacking taste, delicacy, and refinement? – 'Crazy old age!'

In front of the mirror... The act of added cynicism... Ha – ha... My legs... Time to think about eternal rest instead of flirting with young boys....

It's O'K! But just when Igor sees Andrew...

And if their friendship has become epistolary? – Hardly... Not like him...

The world is a small ... And if a rifle is hanging on the wall... And if I have made up my mind to wear a mini-skirt...

Arina... Yesterday I was feeling a sincere compassion for her suffering. In spite of all her learning she still doesn't understand very simple things... Like when I told her, 'Don't cook too much. Just sandwiches... and cookies will do. Who cares about your cuisine talents?!' She immediately forgot her sorrow, 'Piss off! Nothing of the kind! Let the bastard feed up his gluttony for the rest of his fucking tedious life! The whore from Tumen won't cook like this for him!' She's so shallow... But who told it's bad? Basov thinks that soul-searching everywhere is much worse. Basov is a smart guy, hard... not to believe him. Well, Arina, however it's not the right means to attack and capture... And by the way, I am awfully sorry, but you are a very inadequate cooker.

I'd better take a look at myself in Ilona's mirror... from head to foot. Hmm... seems O'K... And from behind?

How I spoilt the fun with all those ladies at Peter's birthday party with this my outfit...

Then it proves that my looks are irresistible. And if to take a seat? God, save me The Prima Donna's flop in a mini-skirt... She also believed in her extreme beauty and youthfulness... Old daughter of an old bitch... Haven't seen her on TV since then... So, à peu près ... acceptable... except ... certain flabbiness, so to speak, in certain places...

And the tummy! Could I ever imagine myself with a belly?! And only after three months of 'a diet', only after summer...

Where is the belt?

Very much like him! Good boy! Oh, my dear BASOV! He didn't want to pack the mini-skirt, but, after all, put it into the suitcase, but as for the belt... Oh, quite in his role, oh this secretive, cunning, underhand...

No... mini-skirt, then. Maybe the green dress? '*Sexy enough*', as Tata puts it. Won't do! Igor has already seen me wearing it, and it's not fresh.

On the other hand, if Basov didn't want to let me go to Moscow with the skirt... it means something!

It means O'K! In this domain one shouldn't trust just own considerations! Unbiased opinion should value more. Unbiased - with the sense of trustworthy... And if to try a black belt? – Too thin, out of fashion. No, in my case it ought to refer to distinctive originality...

How arrogant! But what can I do if only haughty self-importance can raise me from the state of my immanent mediocrity.

So, black shoes, black tights, and black belt to stress my slender wasp waist, especially from behind...

It'll be hot, I'll take off the sweater and... Another jibe to Pogodin, 'Have the herring and no water to drink'...

I wonder if Arina has taken my advice... Has she plaid the role? Or has she slept with that moron Pogodin? – Sure, not! As an actress she must be a total failure. She is not prepared for self-denial, restraint of own desires. She is very egocentric, even worse... She is a damned selfish egotist: only she and her emotions (which also are not true and sincere enough). Basic, instinctive, low self-love... By six she must have shed oceans of crocodile tears already... Dope! To believe that nowadays tears could touch someone...

Well, don't want to go there, but I have to... Oh, this social life... with its fucking responsibilities.

Why should I play a role myself?! The role of a bosom friend to someone I couldn't care less...

I am not even curious how the performance I have outlined is developing... Arina is more likely to wear mourning and the guests with cheesy faces are likely to express in turn their condolences... Ookie-dookie, so will I... as a fucking tribute to the memory...

Red... in such abundance – just painfully bad taste! But my goal – to stop the traffic in room number...

VI level of consciousness (Divine Forces):426! And this goal is a noble one! A TOUT PRIX! So, go ahead!

Though, actually...
the pallor of my face
and ash-color of the hair

should smooth over...
awful terror...
It's good that I colored my hair yesterday!

It must be Destiny!

And the raincoat is of a suitable color: lousy
toadstool...

'toad was proud
that underground
many cozy rooms
were found...'

No, no, no... I am wrong... "Mole was proud..." Does
it make any difference? Not now... not to me...
And the bag matches the raincoat; and on the bag in
large block letters about a beautiful and refined life:
MONTE - CARLO... O'K, actually **it is O'K!**

No time for shower. Forget these lousy royal habits!
One cannot take shower so many times a day...

Now the perfume... '*Fleur de Fleur*' is too bright -
they'll all faint there... But it's Dior! All the same...
'*Eau de Vivara*' better... more intimate. If I dance with
Igor... he'll never forget this! Though the '*Eau*'
doesn't reveal its French origin so distinctly... but
surely mists over.

It's exactly what I need!

What a shame! No time for vanishing nails. Though the
manicure is still fresh... will do. I am late even for
dessert... Oh, yeah... I forgot to make a call. The
sound of the radio-set is just magnificent, velvety...
There's a good boy Tokhin! I wouldn't have chosen
better. If only Nina Petrovna liked it... Will it work
perfectly well?

I wish to please her badly, to be more exact, to give her
at least some enjoyment...

So, turn off the radio, switch off the light in the
bathroom... That's it! God, bless me!

Here it is! Fourth floor...

Out of breath as if I have climbed Chomolungma. Now
I may unbutton the raincoat. My outfit won't strike
foreigners. Just heaps of them here! Of all possible
colors and shades...

Well, I am squeamish as usual... Don't want to touch
the banister. It's good that I have already made a call...

otherwise there wouldn't have been another choice but to touch the pay-phone as well...

...as if only foreigners make calls from here and could be AIDS-infected... Well, well... What a fucking moron I am! It is sexually transmitted, not banister... Good that I have dined out with Tochin... in the *Peking*, still not hungry... and can cherish my disgust oversensitivity. I know what I'll do... I'll tell them that I have come directly from the *Peking*!

A harmless lie. But Arina will be bursting with envy... Once... before... I couldn't have done like this...

My Lord! Father is right: I have become malicious! All my life I have been preaching good... but now... someone's envy can make me happy...

Besides... I have become envious myself... of youth, of health... Can I resist this disgusting infection?! .. Well... Can I overcome the disease?!

HOW could I become like this? When did it start? When was the gap made through which the acutely repugnant feeling has been flooding...? In place of WHAT has this infinite emptiness been originated...? Needs to be considered... But not now...

Here is the door: 426. Complete silence... Why?

Nuptials are cancelled; the funeral is on the agenda...

Oh, this keen insight of mine!

How could I know that this son –of-a –bitch has married...? Sometimes my shrewdness scares me ...

O'K! Knock, knock...

- Here she comes! Dasha, how could you...? Well, guys, let's start!

They have been waiting for me?! So long? In complete silence?

Wow, how many of them...and from everywhere... I wonder HOW many... 15? 20?

- We are flabbergasted...

Oops! Not brave enough to take off the raincoat. Though they really seem to be astounded.

Thanks heaven, Arina's hairstyle is acceptable... O'K! However she performs cheerfulness not convincingly (neither excellent, nor good, but ... O'K – satisfactory!)

- Arina, dear, I am so sorry to have come so late and dressed... well, not appropriately... Just couldn't make it earlier.
- Dasha, nice to see you here! Didn't expect....
- Hallo. Pogodin?! What a surprise! What are you doing here?
- On business trip. Come...sit down closer... Guys, let Dasha sit down here...
- Arina, I'll tell you what...Let me whisper something in your ear...Really sorry, but there was no way out... or not to come at all... I was invited to the *Peking*... so unexpectedly... Couldn't turn it down...
- Oh, it's O'K. Good that after all you came... You look fantastic!
- This is something little to you, a small token of my affection. Congratulations.
- Thank you so much. Will you sit down next to Pogodin?
- Phew! Close to such a pretty woman...

What a big lie!

Good! Now he *is* flabbergasted, as well...

- Oh, Larisa, hi! Haven't seen you for ages.
- Dasha, dear, you look wonderful! Before it gets to be started... some business... Sorry, cannot make my way through the table... O'K, I'll shout... Say hello to Nadya, tell her if she needs the dictionary ask her to give me a call...
- O'K, will do.
- Dasha, how are you doing?
- Thank you, just fine. And you?
- Well... as you see...

Wow, he tries to hide his blushes... That's good!

Cannot understand... if Arina is indifferent to the injustice of my superiority at her birthday party or takes it for granted?

Well, well... Portnova is here... It's my day today, not yours...

She has cooked so much! Quite a Lucullan banquet... Though for such a hungry dorm crowd it might be even not enough...

But she looks so tired. Dope! I have told her so many times to define priorities... To look beautiful, happy and cheerful is of primary importance! Only in this case one can hope for the better, otherwise...

- How did you happen to come to Moscow?

If he shows me the ring, then everyone is aware of... and Arina as well. Then the second version of our 'performance' is on... Settled, let's go on...

Well, the boys are totally struck and paralyzed with my charms!

- I am accompanying a group of Japanese... By the way, Arina, I am so hungry, give me a larger piece.
- WOW! Anata-va nihon-go sukosy dekimas ka? Vatakusy-va nihon-go sukosy dekimas. Vakarimas-ka?
- Arigato godzaymas. I want to eat.
- Your accent is more or less, but the lexical skills leave much to be desired...and what is worse... not the Japanese, but Russian... I wonder what you studied in Moscow, for two years!
- What do you mean by lexical skills?

But I haven't combed my hair... and forgot to put on the necklace... left in the bag... won't get the bag from here...

Quick on the uptake. Quite bright.

- Larisa, do you hear? In your presence Igor-san demonstrates poor..., I would say, total and fatal ignorance of lexicology...
- Why? What happened? I didn't hear anything...
- What a shame!

But I was of a better opinion of you... my darling Larisa...

- What's this? Letter 'A'?
- Exactly! So, dear Igor, you are great at least at the alphabet! Arina, no pudding for me...
- Give her, give... I'll help her with it since she is so close... I am hungry as a horse.

Very much like Arina: the largest ever-possible letter 'A' across the pudding! You'd better have decorated it with your age... People put age on birthday cakes! That would have made fun!

- And your wife? Doesn't she cook for you?

Arina, what a baby you are..! I wonder if you are going to mature by 40... Hurry up! Not much time is left...

- You are like at funeral ceremonies, aren't you... Won't you wish me something..? Who is going to be a toastmaster?
- Brandy? No, no... O'K... just a sip... Thanks.

He has choked with... It's good! That's just a beginning! I'll teach you a lesson!

Should I propose a toast? What about? To remind 'tussock' by Asadov? Arina might have already heard it from me. Good Lord, I have started repeating myself every now and then... Total break-up of individuality, complete collapse of personality and final decomposition of integrity... But even if I had already wished 'Kazbek', it's quite timely and appropriate to repeat! She is sure that Pogodin cannot appreciate her true value, has missed his happiness. To be more exact: in her understanding he must be aware of own nonentity in comparison with what she deserves... So, even if I recite it not for the first time in her presence she'll be grateful for such a toast. And she'll be twice grateful for the lack of fantasy in me... Well, one cannot be robbed of enjoyment!

- O'K, may I?
Well, dear Arina, if you allow me to cite here disagreeable with you (and really distasteful in many respects) Eduard Arcadyevich (if my memory serves me well) Asadov...
'Happiness can be of a different height...
As high as a tussock...
As high as Kazbek...
Depending on the human himself...'
In the Caucasus we are in the habit to wish...
Let your happiness be as high as Kazbek – you deserve it! Hurrah!

Silence. Expecting. Evaluating. Anticipating... Here you ARE!

She has smiled her approval. I've hit the bull's-eye!

In your Caucasus, Andrew!

That's it! Now I can leave and very soon...

- DASHA? ALREADY?
- Igor, honey... You've started dreaming in vain...

It seems to become much too hot... Time to take off the sweater...

His eyes are filling with lust and his strong sexual desire is moving closer to me... Erotic activity is taking

shape... 'Eau de Vivara' works! Nothing of the kind! I am absolutely unapproachable!

Oh, what a pretty girl is sitting over there in the corner. What's her nationality, I wonder? – Kazakh, Uzbek, Kirghiz... I can never tell what's what, like Asians can never tell one Baltic nationality from another... What a damned beauty! So young, so fresh... Like a student... Looks even younger... Teenager... She resembles someone... But who? – Nataly Arinbasarova... That's it! Modest pretty girl... Well, well... Moscow will chew you up pretty well before spitting out...

