

СОДЕРЖИТ

НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ

БРАНЬ

18+



D. G. Borrony L. G. Borrony

# My city 2

The terrifying history Zhalovskoy, or the Spider

Dmitry Borrony

**My city 2: The terrifying history  
Zhalovskoy, or the Spider**

«ЛитРес: Самиздат»

2019

**Borrony D. G.**

My city 2: The terrifying history Zhalovskoy, or the Spider /  
D. G. Borrony — «ЛитРес: Самиздат», 2019

This history — continuation of history "My city: tragedy of one family". This story about treachery and freedom. How it is possible to change consciousness of the person. That for this purpose it is necessary. This story about people who fight against injustice. They give to other people hope to remember when they were others, were not subject to change of consciousness, brain activity. What there is a human consciousness? As it can be changed. On a cover of a photo of the park Ramenskoye На обложке фото парка г. РаменскоеСодержит нецензурную брань.

Chast-I

Chapter-1

*On the bridge*

I sat on sitting in the electric train, went home. To the people there was much, but pass between cars was free. Today, exact in this electric train, I was happy. The BEND project was approved. It was approved by all, both investors, and judges. Everything was excellent. And how could be differently? Larisa won that tender. Everything was excellent.

Tell how many people even if they are married, like other people of an opposite sex. Perhaps? No, are not pleasant, but they find them attractive. There is no person who at least once, would not pay attention to other person even if he she is already married. Here and Roman has such case now. Opposite to it the woman of years of thirty five sat. I will not describe her appearance. For each person there is the ideal. It is its personal, and nobody will be able to change it. This our feelings, in relation to other person. The brain sends us signals, and we pay attention to this or that person. But all this is already proved scientifically, and I will continue. She watched the cell phone, obviously, some movie. Now where look, at MTS, MEGAFON AND BEELINE, there is a TV-application. Possibly they to eat also at other operators, I do not know? Did not use. So, we will continue. I remember how it unintentionally hooked on me the leg, and having immediately apologized, smiled kind of for fun, and I, having nodded it in reply too, pulled out the phone, having opened the application of one of games, began to play. Perhaps Roman would also like to get acquainted with it, but he did not want to pull down what created with such work. He did not want to have the next mistress, and he already had a wife. The wife Vera, and his mistress who to it gave birth to Emmanuil and Lyubov. Girl and boy. Two children of purity of love and sin., Roman and Larisa's sin. But this their business. Who knows what they will grow up in living in poverty, whom will become? It depends only on their parents. Whether they will manage to direct them on the correct course of life or not? Well, here and stop. Roman went out of the car of the train, doors were closed, and the electric train went further, turning into a point, taking away afar, that woman who, in my opinion, was attractively beautiful.

I heaved a deep sigh, and having passed the terminal on an exit to the city, walked upstairs, and went after the direction. To shopping center SOLNECHNY RAY, and the electric train disappeared in the distance. It went forward, carrying people on the stations. Who knows where now this woman? Perhaps at it families, children! However, it is only a fleeting glimpse. A look which is always with us. We like these or those people. What here will you do? Fine there is always around us, it an integral part of our life. Life in which there are a lot of sorrows and grief. Lives of love and joy of life. Lives of a wonderful life, light and its sad party. And just lives.

Hardly anyone can tell that there is life? For everyone the. Money, power, religion. Lyubov, family, children. Who knows? What sense invests in this word, life! There is Vera. She meets me on the bridge. I go to it, and I see her good-natured smile. She as if rejoices that I here that I arrived, and we again together. Together as usual. Together as if did not leave, together. Always together. In sorrows and grieves. Having approached it, I saw tears on her eyes. This there were tears of sorrow and loss, a tear of grief and suffering. Suffering of the person who just lost someone in the life. Roman took an interest.

– What happened?

Vera had such look that she was similar and, is unlike itself. It was anxiously and lost. Lost because that it perhaps really had some tragedy, and anxious because it was all on nerves, in cares of what occurred when was not at home Roman. She looked in his face, and felt. Had a gut feeling all the women's that she tells it about what occurred, he threw everything now, and ran there. There, where waited for it where needed it. Yes, it is possible, it will occur quite so, and in any way differently.

Well and let. Means so to that and to be. But he has to know the truth, the truth whatever bitter it was. The belief heaved a deep sigh. On her heart the stone was formed. Heavy stone of the truth. The truth which it could lose everything. All that had now. She began to cry, and these bitter tears said to Roman that there was something, something that will change all his life.

– Emmanuil. – She made a pause as if being at loss for words to report to Roman about what happened to him. – Your son.

Here Roman did not restrain. He took Vera for shoulders, and having sharply shaken her, sharply cried out.

– What Emmanuil? Speak! That with my son Chert you a pobera!

The belief told.

– Today to it it became worse.

– What means worse? – Roman neistvovat. – He was absolutely healthy when I left. That for two days there could be a Devil all of you a pobera.

– I do not know. – Vera admitted. – I know nothing. – then she told. – Last night I was called by Larisa, and reported that Emmanuil it became unexpectedly bad. It called the doctor, and that urgently hospitalized him. – then Vera looked in eyes of full alarm, and took an interest. – The novel, if you want to visit Emmanuil, I will not object, in the end of the ends he is your son.

At this moment, Roman flared up. It did not restrain any more. It was in rage. How? Why? He asked himself this question, and did not find on it the answer.

– Why you did not report about it to me earlier? – it neistvovat – I what was too far from you? What, it was heavy to call? Or crack?

At this moment, passersby already began to pay attention to them. They looked at them, and thought of something. Nobody made them remarks. They only went, went everyone on the affairs. They did not hurry. Just went, looking back at two people, people arguing on something. However, everyone knows that not in the business flattery is more expensive to itself. This truth.

Belief, listening to Roman, wanted to tell, no, it told that pay attention to them. What Roman bellowed at that to him to spit who looks at him there. And then added that better they would look for the children, than to pay attention to others. Well, he can and it is right. Nobody can judge others, without having lent himself.

The belief told.

– Larisa asked her that I reported nothing. She wanted that everything at you passed quietly. As usual.

– Quietly. – Roman was angry with himself. – What means quietly? I that? Did not participate in its conception? Or nevertheless he is a mute child?

The belief hurried to calm Roman.

– What do you tell? – with feeling deep surprise was said by her. – Of course, they are your children. Yours, and more draw.

– And you Vera are confident in it?

The belief hurried to steam.

– You recognized after the carried-out analysis of DNA that it is your children. Yours more draw.

Roman immediately noticed.

– Analyses and can be forged what here it? That it is worth bribing the doctor, he will tell that the bum, and that his son, and the father the oligarch his father. Such cases in medical practice a rarity. "Yes what we about sad yes about sad" – was unexpectedly told by Roman. – I will go to hospital now, and you home, there wait for me.

The belief wanted to leave. It was opposite to it to listen to Roman now. He just boldly reproached her that she did not report to him about this tragedy in time. Now, when Roman will go to Larisa, to the son, Vera will go home, there is nothing offended. She only told Roman the truth,



and he flared up. Of course, Vera understood it. Unlike Larisa it with Roman any more will never have children. But why so to react? She is not guilty of what happened to Roman's son? Other woman sent everything to hell, spat everything, and would leave him up hill and down dale, but she it made. It was is brought so up, and she is obedient told.

– Well, I will go home, and, as always, I will wait for the husband whose husband there is never a house. – then she kind of to it added to a reproach. – I already forgot how it to be a wife?

As for it the offer, many will tell that it not so. The wife, though she and the wife to the husband, she is first of all a woman, and has to быть first of all the person. The person with the requirements, with the desires. Nobody can humiliate the person, offend him even if it it insult is worthy. But the most disgusting in life of any person, this humiliation. Humiliation his personality, its advantage. But what to do if you are humiliated or offended by your husband or your wife? To obey? To swallow this humiliated insult or to obey will of the husband or the wife? Everyone will tell the version to this situation. I say that in life perhaps there are a lot of disputes and reasonings on this subject. I precisely know that in the twenty first century, nobody will take down insult in the address and furthermore humiliation. Yes it was earlier. Men protecting honor of women, dueled in the nineteenth century. In the twentieth century, women fought for the honor. What occurs in the twenty first century? Really everything is so bad that we forgot what is honor and dignity of the person?

However, the wife has to submit to the husband. To submit, but not to take down insult and humiliation. Men consider that this so. They have to be at top of human hierarchy. The man, the head of the family, and as he will tell, so it also will be.

The woman considers that, having received equality with men, they have to decide how to them to arrive in this or that situation. The wife has to analyze all that she does as arrives. Nobody can force the person, especially the woman, to arrive, do not whistle. Their brain analyzes everything on several courses forward. I know women who already know that it is necessary to answer though the question did not sound yet.

The woman always remembers what was told her by this or that person, and never forgives insults in the address. Here and Vera. She always submitted to the husband, suffered from him everything, even insults, but humiliation which she heard now overflowed her patience. She reported to Roman about the tragedy with his son, and he accused her of carelessness, and in broad daylight. He accused her of negligence, of what she did not watch for his children! And unless it is it there was a business? This business to Larisa. It, and only it. She had to the first report to Roman about the tragedy, and she for some reason did not make it. What Vera is guilty of? Yes there is nothing. It already was near all this time Larisa and Emmanuil. Cared for them, and in exchange received only one. Roman sent it to hell, and itself hurried in children's polyclinic where he waited for him a surprise. But about it later, now he still stood on the bridge of the station Ramenskoye, and briskly talked to Vera.

– Well. – tenderly as if asking forgiveness Roman smiled to Vera. – You know my character. So far as concerns my children, I become intolerable.

The belief squeezed out from itself something similar to a smile, and politely answered.

– I understand. – Then she heaved a deep sigh, on heart it was sad. But this melancholy was joyful. Joyful because she was quiet now. Having told all truth to Roman, she facilitated the heart heavy freight. It was a pokoyina now. Then she added. – Absolutely forgot, Dimitrii waits for us.

Roman was puzzled.

– Dimitrii? – he frowned, kind of threw. – What it is necessary to it?

– He did not tell it to me, told that it is very urgent.

Roman shrugged shoulders.

– What can be urgent? I with it ended all affairs.

– I do not know, he told that this news which is known to it shocks you!

– Shocks? Well, I will meet it as soon as I visit Larisa and Emmanuil. Yes, by the way, what about Love?

– The girl stays in good health.

– Well.

On it the conversation ended. Roman and Vera went down from the bridge, and having taken two cabs everyone went on the affairs. Belief home, as well as the husband, and Roman in children's polyclinic where his son, Emmanuil lay told it. Under continued supervision of the mother. There it was waited by a surprise. More precisely an unexpected meeting with the old friend, and news which changed the course of this history. So, now it goes to children's hospital. Towards to the destiny.

Sitting in the taxi, Vera thought that everything that happened to her, she deserved it. Nobody knows that it had to pass. She took the mobile phone call, and having dialed number, told.

– This I. It arrived.

– ...

– Where now? Goes to children's polyclinic.

Then it disconnected a mobile phone tube.

## Chapter-2

### *In hospital*

We do not know what waits for us behind turn? Behind turn of our life? What to happen in a minute? Whom will we meet?

Here and Roman who arrived to children's hospital, did not know that he expects him?

This was the children's hospital combined with the children's polyclinic constructed by a letter. It is in one big complex, with adult polyclinic, cardiology, a morgue, psychiatric hospitals, and under construction gynecologic office. Also nearby there is a skin clinic. Still wooden medical institution. At which the ambulance and the red building of the chief physician of all this complex was located. All this complex costs at the Borisoglebsk lake, the park in which there are the Borisoglebsk sports complex, the Pool, hotel, a sacred source opposite was located. Bridge, monument to deer. Also I eat there is a stadium of team Saturn. At height, on the observation deck, at an exit or at an entrance to the park, it is proud there is Trinity Church. Important looking round on the parties, keeping order in the city. Generally it is worth looking in personally.

But we were fond. Let's return to Roman.

It was included into chamber in which without departing from the patient's bed, near it Larisa, Emmanuil's mother sat on a chair. Of course, all this in only an allegory, as the little six-month-old child, can lie on a bed. Of course, it lay in separate chamber, in the place which is called boxing. This place especially for children with poor health. Also there to be newborn children.

Looking at this strange creation through glass, Roman was rather quiet. He knew that this his child. Its flesh and blood. And here it needs its help, and it can help nothing to it.

The doctor standing nearby as could, consoled him. He said that everything is formed, and the boy to recover.

Roman with grief answered.

– I hope. – He could not but hide the tears. He looked at the sick son, and could help nothing to it. What for the Devil? Where did it pick up this infection? However, it now so important. Important only that his child recovered. Was on the mend. Here, at this moment, he heard behind himself to more familiar female voice.

– Hi, Roman.

He would learn this voice from one thousand. This there was Larisa's voice. He turned back, and saw the beautiful woman. The disease of her son changed it. It was not so beautiful and any more

attractive which it was so long ago. Her face was drowned in tears, she was heart-broken, and did not know what will happen to her son. Whether he will die or will survive? Nobody could answer her this question.

She approached Roman, and is strong him having embraced began to cry.

Roman was taken aback. He did not know, as to tell. It had uniform no word somehow to calm Larisa.

She looked at the doctor, and asked.

– Doctor how our son?

The doctor answered.

– The hope is, but very weak.

Roman took an interest.

– Tell, he will survive?

– Let's hope that will survive.

Roman looked at Larisa, and that at him. It seemed that they thought about same. About professor, delivering at Larisa. Professor Eduard Velyaminovich. It had to help. He is a professor, and knows about nurseries about diseases Bol somebody. Yes, it has to help. Larisa asked.

– Tell the doctor if I bring mine the boy to hospital, you to object you do not awake?

The doctor said.

– I strongly object. The child will not be able to postpone a trip.

– Then I would like to invite the expert.

The doctor pricked up the ears.

– What expert?

– Professor who delivered at me.

– That ж. – the doctor heaved a deep sigh. – If you do not trust us?. – It made a pause, having kind of taken offense at these words. – Call the professor.

Here Larisa understood that she told nonsense. She that unwillingly, told the doctor that he is incompetent in the work. Well, it can and so? Who knows?

Leaving hospital, Larisa took Roman by hand. She did not know what to do to it? How to arrive in this situation? But this was not that problem, about which it should have worried. Suddenly seemed to it that in the distance, somewhere behind trees flew whose that shadow. Past shadow. It outright frightened her. On all body ran the chill developing into a fever. It nestled on Roman, but here having again seen this shadow. Something in it was ominous, something otherworldly, something terrifying. Larisa unexpectedly screamed, and having flinched, looked at Roman with scaredly terrifying eyes.

That, having immediately looked at it, scaredly asked.

– What is with you?

Having recovered, Larisa tone as if someone to death frightened her, answered with faltering tone.

– Anything. – her eyes exhaled horror. – I as it should be. – here she recovered, and having shaken added. – I in a full order.

– And seemed to me?

– What it seemed to you? – Larisa questioned, and immediately answered. – I in a full order. – then she added. – Let's go, in MONICA to call us. They went along the corridor and thought of something. It is difficult to understand what they spoke about. They discussed whether to call professor Eduard Velyaminovich or not. What they solved I do not know, but having left hospital to them there was a following. What I will tell you now of.

