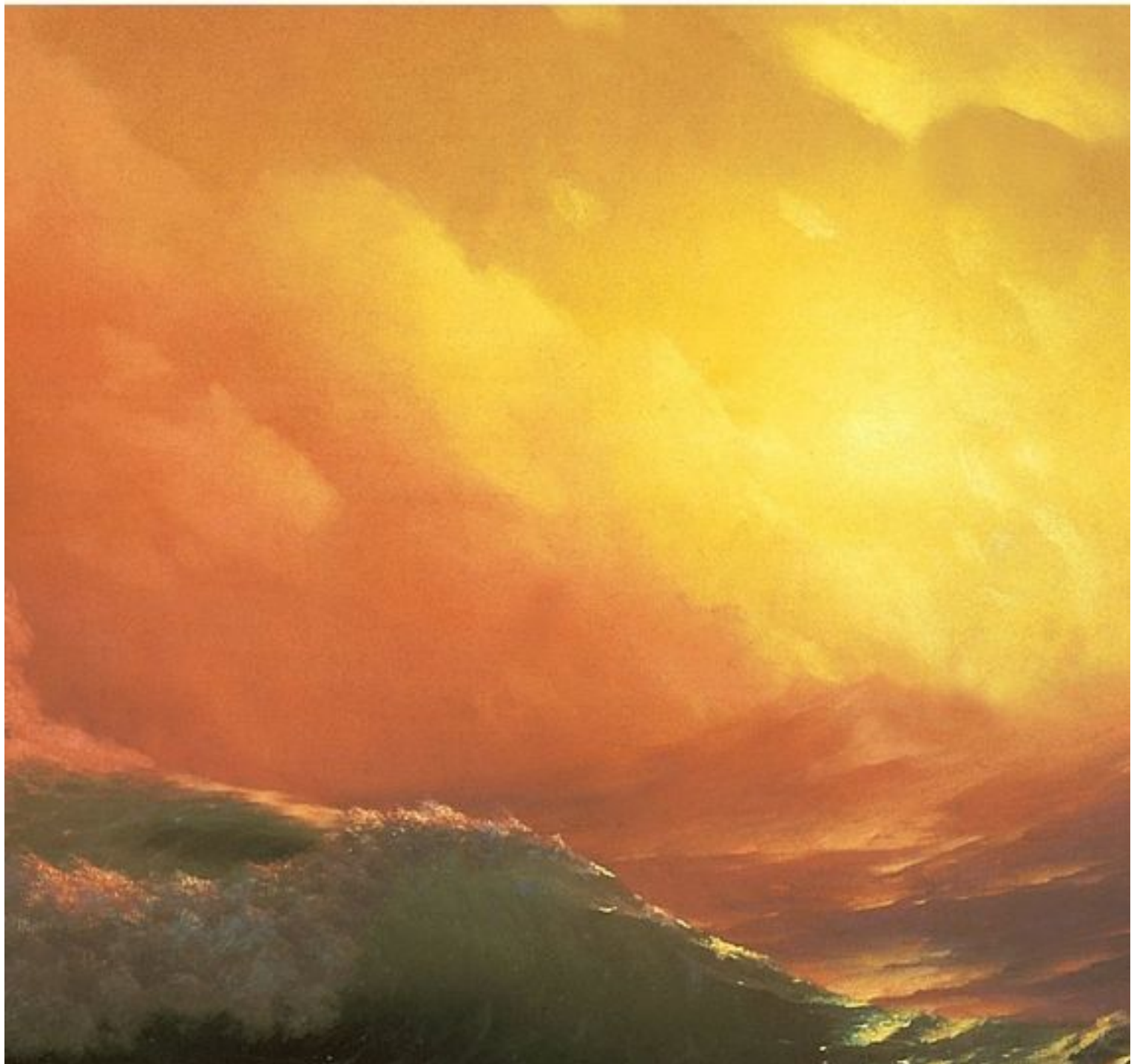


OLGA KHOLODOVA

Broken moon. God's court



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«Издательские решения»

Kholodova O.

Broken moon. God's court / O. Kholodova — «Издательские решения»,

ISBN 978-5-44-832401-7

“Broken moon” is a work about modest youthful love, pain, and meanness, hope for a better future. “God’s judgment” of a series of books about courage and betrayal, mystical events, God and faith.

ISBN 978-5-44-832401-7

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ISBN 978-5-4483-2401-7

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

Broken moon

Having remained abroad consciousnesses, the person has a rest. He is not concerned by daily burdens of life. The person is balanced and quiet. He sleeps.

1

The cigarette stub slowly smoldered in an ashtray, and its smoke, was divided into parts, getting to the morning beams of the sun slipping through bluish blinds of a window. The chamber was painted in white color, and furniture: a table, a chair, a bed and a case – added a blueness droplet to this cool atmosphere. Near an ashtray on a table lay: a pencil and album sheets on which various sketches of the sick artist were visible.