There's nothing special about me: painfully bright and insolent like a... traffic light... But they are gazing at me with wonder and admiration... catching my every word... But genuine beauty is squeezed in the corner... Something is wrong in the life!

- Arina, enough fussing! Get a seat!
- Pogodin, stop munching! Why have you come here? To satisfy your appetite?
- Yes... For women!
- Easy to guess!
- And you?
- I am... not hungry... I have just been to the 'Peking'...
- Also with Japanese?
- No, dear, Japanese are in Tokyo, in Peking live Chinese... What a poor knowledge of geography! Look at the model graduate of the elite Higher Courses of Interpreters! Bad promotion!

She is clinging to me... Seems as if neither she, nor Igor but I... is the highlight of the show! Precisely that's why I should 'withdraw' – it's not my shoe! One thing – to be in the center of attention; and quite another – to be the center...

Guys, aren't we going to make a concert for Arina? I suggest starting it immediately and from the opposite end...

No answer! Good! You've missed the ball...

- Whose guitar is this? Is it yours?

Everything is so tasteless and sour... like the hostess herself! Is it what you call the Armenian cuisine?! Poor Andrew! Your taste is hopelessly spoiled (and not only for food)!

Just imagine! To start with Okudzava... with the 'Seed'... Boring hell!

- Dasha, do you play a guitar?
- A six-string guitar? Oh, no, Pogodin, I don't...
- A good performer...
- Well, well... I know that you can play even a three string instruments like... Japanese samisen... The number is irrelevant to you!
- Definitely! I can even one...
- Oh, please, don't give me this! You hardly look like one-something man! Singleness implies genuine art, doesn't it?

I wonder what this Omar is going to sing. Too young... but actually very...and very appealing... His eyes sparkle... So, that's him... Omar... very... and very! And what's his nationality? – Afghan, Arab... isn't the same? (God, please excuse my ignorance).

Neither seven...

Why do I sound so abusive? As if I got stuck... High time I sneak away! Moreover, it's so dreary...

I am going crazy, ain't I! What am I spouting off about..? Look, who is talking!

I really can't stop it! How boring...

Well, Arina, you used to mention every time how dull they were... and now they are your best friends, you embrace them, kiss., pay compliments... And what about me? Am I much different?

- Arina, I am HUNGRY! Could you find something?

Moreover: everything is liable to change... And hope for the better!

WOW! You did take the message with lexicology... And you are not that plain at all!

I've always been of a high opinion of you... I liked your verses and drawings... You are a very gifted man! If only Andrew had some of your talents... You'll be answerable for what you were given...
No, Arina, it's not him who doesn't deserve you...
It's you who is his ankle- high...

- How's your dissertation?
- Thanks... It'll be discussed on 22... September?
- Yeah.
- And if you don't pass through?
- Then I'll pass away!
No, no ... No wine for me. I still have some brandy.
- Dasha, get my brandy as well... I know you like it.

His turn to mock at me!

Wow! You can kill your mother for a gulp... How thoughtful!

Of all the girls here I am the only one who is smoking today. Yesterday all girls were smoking except me... Aigul is actually a chain smoker. And I actually never smoke... Everything is upside down! Everyone is acting something! And what about me? – Well, I just cannot stand smog... If to smoke then easier...

VII level of consciousness (whispering of The Almighty): Dear, you don't lie to yourself!

Enough... Time is up... Unnoticed...stand up and make to the kitchen as if to help... And unnoticed take an English leave without 'adieu'.

- Arina, I am sorry, but... I have to go. Just spare me a few minutes and I'll leave... Really...? Is anyone waiting for you?
- Yeah...
- I don't ask if it's a man... It's clear!

Well, my conscience is clear... There are plenty of... you can be eased with...

Is it? I am lying... And no pangs of remorse...

She is getting jealous again!

- There's a good girl!
 - You know, yesterday I had been waiting for Pogodin all day long... He didn't come! I learnt that he had come, that was in the dorm and kept away from me... Fucking coward! Even strangers started to come up to me with their condolences... So I made up my mind to be the first to take the step... 'Excuse me!' and you know what he added..? 'Arina, if it were not you... Only thanks to you I finally fell in love...'
 - What happened afterwards?
 - You see... We were sitting embraced... all evening and kept kissing... like the closest people... in the world...
 - And nothing more?
 - What do you mean?! He has just married... Do you think I could go to bed with him..?
 - Don't you know examples?
 - Arina, want advice..? Of a friend... You want to have a baby from a man you love... and nobody can judge you for that... NOBODY! Hear me? Everyone has the right to be happy (sure, not at someone's expense!)... Against all odds... Do a favor... get me my sweater... and I'll leave without saying good-bye...
 - Dash, dear, thank you for coming. I really appreciate it!
 - DASHA, too bad... Just too bad!
 - What do you mean? I am taking the English leave. Do you know what it *means*?!
 - Any doubts? Do you always say what *you* mean?
- I am on the box of soap... Acting like Sarah Bernard!
- How stupid! To trust such nonsense! And if not to trust how to go on...?
- Why are women so stupid?! Dope!!!
- What a MORON!
- My tongue is my enemy! I hoped she didn't know about the kind of relationship with Andrew... I kept it from her knowledge... Fuck it! It definitely was an open secret for her...
Smiles... with something implied... - that's the evidence!
- Now she believes me! And now I can embrace you and kiss...
Just another word... and my heart will be easily moved.
How many blacks. In my student years there was only Bob for the whole dorm... But what kind of Bob... Mister... No, Sir! And so super... absofuckinglutely rich...
...son-of-a-bitch: a car (an import one!), every Saturday a party (champagne and all the stuff!)...
The door to Arina's room is already wide open.
Very soon 'the fun' will flood down the floors. Just the right time for me to leave!
Where is my raincoat? Oh, yeah, here it is... And the bag? O'K. See you..!
Pogodin has noticed. He has been watching me in the mirror...
- Now I cannot leave without saying good-buy.

- Sure! In such situations my daughter is in the habit of uttering proudly: 'A Perfect Lady always says what *she means*'!

WOW! Now I've made everyone gape...

But they are staring at me still benevolently... You are good and really kind people!

Wish you happiness!

- Sorry, I have to go...

Sounds quite guilty and with regret...

Good luck to everyone!

...and sincerely.

- Dasha, where to?

Oh, my damned ability of foreseeing...

No, darling Igor, stay her..!

- It... it depends...

A very definite answer...! So...

...no more questions! One is really taught here certain things...

- Arina, dear, let me kiss you good-bye. I haven't told you everything I intended to... But you do know that I wish you all the best... with all my heart... Don't you?

I see she does...

- I do...

- Are you leaving?

She is hardly much younger, but looks at me with such admiration as if she is 17... Good girl!

- Yeah, Aigul, I have to...

- This is Dasha's style: to twinkle and to vanish!
When shall we get together again?

- Really don't know. On 22 my dissertation is to be discussed ... and until then... you do understand, don't you..?

Understands that it is only a pretext. Her eyes are getting envious again.

But you know how to find me. Apartment # 126.
Welcome anytime.

- If I need you, I'll drop in. Good luck to you! I'll keep my fingers crossed.

- Damn it!

- Dasha, today you look dashing 100%... even 200%.

I mean it!

- Thank you! So do you!

Idiots! No possibility to change money in the Metro! To reach the point... the point of desperation! 'Everything for the benefit of the people!' – These days people neither think like this nor even say... How beautiful, how fantastic The Moscow Metro used to be 20 years ago! The main attraction of Moscow!

I'd better remember what used to be when the Earth was still warm and inhabited with mammoths...Is it age effects?

Well, well... I am wrong again. The old dear lady has just left to pee-pee...and I am already drawing my general social conclusions... Though the Metro really used to be much better in better days ...

- Thanks.

Ookie-dookie! 15 copecks! Three sound coins! So I can make a call home! But... Just a few steps from here...

II. No, don't want to go there... too much of Andrew there still...: the spring, sunshine, and the sunset..., the smell of the hope color green... not a single complete thought – mist of complete happiness... 'Excuse me... are you waiting for someone? Forget him...! I am much better! Want to go along with me?' – 'Where to?' – 'To the end of the Universe!' ... Nothing special... But the eye contact, his voice, his Armenian accent... and intense warmth around... so strange... so inviting! OOOOOooooooohhh...

It's 10 already! I wouldn't have changed money there... But here are the coins on my palm...

It's Destiny, then! Quickly back, up the escalator, to the street... Hurry up, hurry up!

It's Friday, Basov must be home.

And if not? Then my mood will be spoiled... Damn it, my mood! Hurry up, it's getting cold!

What a miracle! A BLACK... playing the clarinet... outdoors... The time of perestroika... strange time! As if we live in the dreadful America! Though he is so handsome! And his playing is cool!... Not playing... singing... not singing... moaning... no, no... singing... Tearing heart to pieces!
But why a black? Why outdoors? Why a clarinet?
And what the clarinet is singing about?!

He must be a Patrice Lumumba University student... Earning his extra...But his playing is professional... I would say... masterly... Goes without saying that not for money... 'Cannot keep silent'..! Then he might be rehearsing here because his neighbors cannot stand true art... And so sexy... sexy sax... But it isn't saxophone! All the same...

You are black...

I am white...

We are both in good luck...

Given the chance to ...

I wonder if it is 'B flat' or 'F flat' clarinet. How ignorant I am! Though one needn't know it, one must hear it! Well, then I am even worse... But if it sounds so piercingly perfect... so breaking my heart to pieces... then... And if it is not clarinet at all..? Then

what? Neither flute, nor trombone... Then clarinet for sure! Shame on me, after all!

Men are turning their heads off in admiration... No wonder! The raincoat is blowing in the wind... and under the raincoat there's... there's nothing! Not an easily accessible show in Moscow!

So, another turn and a few more steps.

- Hal... lo! I can give you a lift
- But I don't have money! And it's close...
- Get in without money... All the same I have nothing to do... Just driving to while away time...
- To tell the truth, I have to drop in to the telephone office for long-distance calls... It's to the right, do you know?
- And after that?
- After that... I'll go to Yasenevo. Well? Have you changed your mind?
- O'K, let's go to Yasenevo. Makes no difference to me. Just enjoy driving.
- Moonlighting? Stop, it's here... Wait a minute...

A very adequate remark! What can he afford to think..?! And my voice sounded so flirtatious... Nuts!

What are you doing?!

My God! What am I doing?! I shouldn't have taken so much brandy...

Why am I shuddering all over inside? He has driven up to me from behind... and with good intentions, he couldn't see the mini-skirt... Why are we getting so frightened at any act of human manifestation?! Why are we afraid to trust?! Now it's clear why people shy away from me when I reveal my sympathy... It should make one alert... True feelings have also been devalued...

His voice is somewhat rough and rude... Maybe he is tipsy?

How could he?! He is behind the wheel!.. What's the difference? – No, no... The eyes are normal, focused... Just a representative of 'the working class'!

That's true... not the type of people I encounter every day... even on the street... Yeah, I belong to a different dimension...

It makes fun!

Again "everything for the benefit of the people"... That telephone doesn't work. Here... the line is engaged... Thanks God, I can use an old code here... In the rest of Moscow offices the codes have been changed... Now you can make calls from anywhere to nowhere... Absolutely! Actually it's the only place in the whole Moscow I can make calls from... Telephone oasis! If to calculate all the health I spent on the phones

within the three years... If to use the entropy for the benefit of humankind... In terms of the whole city... whole country... So, according to the standards of the happy wellbeing... we would outstrip any ... in 'the West'... Nasty and useless thoughts!

Though I wonder why we all are not in a madhouse ... being taken care like this... Altogether... in one... huge... friendly comfortable... asylum? Chekhov called it 'Ward # 6' (Russia)... Taking inflation into consideration... it should be 'Ward # 4' (USSR)...

- Hallo!
- Peter? Ding-dong... funny! That's your honey!
- Why are you so late?
- Just wanted to make sure that my precious husband is soundly sleeping...
- And if seriously speaking?
- Just happened to have some extra coins... so decided to tell you "hello"...
- I see...
- How are the kids?
- Great! They have eaten up a whole plate of drop scones and now are happily doing their homework.
- So late?
- A big assignment... Vic got an 'excellent' for a test yesterday; Al got two 'excellent' for his essay today and Ivan an 'excellent' in music... This is our news!
- Good guys! And you?
- You'd better don't ask me... Tired of...