### Chapter-3

#### *Revival of Hope*



They went down from steps of hospital. Larisa watchfully looked back, and without having seen anybody, thought that it only came in dream to her more than nothing. She did not know that or who it was? Whose that shadow? Terrible, cold, empty. A shadow of the person who perhaps is already dead. And she can was mistaken? She hoped that she was mistaken, and this not the ghost of the past. This only the played imagination her imagination. But she was mistaken. The shadow, pursued its all road, she as though knew where she lived. And here, having opened an apartment door, and having entered it. It changed clothes of footwear and having put on house-shoes, passed to the room. What their surprise when they saw in the room сидящую on a sofa of the person was. He watched TV. The channel which was switched on, this Nat Geo Wild channel: HD. On it there was a program about animals. Roman and Larisa carefully approached the person sitting on a sofa, and having bypassed a sofa saw that this was a woman, and not just the woman, before Roman sat his late mother. The hope revived. But how it is possible? Nadezhda died? He was at its funeral? Without knowing what to tell, he pronounced only the unique word.

– Mother? Did you as appear here?

Having grinned as if with a jeer, the woman answered.

– What, was not expected? – then it turned the head to Larisa. – Well hi Larisa! Did not expect me to see?

Larisa was dumbfounded. It was shocked. The woman sitting before it was dead!? Besides, they already buried her! It lay in a grave. But whether it lay in it? Who was this woman? Who is she?

Roman did not know what to do to it? Before it his mother sat! Living person, not the ghost. But if it not the ghost? If his mother Nadezhda is real, then who lies there, at the cemetery, in a grave? Who that person who lies there? And the coffin can it is empty? Maybe a funeral took place without dead man? This question haunted it.

Here unexpectedly Roman exclaimed.

– MOTHER!!! – he was glad and confused at the same time. I am glad because he saw the mother again. The only native person in this life. Yes, she was for it the native person. He did not appreciate it earlier. Considered that it only one in this world, and nobody is necessary to it. He will live one this life. Now he was glad! I am glad that sees the mother. Now, when from considered it died, it here. He uncertainly added – this you?

That steamed.

– And whom you wanted to see here? – with irony and a sneer Nadezhda told. Then it it is derisive and in too time it is ironic. – Dead man? – in its voice sounded a certain note of laughter. – I am not dead! I am alive! Zhivey is no place. – then she addressed Larisa. – And you considered me the dead woman? – she grinned. – You were told, it is necessary to pay for everything. – then she looked the novel, and with a jeer in a voice told. – Do you watch Roman whom you married? It otet me to kill, it is good that I was warned.

Roman did not understand what Nadezhda speaks about? He knew nothing about it. He was discouraged. He understood nothing. Then he took an interest at Larisa.

– What does she speak about?

Larisa shrugged shoulders.

– I do not know. – she told, on her face there was a surprise and misunderstanding. She did not assume that Nadezhda will be alive, and Alice betrayed it. She told that everything will execute, and did not keep the word. Now she hated Alice, hated for the fact that she betrayed it. Larisa took an interest. – You about what?

The hope grinned and having risen from a sofa, approached Larisa, and in an ear whispered.

– You know about what.

Of course Larisa knew about what Nadezhda did not finish speaking. What held back. She wanted it to recognize, but she knew what Nadezhda spoke about. But it was paralyzed? It could not

move. She in general was not mobile. Larisa saw how Roman suffers, could not make the decision. Yes this decision was it is not easy to make. It was necessary to solve, to kill Nadezhda and to alleviate her suffering or until the end of life to doom her to torture. Long life a plant which will destroy only the life, but also life of close people, Roman and Vera. And when at Larisa the child was born, everything was over. Roman would throw Larisa, and that remained one. Larisa could not allow it. Then there was Alice, and she with her concluded the devil bargain. Which was in that Alice killed Nadezhda, and that in turn to pay off Alice. But what price? She did not know it. Only now she understood what was meant by Alice.

The belief knew about this situation with Nadezhda too. After Roman told Vera about what to him was advised by the doctor, that met Larisa, and told that Roman needs support now that to them you should not look for guilty of the incident with all of them now. The novel needed their help, and they came to the general opinion. What yet not to be resolved a situation with Nadezhda, they will not argue that now it is better for Roman.

So, it also occurred. Vera and Laris did not begin to argue these heavy minutes for Roman. They thought that all this to end. Both of them wanted a fast solution, Alice was an exit.

In the previous book it was told who such Alice? Alice is the character created by human mentality, his loneliness. Larisa felt lonely. It was one, all the life, and did not want to remain alone. Obviously therefore it had Alice's image. Girls who are always with us. Our the second I. I to which it is possible to talk.

Roman understood nothing? Why Nadezhda here? Who then is buried in a grave? These questions were left without answer. He told.

– I understand nothing. – then he fainted.

Laris stared at Roman, then having recovered screamed, and having fallen to a floor, having inclined before it, began to pull it shoulders, kind of bringing him round.

– Yes that it occurs? – she looked at Nadezhda and in despair screamed that was urine. – You is dead! You ghost Oh, damn! – on her eyes tears appeared. It had a hysterics. She screamed. – Yes that from us it is necessary to you, the Devil you a pobera!? Leave us alone! Let's us live! – on beggarly looked at Nadezhda. – I beg!

The hope looked at Larisa and Roman, and she did not feel sorry for them at all. Both of them betrayed it. Death wished it.

Roman, her son, wanted not to be only dependent on it. Not to clean after it the vessel, to hold down itself on eyelids a chain. They were united by only one, to be happy. That Larisa wanted to get rid of her because she wanted happiness, purely women's happiness. Love and family, and for it could kill somebody. Larisa grinned. In it there was no sympathy at all. There was nothing human.

The hope looked at Larisa and Roman, and to it became disgustingly sickening. She saw before herself, not the son, and his mother of his children, and two is perfect strangers to her the person. People who such were not. In their eyes there was only hatred and rage. The hope told.

– As I am sorry you. You, two. I see how you hate me, want that I quickly died! What? perhaps and to happen, but before ... – the Hope ominously grinned, appear, that she just about and will spit them in a face. Then she told. – Live. What you for people such? You wish death to the person who in fact made nothing bad. I only wished happiness to the son. And what mother wishes bad to the son? In my opinion, only нелюдь, and that to seek to give to the child happiness! And you? – here she made a pause, and heaved a deep sigh. – it agrees. – she told. Perhaps I not the best mother, all are not ideal. But unless you Roman is ideal? Do you say that you loved Nina, but why you married Vera? What? It so fascinated you what you and about Nina forgot? – Nadezhda reproached the son. – maybe you never loved Nina? And can?. – here she for a second faltered, it was occurred by a thought that Roman wanted from it only sex. Sex more than anything. And this sexual inclination, it took for love, and the love actually was not. Only sexual inclination. The hope grinned. – Here you see, – she told. – You did not love Nina. If you love it, then you would not change it on trust. Love? In a

concept the mankind is not present love, only sexual inclination, and only. – then, kind of in manual to Roman, Nadezhda said. – Here I see that me you have nothing to tell. There is nothing to object me. I mean it is right.

Yes, Nadezhda was right. The rights in everything. For her son Roman, the love was not. There was only a sympathy and sex. Practically nobody knows what is love. The love is the sacrifice made by someone for the sake of something. To protect the loved one having offered itself. Theory that victim donation and love this two different forms, this mistake. Self-sacrifice and love not of a razdelima. Many people itself offered themselves for the sake of something? For the sake of love to fine! Let's not list all these delights of life, for and for the sake of what it is possible to offer itself. All to come down to one. The love is a self-sacrifice of one person in relation to another. Who can brag now that he loves someone? This person is capable to offer himself for the sake of another? On this question there is no answer. Even century people will sympathize each other, considering that this love. But they are capable to offer themselves for the sake of love, hardly?

Larisa анализировав a situation understood that Nadezhda tests both of them, and perhaps wants to enrage them. As for Roman, he perhaps would also agree with Nadezhda, but he considered that this so. He loved Nina, and now cannot forget her. After so many years of life with Vera, he always remembered Nina. But who knows? Whether she understood it? On this question we never learn the answer.

Laris told.

– You are wrong. Roman loved Nina.

The hope grinned, and ironically added.

– And married another.

At this time Roman did not sustain and as if blew up.

– ENOUGH!!! – he cried out. – I speak to you enough!!! – then he addressed mother. – really for such person? Not minutes of rest? You mistreated me when Nina was alive, and now reproach me that I did not love her! I loved it! Loved as without knowing who! And she loved me! Loved selflessly, all heart. – here he made a pause, and added. – And you mother to me broke life! And not only my life, but also life of my child.

The hope was silent. It was not what to tell. She was really involved in the fact that Nina and Roman left, but they would leave if Roman really loved Nina, a question?

The hope told again.

– If you love it, you did not leave it. You would marry it.

Roman objected.

– And I also did not leave it. – then he emphasized. – this it left me.

The hope was surprised.

– Left? – then she emphasized. – means did not love?

Roman heaved a deep sigh and began to cry. Began to cry bitter tears. Then he exclaimed.

– I did not leave it! It left me to save our child!!!

In it it is a high time, to Larisa's patience the end came. She listened to Nadezhda, and was terrified how it was possible to be such cruel woman. Stories of the Novel about the mother there was nothing in comparison with what she saw now. This was the woman, and the monster. The monster in full sense of it a word.

– STOP!!! ENOUGH!!! Really for family such? – she shouted that was urine. – Look at yourself! You, Roman? You have to honor the mother what she would not be. And YOU that? Her Chait, as soon as it is possible! – then she spat to it in a face and added. – Poddonok. I am sorry that I am mother of your children. – It closed up to it hot slap in the face. Her eyes burned with rage and hatred. And she through clenched teeth hissed. – I hate. – then her rage passed to Nadezhda. – And you? What did you make for the son? Deprived of it the right for luck? Married him to Wicky.

Here Nadezhda steamed.

– This not your business.

Larisa did not agree.

– No, this my business. I am mother of his children. Has to know about it everything. From stories of the Novel I understood that you the cruel man. But ...

The hope killed it

– What but?

Larisa spoke.

– Terransha!

The hope is quiet told.

– Means you consider me terranshy? "It is a pity that you so think of me. – she spoke. – I am not a terransha, I am only a mother".

Larisa told.

– Yes, you mother, but made you happy the son?

This question was rhetorical, but also in too time is not present. Tell whether Roman could be happy? He already answered this question.

The hope steamed.

– Happy? And unless happiness not in money? Everything can be bought for money.

– And happiness?

The hope grinned.

– Same happiness.

– But whether Roman was happy?

The hope told.

– I all that did was for the benefit of family.

Here Larisa grinned. She knew that it is only an excuse self-justification of the person who has nothing to tell. She waved away.

– It only words, you never nothing did for family. All of you do only for yourself! Nobody is necessary to you, only you are. All of you do for yourself for anybody Bol.

Having heard these reproaches in the address, Nadezhda did not find words to state her all that she thinks of it. She wanted to state everything in a face, but at her as if language was gone from a mouth, and the mouth as if stuck together. Therefore it seemed that she only lowed, without having uttered a uniform sound.

Larisa feeling that she is right, she shamed Nadezhda.

– What? There is nothing to tell you? What became silent? Language withered? You see, I am right!

The hope could not answer, it having kind of taken offense at itself that she could not object to it, sniffed, and having turned away from Larisa, sat down on a sofa, and having crossed hands on a breast, having begun to cry, told.

– I am not a tyrant, I wanted that to my son it was good, and all the rest is not important. – then she added. – All that did was for the benefit of family. – She heaved a deep sigh. – Not to you to judge me, to you. – on these words she became silent. She has nothing more what to tell. It was ... What was? However, each woman knows this state in which the Woman has nothing to parry the opponent, and she broken and humiliated remains extreme. Extreme in eyes only the debater, but also in the opinion of the native person.

Roman and Larisa exchanged glances. Larisa did not expect that everything so will be? That Nadezhda will return from the next world, and will only return, and it will appear here, in this apartment, in this room. Will prove as usual the case.

But whether all this is real? All that happens to them? As Nadezhda could survive, at the same time she was buried. How in general it is possible? The way of the dead man to lift from a grave and to recover it is not created yet? All this from area of a fantasy? However, if who read A. Belyaeva.

"The HEAD of PROFESSOR DOUEL", it is possible to assume that perhaps in the future it will be possible? To recover the person. But we will return to reality. In the following chapter I will tell you about it. Let's begin with when Larisa and Nadezhda briskly talked then paralyzed Nadezhda. So, we will begin. But before we will look what is done by Roman. He listened to Nadezhda and did not understand what in general occurs? Why it is possible. For it all this was as a dream. A dream in which its nightmare was shown. Subconscious nightmare his subconsciousness. He sat down on a sofa, embraced mother, and having clung to her, told.

– I understand you. – He looked at Larisa and added. – Larisa understands you too, but understand also you us, we should live separately. You understand that it is impossible, to live together.

– The hope tenderly looked at the son and told.

– Of course I understand you and therefore I leave. Live as you know. – then she reminded. – But you remember, you are married. Not to a gozha to lead a double life. – then she grinned, and having looked at Larisa, added. – You want happiness, but whether will bring you happiness these the relation? – She looked at the watch. Midday. She told. – It is time for me, I have to go.

So, on it Nadezhda having said goodbye to Roman and Larisa, left. It went to a door, and having left the apartment closed behind itself a door. Having left one sitting on a sofa and little the understanding two people. Larisa and Roman.

At this moment Roman jumped from a sofa, and ran to a door. He opened a door and having jumped out in a corridor shouted one word. – MOTHER. – but it was not any more. It disappeared also mysteriously as well as appeared.

So, now we learn how Nadezhda was hospitalized and who is guilty of it? So, we will begin.

#### Chapter-4

##### *Tragic meeting*

So, we will begin with the moment when Larisa came home to Roman. He called by it the address once, invited to come, but then Larisa refused to pay to it a visit, she hurried on the last electric train. Well, can do it was all to the best? It then did not meet Nadezhda. Nobody knows, than then this meeting of two absolutely different women would end? However, this meeting took place. As Roman presented it to the wife Vera, it of course was not. And could not be. Larisa was such silly woman so to come to absolutely unfamiliar family and to tell., no, it is simple to demand that Roman married it. No. Of course, it was not. And what really happened there? What occurred it that Nadezhda got a heart attack and the paralysis which followed it? Now we learn it. So ...

There was a clear day. People, in which city of Moscow their preogromny quantity that even Moscow went out of MKAD, there was along the street a woman. It was beautiful. However, she was always a beauty, but today it looked best of all. It had an excellent mood! Yes anyhow? The gynecologist had it today, and that told it a joyful message. She is pregnant. Term, about three weeks. Yes, this joyful news to any woman, the truth if this child desired, but not a fruit of a single petty intrigue which you will also not remember more. Yes, this woman was happy. She was happy this pregnancy! All the life she wanted to have children. But it was impossible. Single sex contradicted its all female nature. She considered that the child had to be conceived in love. It is not casual at all. She considered that all nature human existence, its kernel, has to be only in sincere and serene love. Love first of all to that person who will always be near the loving person. Never will bring it, will never betray, will never tell a bad word. It will always be near it. Always, to the most death. Then, he has to love society in which he lives. Let it be not ideal, but it is society in which society all of us live.