Robert lay on a bed and indifferently looked in a ceiling. He moved lips, and tried to tell something. The face of the guy was sad and gloomy, and blue of his bottomless eyes attracted and bewitched. What he thought of? What wanted to tell? Unfortunately nobody knew and even guessed what Robert wanted to tell. The guy was brought to psychiatric clinic when he hardly was eighteen years old. Now to Robert already thirty. The tall fair-haired person with expressive features and the obscured eyes seemed silly and helpless.

In chamber Robert lay one. In this regard his communication was limited to a negligent view of patients in the dining room or in the room during visit of the doctor and nurses.

Robert's life passed measuredly, despite his illness which doctors could not establish therefore called it just "Hopelessness". Many doctors tried to cure the guy, but their attempts were vain. After treatment he still not movably sat in a chair and stupidly looked out of the window, causing thereby pity and disappointment.

The last professor Frederick Austen got down to business and began to treat the guy. Only later few weeks he was undeceived in a victory over Robert's illness and lowered his hands.

"It is hopeless," professor told, "In vain we torment him."

"You are mistaken professor," the nurse Abilene responded, "his can be to cure. You only look what beautiful he draws pictures."

The girl put a pack of album sheets on a table of professor and she stepped aside. Frederick approached a table and took the drawings into their own hands. Carefully examined them, he said, "Drawings as drawings. What in them special? The woods, mountains, settlements usual imaginations of the schizophrenic."

"I ask you not to speak so rudely about the wonderful drawings," said Abilene and took the sketches.

"Abilene, why you so zealously protect this patient? He's no different from other mentally ill," asked the Professor.

"Excuse me, Frederick for honesty, but I never divided patients on any signs therefore for me all patients of our clinic to a greater or lesser extent differ from each other including Robert," the nurse objected.

"Well, of course," professor maliciously smiled and told, "Unlike Robert they can be cured and we will not be more about it."

"Yes as you can," Abilene rebelled and pressed sketches to a breast.

"Abilene, do not worry so strongly. We will cure your ward," professor said, "in the end of the ends, I am a professor."

"Others too so spoke and that," the nurse mistrustfully responded and added, "chatterboxes!"

“They spoke, and I will cure!” professor told and left an office.

Abilene went to the chair on which sat Robert and helped him stand up. Then she took the guy's hand and led him into the room.

Frederick was not the high growth and pleasant Slavic appearance. And though the Professor was by no means a young man, however, always tried to keep up with the times, regardless of the kind of existing priorities and traditions, observing that nurses often put him in his place, reminding him that he is no longer young. As a rule, Frederick with them agreed and tried to delay the sharp jokes on more suitable case and in the presence of young employees.

Professor was a resolute person and, having set a goal, almost always achieved the maximum result. Frederick's character was appeasable, thoughts are pure, and jokes are harmless. And although he seemed naïve, many were wrong, believing him to be stupid. Professor was itself canny and was able to apply strong lines of the character when it was, in his opinion it is necessary, and he in turn extremely seldom was mistaken.

“To cure the patient,” Reflecting, walked down the corridor of the clinic Professor, “A common thing. It still young. Let's cure!”

There were days, weeks, months, but the result was the same, as before treatment. Professor tried all means what were only known to medicine, but changes in a condition of the patient were not observed.

“How to cure it?” professor in increasing frequency wondered. He understood that the answer to this question cannot be found. Frederick wandered around the office from morning to evening and experienced a terrible disappointment, because could not find a way to cure Robert.

What concerned Abilene, she still for a minute did not doubt that Robert can be cured and she tried to help professor somehow. Once again at visit of the guy she saw a habitual picture. Robert sat at a table, and drew something on an album leaf, at the same time he did not even look at a sheet of paper. His eyes were closed and his lips were moving under the pressure of the discharged air from his mouth. The nurse did not attach any importance to it, because she thought that Robert just got used to the familiar movements of hands and at the subconscious level draws pictures from the imagination.

Abilene worked in clinic the third year and became attached to Robert enough. He became the girl as the brother about which she cared more than about other patients. Abilene was sorry for him and hurt that she met Robert in the clinic, not in a Park or alley. She was the full nice girl. Her brown eyes seemed black and mysterious. Why is she tied to Robert she didn't understand – maybe out of pity or love, which would be entirely unnecessary? Abilene has already been got married and gave birth to a beautiful daughter Pauline. The girl often helped mother at work and dreamed to become the psychologist.

“Robert,” Abilene told and slowly put a hand on his shoulder.

He sat not movably and continued to draw. His blond locks of hair slightly covering her face.