There's a good boy!
Homework? – Well, yeah... It is Friday today... Fifth grade... They have classes on Saturday, as well, now...
My dear poor Peter..!

My dear poor Peter! As hard as he can he... that's why he sounds so tired... Wait a bit more... just a bit... It'll be over soon... My dear family...

My dear family, I wish I were with you!

- Hallo, hallo...
- Hallo... That's all...! Now the last coin has dropped...
- Mommy, we love you!
- Me too!
- Dash, kissing you - smash...!
- KISS you! Sleep...

Damn it! I DON'T HEAR YOU, Peter!

Damn it! Why am I shuddering again? Has *he* come up to me? To listen to my talk... That's just too much..!

Peter doesn't hear me...

well

Thanks God! Not him!

Here I am! I have had bad thoughts about people again!

- So you haven't changed your mind? Let's go then...

Think again ... quickly! It might be late...

How come that I have the cheek to do so? Why am I so audacious? Maybe... - Get out! Immediately! It'll be fair... He must be expecting to form a closer acquaintance... Won't do to get home, to wave him bye-bye and say; 'See you around!' And if to get home and pay the covered distance?!

- Do you live in Yasenevo, baby?
- Yeah...
- Have you moved to... recently?
- Actually, yeah...

No... Even in this case... it'll be a gross deception...
Not my style!

Out! Quickly! Adventurer! You'll see!

What?! Baby?!

Why is he asking such questions? - To drive me round Moscow three times? Crap! It might be enough only once to twist me round my little finger...

Daria Vladimirovna, you are a patent fool...

- And where exactly?
- The Moscow University post-graduates' dorm, you know...

Familiarities were never allowed in my presence... Why?! It's so easy and natural... I think I've got rid of my complex...

It's warm in here...

But he is driving in the opposite direction!!! Stop it!!!
Jump!

Horror! Cold shiver inside! I am paralyzed!!! My heart...

He might be driving out to the ring road...

And we... where to?

You, shy stupid girl, why so cautiously?!...

At full speed... along the very middle! It's quite a forest! The road is so wide... like a highway... and no traffic! Isn't it strange?! Never expected to find here such a God-forsaken place...

Idiot! Why so cautiously?!

Could you stop here, please...?

I'd better open the door... adequately relax... and fall out... like then... with the parachute... The main thing... - not to think! But it'll be painf...

Did you hear? Stop! Or I'll... JUMP!
And you'll be to blame for... three orphans!

Do you think it'll work? Fuckingly aggravating circumstances... Decent mothers of the family don't wear mini-skirts and don't get into a first damned car...

- Just a moment. I'll fuel the tank and we'll go to your Yasenevo. It's nearby... at Yaponka... behind the barrier.

To my mind, when I lived in Sokolniki I used to hear about some shop at Yaponka... No, it just seems to me... However, I did hear something about Yaponka in my Sokolniki surrounding...

Yaponka or whatever... Why has he got more illegible?
He has changed the tempo of his speech!

- Well, show me the gas!
- Look... See?

It is "0"! Shit! He might have taken me for... and quite reasonably...

But the inner shudder doesn't pass...

I feel a cold draft coming in around here... must be the door... like in the old Dad's car. Well... it's also 'Mosckvich'. But this one is 'super deluxe'. The sign is glistening over there... on the glove compartment...

Nothing to be surprised at! It's not 'super something'. – *Elementary super cheating deluxe!* Mercedes sign on a bicycle... If the toilet is functioning normally, it is, of course, possible to add the highlighting, music, and DNA analysis...

- Well, have you calmed down?

Here is the gas station!

Now it seems to have eased off... And the heart is no longer beating that dreadfully... Adventuress!

- What is your name?
- Daria...
- And I am Andrew...

A frank look... not of a base-minded villain... And the eyes are lively... thoughtful... And the manner of narration has become completely normal... Or I might have got used? All the same - a silly girl! And after all... what can he do to me?! Just look at this Hercules! O'K, I'll give him a smile... Now it's better...

- Daria... from Darius... Latin... originated from Greek... Dareios... literally: the one who is rich, the owner of treasures... So, you are treasure of treasures... Dasha in short... Right? I know it because I had Aunt Dasha...

Vladimirovna?

Great! Now we are on short terms..! Why have I given him my true name? I'd rather... something like Fyekla, Matryena, Becky, Madeleine...

And because I like fairy-tales about little Russian girls... Mashes... Dashes... No, no, no... I know that you are the only Dasha... Once upon a time... there lived a beautiful and kind girl Dasha... And her Granny had knitted her not a regular red hood... but an extraordinary dashing (for Dasha) red sweater...

Latin... Thieves' Latin... Thieves' cant... Wow! I can't reject the fact... How learned we are!

But don't give me this! It's a very rare name! I have never met someone with the name... Though... if you know Greek...

- Are you married, do... you have a wife?
- Yes, I do.

Then it's not about me...

How affectionately he pronounced... 'dashing (for Dasha) red sweater'... Extremely observant...

- But we are divorced...
- Do you have kids?
- A son.
- How old is he?

And later she was swallowed up by *Canis lupus* without horseradish but with great appetite!..

What it has to do with me?!

Somehow now I feel calmer...

Oops!

- Eight...
- Do you regret?
- Yeah... But you know...
- I do... If quarrels, scandals, rows start... Divorcing is better then...
- Exactly! Why are you seizing your purse? Don't worry, I won't touch it. Put it on the back seat.
- I feel more comfortable like this. Today I dared to make out... Well, it's my first public appearance in a mini-skirt... I feel myself a bit constrained... And it's warmer like this...
- Unfounded sentiments... You have beautiful legs...
- Thank you, and still I'd rather...
- Just a moment, I'll be back...

Now absolute calmness... Why? – Don't know, but the inner coldness retreat...

Sure, I do!

Did he notice that on the corner?!

Why didn't he drive directly to the pump? Maybe he is going to use a jerry can? But he didn't open the trunk...

Out of here, at once! Why have you relaxed? Get out! Hurry up, make haste!

- Couldn't change the coupons...
- A kind of small business? It's a pity we are in Moscow, I could have introduced you to my father... He has a car as well... and same gasoline problems... Though... what I am talking about... My father is ... a man of principle... of old-fashioned toughness... He cannot stand any sort of machinations. He wouldn't have entered the scheme...
- Where are you from?
- From the Baltics...

People are over there... The road... Can get a cab even... But he doesn't look like 'lupus'! And if... just of a sudden ... he comes up to... and not by himself?! And if I am strangled by...

My Goodness! Who cares about me! Well, how should be treated silly girls like you? And especially at night?!

Quite definitely! Though for a Muscovite... Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia... makes no difference...

Altogether it makes Baltic Eldorado for them... For the better... If now something happens...he should understand that he can inflict disgrace on all Muscovites... or even all Russians... - Sure, international scandal... that's the thing he might be afraid of!... Ha, ha, ha...

But as never before... I'd like to answer that I am from Moscow...

- But why?
- Don't wish to be second-hand as these hungry for power nationalistic old bitches dream about... Don't want to launder their dirty socks for them...Judging by the statements of the principal *émancipée* ...they wear not tights... but socks...
- We will never allow something of the kind! We will bring tanks in, as usual... and guarantee the order...
- And what are you?
- Me? Mechanic.
- Well... could you help me stay in Moscow?

Your push and confidence tell me that you are poorly informed...

- Actually, yeah, I can... I have some connections and could pull strings.
- But not only me. I have a big family.
- How many of you?
- Five!
- Wow...
- Me, my husband and three kids.
- Well... I can try at least. What are you doing in Moscow?
- Reading for PhD.
- Do you study part-time...by correspondence?
- No, full-time.
- How long is left?
- On 22 my dissertation will be discussed.
- Clear. And who are the children with?
- With my husband.
- How old are they?
- The twins, son and daughter, are in the fifth grade, and my younger son – in the third...
- How lucky you are...
- That's true. And the husband is the only and the best.
- No doubt. Does he have a car, or...only your father does?
- No, he has nothing except me. We are poor Soviet professionals. Do you think I would agree to this kind of Ph.D. heroic exploits?
- In this case it's better to set up own business then...
- It's better practicing prostitution then...
- Do you like Russian folk songs?

Oops! That's something! Have rushed straight in... Goes without saying... out of fright...and the right person to appeal...

He is likely to tell the truth! Even great actors wouldn't play so masterly... And he is just a mechanic, if he doesn't lie... Very logical...

There's a draft from the door. What a pity, I haven't put on the woolen pants... But the pants are in the purse...

Yeah, under the mini... Galina, by the way, wears exactly the same type...without any skirts... 'Shorts,' explains, 'the clue of the season...'

My feet are getting cold. Should I ask him to turn on heating?

Why does he ask me this?

Russian... and out of fashion...
Sung traditionally in unison
And by criminals ...
At the zone!

I'll give you something to hear... Have you ever heard Andreev? He's Russian... was born and lives in the USA... Luxuriant mezzo-soprano.

Just in case... it's better to shrug shoulders: take me as you find me!

You may even say 'coloratura-soprano'... Don't give me this! Just showing his erudition... Captivating...

And what about gypsy songs?

But it *is* mezzo-soprano!

- Don't care much...
- And... do you like such songs?
- Yeah.
- Want me to sing? I always take a guitar along with me...
- What kind of songs?
- Well...up to you...
- Who did you make the call?
- Home, husband...
- See...
- Was at a party?

Yet in my childhood...the neighbor's stupid lover ... bored me ...with this gypsy hobby of his...for the rest of my life...

Clear... A regular set of playful allure tricks...

Clear... You are just pretending...

So, didn't like?

O'K, O'K ... I'll keep silent...

What kind of music do you like?

- And where are we going now?
- You know... it's near here... necessary to wait a bit... I'll ask guys to go and change the coupons... Won't take long. Just a second and we'll drive on...

How should I treat this sigh of relief? A nod will do.
Just another nod...

Is it regular curiosity or... just fooling around?

Maneuvering?

There's nothing to be afraid of here: a last bus stop...
There are three busses over there at the platform...
There's another bus coming... People are passing
by... And a Metro station is over there... Or if ... while
he is... No, won't do... No good to hurt a cool guy: he
knows Andreev... And he seems so lonely... I see that
he is enjoying my company...

O'K... They have left. Soon will be back. Do
you have a pen? Give it, please.

Cold... I'd better squeeze into the seat hard...

I wonder what kind of entry he is making in his
notebook: plate number of the bus or reading on the
speedometer.

Or name of another victim?

- Hi!

And who are these characters?! Two! Very
grotesque...

II. Again something rises inside, tenses up, turns cold
and chattering...

Don't hear what they are... not a single word. Thanks
heaven! Left!

See that guy... The left one... Boris
Besshaposhnikov, i.e. Boris Hatless, handless...
footless... brainless... Lived as a happy and free
man. He was my co-worker. Inveterate lazybones!
He would open his eye after sleeping soundly, look
around and say, 'Turn the wheel for me.' O'K, I
never refused... Now he is grubbing along in MUR
(Moscow Criminal Investigation Department). Did
you notice his red eyes...? Never gets enough
sleep... Jerk!

Well, what music do you prefer, after all?

- Any, but good... It's one of the reasons why I
have left the party so early. They have started the
amateur art there... I recognize only
professionalism in everything!
- You'll hear 'Along Pyiterskaya Street' then...
- It's cold.
- Excuse me. I'll close the window. Do you
smoke?
- Actually... no. But today... O'K...
It's cold and...
Thank you.

Does he mention MUR on purpose for me? What for?
Things just get from worse to worsen. Leg it! The
sooner the better...

It's for you to consider... Just to stimulate your
thinking process...

'Yava'?! ' If you smoke – smoke 'Dyimoke'!

... nervous.

- Now you'll hear 'The Nightingale' by Alyabyev.

How cool... The semaphores there at the level crossing are winking to the music.

Light and music...

Music and light...

So confusing...

In my life...

He has also noticed that!

His intellect... Well, definitely... he can't be mechanic!

- Can you sing?!
- In my family everyone can sing. My mother and father are certified performers...

He *is* singing! How cool!!!

Certified performers... A very strange word-combination... Fibs? But who knows...