Who was this woman? She was called Larisa. recently it was with the person loving it, and the result did not keep itself waiting long. Here it is a fruit of her pure and serene love. Her future child who is in her belly. Now, going along the new Arbat, she could not think of anything, only

of pregnancy. It went to theatrical school, to common people the received name PIKE. The Boris Shchukin Theatre Institute how many left it remarkable actors, now many of them drop. Vanish in the native school, in the PIKE.

But let it pass, with school. Now in it there are occupations. Let's look what is done now by Larisa?

She approached the lane where to be the Pike, and having turned into the yard, saw Roman standing with flowers, waiting for it. It was in high spirits today. The matter is that the day before it is made accidentally understood that on the presentation on which it was. Was together with Larisa, some unclear in the way there was his wife Vera, and learned about everything. Yes, I will tell you? Situation? However, Roman long was not upset. In the end of the ends Vera all the same would learn the truth. It is better earlier, than later, whether a lie? Of course, it is the truth. To carry weight freight on heart very hard, the truth then to tell then this truth, much more difficult. But when it is the person will make, he will feel true simplification not only on heart, but also in the soul.

Roman unexpectedly for himself fell in love with Larisa. Fell in love with that without understanding, and now when Larisa reported to him about the pregnancy, Roman was in the seventh heaven! Larisa was happy too. It was her firstborn. The child conceived on love. But. Always there is but, in any of a situation, and it, but was nearby. Belief – Roman's wife how to be with it? They together lived many years, and hardly Roman will divorce Vera. Silence. Both of them looked at each other a loving look and were silent. They had nothing to speak each other. All of them understood without words. Yes, always easily we read love language, as well as language of hatred and contempt. Contempt for the person whom you hate. You hate with all the heart, you hate all heart, all interiors of the body. I write it as Larisa learns what is hatred and contempt. Now Roman suggested to go to his mother, and to tell everything to her about them. But Larisa had no time now to go together with Roman to it home that he acquainted her with the mother. She assured it that today hours in six, it will come to it home. Also settled upon that.

In the evening, hours in six, the call to a door was distributed. The melody of a nightingale calmed to a shower living in this apartment Nadezhda. Already advanced in years, it did not take out noise of the daily city and therefore it exchanged on not brisk street. The greens, silence, only some cars passing on this street reminded that Nadezhda lives in the city. Do you ask in what part of Moscow she lived? Station Veshnyaki. Between the station and the subway. The wood, greens, birdies sing. What else is necessary to the person?

The door was opened by Nadezhda. Having looked at Larisa, she asked.

– You to whom? – and these words were pronounced so carelessly and cold that Larisa understood if there is a conversation with this woman, then it will be quite rigid. The matter is that Roman was late, he told the mother that today to them Larisa will come, and all of them together have to discuss all current situation.

Larisa was presented.

– My name is Larisa. – then she asked – And Roman houses?

The hope answered also cold, as well as began a conversation with Larisa.

– He is out. – then she asked. – And to you it, what for?

Larisa answered.

– He asked me to come.

The hope carefully asked.

– And?

Here became Larisa finally clearly that she is an undesirable guest here. On the person of Hope everything was clear. She considered it the true evil. Body furuncle, a cancer tumor which needs urgently to be removed.

Larisa just told.

– We should talk?



– To talk? – Nadezhda grinned. – About what?

Larisa immediately told.

– It will be a question of Roman.

The hope pricked up the ears. She did not expect that Larisa who came to it will dare to cross a threshold of her house.

– About Roman? – as if without understanding Nadezhda told. And what? "With my son everything is all right" – she told so as if she did not understand at all what was meant by Larisa when she told that it will be a question of Roman? – with my son everything is all right. We have nothing with you to speak about it.

Larisa told the convincing tone.

– No, is about what, believe.

The hope frowned, and with clean that on is a jeer asked.

– Well and about what with you to speak to me?

Here Larisa blurted out.

– About the child.

The hope choked. Then thought.

"Yes as she dares? To come to me to the apartment and to say that she is pregnant. She is pregnant, and me what? Well she became pregnant what it? Each woman will give rise sooner or later what to a tut of it"?

Here Larisa added.

– Father Roman, your son.

Here Nadezhda stood. It was in full confusion. If she still hoped that this woman will leave while the going is good that she will manage to show the door it, and to tell Roman that it did not come, then here was absolutely differently. According to her, Larisa was only the impudent maid who deigned to come to it home and to say that her son the father of her child? It had enough impudence to say directly it all this directly? Here is the BOUGH! The BOUGH also is.

Larisa asked permission to enter the apartment to talk in a quiet situation.

Nothing remained to Nadezhda how to invite her to the apartment where they had a serious conversation.

But before we will look how there lives Nadezhda. She lived in three to the apartment. Ancient furniture, the nineteenth century was not bad combined with an interior. One of rooms was a study of Nadezhda. In it there was a table book racks on which there were many books. The books relating to history and philosophy. The matter is that she was a teacher, the dean of the historical and philosophical university in one of the cities being the USSR. The second room was sleeping. In it there was a bed, the TV, and other. The third room was a drawing room. Nadezhda received guests in it.

Having passed to the living room, Larisa asked.

– It is possible to sit down?

To sit down was where. The big table standing in the middle of the room, seemed as it is impossible the best in order that at it to hold negotiations.

The hope cold answered.

– And I have a choice? Of course you sit down. – then she grinned. – Not to stand to us really?

Larisa sat down at a table, and Nadezhda opposite to her. She told.

– I listen.

Larisa asked.

– Tell, you it is aware of our situation with Roman?

The hope steamed.

– Of course it is aware. My son always tells me about the problems.

– Means you know ...

– That you is pregnant. – Nadezhda killed it. – Of course I know. And what? Now you will file a lawsuit against alimony? Yes. – It showed to Larisa a fig. – Not for this purpose I raised it that some there whore enticed from us alimony? – will not leave, still it is necessary to prove that this his child. And that will oversleep with all there, and then look for who could provide the degenerate.

Larisa having quietly listened to Nadezhda, told.

– I am not a whore. Roman's child. This will confirm any analysis of DNA.

– Aha? – With a hated look Nadezhda looked at Larisa. – Analysis of DNA, here laughter! Yes it and can be forged.

Larisa immediately steamed.

– It you about?

The hope hesitated. It was visible that she hides something? Something that concerned it one. It, and more than anybody.

Larisa assumed.

– Means you gave birth your words to the degenerate?

The hope grew hysterical. – Do not dare to call my son the degenerate! – on her face there was a rage in a resnicker with hatred and rage. – You, whore! – then she added. – Not the degenerate, he has my son the father.

Larisa did not sustain. She tried to be courteous, but this conversation left much to be desired. The hope apprehended Larisa in bayonets, she felt in it threat for the little son, for the Roman. She as could, bellowed.

– And you do not call me the whore, and my child the degenerate! – then it steamed. – I am not a whore! I just fell in love with your son.

The hope grinned.

– Did you fall in love with it? How it is strange to hear it from you Larisa? You do not love it, you just want it. – she made a pause. – I do not know who the father of your child, but if it he, my son, then I do not envy you. He is married. He is married long ago, and he is not going to get divorced because of a love petty intrigue.

Larisa immediately asked a question.

– You are confident in it?

The hope assured.

– On all hundred.

Larisa smiled. In her smiles there was something ominous. Hope could not understand that it wants to tell this ominous smile to it now. She for a second felt ill at ease. She felt that Larisa wants to tell something, something that never concerned her, something that she always knew, but was afraid to admit it to herself.

Larisa knew that this news to Nadezhda was not news about which she did not know. She, of course, well knew about her, but preferred not to extend to this subject. Larisa told.

– And Roman said to me that he wants children, and I will give him them.

These words shocked Nadezhda. She knew about a problem in their family, but this problem was only in their house. Out of limits of their walls, nobody was able to afford it to take out.

The hope immediately steamed.

– His wife will take care of it.

Here Larisa unexpectedly asked.

– You are confident in it?

At this moment, Nadezhda understood that Larisa knows everything. Roman told it that Vera will never give birth to him the child. It was really impossible? On Vera's assurance, she could not give rise. But his mother knew what put not in Vera, matter in Roman at all. But, whereas it promoted new life? It remained a question number one.

The hope assured Larisa again.

– On all hundred.

Larisa immediately steamed.

– And so it does not seem to me.

It seemed that it simply plays with Nadezhda. She knows everything about Roman, and now wants that his mother understood that?. what does his mother have to understand? It is obvious to understand the son, and this *сидящую* before it the young woman. She is pregnant! She is pregnant from Roman! This has to accept Nadezhda. But it did not accept it. She did not even want to listen about it. For her son there was one wife, she was called Vera. It, and any more than nobody she chose for the son. Let will be happy!

The hope directly asked.

– What it is necessary to you from Roman?

Larisa answered.

– Marriage with his wife Vera stopped being marriage for a long time. Roman told me that he lives with it because just got used to its society.

The hope asked.

– Unless this dislike?

– No, this dislike. – Larisa answered. – This only just habit. Habit, and anything else.

The hope can and understood that Larisa is right. But she could not believe that it so. She considered that Roman was always happy, but she was mistaken. Roman was not happy, he was unfortunate. And on whose fault?

Very few people know that parents only bring happiness to the children, they still somewhat responsible for misfortunes. I will not go into details this difficult relationship between children and their parents, I will just tell the main thing. We are offsprings, we always want what our parents offer us, and they want what we will never accept. Of course happens and vice versa.

Larisa told.

– I assure you, I never laid down with Roman if do not love him.

The hope was indignant.

– And you dare to speak to me about love still? You? Who destroys marriage?

Larisa told.

– That's it that marriage.

– What do you mean?

– The person married. – Larisa began to explain. – I consider that he created a marriage cell. Marriage of society. This cell cannot be strong as it is marriage. If they we tell got married as all normal people, that is entered the matrimonial relations, then here it is possible to tell that they have a strong family.

The hope asked.

– Means you consider that marriage is a marriage society, and the marriage does not?

– Yes. I so consider.

On this subject still it is possible to argue much, and none of us will tell that marriage – it is good. It's not true. Marriage or matrimonial has to pronounce the relation, here what words at a wedding, not marriage.

– But it is nonsense!

Larisa objected.

– No, this nonsense.

The hope agreed with Larisa.

– Let there will be this nonsense at what here you?

These words which were heard from Nadezhda were told resolutely and firmly.

Larisa also firmly answered.

– I want that Roman was happy.

– Then you have to understand that Roman is happy also without you. – She made a pause. Heaved a deep sigh. – There is an idiot! – she cried out these words so that Larisa from surprise shuddered. – And I brought up it. – she abused herself. – And it the first skirt was given. – in the face of Nadezhda drops of tears were shown. She got up from a chair, and left the room. There passed five minutes, and it having again entered the room suggested Larisa to have supper with it. Larisa agreed.

Here we approach the final of this history. Stories the caused heart attack, and Nadezhda's paralysis. So, how it was?

Nadezhda and Larisa sat in the living room, they had supper. Stood on a table borsch, on the second a fried chicken.

Now, едя after borsch of a fried chicken, Nadezhda was not so aggressive is ready for Larisa any more, she tried to understand her, to understand why Roman chose it? It, and nobody else? This question haunted it. She looked at Larisa, and compared it to Vera. The same. Woman as woman. The truth unlike Vera in it there was something tempting, something attractive that even Nadezhda did not understand. Imperceptible Lines of Larisa attracted Nadezhda. She tried, what is it? But how many she did not try, for Nadezhda Larisa remained a riddle.

Having eaten up chicken, Larisa took an interest.

– In so looked at me?

The hope asked.

– How did look?

– You as if wanted me. – Larisa told and added. – Did not you notice it?

The hope answered.

– Just I tried to understand that my son found in you it that is not present at Vera.

Larisa with understanding treated Larisa's words. And from clean women's curiosity though tell and without anything pleasure as any of women will want that she was compared to somebody, asked.

– And what, found?

The hope answered.

– No. – of course, she lay. She saw in her something that attracted men, but that she knew it or preferred not to speak about it. – Did not find. – Then she accidentally added. – And that you are surprised, you ordinary.

Larisa was indignant.

– I am uncommon. – She steamed, and added. – If I was ordinary, then Roman did not get acquainted with me!

All this became clear to Nadezhda. Yes, this her son, but not it tempted her. But there was the one and only question who the father of the child of Larisa? She did not know it. As well as did not know that Roman already came back home. She expected that Roman still will be late, but it did not occur. Roman came back home.

What occurred after Nadezhda learned that Roman the first approached Larisa, and she him? Business is quite clear. The hope began to blame itself for the event. If she tells earlier that her son could not have children, but not Vera. It did not occur. Perhaps Roman would not begin to seek something elsewhere? Perhaps he was treated, and recovered. But he can recovered? Can it this woman sitting before it cured? It, and more nobody cured her son? Perhaps. Roman wanted children, but so it turned out that from Vera so to him and did not give rise. Perhaps she wanted to give rise, but something disturbed her. Any force did not allow it to conceive this child, and this was not deprived of common sense. Who read the first book "my CITY: The TRAGEDY of ONE FAMILY", that is aware that I mean. Perhaps it also prevented Vera to become pregnant. And matter that she married Roman, without having allowed to marry it Nina. Business was in the child. In the little girl, Wicky. Which was Nina's daughter. It as well as Nadezhda, destroyed them with Nina life. At this moment they had a serious illness. Everyone in own way. And it was promoted by only one woman. Imperious

terransha, Nadezhda. Now fitting opposite to Larisa, she well understood it. But could not make anything. It is impossible to return the past, and she knew it as well as possible.

Nadezhda had to tell Larisa that Roman cannot have children, he was infertile. Of course, a serious illness for all mankind. What can be worse than infertility. When nobody is capable to continue a sort. We reconcile that on us a sort to break, and we live as if in some room without windows without doors. In some sphere in which there is no air. We suffer from the disease, and we wither. Well if you virgin. You do not know what is SEX, and never learn. You can only two things in life connected with sex, masturbation and catch a moth to prove to yourself that you something can. But it does not occur. We understand that our attempts to bring children will not lead to anything. We become nervous, we are treated, but all uselessly. There are no results. Then, the disease, impotence develops even more terribly. And we are here ready to do anything that our little friend earned in former force. But all attempts are vain. We go to catch every time moths, and every time they to laugh at us. Let do not show, but this so. To what all this situation leads, to violence and prison.

Hope having thought of all this was horrified. She could not believe that her son is capable of similar. Happiness that this woman moth. She understood it for a long time. But what occurs now? Larisa is pregnant, claims that the father, he and how it is possible? Obviously Roman was not sick, he just waited when his feeling blaze again. He did not love Vera, lived with her because he just knew it much better, than some other woman. No speech about love business also went. He understood it only after married it. And he married it because his mother told. – sonny, it to you couple, that this, as it there Nina. Threw my son and put everything. – Yes, she threw it, but I on the second time will not write about it. All this history is written in the previous book "My CITY".

Larisa, that if he really loves her? It in general is possible? Love at first sight? I do not know. Sympathy, but dislike.

The hope thought.