“What do you draw?” the girl asked.

Robert continued to draw and did not react to her question in any way.

“What a beautiful landscape,” estimating drawing, Abilene said, “And why near the sun the moon? Also does not happen!”

The nurse attentively looked at Robert and again turned a look on drawing.

“Moon! What is with it? Why it is split into pieces? Why?” Abilene asked.

She got all drawings from Robert's table and began to consider them.

“How it can be? In all drawings the split moon! Why we've not noticed? For certain it has to speak about something and to mean something!” literally Abilene cried out. She took drawings, left the room and went to the office of the Professor.

When Abilene entered the office she discovered that the Professor sleeps. Without making a sound, she approached him and said quietly, “Professor, you sleep?”

“A? What? What time is it now?” asked Frederick and rubbed eyes.

“Already half of the third!” Abilene answered, “The lunch ended long ago, and all of you sleep!”

“I? Yes you that! I’m a little thought!” Justifying oneself, professor told, “You something wanted?”

“And you as think? Really I am similar to an alarm clock and came only in order that to wake you!” Abilene said and slyly smiled.

Frederick pouted and began to look out of the window.

“Professor stops to take offense! Look what I found!” said Abilene and put drawings on the table of the Professor.

“Abilene, dear, you are again pesters me with these unnecessary drawings,” the amazed professor said, “I already one thousand times saw them!”

“Frederick I ask you look at the moon,” the girl was not appeased, “I noticed only today that Robert in all drawings draws the split moon.”

“Well and that,” a quiet voice professor told, “I do not see in it anything special. I can, and the sun blue to draw.”

“And people will think that you are sick!” haughty tone Abilene said.

“Than?” asked Frederick and smiled.

Answering a smile on Professor sly smile, she asked again, “Than?”

Then Abilene raised a chin and answered the question, “What you after all not ingenious Frederick. People would think, and scientists confirmed that you the color-blind person!”

Professor thought and after a while said, “You are right Abilene. Sometimes it is more difficult to notice usual things, than unusual. I need to think properly. Give your drawings.”

Frederick took drawings from hands of the girl and began to look through them attentively. Abilene stood at a table and looked at professor. She hoped that Frederick will resolve this riddle and will cure Robert. For a moment to the girl it became sad when she saw how professor smiled, turning over drawings. Some time later, the Professor said, “It is interesting why we did not notice such mysterious trifle at once. Broken moon.”

“Maybe because all the pictures painted clear night and the moon is lost in sight, because it merges with stars and dark tones,” said Abilene.

“Of course, of course,” professor agreed, “I really did not pay attention to it because of a fine landscape and ability of the artist to reflect a shadow of the wood or mountains in twilight of night.”

“What can speak an image of the split moon?” Abilene asked.

“I do not know,” Frederick answered and shrugged shoulders, “I will try to find the answer, but I do not guarantee result.”

“Thanks,” the nurse thanked and left an office.

“Please!” Professor after Abilene in hope shouted that she will hear, but the answer did not follow.

Professor sat not movably and looked out of the window. He so strongly went deep into the thoughts that did not even notice how he speaks in hearing, “Moon. It is so beautiful, but why it is split? Why to ruin beauty? I understand! Think, think my head. Moon. Perhaps, the guy associates it with the girlfriend? And it is split because the love was meek? No, likely the moon means something else.”

Frederick began to consider drawings again.

“How to me to solve this not simple rebus?” professor wondered, “can rummage in textbooks on psychology? Precisely! Urgently I go to library. But if I manage to cure the guy, I will precisely write about it the book.”

Professor got up from a chair and approached a cupboard. When Frederick put on the coat, he took one of Robert’s drawings from a table and put it in a pocket.

“Well, everything seems,” having looked round, professor told and left an office.

2

The village Gloomy was big and beautiful. Because of narrow streets and lanes in the summer it seemed the wood, and in the winter the tunnel. The village began with the bridge which was built through river even before war. The bridge was built of wood therefore over time began to decay gradually. Thanks to residents of the village, it to this day, was in working order and was sight. Much money was spent for repair of the bridge, but inhabitants did not despair and always beat are glad to help.

Behind the bridge very first house of old Agnes was visible. In spite of the fact that the house was built long ago, and the hostess was very old woman, it still pleased passersby with the stateliness and originality. Ingeniously cut out patterns on eaves literally bewitched. Further other not less beautiful houses of residents of the village followed. The village Gloomy was small, though was divided into eight streets – just streets were small.

Robert lived in the village with the family since three years. His mother was called Anastasia, and the father Victor. Robert with a family arrived in Gloomy from the cold and severe North in hope to find the dying grandmother – Anastasia's mother. The road from the North was long and difficult. Almost always because of shortage of tickets it was necessary to spend the night at the station. When they after all reached the village, was already too late. Robert did not see the grandmother. She was already buried.