Very wide range... like Emma Sumac. Just great! Now she'll take even higher. See?

It's cold... better to close the window. Enough smoking

- Do you sing in Italian?!

Wow! With perfect accent! WOW!

Son... ma... guitar... fella... serinada... quanta...

Well... The rest is just gobbledygook for me...

- And... do you understand what you are singing about?

- Sure... impossible otherwise...

- Translate!

- I go shy in her presence...longing for her love...you've taken peace from me forever...

Though I can guess so much myself. Still he doesn't seem to lie. And to my mind... he has got the cassette especially for me... He was looking for it...digging about in the heap...

What are you doing tomorrow?

- I have classes tomorrow.

- Teaching?

- Yeah.

- What?

- When I worked at a military academy and was asked the question, I used to answer: cutting out and sewing.

- Ha, ha, ha... That is... foreign languages... I thought you are a ballerina. My aunt also taught English... at Oxford.

Hoity-toity... at Oxford! Fellow...you are too carried away! And by the way... do you have anyone besides your precious aunty?

They lived abroad for quite some time. Her husband was a diplomat. Molotov himself sent them to study in England.

And why I don't believe you?

And what are you doing the day after tomorrow?

- I'll be working as well.

- Absolutely without days off?

- Without... I have to finish a book.

- Clear.

Now Leoncavallo...

Well, this is 'Passion'... even I know it. Eh, camino, camino...

- And you... Do you study Italian? By yourself?! On your own?

- With a teach-yourself book.
- What a shame! Once I was lucky to copy an old record... No... At home... The record itself, by the way, is gone... burned...when the country house was on fire...
- And did the house burn as well?
- Yeah, of 1894...
- The house?
- No, the record... It was even taken from me to be copied for broadcasting... By a girl-friend...

Great!

Again he is looking for something in the heap... I wonder what? What he is going to surprise me with?

Damn it, the house! But the record... real loss, what a pity! Really?!

But why not...- He just pretends to be more important than he really is... The record – the fire – the country house... Quite logical chain... And quite naturally to mention about financial and social prospects... Maybe it might be of interest to me? - Too sophisticated... Ugh! He cannot be like my colleagues...

Though his quick-wittedness should be appreciated!

So, we've done a circle ... 'lap of honor' ... I know what to do! I have found a proper excuse for leaving!

Let's see, they might have come and are waiting... Though strange, I couldn't have missed them...

- Wow, it's 11 already... You know, if they don't come immediately, I'll take Metro or I won't get into the dorm.
- O'K, O'K... I'll get you there. I'll show you Moscow at night... Until what time are you admitted?
- Until 12.
- You'll be on time. Idiocy! It's possible only in this country! To treat people with university education like this... to keep them under the barracks regime...

Sounded very convincing. He seems to have believed.

Such reverence towards university education proves the fact... that you don't have it... And I was about to start thinking that...

Want to listen to... Guess, who... Many years ago you could hear the voice practically in every home...

- But not in ours. My Mom always considered vinyl LPs constant playing to be ...vulgarity.
- But why?
- Now I think otherwise, but... Gee! Robertino Loretto! That's just it...
- Correct... But could you specify?
- 'Ave Maria' by Franz Schubert.

A very smart characteristic for my roots...

And now for myself...

Great... excellent... superb... gorgeous...

O'K, let's test what *you* now: translate the next song...

- Well, in Italian *mama* means everything having positive or desirable qualities... like mother, affection, tenderness, hope...

He is a poet!

But it's cold all the same.

Time to take Metro. That'll be a very sweet reminiscence.

- Now your turn! Paul Robson... Translate...

- Didn't hear... Could you repeat it?
- O'K.
- You see... something not quite legible and literate... vaguely formulated and totally unintelligible... Like 'Go I know not where and fetch I know not what'... It's a dialect of cockneys...

They...comes...?! Geographical name? – A kind of gobbledygook... absolutely unclear!

How could I blurt it out? Why?!! American cockney... Just ridiculous! Thanks God... he knows about linguistics and regional geography as much as I do about his gasoline business...

Listen... why did you ask me about my plans for the weekend?

Have something on your mind?

- Year.
- I agree. You see ... show me Moscow. I don't know it at all. I haven't been to Novodevichye, to Kolomenskoye and...
- Let's go to Volodya. Though he is at the Vagankovskoye cemetery.
- To tell you the truth... I don't like visiting... cemeteries...
- Neither do I.
- Then we won't go there.
- Then we won't... Here they are: 66-06!

Swallowed...But actually... I have blushed to the roots of my hair... future Ph.D. ... What a shame!

He's glad! So happy eyes!

To who?! I see... to Vysotsky...

And I don't like any form of obsession...

VI. 66-06! Three 6!!!

Goodness! They are four... Just look at them: arrant cutthroats... The bus has blocked all routes for retreat. It won't be safe in the corner even in broad daylight... Dead of night... lonely street... before you can say knife...

Crap! Andrew is pouring gasoline into the jerry can... But why is this barefaced... ginger-haired teenager gangster staring at me ... so fixedly then?

How stupid you are dear Daria Vladimirovna!

Andrew feels that I am examining him closely. Embarrassed...His shoulders, no doubt, are more round than usual... Strange manner of walking...with his back to me...

Heavy-metal style...the mane and the rest...a grotesque caricature to my type, my hero... How absurd! But he has nothing to do with me..!

Well... It's O'K... Let's go now.

Guess... Who is singing now?

- Don't know...
- Tamara Gverdztelli.

At last!!!

Why so quickly... so fussy?!

- Sure, but...
- Wow! Where am I driving?! Why to the road? Want me to play the guitar... and sing?
- Go ahead! Only...I am frozen to death.
- Unfortunately, the heating is out of order.

He pronounced her name so affectionately... But I don't care... Am I jealous... because of HIS attachment to HER?! Nonsense!

But why do you sound so strange... insincere again? You'd better started with this... Showing off? Who can say 'no'?!

Well, as usual I am right... as to the 'super cheating'...And as usual I couldn't even have chosen the right car! Unlike Ilona, par exemple... 'Volvo' and a diplomat... A shoemaker without shoes...A mechanic on a cart, which badly needs greasing!

I'll sing you only a couple of songs and we'll go.

It's good that he has parked here...in full view of ... Well, well... go ahead! Use your charms! Not that easy with me... 'Only once in life you meet the one...'

He has started off hand... even without tuning the guitar?! Gosh! How beautiful! Such a voice! So velvety... Like tawny port! 'Chanel'! And the guitar... Such modulations of the voice... Such trills on guitar! 'I have met you...'
'Shed light, shed light, my star...'
Marvelous... just fantastic! I've heard nothing of the kind in my life! It can be compared with nothing... maybe only with Ivan Surzickov...when he invited us...

Superb! Miraculous! Supernatural! Extremely delightful! Impossible to express with words...

Though... it's all the same cold! I can't feel my small of the back... inflammation is guaranteed... you'll never forget this fun... old lady!

- Andrew, words fail me... It's extremely delightful! But I am cold.
- Are you? Your feet are warm.

... you got used to the temperature of a corpse?!

You touch my ankle?! That's too much!

- What are you doing?! Don't!
- Actually cold shiver is concentrated in feet...And your legs are not only beautiful but warm, as well. How lucky is your husband!
- Excuse me, I just intended to pick up the knife - it's under your feet. You are in shoes, but ... Let me put it behind your seat.

You, stupid girl! Do you understand what he is driving at...? Just a pretext! Look at your watch! A little bit more and there will be left only one chance to warm up... and only in his apartment...See?!

Wow! That's quite a dagger! And it can easily turn my seat into 'the death seat'... Why does he have it? What for? For self-defense... No chance for him to count on his biceps.

- Andrew, I am really very cold. You'll freeze me to death. If I freeze you, I'll melt you, too! Sing along...

- And what's your favorite song?
- Do you know 'The Station Lights' by Fomin?
- Nope, come on, croon...
- 'A farewell flash of the station lights,
And you'll be gone with snow and fog forever.
And my ungrounded extravagant reveries
will just appear painfully so quickly passing...

Here we are! 'Your eyes are green and perceptive, your words are completely deceptive...' He can't have noticed my eyes' color?!

Once upon a lifetime you encounter beauty
In the canvas pattern of your daily dull routine.
Once upon a lifetime dreams might come true.
You came true exactly from my dreams...'

And here... there is such a lovely tune imitating
the rumble of wheels... Too-too-too-too...
- Never heard.

Should I tell him how the kids were learning this complicated tune? And how they understood it in their way before my leave... What for? Won't be interesting for him...

- Gosh! Five minutes past midnight!
- OK, OK... May I sing the last?

Like a minute!

He doesn't understand: I can go on foot not only to Yasenevo but to another city... Won't stay at his place... not for love or money...

- No, let's go!

How often mediocrities are asked to sing an encore, and I beg him to stop...

Let's go! Next time...

I'll invite him to our place: girls will be in raptures...

- Now the last...
'When you with your so tender glances
are fondling me, my dear friend,
- all of a sudden with unusual color pattern
the earth and sky so swiftly flare up...'

It'll be quite a concert!

What can I say?

- 'Oh, romaly...

What unity... What duet... Now I am really completely done... When get home, will immediately grab a shower to warm up...

Wow... in Gypsy... and so easily!

- Well, you ARE Gypsy Baron!
- How do you know?! I am really half Gypsy...
- Are you?!

'The neighbors' will die with envy: in spring we were not invited to their 'actor'... Now we have our own and better than yours. Though we are not that greedy, go ahead... listen...

Here we are!

Very similar... Now I can understand your moods like: 'If you hide a broad behind a high wall, I'll steal her even with the wall...!'

- And my wife is Gypsy, too.
Do you like Esenin?
- Actually, not quite... Though, it depends...
- 'My dear, naked, iced maple...
Why do you stand bending low in the blizzard
of white..?'

Again! Oh, no...

Cannot sing any more, but my teeth are tapping quite harmoniously... Know nothing about the maple, but as for me – I am, for sure, totally iced myself ...

Now really the last...

- Now I understand: one cannot trust you!

- How do you like Rosenbaum?
‘How often I see the dream,
my unbelievable dream,
in which the fall
is dancing lusciously the Waltz- Boston!
The leaves are turning and fall,
the CD is spinning and sings,
don’t go, stay here, please,
be my caprice...’
- You know... Andrew... I haven’t experienced
such magnificent enjoyment for quite some
time... Thank you.
Andrew, if you don’t mind sparing me some of
your time...
- If I mind?!... How can you...
- ...show me Moscow. In exchange can offer you
an intricate excursus in the history of my ‘native
land’: being a patriot of my town I’m crazy about
making tours around it... Though I have to warn
you about my fidelity to my husband... I love
him very much and actually I’m a faithful
wife... Friendship – that’s all I can give!
- Lucky guy! To be married to such a fairy-tale...
- And yet... Will you take me to Yasenevo? I see
quite well, why you have been dragging things
out... But I won’t go to your place!
- And why? What’s wrong about that?
- Nothing, but I won’t! Basta! Will you take me?
I have to get up very early tomorrow... I came
from home on Monday and since then haven’t
got a sound sleep: first night I was chatting with
my friend, and the second, as well... Then I had
to work. And tomorrow I’ll be reading for my
classes. I am nearly reduced to naught...
mentally and physically...
- OK...OK...
- You are cool! Your singing is just fantastic. And
you know it... I have to make a confession: in
spite of my musical education I don’t feel myself
involved into musical culture somehow...
- Musical college? Conservatory?
- Oh, no... less sophisticated...school... but
still...
- What kind of instrument do you have?
- ‘Accord’.

Better than the author himself... I’d rather not sing...
But he does it so freely and easily... Cannot resist the
temptation of trying ‘hit the high notes’: seems as if I
can do it not a bit worse...

What a pleasure he has given to me today.

I seem have withered away without music... Didn’t
occur to me that I had not satisfied my esthetic needs
for so long... Should I tell him about this? Maybe
later...

A proper ending for such a lovely evening... That’s
it... Moves to the front seat. Now we’ll start... Home,
sweet home... to warm up... My health, sure, is
considerably impaired with the biting frost of his
‘Mosckvich’, but it’s still a good deal... such a
concert...I’ll tell him now.

Premusical pithecanthropus-sinanthropus!