"– My God! Yes what is it? This woman is pregnant, it is possible all my works are let to nothing. Roman and Vera's life will not be such joyful as it was. Let they quarreled and who not to quarrel today? But what in their life to do to this woman? Now she will give rise, then will demand a divorce and that he married it and when it refuses, she will submit the petition, for alimony. It is quite possible. – She made a pause in the reflections, and having looked at Larisa with the estimating look, continued to reflect. – What do you sit? Do you look? Do think I to you I will tell something? No, you will not wait. You do not receive my son, my Roman. For this purpose I brought up it and married to Vera then to give it such. – It chose a word for Larisa. – Bitch. Only the full bitch can destroy family. What do you watch? Really I am so nasty to you? Yes, I am such. But I never destroyed family. – The hope, of course, used cunning. It was capable not only to destroy family, but also much more bigger. Example. Nina. – I reunited them".

As if understanding that Nadezhda thinks of Larisa, Larisa thought of hope.

"– I never saw such women as you Nadezhda. I understand, Roman your son, but understand him! He does not love Vera. It will never give it that he wants actually. And I know that he wants".

The hope took an interest.

– Do you want to destroy family?

On what Larisa with obvious melancholy told.

– If the man seeks someone elsewhere, and at the same time itself is married, then here cannot there be a speech about destruction of family, it already cracked. A matter of time when there is inevitable.

The hope specified.

– Do you mean a divorce?

– It.

The hope objected.

– But how many in the world of families have a bit on the side, and nothing, live?

Larisa grinned.

– I am sure that they do not get divorced because many are united by children. There are no children, and marriage broke up.

Nadezhda had to agree with Larisa. Its arguments were convincing. But nevertheless?

– And what you tell about those who have no children?

– Those live together only for the sake of money of one of spouses.

– And if there is no money? What then?

– Whether harm this there will be family relations. – Larisa told. – Rather this will be fight for existence, and only.

Nadezhda could not catch Larisa in any way. That answered and knew that she answers. – The hope thought. – Perhaps you are so ordinary as you seem?

– Means you consider that Roman does not love Vera?

– He loves it.

– Then that?

– He loves it the woman, it for him in any way like the girlfriend with whom girlfriends it is possible to share the problems. About any love here the speech does not go.

The hope rose from a table, approached a window, opened it. Then she inhaled a full breast and told.

– Stuffy.

Larisa immediately took an interest.

– To you it is bad? Can fast?

– But that objected. She flatly refused the ambulance, having told.

– I have everything.

Now it is necessary to explain what happened to Nadezhda? Let's begin with the fact that this conversation for it was not from pleasant. And think who will speak in senses with foreign woman only because she is pregnant. She is pregnant, and the child's father her son, Roman. Other mother waved away from it, told. – Itself get out. – but Nadezhda. She loved the son so that she sometimes this good turned into the evil, and the evil in good. Angrily for good. All the life Nadezhda was also guided by it. Now, talking to this woman, she understood that in something Larisa is right. She said that Roman loves it, but not Vera. From where did she know it? From a conversation with it Nadezhda understood that Larisa if not the expert on family life, she knows about it much. The childhood at it difficult was obvious, otherwise will not explain.

What to do? This question is asked to themselves by many people? But almost nobody finds on it the answer.

Now, Nadezhda understood that she all her efforts to keep a healthy cell family a tree failed. If this child really of Roman, then everything is over. The family will collapse sooner or later. All its works will depart to nothing. The fact that she so long tried to obtain by all the forces will disappear in a non-existence. The novel changed Vera, and it is the fact. Why everything so occurred? Where Nadezhda was mistaken? Really it is still capable of deep feelings? With Vera he felt nothing similar.

However, feeling feelings, and it is necessary to live. Here the destiny also offered it the choice, and he chose. Roman soon will become a father. He wanted it many years. All the end, this marriage broke up. The hope felt it, felt that her son in fast will find rest. Rest and happiness in the most blazhashchy future.

Where she was mistaken? The rage on themselves was captured by its feelings. She could not forgive herself what not to watched the beloved child that she somewhere was mistaken, but where? All that it did it did it only because wanted for the son only happiness. Happiness, and anything else.

Having noticed that Nadezhda feels ill at ease, Larisa got up from a table and having approached her asked once again.



– What is with you? – on her face there was no person. Instead of it she saw the woman who did not understand what occurs? Her face was red, eyes not knowingly looked at Larisa. It seemed that her trunk just about will fall. Suddenly, unexpectedly it grabbed heart, having stupidly looked at Larisa, having told it one word. – I hate! – And it was said so that it seemed to Larisa that this word was pronounced not by the person. And some animal. Then Nadezhda told. – Head. – it turned the head, one may say, that just conducted it. Conducted and was filled with weight excessive to human consciousness. It fell to Larisa. On the little girl. As could, held it, and put on a floor. Having immediately checked it pulse, she ran on rooms, looking for stationary phone. She forgot what it has cellular and it was unimportant. There is stationary phone. Larisa picked up the phone, took zero three, and called an ambulance.

Then, she began to ransack on cases, looking for drugs, but they were not anywhere. Then she passed to her bedroom, and having opened a bedside table at a bed, saw in it medicines. Having found something from heart, she ran on kitchen, and having poured a glass of cold water, ran in a drawing room. It gave to the woman lying on a floor a tablet, and pushed it to it in a mouth.

Meanwhile the call to a door rang out.

Larisa immediately looked at a door from a drawing room, and immediately thought. – This is obviously to Roman. To whom else to be? This it came, or the ambulance? – Larisa got up from cards, ran up to a door, left a drawing room, and having run up to an entrance door, looked in a peephole. She saw, standing behind a door, in Roman's corridor. It seemed joyful. He held a bouquet of scarlet colors in hand. Larisa opened a door.

Standing in a corridor Roman, having seen Larisa, her worried look, asked.

– What has happened?

Larisa immediately steamed.

– Your mother!.

Without understanding what occurs, he saw concern and alarm on Larisa's face. Her face of it also did not hide. Yes she also could not hide what now Roman all the same would learn.

– Yes what occurred really? – Roman did not understand. – Where mother?

Larisa immediately showed a hand on the living room, told.

– There.

Without understanding anything, but understanding that something happened to his mother, the novel was included into the apartment, and having run to the living room, opened, a door and having entered it he saw лежащую on a floor without consciousness his mother. Having thrown color on a table, he ran up to it, and having inclined before it probed its pulse. Pulse was. Weak, but it nevertheless was. Roman sighed. – It is alive. – yes, she was alive, but she was unconscious. The novel as could, began to bring her round, but its attempts were vain. Larisa who ran in behind it, ran up to Roman, and wanted to help, but that having shouted on her that was urine, and in his eyes contempt and Hatred for this woman was read. – Leave! – on his eyes tears appeared. They appeared. Undertook from nowhere. Whether the joke to come home and to find the unconscious mother, and that which with it at this moment was obviously and is responsible for this tragedy. Yes, any person would think so, and differently. Having looked at the novel with hatred and contempt on Larisa, accused her of the incident, and asked. – How could you?

Larisa was in panic. She did not assume in any way that Nadezhda will faint. None of both women knew that their conversation to end quite so. Tell that you thought, having appeared instead of Roman? Probably the same as it. However, nobody knows, kind of it behaved in this situation? Here and Roman began to panic. He immediately shouted on Larisa.

– Ambulance, quickly!

Larisa immediately said.

– I already called an ambulance. – she did not know what to do to it? During all the time carried out with Roman, it never asked itself a question who his mother? She considered that she, as well as

all women, will understand a situation, and will bless. However, I can be mistaken. Wives will never give the husband to other woman. They will fight for it. To fight to death. But it only a reasoning, we will return to Roman and Larisa. Larisa was in panic. She could not believe that all this nightmare, all horror which happened in this apartment was as it is impossible inopportunely. Now, Roman began to hate it, and she felt it. In the justification she could tell one only. – I just talked to her when there was an attack.

The novel immediately steamed.

– Yes what here attack! You sent her to the grave! – these words pronounced by Roman were said with entreaty, with entreaty about the help, fast recovery of Nadezhda. Roman could not believe that it is possible? He with it lived all life. Did not move a step from it. In everything obeyed her even if in his personal opinion she was wrong. Parents are always right even if their children so do not consider. Then, having addressed Larisa, he asked. – yes what here Devil take it occurred? Somebody can answer me this question or not? – then he called Larisa by name and the answer demanded. – I wait. – at the same time his look was mad. It seemed that it just about and to snatch on Larisa and will break off it on a part. – What are you silent? – he reproached it. – There is nothing to tell, huh?

Larisa as could justified itself before Roman. She told everything as it was, without having muddled uniform a word. And when it finished the story, Roman approached it, took it the hands for its small coat hanger, and having properly shaken it so that just hey yeah would shake out from it all soul, told with obvious reproach in its address.

– Yes who you in general asked to say with my mother on this subject? Did you still demand alimony? What, was asked? – he gave it slap in the face, and told. – clean up. – then having released it, and having pointed by a hand to a door shouted –!

Larisa had to leave. It left Roman of one. Yes he did not want to see anybody now, and Larisa especially. He considered that she is guilty of this tragedy. Who knows? Whether he was right or not, only one is clear. Do not tell Larisa to Nadezhda that this she got acquainted with it, and it is with her, can do everything it was. But is not present, Nadezhda of Larisa's word took very much to heart, and here result.

Coming downstairs, Larisa heard as the entrance was approached by the car with a siren. Larisa thought. – Obviously to this ambulance. – she went down slowly. It seemed that this way was heavy, but here the first floor, an exit. Larisa went outside from an entrance, and the fresh breeze went to her head. The stress disappeared as if it and was not. On heart was pokoyno. Larisa looked at the gloomy house which seemed to her, and having heaved a deep sigh, looked round. Just now she saw строящуюся at an entrance fast. – Yes, this they. I hope to recover Nadezhda. Then it went away from this house. She did not want to see anybody now. She was expelled from this house, and is undeserved. She wanted to explain, but his mother did not want to listen to her. She took very much to heart a message about treason of the son, and the son, as well as befits the decent son, got up in protection of mother, and here result.

Who is guilty of this tragedy? To solve to you. I consider that Roman is guilty of this tragedy. If it do not change Vera, then and his mother did not get paralysis, and so?

And now we will pass to the following chapter of this history. So, we will begin ...

## Chapter-5

### *Larisa's proposal*

So, we will begin with on what stopped in a chapter 3 of this history, namely.

Hope having said goodbye to Roman and Larisa, left. It went to a door, and having left the apartment closed behind itself a door. Having left one sitting on a sofa and little the understanding two people. Larisa and Roman.

At this moment Roman jumped from a sofa, and ran to a door. He opened a door and having jumped out in a corridor shouted one word. – MOTHER. – but it was not any more. It disappeared also mysteriously, as well as appeared.

We on to give up Hope, Roman and Larisa in the past a few, and we will return today. What now occurs after Nadezhda left the apartment where there were Larisa and Roman. What now do they do, we will look?

As Roman did not try to understand, to understand something, to understand he could do nothing at all. And how to understand, his mother was at the cemetery, and here it? What if to it all this was given, and he went crazy? But what was seen by him was seen also by Larisa? What, did two go crazy? But not along with it? What was it? Who it was? Ghost? But for the ghost this woman was extremely hardy. Who is she? What really happens? He could not understand it.

It entered back the apartment, having closed behind itself(himself) a door. Passed to the room where on a sofa Larisa sat. She was excited with an event. For all her life, she never saw ghosts. She considered that Nadezhda was dead! It lay deeply in the earth, and will never disturb their rest. But dead men are hardy. Even after the death they come back, come back to finish not complete affairs or to revenge someone. But nobody saw the dead man is so realistic as Larisa and Roman. They not only saw it, but also communicated with it. Communicated, listened from it to one reproaches in their address. Nobody would like to appear on Larisa's place now. Her face was similar to the dead man. Same white and lifeless. She sat on a sofa, stupidly looking in the one and only point. Even it is possible to tell that she in her did not look, and kind of looked through her as though trying to understand that to be there, behind this side where two worlds, both meet. World, where all as here. The world where everything perfectly and pokoyno, is also not present any evil. Only grace and silence. But install so pokoyno in that kingdom? Something nevertheless disturbed Larisa. In her eyes the fear was read. She saw something that she needed to see only one. In her head someone's voice sounded. It was not terrible, but nevertheless it was unpleasant to it. What did he tell her? I do not know. I can only assume that this voice spoke with it about Nadezhda, hope whatever it was. The person always has hope for something. If the person ceases to hope for something, something good in the life, he will simply die. Without hope there is no sense in life. We hope for the best. That our children grew up and became happier than us. We hope that at them life will be better, than at us. We in general hope though these hopes are ephemeral, we hope that, sometime we will gorge on from a paunch, and nobody for it will reproach us.

Roman carefully looked at Larisa, and having carried out by the palm about her face, and not having seen on it uniform reaction, Roman understood that perhaps Larisa not in itself and how in general she sustained it? Whether joke? The dead man from a grave got up? Roman and that felt ill at ease, and Larisa and even less so. He a silent voice asked.

– Larisa, you as?

In this question it was read uncertainty. Larisa was in an astral and when she leaves it? Roman did not know slightest. He wanted to call for ambulance, but having decided that this it is useless, the ambulance will be able to help nothing to it, and the psychiatric hospital will not understand in what business here, and will begin to treat her for schizophrenia. It was not a bright prospect too. Then he should be treated. He saw it, Nadezhda, the mother too.

That stupidly looked at it, touched the hand the person of the Novel, and having smiled told.

– It will come for me. – these words could not tell Roman anything acceptable. He was in confusion, trying to understand sense of her words. – It will come.

Roman did not understand what Larisa meant? What is the time he knew it, but in such state he saw it for the first time. Roman did not understand what happens to it? If he knew that this state is caused in it by Nadezhda's arrival, then her words. – It will come for me. Roman did not know to what she told it. Perhaps, she felt something, perhaps she knew something that, Roman did not know? In any case, it has to be near it now. The novel sat down on a sofa, and asked.

– You it about what? Who will come for you?

That looked at it, and Roman saw something imperceptible as though Larisa wanted to confess in something in his face, but something disturbed her. Something did not finish it to tell uniform a word about what she wanted to tell Roman now. As if glue tightly stuck together her fine lips, and language as if grew dumb. Without moving neither in one, nor in other party. But here Larisa opened a mouth and told. No, it is a provyla only one word, its provyla as if the old she-wolf just about going to the final journey howled. It is a provyla only the unique word.

– ALICE.

Alice! What the word is meant to Larisa? Roman did not know. He could not imagine who such this Alice? It was for Roman nothing, only a name which he occasionally heard from someone's lips. Actually, he heard only echoes. Past echoes. He thought. – What there is a human essence? Where that side novel at which the reality intertwines with fiction? Where that side of human mind which borders on that, other world? World of madness of pure mind. – now, looking on as it seemed to it mad Larisa, he understood that she needs the help. Emmanuil's disease affected her mental health. It could not accept reality such what it is, and any another. Reality in which Nadezhda was alive, this rather the an echo of the past which left the mark in this without intellectual life of human existence. But Larisa was not such. She knew that all that now happens to it, nothing else as imagination of her inflamed mind. Nobody knew from them who this woman was? The woman who just left their apartment, called Nadezhda? Who is she this woman, Nadezhda? Mother Romana Nadezhda or just hope? Roman did not know it. Now, looking at Larisa, he saw madness in her eyes. Misunderstanding what happens to it? Who knows? What to be created in a human brain at his this or that disease. Doctors know only its signs, and its initial emergence does not. What if did doctors know its initial, then perhaps and it would be easier to treat? But even if to get to the bottom of its essence, then hardly it will respond to treatment. Process can be slowed down, but to cure never. As it was told in the previous book, Alice is the character created by human mentality, his loneliness. It so. But happens that Alice is our madness. How it is possible to understand it? Just our brain ceases to perceive at some point surrounding the environment, and gives us the reality, the world of imaginations. Doctors call this disease SCHIZOPHRENIA.