Back the family did not go to the North. Robert's parents decided to remain to live in the village, both climate suitable and to Anastasia's father will not be so lonely without wife. At first lived in the parental house, and then and saved up for the housing of money. Generally, everything was good, and only one thought tormented heart and Anastasia's soul – as if to preserve Robert from bad thoughts and to grow up the clever and well-mannered person.

There passed years, Robert grew and became the handsome and strong guy. Its private life always remained secret for people around including parents. Anastasia asked the son about plans for the future more than once and there was always one alone with the question. Robert just turned away and left. Victor in turn calmed the wife, referring to the fact that the son at them quite adult and knows how to behave in this or that situation, but Anastasia felt ill at ease. It was heavy to look it at how Robert is black as thundercloud and not to know the reason of his grief.

Being tormented with doubts, Anastasia did not sustain and just decided to observe the son who from morning to the night could not find any peace and spent the most part of time alone with the thoughts under a bird cherry in a kitchen garden.

“The sonny,” Anastasia called, “It is possible I will sit down near you?”

“What for?” Robert asked and continued to look afar.

“Was tired strongly, I want to have a rest a little,” justifying oneself, the woman told and sat down on a grass near the son.

“What you think of?” Anastasia asked and took Robert by hand.

Robert wanted to pull out a hand from hands of mother and to rise, but did not become.

Then Anastasia told, “I guess what you think of. I was too young and as well as you, worried and suffered,” the woman carefully said and added, “When loved!”

Robert was surprised and looked at mother.”

“So you know everything,” the guy told and asked, “Really considerably?”

“Of course, darling,” Anastasia agreed, “All residents of the village know that you are not indifferent to Selena.”

Robert hung the head and told, “What's the use! She does not love me. Selenium considers me as the childhood friend no more. We since the childhood are on friendly terms. Mother, why we bought the house on this street?”

Anastasia smiled and stroked the son on the head.

“What to me still to make that she, at last, understood how strongly I love it? What act to make. I do not want to be just a friend!” Robert argued.

“Can make a declaration of love to me it?” Robert asked and itself answered the question, “No! She and so strange looks recently at me and if still I make a declaration of love to it will obviously escape or at all any more will never approach. What to do to me?”

Robert interrogatively looked at mother and stood.

“Do not worry the sonny!” Anastasia told, calming Robert, “Life sometimes gives us surprises of which we do not even dream. I am sure, as at you everything will be good. And now get up, we will go to the house your friends were already tired of waiting.”

“How long have they been waiting for?” Robert asked.

“How many we sit so much here and wait,” Anastasia answered and went to the house. Robert followed it.

Robert had many friends, and the best he considered only three: Max, Roy and Steve. Roy and Steve were twins and practically did not differ from each other. Blue eyes at brothers seemed gray when they began to be angry or nervous, and a fair hair was dense and caused delight.

Their dense eyelashes almost reached eyebrows, and lips were small and narrow. The only difference brothers had a character. Steve was always afraid of something, and Roy opposite differed in persistence and determination.

As for Max, he was more senior than friends for three years therefore often gave to guys advice, sometimes, without understanding what their essence consisted in. He always wanted to seem the clever and erudite person, and it in turn tired children, and they unanimously asked Max to keep silent a little. Max did not take offense and always told one and a touch the phrase: “Next time you awake to solve the problems”. It was not the high growth and a dense constitution. Its black as a resin, hair it was hardly possible to make out on smoothly shaved head.

Friends always cheerfully spent time and sometimes forgot about that, hundred it is necessary to go home. They never asked a question: how to spend time? – Rather it catastrophically was not enough for them for a turn. In the winter the most part of free time was spent on fishing or on hunting, and in the summer on a pond or in a disco.

Robert went to friends. Least of all he wanted to communicate with someone now. When he approached the house, did not begin to come into it, and sat down on a step of a porch and began to think. Anastasia entered the house. After a while the house left friends. Guys surrounded Robert and began conversation.

“Robert, will be enough to long,” Roy told, tapping of the friend on the shoulder.

“It is impossible,” Robert told and heaved a deep sigh.

“And you try,” Steve asked.

“The friend, you do not want to sadden to us all evening?” asked Max, “We still should descend on a disco.”

“I do not want,” Robert muttered, “To me not to fun.”

“About the guy, I see you absolutely became limp. And than Selena so hooked on you?” Max told and continued, “Robert, and you surprise her with something? Well, for example, show it the ornament on the sidewalk.”

“Again you with the councils climb,” Roy said, “You do not see that to it and it is so bad.”

“All right, will be enough here to sit,” ordered Max, “Robert give change clothes, and we will go to club. The disco began for a long time.”

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