Does he really mean it? - Sure! After such words as
‘musical education’...

- How amusing! Just a few days ago I tuned up exactly 'Accord'. There was A key not functioning...
- In my instrument also A key in the small octave doesn't function – I've no time to have it fixed...
- Amazing. There was also A key in the small octave... Well, technological defects... There, close to the velvet hammer, a string came loose...

Wow! Jack-of-all-trades! Such easy fluency in terminology... Won't repeat after him... Doesn't seem telling me lies!

- Why are you holding your bag so firmly? Put it on the back seat.
- It's cold and the bag is big...It's warmer like this...
- Tell me the truth...You got scared at the gas station, right?
- I was scare stiff...
- And now?
- Not a bit.
- Great!
- WHERE TO?!

Oh my Goodness!!! Such a lonely place: NO-ONE WILL HEAR ME HERE... No houses, no flats!!! Here you are, Desdemona, now pray...!

Complete aphasia and limbs paralysis.

Will he cut me into small pieces and flush the toilet?! No need... even a whole corpse won't be found pretty soon here. Ain't I lucky to fall into a trap of a psychopathic serial killer who is searched by the whole Moscow militia?!

Well, with my good and exceptional luck...I'm as usual unusual.

Lately... I strongly felt that my days were numbered... But to be so damn right...

What perfidy! Why?! What's the point? Just for a hundred-ruble note of Nina Petrovna?! – No, Jack the Rapist is attacking only young and beautiful girls... moreover... in black tights... (Pathological logic has own rules!), raping or sodomizing...deviant sexual continuum...killing...and only then into small cuts...Brrrrr....Yeah! Black tights!

- I have to take a look at the garage... I have sold recently...I wonder if he has changed the lock... It'll take just a minute...

HOW STUPID...

Don't understand anything. Bought... sold... He's pulling my leg...

It's OK! I have a knife to my right... looks sharper than a scalpel.

BUT I CAN'T KILL A HUMAN... and not a human, too...

Left the car... True, it's a garage... Green... He's examining the lock... If only the lock, why to be so fussy?!

My Lord, I am so stupid... How people bear it?!

A rat... from the garage... another one... There must be a herd over there... feasting...

OOOOOh....

Why to close the eyes? The ostrich syndrome...? Why is he approaching me?!... The gearshift... The steering wheel is rather low... The end! I cannot escape...

- LET ME GO!

How tenacious he is!!!

- Sit down... lower...

Wants to open the seat... That's it... Now for sure he has the knife in his left hand... Now it's clear why he has demonstrated it in by the light...

Oh my Lord! How low and ominous his voice is... WEREFOLF!!! THE END... THE DAM CRASHED DOWN...

I tell you: sit down...lower...
- YOU... YOU... OH MY GOD! DON'T TOUCH ME! Don't you understand, that I can't...? I have a period...
- That's OK... Not a mortal case...
- HERE, NOW... Isn't it disgusting and nasty to you?!
- No...it is not... Sit down lower...

How swift he is with the menstrual pad belt ... As if he has been practicing only this for all his life...

- Andrew, I swear, you'll come to my place... and we'll make love... Only not here... Only not now... I PROMISE.
Do you hear me? Not now, not here... I SWEAR...
- Someone promised me once... I came...seven guys were waiting for me. At first I didn't understand... But it was OK, I showed them, as well...
- My dear Andrew, let's go to your place... See, I can't here... I hate rats...and mice... Don't you have a flat?
- No, I don't.

Lies? No!

So, you are a serial...

- CAN ONE LIE SO RUTHLESSLY???

How calm, reserved, concentrated and determined he is... Like a rock... How terrifying he is... Yeah, that's the END.

To live AS LONG AS... AND UNDERSTAND NOTHING ABOUT THE LIFE! TO BELIEVE AND TRUST THE FIRST PERSON YOU MEET...

DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING SACRED
LEFT?!...
M Y L O R D, DO YOU HEAR ME???
HOW TO LIVE ON...
W H O T R U S T?!
HOW CAN ONE SING SUCH SONGS AND
DO LIKE THIS...
I'D B E T T E R D I E ...
I CANNOT BE SO MUCH DISAPPOINTED
AGAIN... W H Y?! HOW COME...?!
HOW CAN ONE MAKE A MESS OF
SOMEONE'S SOUL? DO YOU
UNDERSTAND...? S O U L...

Something wavered in him... Stopped...

Oh, give me something... I am allergic to
mascara... My eyes hurt... Very painful...
Thank you...

- My babe, calm down. Let me wipe...
- Turn away, please, I'll tidy myself up.
- I won't, want to watch...
- As you please... all the same it's dark and impossible to make out...

Andrew, you just explain me, how come...
You...

... are healthy, handsome... - won't believe!

You have so many talents... Why to attack
someone at a corner... Can you get satisfied like
this...?

- Satisfied? I have a liver sarcoma. I'm doomed...
Even refused to be operated on... A year is left,
hardly more...
- You should be very young and stupid if you
think that you can take a woman by force and get
satisfied... How old are you?

My Goodness!

What bullshit I am giving him... As if I don't know
men's psychology...

- In your opinion?
- 25?
- More...
- 26?
- More...
- 27?
- A little bit more...
- 28?!

- And 8 years out of them I practically didn't
live... MHTC, the Army, a military enterprise, 2
years in a wheelchair – with paralyzed legs,
doctors thought I wouldn't walk...But...here
you are... Though now... Who will go with
me?! I had everything... a good job, got to
Korolev's design office... and worked here
too... You hardly know that you can enter a
tunnel at Dzerzinka and come to the surface in
Sheremetyevo...

Nonsense?!

Can't believe...

- Can't it be a mistake?
- No... Analyses. X-rays... So you are eyeing a
moving corpse.
- You see... One never knows... I maybe more of
a corpse than you are...

Oh, dear...

- What's wrong with you?
- Cannot tell for sure... The blood analysis is very poor... Doctors are panic-stricken, but cannot diagnose... I should get somehow into the Institute of Hematology... Necessary to exploit personal connections, which I don't have...
- I have a girlfriend... Alka. She is on vacation now. When she comes back I'll ask her... She should help. She is good at pulling strings. My relative was developing ...
- Andrew, beg your pardon, no more about diseases... today. I should have a rest for a day, two, or a week... No more talking... Don't pull the strings. Please! If it's not quite serious, I'll be OK... if it is... all the same no-one will help...

- And how old are you?
- Now your turn to guess.

- 30!

- Here we are! And I am still proud to be taken for a student at our Uni...

- And still how old... or how young?

- A bit more.

- 31?

- More...

- Won't give you more than 32...

- 34. And why high chair?

- You mean... wheel chair... I was driving... and a car was driving towards me...and there was a girl on the road... Actually there was no way out... Injured the spinal column... Sophisticated operation... No one was ready to operate on... I was predicted to become completely motionless. Luckily, I didn't agree to do a lumber puncture...

Well...No-one has ever given me so much!

A very amusing slip of the tongue...

Like in a movie...

He doesn't seem to lie about puncture... One should know about that!

Exactly: ...know, SUFFICIENT to know! Your spinal column is OK...to savor an omelet one shouldn't be a hen and hatch eggs!

By chance, a professor was found... I am alive only thanks to him...

- Did you lie about your wife?

- No... and the wife and the son... they are true... We've been divorced for a year and a half. By the way, today I was driving from my son... I received some "scarce commodity" at my work: compote, fruits ...

- Did your wife divorce you because of that?

- Perhaps...

Did she initiate? Maybe him?

Words fail me... How can I help you?

- Oh! Andrew... A rat ...

And so self-confident... fat... has proudly marched...
The country of unscared rats...
Can you be moved by a rat after all that?!

- Honey, come here. Don't be frightened. Take your hands off your face. It is no longer there. Besides it was a cat... Pussy ... And you have got scared... Well?

- Andrew, it's chilly...
- Get a cigarette.
- Don't want to.
- Do, get it. You'll get relaxed and warm...
- Don't feel my feet already.
- Place your feet under the cushion. Here... get another... Stick it against the door... Don't move... I'll warm your toes...
- And you, aren't you cold... Put on your jacket.
- I am not cold. Want my jacket?
- Nope. It's OK. Listen, what do you ... need all that for?

My goodness, he is so affectionate... Cannot make head or tail... When is he *real*: then or now? Here we are, again chilly...

- Liked you. Your legs are very beautiful... And these black panty tights...

His hands are so warm and gentle... As if he is caressing...

You silly... Why to ask all these stupid questions? Haven't you read Freud?!

Panty tights... Yeah, sociolinguists are absolutely correct when saying that the language characterizes one's 'social background' more vividly than anything else ... I wonder... though I haven't found out so far who was the first in the country to start speaking about this: Stalin in the "Issues of Linguistics" or Shveitser?..

- It's the first time I've worn them. And well... go together with the details. The gregarious feeling is alien to me: the whole Moscow is wearing black tights. I've got used to my extreme exclusiveness...

- But it's good if the whole Moscow... They make even ugly legs shapely... Only with the exception of totally barrel-like or wheel-like... Legs become so well proportioned, so pleasing... And if the legs are beautiful ... One can go crazy! And your gait is so indescribable... You know even beautiful legs, though very rarely, could be spoiled by a gait... For a female gait is as important as a manner of driving for a man... In your case everything is perfect...

What esthetic faculties! Nope, poetic!

- Well, so you...decided immediately over there, at the corner...
- Noope... Later. When you mentioned the mini-skirt... Couldn't resist ...

Idiot! Who cares about your sincerity?!

And if to introduce him to Ilona, Regina... He is so cute!

- Andrew, it came to me... Come to my place, you'll meet so cool chicks...
- No, thanks. It's not that I... No... Look here, I met you... It means it should have happened... Naturally, understand? As for the rest – it's stupid... So you mean you share a room...
- Not exactly.
- How many of you? 2? 3?
- An apartment... A two-room apartment. One room I share with my friend, and in the other... three more people live.
- 3 people?!

- Yeah, my room is also meant for three, but we have a 'dead soul'.
- Wow, it can happen only in this country! Grown-up people... reading for the PhD degree... and no space, no privacy... How can you? OK, and if some of you would like to make love? Actually, how did you plan to see me? And the watch downstairs is watching...I know the hostel stuff!

It's better to shrug and give a smile: let him think whatever he likes...

And so... He let me go only because he prefers warmth and comfort?! Does he really expect to continue?! And you, did you lie? – No... not exactly...

Would you ask your companions to go to the movies till dawn?

Well-known phraseology... The Cadet once mentioned... «A truck of the opposite sex was brought»... At that moment I took it as an act of brazen cynicism... And now... Actually the treatment is the same... Does it testify to my maturity and stagnation...? Am I getting grown-up, less sensitive, responsive, and more indifferent...? Well, it makes me cringe, but now not so much...

Till dawn... It's clear with you: you are still «youngster» ...

Think that to make love ... excuse me, have sex is possible only at night?! And far from being aesthetician... Such is your linguistic and psychoanalysis!

- Well, no... I don't complain and don't tell on my destiny. I am living with the dearest human being... with one of the most dear ones... I have never believed in female friendship, but here now...
- Why?
- Just so happened. I never had true friends. Except my husband... He is everything for me!
- Wow, lucky he is! To get such a fairy-tale..!
- Are your feet cold?

What am I saying...? What about Basov, kids... Will I jinx again?! That would be an extremely painful loss.

How sweet! Fairy-tale...

You, stupid one, what are you asking about...?

His feet are OK, it's his spine is his Achilles heel...and else...

- No. I have warm boots on.

Well, yeah...you have equipped in advance ...

- Does it often happen to you?
- What?
- The stuff...

After all, it did not happen...!

- No. First time...
- Don't give me this... You have just mentioned... The hostel... The seven...
- Oh, you mean... these... It happened only once, and as you see... Simply... a girl invited me to her place... I had suspected nothing wrong...

My tongue doesn't move to call a spade a spade... Oh this upbringing of mine!

They were sitting... I thought they were friendly... There was nothing to talk about... And as to give a lift... It's OK with me. Moreover, it's great to have someone to speak while driving... Is it warmer?