What happened to Larisa? It seems she was a normal woman a second ago, and here? What happened to it? Do you remember a scene in casino when she asked Alice in casino Hope? It then meant to kill not Nadezhda, and hope. Hope for bright future of Roman and his wife Vera. Also she did not want that her Roman suffered, she asked Alice to save his mother from suffering, and that this made. Having told at the same time. – It is necessary to pay, and the price will be corresponding. – here it, payment price. The affair now with her, with her two children, and it? It became mad? There is that payment about which Alice spoke. Alice is a subconsciousness of human mind. Our the second I which we occasionally hear in the head. She pointed by a hand to a window, and told as if something fearing.

– It there, outside the window.

Roman looked in that party where Larisa showed, and saw only a frame, and an exit to a balcony. Anybody.

– Larisa? Yes what is with you? – Roman was surprised. He did not understand what occurs? – he did not understand. Having taken Larisa for shoulders, he stirred up her, and having cried out – regain consciousness! – closed up with it slap in the face. Larisa regained consciousness. She looked on Romana, and her eyes were stupid. She did not understand what occurs? What with it was now? Uvidev Romana, she asked.

– And where Alice?

Roman answered.

– There was no Alice, there was only Nadezhda, my mother.

Larisa flinched.

– Your mother? – she was surprised. – She died? – she did not understand the developed situation. She did not see any Nadezhda, she saw Alice, Alice of nobody any more. Perhaps she just talked to Nadezhda, but she did not remember it. She remembered that Alice arose in a window. She entered through a balcony door the room, and near it asked sowing. – You are ready to pay for Nadezhda's death? – Larisa answered. – Gotova. – then Alice touched Larisa's forehead, and that felt severe pain on all body. It seemed that its organism of total energy dies away. Replacing her body something otherworldly, and heartless. Larisa asked. – What are you doing? – what Alice answered. – There is nothing, just you pay bills. – when everything was over, Larisa sat on a sofa is absolutely quiet. It was all the same that occurs around. She was indifferent to everything. And only one Alice haunted it. It remained in her head. It was in it, in her thoughts. Then Larisa told Roman. – You are mistaken, here Nadezhda was not. – then she added. – Now it at the cemetery.

Though it from outside also seemed is cynically told, but it was the fact. The hope lay in a grave at the cemetery. She died, and with it there's nothing to be done.

But then who came to Larisa and Roman? Who that woman with whom he spoke? If this was Nadezhda, then who? Can really to them Alice came, and each of them saw her in a certain image? But whereas to explain that after Nadezhda left their apartment, in it according to Larisa Alice appeared, and made something with Larisa? Roman could not understand it. The novel steamed.

– I know it!

Larisa got up from a sofa, and having approached a window, asked.

– The novel, you love me?

It turned to Roman. Her face was cold also without vitally. This is Roman noticed only that. He did not understand what happens to Larisa. It changed. Changed at once. Something happened to it so far Roman saw off the mother. But what? He did not know it.

– Of course I love. – Roman answered surely. – What for a silly question?

Larisa approached Roman, embraced him and kissed, having asked at the same time.

– And Vera?

Roman did not understand.

– What Vera?

– Do you love Vera Vy too?

The novel seconds without thinking, and without doubting, declared.

– Belief? Who such Vera? I with it am unfamiliar, and you?

Larisa with relief sighed. It was pleasant to it to listen that Roman forgot it. Forgot, and did not remember any more. She wanted to be at it one with anybody not to share it, and it at her turned out. She kissed him again, and then offered, kind of accidentally: – Divorce.

Roman something wanted to answer, but could not. He suddenly remembered words which he already somewhere heard: – Now she zakhomutat you, and then will force to divorce. – these words were prophetic. Vot and Larisa, wanted to destroy his family finally. She wanted to be only with it, she wanted that it belonged to it. And it was possible only when he gets divorced from wife and to marry her.

Now Roman knew that their joint life with Vera came to an end. There was no that more sparkles, happiness which at them glimmered for many years. But the novel knew that Vera will not agree to divorce it. When she wanted to divorce Roman, she just wanted to leave him. The feeling of the devoted woman was played in her body. Now she wanted that he suffered. – Divorce. – she considered. – This privilege which it is unworthy. Let he will be better married to me, and has children from it. – she considered. – And children, whether it? Question? He so did not make the analysis of DNA? Roman told.

– She never in life will agree to divorce me.

Larisa pressed it to herself, tenderly through trousers felt it φamoc, and having undone its rank, pulled out it from trousers. Then it slightly pushed him to a sofa, and it having flopped in it, took

off from himself trousers, and having taken in hand the to an izha excited φamoc, began to finger slightly it, preparing for the main thing. Larisa approached a sofa on which Roman sat, having picked up a hem a village dress on knees, and having taken from his hands in the, already ready to its action φamoc, took, sucked off. Then she offered.

– Then kill.

The novel immediately steamed.

– You about what?

The law to humour Roman, she sat down on a sofa, and having begun to iron tenderly to it a breast, hinted as if a snake.

– About that. – she let know that she means, and having taken off from herself a dress, laid down nearby having told. – If she does not agree to divorce you, divorce in what a problem? – then it entered it, having added, kind of urging on it on it. – Or what? Do you want to have all life the wife and the mistress with two children? But I do not want it. So it is necessary to you. – she made a long pause. Then with full determination added. – Either I, or she. The third it is given. – then she kind of with a smile added. – For the first time, perhaps?

Listening to Larisa, Roman could not believe that she, this girl will offer it? Murder that crime, probably only violence and that can be worse and more awful than it, it is sometimes justified. Any man will resist the attractive woman if they want it. Understand this phrase as you want, but I consider: – If the female, did not parade the delights, then and violence so which was not. Another matter violence over the personality. This violence is several times worse, than all other crimes, and nothing will oppose to it.

As for Larisa, she already killed. It Nadezhda, Roman's mother through her fault died. She made it. Having come to institute of Burdenko. It met in a corridor with leaving from Nadezhda Roman. The truth he did not learn it. But whether it is worth recognizing the murderer of your mother who bewitched you, gave birth to you to children, and now by right wants to marry you? Here to mother! To deal with the problems.

Roman stood up. He was in perplexity. – What means not for the first time? – what means her words? She suggested it to get rid of Wicky, to kill her. Here put? Correctly mother told once it: – Women angrily, they that will want, will make. You will not manage to look back as you will get to their trap. – now he understood it. It got to their trap. Got because of the ambition. Whether allocate, he wanted the blood, the successor of a sort! Here also received in exchange. He, perhaps also achieved the, but what price? Nadezhda's death. Here price of its unfaithfulness. Whether all this was worth it what happened to it? It is unlikely. The murderer of his mother made love to him, and children of which she gave birth to him, whether to him? On this question can give the analysis of DNA, but Roman will not do it. Roman watchfully took an interest.

– What means for the first time, perhaps?

In his question not the understanding sounded. He did not understand what Larisa means? He demanded explanations.

Larisa sat down on a sofa. She knew that she tells it the truth, he would not believe it. And if believed, then she precisely lost it. Nevertheless she meant foreign person for it. She spoke about his mother. But here question? Whether it killed her? Whether it killed Nadezhda? It hardly. She presented it only rest, and the real murderer who? Novel? Yes, it killed the mother. Without noticing anything, he put End. Having brought the mother to a heart attack. Here it was already written that the worst crime is a violence over the personality. Roman always argued with the mother, sometimes even did contrary to her all that should not be done. And here result. Nadezhda's nerves did not sustain, and she got a heart attack, and then a full paralysis. Larisa was partly guilty of it too, but Roman is most than others. Conduct for nothing say: – Children, this our death. – And they are right.

Larisa grinned. She understood that if she tells that he is guilty of the death of the mother that it will convict it of it, he will terminate with it any relations. However, if he partly wanted what



happened to his mother, then perhaps it will remain with her and to agree to Larisa's proposal. To kill Vera. Faith in, belief in the future of the family. Larisa told.

– You killed the mother. – about treating in this crime Romana, Larisa knew that Roman will not understand what Larisa meant. It would never cause the mother to any pain, unless only concerning a marriage on Vera and the child's birth. Here they never agreed in opinions. But how it was possible to kill the mother? Roman did not understand it. Larisa explained. – It though was still that feature, but she would never betray you as you betrayed it.

These words nonplused Romana.

– You it about what?

– Do you want to know?

– Certainly!

– Then listen. – Larisa told, details of her conversation with Nadezhda, before her death. She told. – When I to it came, it was better for Nadezhda, but her right side was paralyzed. Having seen me, she asked why I here? What I answered that I came to apologize for what happened then at it on the apartment. The hope answered. – You are not guilty that my blockhead chose you. He always did not get on with Vera. He considered that I married him to it specially. Well, it, it is possible and it is right. The novel never differed in mind. Continuation of its sort was necessary to it! And that our sort could die it and did not want listen. Here so. A marriage on Vera it was favorable to our family. The debt which I had before their family was forgiven. I thought this marriage will be happy. No, I was mistaken. – The hope coughed. – Marriage. – she grinned. – marriage to my work. It was predetermined. They did not get married, only married. – she made a pause. Then with a smile added. – My Braque to work. What probably is so fated. Both of us are guilty of the incident. I wanted the best for the son, and doomed him only to suffering and a grief. Death. Death on a threshold. Here it is already close. I to its feeling. I feel approach of inevitable. Everything is finished, the emptiness is farther. – having told Roman about a conversation with Nadezhda, she looked at his face and did not see in it pity at all. At all compassion to the late mother. It was marble. Any sympathy for the dead. Yes, sonny? There is nothing to tell? However, all such bastards as Roman. It immediately steamed.

– And I here at what? – he did not understand. – Poe-your to words, she admitted that it ruined to me all my life! And you accuse me of her death?

Larisa got up from a sofa, took a dress and having put on it told.

– It is a pity that you so understood nothing. – she told. With obvious disappointment. – She loved you, wanted that you were happy. – then it having kind of waved away told. – And you? – having made a pause she added. – It is sure, suggest you to kill I the wife now you would agree to it. – she approached it, and having glanced it in eyes, asked. – I am right?

Roman told only one phrase.

– I always loved one woman, Nina.

Larisa was shocked by its recognition. She considered that he loved it and therefore he was with it, and now? What for the Devil? Larisa was offended by this recognition. She asked.

– And how I? Me you what you do not love and did not love?

The novel having risen from a sofa, and pulling trousers answered himself.

– No. – he made a long pause, then admitted. – I will never forget it. She died, and this merit of my mother. I do not accuse her, perhaps she meant well for me would be her. But in Nin's results died, my daughter Vika, too on the deathbed. Who is guilty? Hope? Belief? On this question there is no definite answer. All of us are guilty of the event. I do not decline all responsibility for the event, but both of them are guilty more, than I. – it came true. – Of course, I could marry Nina, but she threw me, threw to save our child. Thank her for it. If I married it, we had an excellent family. – he made a long pause, heaved a deep sigh. – But the destiny disposed differently.

Larisa understood its feelings. She understood them better than somebody. She lived all the childhood in orphanage, and knew that such loneliness. Roman was lonely. Though he was also married to Vera, he was lonely. Larisa approached it, and having embraced him told.

– Ah! As I understand you. – then she looked in his eyes, and told. – I promise you that I will never leave you one.

Roman quietly asked.

– And how about Vera? She will never agree to divorce me.

Larisa answered.

– Let's think up something.

They were by the window, looked at the street of their windows passing by of passersby, and thought of something. Each of them knew that they will never leave. They are connected forever. To their death. And it is unimportant that Larisa suggested to kill Belief, knew the Novel that Larisa will never make it. She will not dare to hurt it or will dare? Roman could not answer this question unambiguously. He asked Larisa

– And about Vera Va's murder joked?

Larisa tenderly smiled, and Romana assured that she, of course, told it not seriously.

At Roman the stone about heart fell down. Of course she told all this, to check it as it to belong to a divorce. But can and is not present? We learn about it in the following chapters of this history.

## Chapter-6

### *Detective and only*

What happens to Vera now? Where it? I will answer this question now. We left Vera on the bridge in Ramenskoye. She got into the taxi. Sitting in the taxi Vera thought that everything that happened to her, she deserved it. Nobody knows what to it walked to pass. She took the mobile phone call, and having dialed number, told.

– This I. It arrived.

– ...

– Where now? Goes to children's polyclinic.

Then it disconnected a mobile phone tube.

This conversation was short. The belief called the person to whom it trusted. This person was called Dimitrii. He somehow got acquainted with Vera, and spent with her much time. He discussed with it everything that is connected with Roman, and Vika. He was also interested in Larisa. Now, sitting in a secluded corner of one of restaurants they talked. they were not visible, the dark curtains hanging at a little table in a dark corner of restaurant did not let know who sits there.

The belief asked.

– Why you are interested in it?

Honestly, Dimitrii's interest in Larisa was unclear. He did not know it at all, never saw him, but was interested in it. It was suspicious.

Dimitrii answered.

– The novel my friend, I would like that nothing happened to it.

– And what is with it still what can happen?

– I do not know. – Dimitrii answered. – According to our data Roman wants to make something.

– What?

Dimitrii looked on trust and told.

– The novel lost so long ago a large sum, borrowed still, and too lost. At what he borrowed money want that Roman paid off by the end of this week. It has no such money, and the debt should be repaid.

The belief listened to Dimitrii, and said to itself that the situation which arose with Roman, almost same as well as with that marriage on him, with that ill-fated marriage. That with people make money, they simply kill them. Of course they should be had, whatever you may say. But it is necessary to dispose with them intelligently. Larisa frowned. It was by the form clear that she is dissatisfied. And whether it is possible to be happy with what her spouse changed it, other woman to him gave rise, and he still was everything due. Affairs?

– And how many he ran into debt?

Dimitrii quietly answered.

– Three million.

The belief negoduyushche asked again.

– Three million? You are not mistaken?

– No. – Dimitrii stretched to Vera two receipts on one and a half million everyone. – Here, be convinced. – he told. – Three million. – then he added, again reminding her. – The debt should be repaid until the end of this week.

The belief looked at two receipts, and could not believe own eyes. How it is possible? To lose so much money? And in what?

Dimitrii explained.

– Totalizator. Your husband put on that team and lost. – then he made a pause and added. – However, lost many.

The belief did not understand.

– It what did not understand that this it is risky?

– Understood. – Dimitrii answered. – Everything, even I put on a victory of Saturn, and Spartacus won. And twice.

The belief understood that now money should be given, given in that that became, or percent, and can even that is worse, death. Looking at whom, he lent money. And he borrowed them at mafia. Only they had this sum. The belief asked.