- Yeah...
- Last spring the heater was broken. I didn't even notice at first. Then saw that something was leaking... Tasted... sweetish... It came to me... Here we are...
- You are not fastidious...
- Got used... When I was a cop... We had to arrive at a place of accident before an ambulance... Any disaster, crash, any accident... I saw there such things, oh God spare me... At first I felt sick every time. Two first times I even vomited... Was necessary to assist the orderlies... Later, in a couple of weeks, got accustomed... I had so many jobs. My employment record book is filled up. Even the insert is used up. I never worked longer than for two years.
- You like in the United States... They never stay longer than eight years at the same place. Consider that otherwise any art might turn into hackwork... Cherish professionalism... And everyone benefits from that... Damned pragmatists... What's wrong with *you*?
- Maybe because I always say what I think. Especially to the management...
- And, are they always interested in your judgments?
- No, but people always feel your attitudes... Especially when they are not respected. I can give you an example. A new employee – 17-year old guy, Serge... He is constantly asking for something... Well, and every time I signed all orders for him. Just of a sudden I bumped into his truck and saw none of the spare parts I had ordered. I called him, gathered all bills and asked him where the parts were. He confessed that used them in his own car. I can understand that sometimes it's impossible to buy, to get, and you also need it. It should be fairly done. To take, to change, to return ...but not to go too far. In the end he returned everything, and I accepted every spare part according to the inventory. Since then he has never taken anything for himself. But nevertheless I don't trust him. See?
- I see.
- Well, and what about the gasoline?!
- I never steal it: I just substitute it with the one I have saved on...
We use 93, and I have 76...

In truth ...

As Stanislavsky liked to repeat, "Don't believe you!"
Why?

How observant...

Though I see nothing: where is right, where is evil...
who is right, who I guilty?

I am totally lost: 93... 76...Have you saved your own
gasoline..?!

- Forget it. I cannot make it out... But I trust you.
- I can understand that everyone may need this or that from time to time. I also want my car to be as fit as a fiddle... Not in the sense of design... with all the exaggerated stuff... If everything is fixed and in order then it's beautiful. That's my understanding...

And that's true!

Actually, my car is old enough, but in a good condition. Even the paint is authentic. 10 years already... It has high mileage and underwent several major repairs. But the color I didn't touch. In the morning, just imagine, I saw a kid with all his might making scratches with a nail all over the hood of my car. Since early childhood they don't give a damn... no matter what it is... a fence or something else... A tiny tot...and he knows already – it's not mine...

Well, well... after all, it is philosophical approach to life... and a proper one... But what about the heater...

- Andrew, did you love your wife?
- Loved... didn't love... now I don't know for sure. Think, I did. Only it was rather long ago.
- Do you know what love is?
- Love? I think it is self-sacrifice... And do you...?
- I used to think that I did... But now I have doubts. Though I know, definitely, what its absence is...
- And what?
- Let's see... Have never verbalized for myself before... It's like comfortable and cozy living with polite adequate reactions to other people words and actions: when you are expected to smile – you smile, you are expected to be grateful – you are..., you are expected to kiss – you kiss, and so on and so forth...

My Dad's exact words... and, basically, my own, as well. Though now there are lots of people who speak like this...

Something very honest... is strongly felt about him... all wool and a yard wide! You may even cut me to pieces, but...

And, unexpectedly, there comes a crisis... a critical point: something happens, something breaks up, something comes to an end ... - consciousness is paralyzed and the subconscious comes to the fore and starts acting, and there are two peculiarities pertaining to the subconscious...

First, if to believe Freud, it pushes to enjoy, i.e. to do what you really wish to do.

Second, if to believe me, in the state of a switched off consciousness it becomes totally uncontrolled.

And you really wish to... tell someone to go to hell, out of sight! And out of mind...! And forget forever...! That's it!

And not with a single phrase, not with a gesture it can be concealed...

And there is no stopping from the truth ...

And the poor thing, THE REJECTED, is to blame for everything what is broken, has come to an end, or has just happened...

And, first and foremost, he is to blame for turning up in your precious life...

- So may we deduce that love is one's faculty always to turn up timely?
- Maybe... Only it's not a faculty... To be more exact, not only a faculty, but also a heavenly gift...

Here is another truism, Madam: love is a gift...
And then... why do people so often and so cruelly pay for the commonplace...

It's their choice: if you cannot accept a gift accordingly, then...

- Do you have a girl-friend now?

It's clear as a blue sky... again silly questions!
And now he'll again start about his physical imperfection...

- It's because of my job...
- What job?!
- I will neither eat, nor sleep before I finish doing... My car is like a second wife to me, or to be more precise, like a first one... I can stay away for a month or two...

The pause is rather extensive.
What job?!

Besides, when something goes wrong... Who will stand it?

Machinery means everything for me. When I started to work at the depot the boss asked me: "What are you looking for? What are you after?" And I answered him: "I want to work"... And leading me to a truck he told me, OK, go ahead... Well, though it could hardly be called a truck... Only the shell. It wouldn't go... It might have been rusting in the yard for a couple of years. Taken to parts, sure. I gave it a tow to the repair workshop. I was making heavy weather of it for quite some time, though when I was through... it had only one route, only one destination... *The Intourist*. That's it...

- And what about the Institute?
- I gave it up in the fourth year.
- Why?
- Because realized that it wasn't mine. When I worked for the Korolev design studio, as I have already mentioned... they were sitting there, drawing up, figuring out... I couldn't like this... I should be doing something with my hands... From the very beginning till the very end. That's my life.
- Perhaps you will put on the jacket?
- Hell with it... I have already said, my boots are warm. I wear them even in winter. Though the sole is thin, nevertheless... of very good quality.

Our make. Bought them by chance. Once the relatives asked me to look for something in a second-hand shop. I went. Saw these ones... absolutely new. They must have turned out to be tight. At first, they were a bit tight for me, too, but I was quick to break in this pair of shoes. 500 rubles. And what is most important – Soviet made. We can do it!

Sure, can!

- And these shoes I brought from France. Such low substitute... Look, cardboard... Such 'sh...'
- But they are meant for running till the first puddle...and then to be changed for new ones. On the other hand, they cost accordingly.
- Yeah, quite a deal...
- So you happened to be abroad.., and you returned?!
- What are you willing to say?
- Stupid...
- Well, you see... I know what homeland is...
- Homeland?! The homeland was squandered on drink in 1917, my sweetheart... I am surprised how we have lasted so far. I often recollect my Granny. She used to say: "Father Tsar had prepared everything for 70 years... Well... we are coming to an end. What shall we do then...How to go on living?! » Yeah, it seems that God absolutely forgot about us... or doesn't see from the heavens through the demagogy mist what's going on here...
- Everyone is good at criticizing. High time to start action. Enough to talk a lot of hot air...
- When I feel that my days are numbered I'll do like this: go to Red Square and tell the pain I am having on my mind.
- Are you scared to do it now?
- No, I am already scared of nothing. Even the police try to avoid getting in touch with me... When they learn my case they try to get rid of me, they are afraid that I can kick the bucket at their place...
- And what's this?
- You know...it might be helpful. Very reliable... There was a steel cable yet. Too much of a good thing: dragged out.
You say - action... Which one? – Maybe it's better like Vic (we were in hospital together, he lives close to me, also doomed): always blind drunk... Sometimes dead drunk... I neither can like this, nor wish to. So, we are doing in haste, we are going to waste... Why?!
- It's in Moscow people are in haste. Especially drivers. That's in your profession: you never let a passer-by to pass by. If I am not mistaken, according to the international rules passers-by should be let across the road... But laws are not meant for Moscow... Because of that something

Here we are!!!

How brave!

Thank you ever so much, «turns out... in vain I worry about»... It is a great consolation to me...
The knife... now a whip... - a complete gentleman's set...

How gloomy and dark...

deliberately cruel, something sadistic arises inside and I cross the streets only on zebra crossings at the same time saying to myself: «Come on, run over me... Just dare! »

- It's true, Moscow differs from the Baltics... If I am waiting for you, my sweetheart, to pass, I may forget about leaving the crossing till night... Yes, we are in a hurry...

I wish I knew where I could catch it... If only I were irradiated ... Or something of this type... Out of nothing – cancer ...

Though... God knows... My hair fell out.

In my student years I was called Angela Davis. See on my forehead two deep furrows (one wrinkle for each leg)... Well, the Army isn't a piece of cake, too. In the next few days my brother returns from the Army. Ahead of time... Don't know whether to be happy or not... He caught hepatitis... After treatment in hospital he needs a careful diet and the rest... They decided it would be better to get rid of him ...

- I've got a nephew... Better to start from far away... Since being a child he had an ambition to become an officer – « There is such a profession to defend the homeland»... In his 8th grade he started getting prepared for Ryazan Airborne Academy...

- Well, it is privileged ... I also served close by: the Army elite ...

- So thought I. Well, wait a bit: he had private tutors in English and Russian, practiced sports: he was jogging every morning for a number of kilometers, then sambo, karate ...

- How comes?! For sambo one needs well-developed muscles, and for karate, exactly the opposite, the muscles should be flat and stretchy...

- OK, know nothing about that, I have never interested specially. Maybe exactly because of that at first he practiced the one and then the second – to keep the balance and to make the body versatile...

- Something is wrong here... My friend Dimka is a diplomat and perhaps due to his position he had to... In short, he has been practicing karate for 15 years already, and now organizes a self-financing group... He has a blue belt, and he says that...

- Gosh, it's 2 o'clock already. I have a class for seniors tomorrow. I should get prepared. Their English is extremely fluent...

- I presume your English is not worse...

- Well, but the topic is rather intricate...

- What's the topic?

- The topic? – Connotation.

- And what's that?

I wonder if it is... sadism, transforming into masochism, or masochism, transforming into sadism... - basically, makes no difference... it *is* distortion... Or perversion?! Sexual perversion ...on a zebra ... How alluring...

But the crash?

I wouldn't agree ...

It's clear, you are on a friendly footing with diplomats, too...

It's also clear... You don't care about my nephew, you don't care about me either ...

- Even don't know how to explain you... in plain language... You are not acquainted with our conceptual system... Where to start? Well, connotation is the configuration of suggestive or associative implications constituting the general sense of an abstract expression beyond its literal, explicit sense... For example, Dasha... - for everyone I may reveal a positive connotation involving pleasant consequence, but for you personally – the connotation might be of negative character and to incite,... though in both cases it's me, not some other Dasha...- to incite negative emotions... No, too primitive and not exactly the thing ...
- Why... for me Dasha reveals a positive connotation!
2 o'clock. Actually, it's better to go and wake up your bunny old lady on the watch downstairs. She is sleeping, for sure. Does she have the right? She is at her workplace after all... If you can't – quit. And everywhere like this... Everyone tries to avoid doing what he has to... With you everything is different... Some guys traveled there and told that... A bit of clear Western model. And you, what aren't you satisfied with? You have always used to be in special conditions...
- Maybe that's the reason for dissatisfaction.
- What's your nationality?
- Half-breed...
- So, what are you afraid of?
- What?!... – I have kids. Why should they be treated as twenty first-rate?! Only because of their partial belonging to a great nation known in any corner of the globe?! Isn't it absurd?!...
- To my mind to speak about nationalities these days is really absurd ... In everyone there's so much mixed up... How can one make it out...?
- Absolutely... I always used to be an internationalist... But 'being' determines consciousness... Time to make choices... But how? How to choose if there, at home, I am more Russian and here, in Moscow, I am more...
- That is... everywhere alien?
- To be more precise... unwanted...
- You see... all of us... are unwanted ... Your locality is such a small spot... All the same you will never be independent. If not us... then someone else. Who do they count on?
- Their Diaspora abroad. They say that among emigrants there are even millionaires.
- And what do they hope for? That a kind uncle across the ocean will get moved to tears and start doing silly things..?

Very capable student!

2 o'clock... like 2 minutes...