– And delays rely?

– No. He already asked a delay twice, on the third time will not give.

The belief understood that it smells of trouble. Nobody in judiciousness will grant it a delay. Yes it was useless. It had no money. The belief asked.

– And when it was lost?

– About one and a half years ago.

The belief assumed.

– And approximately at the same time his mother died, and appeared its being with Vika?

– Quite right. – Dimitrii made a second pause, then assumed. – Do you think? – he was terrified. – These events are connected between themselves?

– You consider. – Dimitrii assumed. – What?.

– Yes. – Vera interrupted it. "She firmly told" – I Consider. – then she added. – What do we know about this Nina? Only the fact that she gave rise from Roman and refused the daughter, that's all. Than she lived all these years on what existed? We do not know about it?

Dimitrii agreed with it. He as well as Vera considered that all this information needs careful check. Nina was dead, but her daughter? Where it was now, nobody knew. Both of them arose in novel life as if from nowhere. They were past ghosts. Ghosts of bygone days. Why Nina or as her sometimes Roman called Natasha because so she was called in the childhood, and only many years later, it changed a name, and was called Nina. Had not an effect all these years? And why with its emergence Nadezhda, mother Romana died? And here also Larisa? But with it everything was clear. They got acquainted with Roman accidentally that could not be told about Wicky.

Vika was his daughter, and it was confirmed by DNA examination, and it is an indisputable fact. However, and examination can be forged, there would be only money? And at their Wicky was

very much. Yes, put? The novel owes the huge sum, and to give there is nothing, and is unclear why Nina showed the daughter shortly before the death? She can wanted that Roman protected it from something? But why? From whom? From Robert? Her husband? But he is dead. Whether it is dead? He can did not die absolutely, and he had to disappear from someone? To dramatize own death? It was quite possible. But then there was other question? Where now Robert and if Roman is somehow connected with his disappearance, then how? Vera could not understand it.

Dimitrii promised that he will check this information. Now there was other problem. To find three million rubles. At Vera a money, of course, was found, and she could give them, but where the guarantee that Roman will not get into another adventure, and will not run into debt still, besides this sum?

Dimitrii offered.

– I can repay this debt, but in exchange Roman will sign the contract under which he any more will never gamble.

It suited belief.

By the end of the week, the debt was paid. The truth to Roman was necessary to sign the contract which essence consisted that he any more will never begin to play for money and if plays, and will lose, then it undertakes to return the sum of three million rubles and a penalty of hundred sixty percent from this sum of annual. Here so Roman, finished badly.

– Well! – Dimitrii told. – Now it is possible and to sigh pokoyno.

The belief agreed with it, then she asked.

– Did you learn something about Robert?

– Learned.

– What?

– Do you want to know?

– Certainly.

Dimitrii pulled out documents from a portfolio, and stretched them to Vera.

The belief asked.

– What is it?

Dimitrii answered.

– This Robert's business. – he made a pause. – He did not die. – he told Vera this news. And then added. – He sat down.

The belief did not understand, and asked again.

– Where did sit down?

– In prison.

– In prison? – Vera was surprised. – It for what sins it pleased there?

Dimitrii told that someone guided at him tax administration. Two years he hid the true income. When became interested in it tax, business gained criminal character. Its case was submitted to prosecutor's office where it became clear that he was a swindler. He co-financed the BEND project which was not constructed. Money left abroad, to Victor has nobody. Victor was his chief financier. He also offered Robert this swindle. They enclosed in the project only five percent from its actual cost, and took away the rest to themselves. Therefore when Larisa famous to Vera submitted the project to Dubov, she made it in vain. The project was killed in a germ. Everything was made according to Robert and Victor's brilliant plan. Oaks, was their performer, and the architect of this Bend project.

But here ill luck? Robert sat down, and to Victor with Pyotr Alekseyevich Dubov, all was necessary to lick independently into shape. They independently finished this swindle, and earned a lot of money. And all anything, but Robert did not receive the pie from this project. It handed over all the accomplices, this also received only five years. Victor and Pyotr as could were protected. They said that the project to be in a stage end, and just about has to take place began construction. However, nobody believed them. Neither investigator, nor judge. The sentence did not keep itself waiting. They

were condemned under article No. 159 of part No. 4 the Criminal Code of the Russian Federation point No. 3. Where to be told.

The fraud interfaced to deliberate non-execution of contractual obligations in the sphere of business activity – is punished by a penalty at the rate to one million five hundred thousand rubles or at a rate of the salary or other income of the convict during three years, or, forced labor for a period of up to five years, or imprisonment for the same term with restriction of freedom for a period of up to five years or without current. "LAW OF 29.11 2012 No. 207-FZ".

They were given for five years, and sentenced to a penalty of five million rubles of everyone. Here so all also was. Dimitrii finished the story.

Having served it Vera did not understand only one who blessed Robert on such walk to places so remote? It was also a secret and for Dimitrii. If to assume that it was accompanied by his wife Vika? That there was an only question why she made it? And if to assume that Nina got rid of it. Seeing suffering of the daughter, she could not look as she turns into the alcoholic. Nina wanted for the daughter absolutely other. It was clear. Dimitrii told.

– We never learn the truth about this dark history.

The belief agreed.

– You are absolutely right. – he told. – Perhaps someone handed over it from relatives, perhaps he sat down itself to save the life, I do not know. – he made a pause, then added. – Behind it so much? As to speak it is unsafe.

The belief out of curiosity took an interest.

– What? It is a lot of everything?

Dimitrii looked back, he as if was frightened of something. Something guarded him. But was around nobody. He turned to Vera and quietly whispered.

– Yes it was the right hand. – here it gave the sign that it is about tops of the power what power it was. Then he added. – Father.

All knew this father. Head of mafia structure. He did not forgive anything. Who followed its ways he liquidated without trace and the investigations, and told polices that they closed quicker case if it in general sometime existed. All were afraid the father, and respected him. It kept all in awe, and it always had an order. Obviously, the BEND project, was its child, and he with anybody did not wish to share. Here also put all for long term. And whether it is blown they it is a question?

Whatever you may say, in the world two unsolvable problems are a terrorism and mafia. But if it is possible to fight against terrorism somehow, then with mafia it is useless. In Russia almost all sat, but or other crime. Answer a question, the Prison re-educated them or not. And you will answer yourself this question: – From where do bandits undertake, and create mafia structures? – of course eats crime which cannot be justified. This violence and murders. But the others can be justified. Someone can not agree with me, but who will want to meet society on the street of the turncoat and to be hit a knife in a back. This question will always be disputable. Someone wishes to punish someone and to destroy his life, without thinking of consequences. Someone just really deserves fair punishment. Life imprisonment in prison. It is important not to be mistaken and to think it is sensible, but not to be a fan of green color. It in justice is inadmissible.

The belief carefully asked.

– In what prison now Robert?

– In Lefortovo.

– I would like to meet it.

– What for?

– I should learn that he knows about this Larisa?

Dimitrii assured Vera.

– He knows nothing. – then he added. – And to go to it it is unsafe.

– Why?

– Robert was transferred to prison of FSB, and they have orders absolutely others.

– And at them it what side?

– I do not know it, it is obvious it was only engaged in business? I assume that he was a spy. The belief asked again.

– Spy?

What Dimitrii not unambiguously answered.

– Everything is possible in this country and in the world too.

Larisa did not understand how it is possible. This word, spy? The person working for other country? As in general investigation could make a booboo so that it could not distinguish the spy in due time. Still, when it was introduced in the Russian reconnaissance center. Yes, of course, this case not single, but what Vera heard from Dimitrii cast her into horror. He told.

– He was a traitor. – he heaved a deep sigh, and added. – Itself betrayed the. – having made a long pause he growled. – Swine. – and having knocked a fist on a table, added one word. – I hate.

These words of Dimitrii threw Vera in shock. It could not present that it is possible? To betray the country in which you live. Let it to this person Nenavistna! Let him do not love it and despise, but to betray that what for? For the sake of the principles? For the sake of money? Because the person was шантажирован? And can still some it had circumstances? The belief did not understand how in general it was possible? To betray, it is necessary just not to respect himself. To consider itself the turncoat society. What? Robert was such is? Who knows? Who knows? Nothing was known of it, except certain circumstances. It went to the various presentations with the wife to which he was invited by foreign partners, and he invited them.

But here Roman heaved in sight. About it nothing was told, except one. He cooperated with the investigation, helped to expose Victor and Pyotr Alekseyevich. But belonging to intelligence agencies, on Roman was not.

The belief asked.

– What does all this mean?

Dimitrii answered.

– This means that Roman perhaps is related to intelligence agencies. – he assumed. – Perhaps he not casually got acquainted with Larisa. The concrete task was possible at it, and it carries out it now.

The belief dumbfounded by this news goggled, and having been indignant with a provyl.

– Da Va went crazy? That Roman?. Da for anything e I will believe these ravings! – she made a pause. – That my Roman!. Da intelligence agent? It is impossible by definition.

Dimitrii grinned.

– Do you so consider?

The belief claimed.

– On all hundred.

Dimitrii took the second folder out of a briefcase, and gave it to Vera. That easy asked.

– This that?

Dimitrii answered.

– Roman's business.

The belief opened business and having glanced in it on the first page she saw the photo of the husband, Roman. It was pasted on a leaf of a format 4-A, and on it was written. Pulev Roman Illarionovich. Captain of FSB. The belief stupidly looked at Dimitrii. Now it seemed to it that this only a joke. The joke also nothing more. She stupidly asked.

– This that?

Understanding Vera's bewilderment, Dimitrii looked at her and understood. Having learned it, he would be in confusion.

– Your husband. – Dimitrii answered. – You are surprised? I understand. – then he explained. – Your husband works for intelligence agencies, and now he needs your help.

Having read all folder from which she learned a lot of new about the, she asked.

– Why you show it to me? As far as I know, this classified information.

Dimitrii admitted.

– They chose you. – Dimitrii answered, and Vera understood him. – They consider that you have a potential and nobody will suspect the husband with the wife.

The belief carefully asked.

– And you and?

– I am Robert's friend. – he answered. – If we help it? The one who will make it?

Belief having thought, and having assessed a situation asked

– And I can refuse?

– You can, but then for certain Roman will die.

The belief could not make the decision. It was in panic, but soon the judiciousness got the best. She asked.

– What do I have to do?

## Chapter-7

### ***Roman's oath***

Any boy in the childhood wants to become the intelligence agent or the astronaut. On extremely measure it was at the CPSU. Now each child wants to become a businessman. To earn huge money, to drive about over the different countries. To have the mistress and not to be for anything responsible. It is a pity that time of the CPSU passed in the past. Though it is also abused, then there was an order. And now? I ask that now? Unemployment time. Only the few got from a financial hole on feet. Or perhaps as speak on television, appointed them to be millionaires? Almost nobody owns the real business except politicians and their children. What is it? Mighty of this world, or something else? On this question there is an answer. But everyone will give it to itself(himself).

Here and Vera. She sits at herself in the apartment, in a chair at a window. Outside the window winter. On the street snow. The white carpet laid the earth white down a blanket. Fresh clean air. Walking on the street, any person would enjoy in the frosty afternoon. But it was necessary to Vera walks. She sat in a chair, in her hands there was a folder. She watched it, carefully studying everyone in it the page, and could not understand how it is possible? She knew Roman long ago, and could never assume that he is an intelligence agent. However, it never asked itself this question. – Who such Roman? – she considered that he is an architect, but she was mistaken. This there was only a cover freely to go to any presentations, and to go abroad. Nobody would suspect the ordinary architect of work on FSB, before KGB. Well, it well worked all these years. But now, it needs the help. It never needed it, but now? It needed the help. Hardly anyone to venture from it? And furthermore from the help of the person with which lived all the life. The belief wanted to help Roman, but it did not know as? However, it was unimportant now. A priority was what should be learned what sort Roman needed the help. From documents provided by Dimitrii to Vera it was clear that Roman came to one of the organizations, specializing in what, according to them, was called data migration in a human brain. Did you watch the movie "Johnny Mnemonik, with Kinau Reeves in a Leading Role"? And so, that if to assume that such technologies exist actually? Even if it from area of a fantasy. But in the theory it exists. Worldwide network, here and all science. After invented the computer, Investigation came to new level, and to that certificates many facts from life of intelligence agencies, in particular, of Americans. I will not be afraid to write that they listen to the whole world. Thanking only to the Internet. Exposure of the confessed people on the central television testifies to that. So I did not break

any mysteries of this history. So, we will continue. The belief from read by it understood only that Roman contacted some People who were engaged in sale of the state secrets. How did they do it? On it many answers, but now, they thought up a new way of sale of these secrets. Their direct transfer to other intelligence service. What this was in a way? Who was its performer and who to customers, and couriers? Nobody knew it. Nobody understood how in general there will be information transfer and how it will be carried out? This is Roman and had to find out. Obviously, Roman wanted to secure Vera and therefore he broke up with her. Now this Vera knew for certain.

Having read all business, it postponed it for the standing little table nearby, and having risen about a chair approached to costing at a wall to book shelves, and having found the book about Mata Hari's fate, Vera having sat down back in a chair was accepted to reading. Who was this female Mata Hari? Spy? But for what service it worked? History is silent on this matter. In general, this book was entertaining and interesting. Its biography, and its history in the novel under the personalized name. Who-who but only intelligence agents know what this dangerous profession, the intelligence agent. They can never relax. All their works cannot be in vain. And if it happens, then and in investigations there is nothing to do.

As for policy, here a question on which the answer has to and is unambiguous. All people, since eighteen years politicize. Having received the passport, the person automatically becomes a voter. He chooses bodies of the ruling power and by that to feel in political life of the country. And if he at the same time enters a party, then he becomes her member, and consciously approaches problems of party and the people.

Mata Hari did not belong to uniform party, but she was a spy or the intelligence agent? On this question there is also no definite answer. Words are similar, but an essence different. The spy is the person working in the country on others, and the intelligence agent is the person working in others country for the. Here also choose who such there was Mata Hari. The great woman working for intelligence agencies.

The belief understood that it is only history. In the real world all in a different way. Though its end was obvious to it, she decided finally that she will make about what it was asked by Dimitrii. It will help the husband that it costed to it, even own life.

It approached took cellular, and having dialed number Romana asked about meetings. That agreed to listen to her.

Here it, too cafe where they once spent the days. In it nothing changed. The same windows, the same dusty chandeliers weighing on a ceiling. The bourgeois samovar standing at a wall. It is proud the boiled water of hot water spilling from a nose. Yes, this there was their cafe, cafe of romanticism and rest. Having entered a door of cafe, Vera examined to the hall, and having seen sitting at a window in a corner, on that place where they always carried out the meal, she approached it, and having thrown off a ladies' handbag bluntly, and having hung up it on a back of a chair, the village. She greeted, and asked.

– What plans at you concerning me?

Having looked at the novel on trust was surprised to this question. It on it had no plans. He was afraid of only one, kind of Vera learned that he wants to divorce and marry with her Larisa. That answered.

– I want a divorce.

These words were not for Vera news in any way. She knew that Roman eventually will divorce. Larisa and her children, here the reason on which they could not be with it together. The belief wanted to change a situation, but it was impossible. Larisa claimed that his these children, and Roman trusted her.

– Means you want a divorce. – Vera questioned. – What for? – pretended that she does not understand the reason of their gap. – Unless to us badly together?



Roman heaved a deep sigh. He still loved this woman, loved for the fact that she saved life of his daughter, and hated for the fact that she did not tell it for all these years the truth about his mother, and for what she did not present to it the child. These two feelings mixed up in his heart, and he could not understand whether he loves it or hates? Yes, this question? They say, from love to hatred one step? This term as well as possible approached Roman. Looking on trust, he wanted it, wanted to be with it and at the same time what that its part hated it for all that grief which was caused by it to it with his mother.

Nobody can hate the parents what they were not. They are parents, and these were told everything. Roman understood it as well as possible. He was a parent, and understood that his children with what they did not grow up, will grow only under his education and Larisa. Depends only on education whom this little person will grow up? Roman told.

– I have children, I want that they grew up in full-fledged family. I do not want that they grew up as well as Vika. But there was a situation, not here. – he made a pause, then added. – I do not want that my children considered me the rascal.

The belief listened carefully to the husband and it seemed to it that he regrets that overslept with Larisa. He loved Vera! For all these years spent with it he became attached to it, and then fell in love. Having forgotten about Nina, he lived with her all these years in consent and love, it did not become clear yet that Vera cannot conceive. But whether so it actually? The belief told.

– Do you consider that this your children?

– Certainly.

The belief asked.

– And you did the analysis of DNA?

Roman was surprised.

– What for?

– That ж. – there began the story the Belief. – I did not want to speak as your late mother did not order to extend to me to this subject. – she made a pause, kind of training Roman for a surprise: – Matter in that. – she told. – That I can have children, and you cannot.

Roman was dumbfounded. It was in confusion. How could it occur? Why his mother did not speak to him about it? Then everything would be in a different way? It would never change Vera and the more so Larisa definitely did not bullshit it that this his children! Everything was differently.

Roman took an interest.

– Why right now you told me about it?

– Your mother. – Vera began to justify herself. – Told ...

The novel having interrupted it the answer demanded.

– What did she tell?

– She told that you will be out of yourself from indignation.

The novel was in confusion. He could not understand in any way why Vera told it that it will be out of itself(himself) from indignation? Tell then Roman the truth, he would understand everything, but now? Roman asked.

– Interestingly, who could tell it?

– Your mother. – Vera answered. – She told me that I told nothing to you.

Roman thought. He could not understand why Nadezhda told it to Vera? The answer came by itself. The matter is that obviously she did not want that it had grandsons. She refused to become a grandmother at all, considering that in this case to it the old age will come, and she so did not want to grow old. Here also thought up a legend about infertility of the son in which all believed. Yes, Nadezhda was still that feature. However, to it to judge her. But we will continue.

The belief asked Roman.

– Did you well know Nina?

Roman was taken aback. Of course he knew it very well. He knew about it everything, all that he had to know about it. And can to it it seemed that he well knows it? The proverb is truthful: – Lyubov is blind. – Here and Roman blinded by Nina's love perhaps not so well knew it. He did not know that she threw it to save the child. And can do it was not it, and Natalia? Her sister, copy of specular reflection. Who is she? Who such Natalia? And why he sometimes remembered it. And even then, at restaurant, it named Nina by Natalia? What the general was at Roman with it? Nobody knew it, except Roman. And he was silent.

– Of course it is good. – Roman hurried to answer. Then he asked. – To what this question?

– I met Dimitrii – there began Vera. – He told me that Nina had a sister. She was called Natasha.

Roman thought. Well there was a sister? And what it? Names Natasha acquainted him with Nina, and that take and fall in love with her.

– I know it. – Roman answered. – I was familiar with Natalia.

The belief took an interest.

– And it does not surprise you?

Roman did not understand.

– What has to surprise me?

– That. – Vera began to din into the husband. – That Natasha did not appear at a funeral of the sister. It simply disappeared.

Roman thought. For all these years spent with Vera he never thought, and can did not remember this woman. Natalia. Nothing reminded him of it and when it met Nina again, that did not even mention, say, about her existence. What is it? Phantom? The ghost which disappeared long ago? And about whom all forgot long ago? On this question it had no answer. However it also could not be. Natalia was Nina's sister, and he wanted to marry her. But there was one question: – Where now Natasha? – and he demanded the answer.

– I do not know where now Natalia?

– Even there are no assumptions?

– No.

The belief thought. She never knew Natalia. About it she heard even not from Dimitrii. She read it in the text the case of Roman provided to it. In it it was said that Natalia disappeared during that period of life of Roman when he got acquainted with Nina. Nobody knew what happened to it further, nobody knew about its destiny. It sank into a non-existence, and was dissolved in stories of FSB.

The belief asked.

– It does not seem to you strange that Natalya disappeared at that very moment when you got acquainted with Nina? – then she took an interest. – It does not seem to you it is strange?

Roman watchfully asked.

– And to you that for good reason?

The belief pulled out from a handbag of the photo and stretched them to Roman. That having taken them asked.

– What for drawings?

The belief answered.

– This your pictures.

Roman was surprised

– Mine?

– Yes, yours. – quietly Vera answered. – They were made when you met Nina. – she made a pause and as if insisting on the, told. – Look who in these pictures?

The novel having looked at pictures, told.

– This I and Nina.

– You are sure?

– Absolutely.

She pulled out from a handbag still pictures and having stretched them to Roman, asked.

– And in these pictures who?

Having looked at the novel on pictures, with an absolute accuracy declared.

– This Nina and I.

Belief carefully asked.

– You are sure?

– Of course.

– No. – Vera told. – This not Nina, this Natalya.

Watching the novel at these pictures was at an easy loss. The same woman looked at it, but according to Vera they were two different women. In the first pictures Nina, and in other pictures Natalia was represented. The sister of Nina about whom nobody knew.

Who is she such? Whom was Natalia and why he never remembered her. Only during their meeting with Nina, he inadvertently named Nina by Natalia. That, of course, did not give any a sign. But, of course, it was unpleasant to it.

Belief seeing that Roman could not understand in any way what in fact occurs, he obviously forgot about everything that then occurred, or to it someone nevertheless erased memory? However, this it was unimportant. Everything sank into oblivion, and now echoes of the past reminded of those drama events many years ago.

The belief took an interest.

– Nothing means you remember?

– No. – with obvious melancholy Roman answered. – There is nothing. – he heaved a deep sigh, and then added. – I always considered that I met only one woman, and it appears ... – on his eyes tears appeared. These tears were from pain, from pain caused to it loving the person. He for all the life, could not understand why then, there are a lot of years ago, Nina threw him? He considered that she just stopped loving it, then he learned that their parting was associated by his mother. And now? What now? The past comes back. Nobody knows why it pursues us? This can our punishment for last sins? Who knows? Maybe so. – I do not know with whom now was?

The belief gently took Roman's hand, and told.

– I understand your feelings. But everything sank into oblivion long ago. This now only history.

Roman with all the might cried out.

– But not for me! – these words were vykriknuta very much. Belief having looked round understood that except them two, in the Hall there is nobody. Today, after all left, cafes closed, having left only Roman alone with Vera. This there was an order. The order proceeding from Dimitrii who served in FSB. The novel having passed away pronounced the same words for the second time. – Not for me. – then it as if having recovered asked Vera. – You tell me about the past now, and mentioned Dimitrii.

– Quite right.

– Tell that he told you about me, and from where. – he pointed a finger at photos. – From where they at you?

The belief answered.

– Dimitrii gave me your business.

Roman watchfully asked.

– What business?

– Business captain of FSB of Pulev Roman Illarionovich. – then she added. – These materials from there.

Pulev understood everything. Before it the woman sat. And not easy the woman, his wife, also showed it business of bygone days. This business never gave it rest. He tried to forget that time when it was near it. With the darling, Nina. And when Natalia acquainted him with Nina, he did not know that he so will fall in love with her. As for Natasha, he knew her enough and when was near Nina,

about remembered Natalia. It was in confusion now. Wondering: – Whom did he love? Who was then near it, and who died? – it did not find on these questions of the answer. The belief asked.

– Would you like to learn the truth about these women?

Roman answered quietly, is slightly heard.

– You are sure that it will help me with something. – he heaved a deep sigh, then added. – It is not sure. – then he added. – A lot of time passed. Old wounds bleed. I try to forget, but the past comes back.

The belief quietly asked.

– Maybe the past wants that, you after so many years learned the truth?

Roman shrugged shoulders. He did not know that to answer this question. The past pursues any person and where he did not run away from it, it will constantly pursue it eternally. This is Roman knew. Knew and was afraid. Was afraid of the fact that the meeting with the past, will lead it to sad consequences. He looked again at a photo where they together with Nina, then where they together with Natasha. Ah! As they are similar. Two sisters. Sisters twins. Specular reflection of each other. He loved both of them, but if not his mother, he married one of them. For Nina. Natalia having acquainted him with the sister disappeared, having left them alone. Obviously she loved it, and could not leave so far Roman did not find happiness with another. Her sister Nina. Nina copy Natasha. Who knows, looking at Nina he remembered Natasha or not. You tell that it is cruel, can be. But who knows? Can zhestokoserdny was throw Roman without explanations? And to leave somewhere, far away, the Devil on a Kulichiki. Having left Roman without explanations? And so, over time he will forget Natasha, and in Nina he will fall in love with the fact that he would not fall in love in Natalia? When Natalia left, wrote to the sister.

Natalia, Nina's letter.

Protect it. He has to forget about my existence. It has to be measured with a thought over time that you, it I, and then to forget me. I know, you love Roman even more than I love him. And therefore I am sure that you will make happy him. Present to it the child, he madly wants it. Forgive Nin. I leave and perhaps I will never return any more.

Farewell, announced landing to the plane. I depart. I hope sometime we will come down.

Your sister Natalia.

Maybe somebody will tell that this is cruel! Can be. But it is possible to understand also Natasha. She did not want that her darling suffered, and she charged care of it to the sister, Nina.

Roman told.

– The past will not leave me alone. It will pursue me until the end of life, well, if it is fated, then a man can die but once. Natalia charged me to the sister, and that gave birth to me to Vika. I before Natalia in a debt. – he made the next pause, and looking at Natalia's photo, added. – I will find out what happened to you. – then kind of in a statement to the words, added. – I SWEAR.

The belief looked at it gentle loving a look. It was pleasant to it that she was not mistaken in it. It never receded from the word, and for it she respected him.

– I always knew that you will not leave in a trouble of the person.

Roman was surprised.

– Why in a trouble?

The belief assumed.

– Agree if Natalia was not in a bidet, she would appear long ago.

– He agrees. – Roman confirmed. – It appeared long ago. But?. – he assumed. – the worst is possible.

– What?

Roman simply and distinctly answered.

– Death.

– Yes. – Vera agreed. – Perhaps we will not find it because. – here she made a pause and deeply sighed. – She is dead.

Roman asked.

– Did you tell we will find for it together? From what you took what I will take you with myself, and I will risk yours of lives?

– This Dimitrii's order. – Vera explained. And Dimitrii entered the same moment, at a door of cafe, he held a case in the left hand. It went to a little table for which Vika and Roman sat. Vika told. – Here it, sit down.

Dimitrii approached a table for which Vera and Roman sat, greeted, sat down having put a case on a table, asked.

– What was solved?

Roman answered.

– Why to ask on what you have an answer? – he put the tiny microphone on a table. – Did not you forget that I well know your features? – then he added. – such.

Dimitrii having taken the microphone in a palm, having grinned, told.

– I will give to these unfortunate spies a dressing-down. – then it, having addressed Roman, told. – Well, I am glad that you again in our team. – then added. – Let's begin.

## Chapter-8

### *Natalia's history*

So, what happened to Natalia? It disappeared from life Roman almost at once as acquainted him with the sister, Nina. What forced it to disappear from Roman's life? I will tell about it now.

So, we will begin. On the twentieth of April the call of the telephone set rang out. The woman approached it, and having removed a telephone truppka from the device, applied it to an ear.

– Hallo, who this?

Since other end of the telephone set she heard a male voice.

– This Natalya Mikhaelovna Lopukhova?

– Quite right. – that answered, and asked. – With whom do I have honor?

– Disturbs you from police station. You will be able to approach us now.

Natalia looked at the cuckoo clock hanging on a wall. On them was at about noon.

– This it is urgent?

– Urgently. – the voice from the receiver answered. – We agreed with your administration. – he reported. – Today you have a compensatory leave. – then he added. – You in a bottom are waited by black Volga. Number of m of 1 thousand. Mm. You have fifteen minutes.

That hurried to tell.

– But I now not houses.

– No. – steamed a voice from the telephone set. – You houses. – then he added. – We know.

On it the conversation ended.

Natalia Mikhaelovna put a telephone truppka on the device, approached a window, and having slightly opened a curtain, looked through tulle at the street. What did she see? In the yard really there was black Volga. Numbers the truth were not visible, but she felt some fear. This car frightened her. From it blew as fear. For all the life she of nobody and nothing was afraid, and now? It quickly departed from a window. Here it seemed to it that someone goes on a ladder, hard knocking the varnished boots: – Who is it? – she asked herself a question and only one answer occurred to it. –

FSB. – who another this could be? Only security service. The matter is that Natalia worked at the helicopter plant. If you know Moscow area and the city of Lyubertsy, then you know about what plant there is a speech. It is located near railroad tracks, and passable by it every time, I think. – Why such important object strategic appointment is located so close to railroad tracks? Following means the trains passing from the neighboring countries distant nearby. In my opinion to opinion, these strategic objects have to settle down far from human eyes, and here? Since the CPSU, it settled down in this area. Therefore when I write these lines, I hardly break the state secret. All know about this plant. So long ago, in the territory the enterprise repair was made, and the helicopter model is put on a review of everyone. Also built a new complex for architects on which it is proud wrote, "HELICOPTERS of RUSSIA". What to tell about privacy of an object? When with nearby the located bridge all its area is visible. But we distracted from Natalia. Let's continue its history.

The call to a door was distributed. Natalia having approached to the entrance door pressed the button on the video on-door speakerphone, and having seen the man standing in a corridor, with relief sighed. This there was not who other as Dimitrii already familiar to us. She opened a door, and having let in it the apartment, told.

– I am called in militia, in our office.

– What for?

– I do not know.

Dimitrii passed to the room. Having looked round, he approached a window, and having removed a curtain, he saw through tulle black Volga, with numbers familiar to it. This was the car of FSB. Dimitrii asked.

– How many did they give you time for collecting?

– Fifteen minutes.

– And passed five.

Natalia did not understand whether Dimitrii knows about a call, or it came simply? It is unlikely it would come so. For all that time as she knew it, it never appeared without on that special need. Natalia wanted to ask about something it, but she already knew the answer. This person sometimes came to them on the plant, and discussed affairs only with his director.

Natalia asked, knowing that that will answer.

– I am not called in militia, is not present?

Dimitrii negatively shook the head.

– Then? – for a second Natasha thought. – Why I to them?

Dimitrii answered.

– I am not authorized to answer this question. – then he added. – Gather, wait for you.

There passed ten minutes. The entrance of the house left Natalia, in hands she had a handbag. She approached Volga, having opened a door, sat down in it, and having seen the sitting next Dimitrii was not surprised that he here. Having closed a car door, Dimitrii told the driver sitting ahead.