- I don't want any longer to give angry harangue on the issue... First, it's very painful for me, second, I am fed to the teeth...
- The main thing here is... not to worry... We won't allow, you'll see. If we let you go then the whole empire will split... No, it won't happen! Though, in my understanding, they over there... as usual... don't care much... Neither the Marked One, nor *Borya*... «No, *Borya*, you are not correct...» That's the point! Even I, at the depot, know that Genka, a friend of mine, is *Gennady Ivanovich* for me at his workplace ... The working day is over and we get into my car... Well, he becomes Genka for me, and I become Andryucha for him... It's a Russian custom... By the way, what's her nationality? She is not Russian, for sure... HE takes her along everywhere...
- Bullshit... In the first place, it's necessary according to the Diplomatic Protocol, secondly, we should be proud to have such First Lady: intelligent, educated, cultivated... and looks are not of a matryoshka doll...
- What?! I should be proud of her?! Why?! Because she treats Russian people like beasts of draft?!...
«Thank you on behalf of MY people...»
- OK, and what don't you like? Yes, she IS a representative of her people...
- Gee, my... not my, but our... Look at the tsarina... "MY people"... Our majesty Raisa I...
- Andrew, I am getting cold again...
- Then go to the back seat. It'll be warmer there, you may make a cozy nest of cushions...
- Don't want to.
- Khrushchev's name is terrorized at every corner... When people were leaving their moldy basements for 'khrushchevkies' with all modern conveniences and were idolizing him... now is left to oblivion... Though useless to talk about... actually... in general...human being is an ungrateful animal... I don't want and I can't submit our 'stages' and 'campaigns': at first to raise to the skies..., then... hardly the peace is given to the ashes... to turn the grandeur into shit...
- Any suggestions?
- Send them all to hell ...
- Won't it result in anarchy?
- You may name it as you please.
- And what's your idea of it?

Here is the source of Russian hypocrisy...!

You say you are not chauvinistic?!

I've always been interested in what the working class thinks. Here you are, listen... the pleasure is yours!

On the other hand..., sincere and with all his heart, besides I myself used to repeat and believe,
"The one, who doesn't grieve for people and isn't in a rage, he doesn't love his mother country, he doesn't love his age..."

Though now, in the age of democracy outrage, strange as it might seem, all people think astonishingly similar... the working class..., as well as, not quite working...

- You mean anarchy? Like this: to sweep them all out of Kremlin and to set up a museum there. If there is a need to take a decision – to hold a meeting, to debate, to negotiate and then immediately to scatter... That's what democracy is! Otherwise everything remains the Brezhnev style with cheerful raising to the azure sky... There are always the same people in power... My Grandpa used to recollect... during the war he was in the Ukraine... the Germans came and the former chairman became a leader, former activist became a "policeman"... So, what has changed?! Maybe more discipline was shown: everyone knew what to do and did it ... And how are we given this? – Only in the light of 20 million lost and only with one color... But Germans were also different: cured kids, gave chocolates...

That's true, Maman also mentioned this...

You see, wrong ideals are cultivated in us in childhood. Since early age our psyche has been turned inside out. We see everything in a false mirror and upside down...

- Excuse me, after all I'll climb over to the back seat, or I'll get frostbite everywhere...
- Go ahead. Here, get this pillow as well. I sew the covers and made the cushions myself out of an old sofa.
- That's very smart of you, but you'd better repair the heater.
- Yes, Madam, by next time... when I take you to show Moscow...
- I am already warmer, thanks...

He yawned ... Why?! Tired? Sleepy? Bored?! Did he sleep less than me?! Maybe just out of cold?

You... come here, too. Oh, I've lost my clip-on earring.

What a terrifying glance...

Let me see. Show the other.
My English Professor presented me with – it's very dear to me. Never mind, later...

My makeup might have smudged from crying. Or I just seem older than in darkness ... Or maybe fatigue has reflected on my face... Or maybe exactly the opposite ... - can't tell for certain, but hardly ...

Oh no... I'll turn on the light... Here it is.
Thanks.

Let me warm your feet. Better? That's it... How can I find you? May I call to the University?

Apt. 126.

No. Find... Moscow University postgraduates' dormitory in Yasenevo.... Do you know where?
When Alka comes I'll find you.

How on earth?
I'll get you even from under the earth... or won't let you go at all, such a fairy-tale ...

Well, well...
Basically, if only we had driven up with the muzzle forward nothing would have happened...

Excuse me, I cannot figure it out ... where..., what muzzle?

I say that if I hadn't left the car ... if I hadn't driven up to the garage I would have had a look

- at the lock from the car and we would have gone on ... Don't know if it were for the better or for the worse ... But I do know that am so cozy and calm, so safe... I haven't experienced anything of this kind for so long... I feel so good... really good... I've been waiting for you so long... For the whole month I've been tormented with some anticipation, vague expectation of something...
- You see, I was about to go down into Metro, had already changed the money... and when I saw the coins for the public telephone I decided to go back...
 - Absolutely correct.
 - And that's fair...
 - Do you believe that something might be fair?!
 - Sure, very much...
 - So you believe in God?!
 - Yes... But not in the one on a color print... in the one we have in soul... Justice by name. See? And you?
 - So do I. And I believe that death is not the end, there is something after... Maybe reincarnation... I believe that our thoughts are material and there's no need to be close by to feel and understand each other ...
-
- What affinity of souls! And... do you believe in Ten Commandments?
 - Difficult to answer unambiguously... Don't kill.... I do believe... As to "don't lie!" - it depends on many things. There are lots of such eccentrics who create their own world and live in it. It's more interesting for them like this... Dreamers ... They don't bother others...
 - And "don't steal!"?
 - Again about the gas... I explain it to you...
 - I do understand... The English have a good proverb-saying: the one who steals an egg ...
 - ... will steal a hen?
 - Clear... And what's your treatment of violence?
 - It depends on what is meant...
 - Raping of a woman by man...
 - It has nothing to do with violence? It's instinct. Totally different stuff.
 - But you started with fair-unfair...
 - Well... I was at a birthday party of my friend, I was so unwilling to go there... I keep constantly repeating to myself: if relations are insincere no need to maintain them! There's neither time nor health for that! But quite often you get into a

I also feel good. I am also glad to be with you. But won't tell you so far

Goodness! My exact words ...
But this kind of conclusions is usually done individually! V. I. Vernadsky, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, A. Muntyan, now you ... Now it's clear why we are attracted by each other ...

Thank you ever so much, now when I know that it's much better for me...

But: He that will steal an egg will steal an ox!

God, what's the Russian for?

Significant silence.

This is a treatment of ten commandments!
Now it's me to yawn...

kind of circle and can't escape from it... In short... I came, the company was far from being interesting, hang around for about an hour and as an excuse to leave this boring crowd I said that someone was waiting for me...

- That's true, I was waiting for you...
- It's true that insincerity and arrogance should be punished... That's what 'fair' is.
- Do you regret it?
- Not now.
- To tell you the truth, I knew from the very start that I would fail and nothing would come of it...
- You concealed it quite OK. Very convincingly! So calm, confident and, the main thing, so terrible... I decided to myself that Ms. Destiny had arranged a meeting with Moscow Jack the Ripper for me... Black stockings ... and the rest... How could I avoid heartbreak, I wonder?! It is my weak spot... But as it turns out now - nothing of the sort... My Lord, don't let me go through the things that can be survived...
- Actually, I didn't know other women except my wife...
- With me the same... Only my husband... No, it's a lie ... Got used to lie...

What are you saying? ... Why..?

One cannot lie at such a moment!... The moment of truth!... Now it's sinful!

How gently he is kissing my hand. And I like it...

I met my husband when we, both of us, were applying to the University... And we both failed. But we didn't get upset. We were happy. First love, first kiss... Everything first... Then he got attracted by another girl... I was so bad – he didn't care... Then everything went smoothly again, but something was missing already... music in the soul, maybe...I even started to worry about lacking sexual desire. I thought I was frigid.

- And you made up your mind to find out the truth...
- Yeah...
- Before marriage?
- Yes... I was afraid of physical incompatibility...
- Right. It's serious, by the way. I am of the same opinion... first find out what's what and only after do... And I'll tell my son this! Otherwise... whether people suffer all their lives, or are constantly divorcing to amuse the rest.
- We engaged and I made up my mind...
- How long had you been making your mind?
- For 4 years.
- Wow! Poor guy...
- He loved me...
- And then?

- Then appeared the Cadet... Love at first sight...
And the music in the soul, but... Actually, he
trampled me... torn me to pieces... He was very
nasty to me... and left...
Though it's not that simple... My husband was
aware of all my ordeals. I told him the truth, "I
love you both..." Can you understand me?
- Easily... He had simply become part of you...
It's natural...
- Well... makes no difference... Not interesting?
- Why? It is... And then you met his opposite...
- Yes... But it was only an episode for him...
- And then?
- Then... There was Andrew...
- Already in Moscow?
- Yes... I am so tired of losing people... Any
loss entails losing not just what you have, but
also who you are... I can't suffer any longer...
See?!
- Are you... are you afraid that I can abandon you,
too?!

- You know, practically yesterday it came to me
(though it's a universal truth): everyone has his
golden matches (like in the fairy-tale), which can
be used anyhow... I spent mine on ice cream and
sweets, and both were swallowed and
forgotten... No matches any more. I am
empty... Understand?
- You do have! Only you don't know about that...
- Excuse me, let me stretch out, I've got cramps in
my feet.
- You have beautiful legs... and feet... Give them
to me as a souvenir for long memory...
- I won't be recognized without them at home.
- At home also?!
- Not exactly... They are handy in household...
- Maybe you can stay yourself then?
- But I am not leaving right now...
- What I am saying... I am 90 percent sure that
you will leave... But I am so willing to believe!

I would eat you up... to the last piece...
And you would be all the time inside me...
nobody sees you, but you are here... with me... Such
a fairy-tale...
Does my moustache bother you?

He called it 'milking a cow'...

How shallow and mediocre... and so trite... fell in
love... fell out of love... Hoity-toity, how delicate we
are... when our feelings are concerned... What about
Basov and his feelings?!

He has become gentler... he's so sympathetic...

«Boss, come on, write novels... and so forth...» It turns
out to be so simple and easily predicted!
Gosh, he's also Andrew...

How overjoyed he is...

How to explain that it's not lovers I hate losing, but
people who are very dear to me... and besides...
something priceless...

My dear... You sound so hurt... Sure thing, I will...
But I will miss you ...

Shall I tell him that I become very easily attached to...
even to students... and every commencement is like a
chain funeral to me... Why?
Something sadistic again ... No, this time something
cannibalistic...

Kisses... And I don't object ...
Nope... Andrew also had...- OK, just say it out loud!

Strange – so short and charmless, but inside everything
turns upside down... so strongly man is felt... Though
nothing strange... Vaska likes to embrace me... put his
hands around my waist... And every time I feel an

embrace of a man... But he is my son and hardly waist-long... There is something different to it...

- Baby, will you kiss me...
- Only don't call me 'baby', please... The Cadet used to call me like this...
- Can I call you honey-bunny?
- Very cute... Pussy, bunny, foxy... No, thanks...
- OK, Dasha... What about My Fairy-tale?
- Fairy-tale? Will do... Now it came to me: I've always wanted to become a fairy-tale for someone...
- For me you will...

I was really a baby for the nearly 2-meter guy.

Well... I am melting...

You will... will also trample on... You're also lying... So nicely, but... "A rake is not the sort of accessory that a girl should take along with her to step on..!"

- Don't do... Don't even dare! It's so cute even without ...
- OK... I feel so cute with you...
- Don't touch me, please... Stop it... If you don't stop we won't meet again... Wait, wait...
- I have been waiting since 10. I can't any more...
- My husband waited for 4 years...
- I don't have these 4 years.
- Dirty hands... How can you?!
- Hands of a mechanic are the cleanest ones... Analysis of the dirt from under nails of mechanics revealed no germs... Not a single one... Wrong environment for them... And besides we are in the food industry... We are tested twice a year...

so do I...

I am all mixed up... Some crazy kaleidoscope: a cop, a driver, a mechanic, KGB, food industry ... Have you lost the track of your thoughts? What are you, Andrew?! – BOWOLF... WEREWOLF... LYCANTHROPE ...

And if there is someone to be scared... That's me, not you... But I am not scared.

- But please, don't touch me... Be human...
- You be human...
- I beg you...
- And I beg you. I can't any more... Don't you understand, we are designed like this..?
- Let's stop tormenting each other. Let's go.
- And where should I put the balls, into a basket?
- Let me go...
- Legs apart... Did you hear what I said...?

That you fear nothing I feel all the time.

The door definitely doesn't go... One should have expected this! There is NO WAY OUT!

Very grotesque!

Oh, my God, again this high horror of his low whispering... The knife, and now the whip... Did he show it on purpose?!

Long hair – that's clear why... Gypsies are prohibited to have their hair cut. They are said to have their strength in the hair... If without a whip.., is it worse than without a horse?! Chilly on the Willy?! Bad sign?!

- Hurry up... Let's have a fuck and go...
- What... why... Andrew... Andrew... Is it YOU?!
- Me... That's me... Don't you understand that I'll have you all the same? Turn to the side...

FUCK YOU!

- Otherwise you'll have to take off your clothes...
- I'll hate you...
 - Turn to the side... or it'll be worse...
 - Andrew, I can't today... Next time...
 - There won't be next time...
 - Andrew, hold on, let's do it well... We shouldn't necessarily do it right now... I beg you...

Very optimistic!

GOD, please, help me... Swieta Maryjo... Matka Boze ... Oitse nash ... Help me, please, one last time...

It came to me...

- Andrew, let's make it differently... Gosh, this damned zip... Take off these damned trousers...
- Kiss me...
 - Kiss me... Please... Kiss...
 - Andrew, what are you doing...? YOU... YOU... YOU are WEREWOLF!
 - Yeah, I am a werewolf, a vampire, a bloodsucker... Just go to bed and just of a sudden... blood...

No... Not now... Now I don't want to kiss you even more than ever... Kiss my toes, if you please...

That's all... I am totally lost in every respect... MY GOD! Blood... AIDS... Death sentence!

- Better the whip, the knife... Better DEATH! BASTARD! I HATE YOU!

Think syphilis is better?!

ATOMIC EXPLOSION! NO WAY TO SURVIVE! THAT'S THE END!!!!.....

.....

.....

- Dasha... dear DASHENKA, don't go... Wait...

Now better out... at once... I can't see him... I can't... And the tears don't help much... not to see him... OUT!

Left the car... Don't hang on to me...

- Dasha... Dasha ...

Do you really think that you can stop me now... Out with you!

Where to now? With such looks?! – I'll go to the right... The engine has started... Will he follow me? Hardly... Follows...

What's wrong with your voice? Why is it so hoarse, dear? No, now I don't hear you.

I have slipped... With what foot? – All stupidstition aside now... Now it's of no importance... Away from here!

He has gone... Ahdrew, wait... I will never see you again...

42-21 MM... ANDREW... How can I find you!!!
Andrew, don't you see me waving to you?!

Tail lights have winked: he stopped... No, he did not.
Went away... Was it your way to tell me "See you
around"...?

How horrible! Complete loneliness... THE PLANET
IS ABANDONED! Makes no difference to me... and
it is not cold any longer!

And where now? Down the street... How drastically...
dark

Left me alone... at night... No need further...

Andrew?! Back ... Nothing of the kind...

Andrew?! – Nope... cab... full...
YOU?! – Militia...

At last have honored with a visit... Where have you
been before? Bastards! You dare look at me with your
eyes full of lust... Patent bastards...

Andrew?! – No, again taxi... Maybe they will take
me... No... Andrew will be back right now... He
couldn't leave me alone here... It's a good crossroad
here to stop a car... No cars more... Only a taxi! Yeah,
but Andrew won't be able to find me here...

Do you really think that he will be looking for you...?
He is already washing and getting warm at home... or
even sleeping... and less inclined to think about *His
Fairy-tale*... But your fairy-tale has ended..., stupid
thing!

What time is it? It's a quarter past five already! As a
minute ... Psychologists *have* their laws... There is a
happiness test, if I am not mistaken, which runs like
this: if time lasts long and monotonously and when
remembered seems as minutes and seconds – you are
unhappy; if it runs like hell measured by numerous
events and later remembered as years – you are
happy... How to define me by the test?

Psychologists may also lie...But I do agree with
Tchingiz Aitmatov – 'and longer than a century lasts
the day'!

To wait for Andrew is craziness... It's getting cold
again...

Necessary to catch a cab...Here it comes...
Asshole, he dares to pass judgements... Go to hell...

This way no-one will take me...

- Yasenevo...

- Yasenevo...

ANDREW?!... No, it's 'Lada'...

I've got already tired to raise the hand... must be looking cool... I'd better fix myself somehow... at least stop whining like a baby... It won't impress anyone! You get what you deserve after all!

- We are going to the railway station. And you... where to?

- Yasenevo... What station?

- Paveletsky.

- OK, let's go.

As if I care...as long as it's warm!

My traveling companion has already waken up and packed his suitcase... And I am still heading to Yasenevo... If it goes on like this he'll sooner get to Leningrad...

But to Leningrad is not from this station! I wonder how it's inside the station. I've never been to the station ... Andrew promised me to show around Moscow...

- What's wrong? Did anyone hurt you? You don't worry too much... Do you like fast driving?

Andrew... Left me! CAN'T STAND ANY MORE!

One of the 'helping people'?! – I hate you all so much! I know more about Mars than you about compassion... Again pretending...

- Don't get upset so much. We shall...we shall overcome... I have an eye for this... I'll get you to Yasenevo in a jiffy...

Who hurt you?

- Excuse me, don't feel like talking...

- OK, keep silent...

Well, my companion is leaving: 5.30 on the meter... Isn't your tip too extravagant? Judging by your wasteful habit you have easy money...

You seem to get used to this kind of 'entertainment'... And you are right, it's really amusing...

- How much?

- Let me see... 7.40... Everything will be OK.

- Thanks. I think so.

Here we are...The meter shows 11.20...

So your kindness and compassion cost a penny...

HELL with my shrewdness!

- Thanks, Nadyusha...

- Dashenka, where have you been to? I was about to worry...

- Very timely!

- What happened?

- Oh...

Here it is... I am going to wake them up all... with this idiotic door and the key... and idiotic me and the rest... My life has changed its dimensions but for them everything still remains the same... The same peaceful snoring...

And really... what happened? Is it the end of the world? That's it... the end... only of what? How empty and lonely... I'd better get sooner to bed and close the eyes... If I don't see then it doesn't

- What's wrong?!
- I've been raped...
- What?! How?! Shit... By who?!
- Does it make difference? My goodness, I hate myself!

Nadyusha, I am terribly cold... I'll go to the bathroom to wash out and get warm.... Sleep well.

- Why don't you eat anything?
- I don't want to... I want nothing...
- Don't cry... No, go ahead, do cry... let the tears cleanse the dirt out of your heart...

- You see... I might already have been dead by now...
- I can't believe it!
- Though... who knows what is better...
- You are crazy!
I hate this Arina so much... All your troubles come from her...
- She knows herself that she brings a mischief and she suffers a lot because of that... She can't control it... Besides I also was good enough to get into a first passing by car... as if I were a naïve girl.
- How numerous they were?
- Only one.
- One?!
- Yeah... Moreover, small and sleazy... But as you see ...
- That's why people say...
- What? That a small flea bites painfully? There is something to that.
- Why are you making faces? You don't feel well?

exist... And let come what may... even nightmares will seem sweet dreams in comparison with...

Nadyusha, dear, how much pain is on your sleepy face...

Why did I say this bullshit? I am not a bit less selfish than Arina! Hold me! How funny...

Hurry up... hurry up... into the arms of Morpheus... What if there's going to be just silence, peace and comfort... and violet-black impenetrability?

I am so sorry... For myself? – And for myself... and for something more... I am sorry for everything I will see in a different light...

It must be very amusing from outside: she has been raped... such a virgin... look at her! Impossible even to notify the militia: It's all my fault... Well, but to be raped at 30 something... is more crucial than at 17... It's not the chastity you lose... you lose your illusions. And the consequences are more dangerous: it's not that he is shit... all men are like this – age tendency to generalize...

Oh, my smarty, it could have been much worse: be grateful for being alive...

- In general, not quite... It's amazing how everything in a woman depends on her psychological state... all instincts... all bio mechanisms... Everything is controlled by the brain.... Actually everything starts by the brain. I feel pain at the base of the stomach ... along the spine... I need to throw up... I want to reject everything I got inside...
- Was it painful?
- No... It was terribly disgusting... and horrible...

And what is more awful... not that he could kill me – he had a very sharp dagger... such a huge one with a slanting blade like of a shoemaker's, you know... And not that he raped me...

Not that he broke my heart...

Nadyusha, excuse me, I can't speak...

- Don't... How will you go to your class?
- Yea, I have to prepare first... I am completely not ready.
- Call up Tata...
- How can I... she is in trouble herself. And besides, what I am going to tell her: I was raped...
- If you wish I can give her a call... Or I can deliver your lecture...

- Well, Honey, this topic is very difficult even for me... I don't know myself where to start...
- Don't you trust me? I will find something of interest for your students...
- No, thanks, you are a true friend... I'll pull myself together... I have still some time to get prepared... I can't get warm even now...
- Did you go on foot?
- Thanks to God, no... by taxi. The heater in his car didn't work... I am surprised I haven't turned into an icicle...
- How on earth did you manage that?!

Basov used to laugh at my unquenchable thirst for a company of soldiers... Now he would have laughed more... but through tears this time... after all he loves me...

That serves you well... Though I would add you more... When you are bad you immediately start remembering Basov...

God, what bullshit I am giving! How to explain..?
Your heart! How priceless...

My dear, you are so self-sacrificing: students are your worse enemies, aren't they... And even more... You know about stylistics as much as I do about quantum mechanics. But you don't care much about such trifles... 'If you need my life, get it!'... How can I pay you back for your love..? Only with love, I think...

Only yesterday... no, now it's the day before yesterday... I taught you how to repulse the insistent courting of your Kirin... The irony of fate! How many times you were severely taught by life not to be arrogant, not to mentor... – you have no right... The truth is that wise people learn, and silly girls like me... teach others...

- Nadyusha, will you bring me a handkerchief from the hall... it's in the second drawer of the chest... want to see nobody...

Now impossible to reply with a joke about something getting into my eye.

Thanks. I think you are right after all: better to give a call to Tata. No makeup will hide...

If it goes on like this... there won't be enough of my handkerchiefs... They are right when saying that women's tears are water... There's plenty of them... But as to the price... I can argue... The most expensive are those that come as heavy huge drops... As it turns out tears could be classified according to their form and consistency... Some of them are really shallow like water... But some are...

- Look, maybe you go home?
- You... Don't want to...
- What do you want then?
- To find him...
- Are you crazy, why...?
- You see... he is so unhappy...
- You are very happy!
- Well, but... He is bow-legged and his legs are so thin... The most of his tales were lies... that's clear... But as to the fact of... that he doesn't fear death... and even expects it – that's true... The only question is – why..? I wish I could help him... At least a bit...
- You ARE crazy! It's you to be helped!
- Why you don't want to realize that one can't dare do... commit such exploits... if he is OK...
- Nonsense.
- Enough... Deadline: I should make the call. I'll do it myself. Do you have coins?
- Yeah... Shall I go along...?
- No, dear, put the kettle on the fire. Let's go on living!

Why nonsense?!

At last it seems warmer outside... Poor old man... groping in the garbage bin... Where is the country going..? That's the depth of despair... If it takes place in Moscow what about the rest of the country, then?!

- Excuse me, did you drop this?
- Thank you, dear...

What do I have in the pocket? – The money of Nina Petrovna.

I'll give the money back to Nina Petrovna after receiving my monthly grant – a week earlier... a week later...

He hardly speaks... and looks very sick. He also hardly walks ... God bless him!

My Lord, THANK YOU...

EPILOGUE ^[1]:

1. Tomasso Albinoni – Adagio in Sol minore
2. Errol Garner – Misty
3. Scott Joplin – Maple Leaf Rag
4. Carlos Antonio Jobim – The Girl from Ipanema
5. Felix Mendelssohn – Song Without Words
6. Юрий Гуляев – Почему?
7. Jose Carreras – E Lucevan Le Stelle from Puccini – Tosca
8. Николай Ерденко – Туман на траве
9. Николай Ерденко – Ветер
10. Николай Ерденко – Прощай мой табор
11. Владимир Высоцкий – Ну вот, исчезла дрожь в руках...
12. Coen Bais – The Fire Inside
13. Coen Bais – The Story of Parabrahma
14. Coen Bais – The Priest And The Magician
15. Ennio Moricone – Sicilian Clan
16. Ennio Moricone – The Man With The Harmonica
17. Sarah Brightman – Anytime, Anywhere
18. Tomasso Albinoni – Adagio in Sol minore

^[1] Bioenergy harmonizer

Moscow, 1989