– Went.

The motor roared, and black Volga having left from the site, and having come out to the brisk route disappeared in a steam of cars.

FSB.

Nobody knows that there is behind walls of it an institution. Nobody there even visited, however it to the best. Otherwise what this would be investigation?

So, we will continue. Natalia sat in one of offices of FSB. Near it Dimitrii sat. I will not describe it. It is just an office. Table, two or more chairs, and bookcase. Here what we got used to see offices of officials. Let such them also remain.

The person came into an office. By sight he was about forty five years old. It had dark shrill eyes. Hair were combed back. He closed behind itself(himself) a door, and having passed at a table, sat down on the workplace. It took from a table the folder on which it was written "CASE No. 13". Having opened it, having checked several sheets asked.

– Natalya Mikhaelovna. Explained to you why you were called to us?

– No, did not explain.

That looked at Dimitrii then at Natalia.

– Do you work at the helicopter plant?

Quite right.

– Your specialty?

– I am an expert in the area aircraft industry.

– What do you know of development "DRAGONFLY"?

– All.

– What all?

Natalia answered.

– I am his developer.

– It is clear. – it having made a pause, asked. – If you receive from us a task, you agree to us to work?

Natalia having looked at Dimitrii, answered.

– And I have a Choice? – then she added. – Will be enough yes near around What from me it is necessary to you?

– Well. – the man answered. – Do you want to know that we want from you? That now you learn it. – he took from other folder where the CASE No. 44 Natalia Mikhaelovna Lopukhova a leaf on which her history was written was written, and told. – Natalia Mikhaelovna Lopukhova. "Was born ..." – after he told her what she and without it well knew, namely its age, it continued. – You graduated from the higher school I will part boards. After that you were defined on the helicopter plant. After ours to the data, foreign intelligence services became interested in our new development code-named "DRAGONFLY". This helicopter new generation. You one of his developers. Therefore we decided to use you. In the world of espionage nobody knows you. So you are chosen not casually. Your purpose to find the seller and the buyer.

Natalia answered.

– It is clear. – then she asked. – I have to leave Russia?

– Yes. – the person sitting at a table unambiguously answered. – Have to.

– Where?

– The trace goes to France.

– Paris means.

– Paris means.

Here so Natalia received a task from the center. It was difficult, but it should be executed. Protection of the homeland is an integral part of our honor. We live in the country where we were fated to be born and even if we will leave this country for one reason or another, the Homeland always remains the homeland, no matter in what area of the globe you live. The homeland is uniform for all.

This understood also Natalia. It undertook performance of this difficult a task because it about it was asked by the homeland. The homeland, Saint and our unshakable mother, mother of all live in this world. Our indestructible Vera in it, hope and Lyubov. Without these three components, there will be no our Homeland. Where it was.

Everything in this world is changeable. This Nadezhda knew. It worked for FSB. Protected the homeland, and did not know that with it will be farther? She knew one, she will leave soon, will leave perhaps for a long time. What will be become with her Roman, with her loved man? He can will forget it, and can and is not present? She did not know it. She wanted for it happiness, and could not

give it to it. Therefore in one of evenings, she acquainted it with the sister Nina. They got on, and Nadezhda went the country to perform a task of the center.

There passed time, and Roman forgot Natalia. He saw the future in Nina now, he fell in love with her, and that fell in love with it. But nevertheless he sometimes remembered Natalia. He remembered it less frequently until Nina helped it to forget it finally. And only in that cafe when after long separation from Nina he named her Natalia, Nina understood that he still remembered both of them. She then so did not understand whom he reality loved. Her or her sister Natalia. Perhaps he loved in it Natalya, and can it? She could not answer this question.

Perhaps she made the most terrible mistake in the life, having agreed to take care of Roman? Then her misfortunes began, and Vera only added oil in fire.

As for Natalia, you see, if she loved Roman, then she never made it 6. She did not act this way cruelly. What he was guilty before it, a question of?

I write these lines because I know that people are different, such among them.

## Chapter-9

### *Sister's request*

Where she is Natalia now? Yes here it, flies on the plane to Paris. What waits for it there? Whether she will be able to perform a task? Let's look.

What's next? This question is asked by many people, and only some on it find the answer. What's next? I Admit, the same this question nonpluses me. So, on we will a little recede from it the work, and we will look what happened to Natalia after she finished a conversation with the chief, and left FSB building that at Lubyanka Square, went to the sister Nina.

Now I will tell what conversation took place between sisters, and you will understand why occurred as occurred, but not differently.

So, we will begin.

She went along the street, went down in the subway, reached to the Bagrationovskaya station, and having changed on the trolleybus, reached FILYOVSKY PARK to a final stop. There she changed on other trolleybus and having reached to the stop left. I will tell I to you where Nin's vein was not the good place. Park zone, green zone. My relatives lived once there, exchanged. But we will continue. Nina lived in the nine-floor house. On the sixth floor. It had quite spacious two-room apartment. Now, when Natalia arrived to Nina, the house was not that. It walked with the doggie, a little long dachshund. Having come back home, she saw сидящую on a bench about an entrance Natalia. It had an anxious look. Nina approached Natalia, looked at her, and having greeted asked.

– What has happened?

– Anything. – having heaved a deep sigh that answered. – Just I should leave.

– Where to leave?

– What is it important where? – hard Natalia answered. Then she told. – I leave for a long time. Perhaps. – she assumed. – This business trip will last year, and even it is more.

Nina sat down on a bench near the sister. She saw that that suffers. She could not refuse this business trip, and she so wanted on the dacha which was near Dmitrov of the Moscow region. Unfortunately, she could not afford it, she served in investigation, protected the homeland. What can be more important in life? Probably only to continue the sort, and only.

Nina asked.

– And how Roman? You love it!

– I love? – Natalia grinned, and from her eyes tears appeared. – Of course I love it! – hysterically she answered, and added. – But I have such work.

Nina took an interest.



– What work? – then she asked. – What at the enterprise is sent to business trips?  
That in the affirmative shook the head.

– There send further.

Nina anxiously asked.

– Where?

Natalia having grinned, answered.

– Where? – interrogatively and at the same time ironically she grinned: – Yes where will want! – then it had a small hysteric, and having kind of sent everything where far away she roared. – I have right to rest!

Nina began to smoke a cigarette, and having offered it to the sister, told.

– Take, helps.

Having taken a cigarette from a pack, Natalia lit, continued a conversation.

– I leave. – she told. – I leave for a long time. – she looked at Nina, and that saw despair in her eyes. Natalia left, left for a long time. Leaving in the country all what she valued as whom loved all these years. It told the sister. – Take care of Roman. I know, you love it. – she made the next inhaling, and having released a stream of white smoke from lips, added. – do not hurt it. He does not deserve it. – having finished smoking a cigarette, she threw a stub into a ballot box, at the same time having extinguished it about it, and told. – If I do not return, know, Roman never has to learn where I worked.

Having looked at Nina on Natalia. Seemed to it that she says goodbye to it. It seemed that it with it their last conversation. Now she will get up and will go to the center, and from there will leave there where it will be not in safety. Yes when it was in safety? Perhaps never. On Nina's face the fear appeared. She never saw the sister in such state. she told it.

– Really you tell it? Really you think of death at our age. – it encouraged her. – No, to us early to think of death!

– No. – Natalia did not agree with the sister. – To think of death never late. It comes unexpectedly, it is possible to tell imperceptibly. – it having made a pause a deep sigh heaved. It was heavy to it to speak about it. – It always creeps when you do not wait for it at all. Time, and the person is dead. And it was cheerful and full of vital energy a second ago. – she made long pauses again, heaved a deep sigh. – Here so that.

Nina saw that it is heavy to sister to speak about it. This conversation was difficult for both of them. Nina understood that Natalia would not speak about death without the reasons. It seemed to it that Natalia says goodbye to it.

Nina asked.

– When do you leave?

– Tomorrow.

Having tenderly looked at Nina the sister asked that that spent the remained day and evening with her, having told at the same time.

– I want that you did not remain alone today. You need support now. Natalia having looked at the sister gently smiled. She touched her hand, and told.

– Well, I will spend the night at you today.

Nina got up from a bench, and Natalia told.

– I will come now. – Natalia asked a cigarette and to light. Nina, having given her a cigarette and to light told.

– Well. – then she added. – I will put a teapot.

Nina left, having left Natalia one, сидящую on benches, курящую a cigarette.

Passed a quarter of hour. Natalia entered the apartment. She passed to the room, and having sat down in a chair, thought. She thought of how to it to perform a task. She knew that though she also told the administration, that Elvira worked for Americans, this assumption could be wrong. Elvira could work for any investigation of the world. Elvira, if this was her real name, and this name widespread

not only in the West, but also in the east. In this case it could work also for Mossad. In Israel this a name widespread, as well as in Russia. And from where to begin? – Natalia thought. Where that thread which it is possible to grasp? In investigation all can be including the threefold agent.

Her reflection was interrupted by Nina. The teapot boiled, and she called Natalia at a table. Natalia got up from a chair and having passed on kitchen of the village at a table. On a table there was a little what tasty. Only tea, and concentrate. And what the woman working in orphanage could have. Living for one salary which was enough only for payment of the apartment. Yes, the honest person cannot live in this country.

Nina sat down at a table, and asked the sister.

– And in general, how are you?

On this question Natalia was not what to answer. Affairs of family life at it it was not got on. At work there were one problems which demanded the decision in the nearest future. She had to leave again. Well here you will tell? Natalia heaved a deep sigh, and told.

– What affairs can be? – with grief she answered. – So, one unresolved problems at my work. – she complained. – There is no time to be engaged in private life.

Nina heaved a deep sigh. She as is impossible who, as well as possible, understood Natalia. It helped orphan children. She saw all that pain and suffering of these children their parents caused to them. Terribly. It is terrible to remain alone, and with a brand for the rest of life, the ORPHAN! I do not say how there live children in orphanages. As there live orphans. Their tutors simply scoff at them. They humiliate them, do not give the rest of food, and simply despise them. To them simply rather to leave home, to the family and that there happens to children them does not concern. From there is a conclusion. Similar institutions are a prison for orphans where do over them that it is necessary for soul. I know about what I write, I from there. From hell children's contempt by adults, and mockery by our supervisors.

Nina asked.

– Would you like to remain with me?

Natalia answered.

– If it is possible.

Nina kept silent a little, she felt that Natalia came to it because it should have been uttered, to tell something before leaving the country. – then told.

– Why don't you quit the job. – Nina Natalia advised. – Or take a vacation.

That answered.

– I cannot quit the job, and take a vacation not to turn out.

– Why?

– I. – Natalia began to speak. She spoke quietly and in its voice it was possible to sort grief and grief. – I cannot quit the job because I know too much. – she made a short pause, then added. – I cannot take a vacation also. I have no right.

These words delivered to Nin in confusion. She understood that her sister does not finish speaking something to it. Something hides from it, but that? Did not know this Nin. She carefully asked.

– Where do you work?

That quietly answered.

– On the government.

Nina did not understand. She thought that Natalia joked, and she asked again.

– On whom?

– I told. – Natalia repeated. – On the government.

To Natalia, Ning nonplused this recognition. She did not understand how in general it is possible to work for the government. The government is the White House in Moscow? How it is possible to work for him? Nina knew that Natalia does not work neither in the State Duma, nor in the Kremlin,

as for the White House, about it the speech in general went. There was one, intelligence agency. Intelligence agency more than anything. Nina tried to analyse and other thoughts, but this thought was uniform. What Nina thought of, everything came down to one. FSB.

– Do you serve at federals? – Nina was surprised. – Why you did not tell me?

That having looked at the sister, told.

– How do you think? – then she added. – At acceptance from us hire a subscription, about nondisclosure of state-secrets and the place of work.

Nina took an interest.

– Why you told me about the place of your work now? It is a secret?

– Secret. – Natalia agreed. – All our works this big secret. – she made a pause, then continued. – I told you about the place of work because I have no more reliable person in whom I could trust.

– In what to trust? – did not understand Nin. – You it about what?

Natalia answered.

– I do not know what will occur further. Nobody knows the destiny in our work. Can happen so that I will not return any more. In this case it is quite possible that FSB to be necessary the help. They know that I have you. Therefore if that to happen to me, they come to you the sister. – She heaved a deep sigh: – Such people cannot refuse. – she told. – It at cinema, everything is simple, and in life so. If it is necessary for them, you will be used in blind and if you die, business will be lowered on brakes as it happened earlier. Many people died for the sake of the fact that they simply set up them. Who wanted to understand it, that was also destroyed. There is no person, and none will be the wiser, isn't it?

– You are right. – the sister agreed with it. – For all history to world investigation it was always considered as norm. To offer one person to win the first prize. – to a tut she made a pause and as if having grinned ironically told. Directly Turkish some gambit!

What Nadezhda answered.

– This cinema.

– And that is right. – then she asked. – Do you awake Harche?

– Renting. – Natalia answered. – To be supported never late.

Nina poured soup kharcho on plates, and having again sat down at a table continued a conversation. She took an interest.

– What if do they to me come, what should I do?

– To cooperate. – Natalia answered, then she added. – The choice will not be.

Nina did not agree with this argument.

– An exit always is.

Natalia having ironically smiled, told.

– Two and a half meters underground.

Nina choked. she attentively looked at Natalia, that quietly ate soup kharcho from concentrates. She told.

– They will not go to it.

Natalia steamed.

– For achievement of the purpose they will be ready to do anything.

They communicated for a long time. Each of women reasoned work of intelligence agencies in own way. Natalia claimed that they are just despots. Despots trying to obtain the, without stopping before anything, and Nina claimed. That they such bad as could seem. Only thanks to investigation Russia and the whole world sleeps peacefully.

– This so. – Natalia agreed. – But they use methods which are forbidden the countries of the world at all. This law on humanity acts only on paper, it does not act on practice.

Nina eventually agreed with Natalia.

– If he acted, then hardly investigations doznatsya something from spies?

Natalya claimed.

– Exactly. – she made a pause kind of training Nina for the most important, and then told. – now we will talk about what you should make if I do not become, and FSB will come to you.

– I listen.

– Means so. – there began Natalia. – If this happens, then you have to find Vera. That Vera, that married for the husband, Roman. You have to meet it and ask it that he acquainted you with Dimitrii. – then she emphasized. – This is his friend. You have to give it a package which to be in Sberbank. He knows what to do.

Nina agreed to help Natalya if that happens to her. She assured it of what by all means will find this Dimitrii, and will give him a package.

– Well. – Natalia answered. – And having taken from it honestly, that Nina to comply with her request, started a meal. Then she asked. Let's talk about something another.

Nina took an interest.

– About what?

Natalia suggested to talk about Roman. Then she took an interest.

– Would you like to get acquainted with it?

This offer discouraged Nina. She always considered that her sister is incapable of procurement. It was absolutely other warehouse of character. Nina asked.

– What for?

– I leave soon. – Natalia answered. – I do not want that it remained one. I want that somebody took care of it. Agree, this sister what who that would be better was.

– Perhaps you are right.

This conversation continued quite long time. Sisters told about everything what it was possible to speak to two women about. They remembered the past, spoke about the future. Spoke about Roman. Natalia told it all that Nina needed to know about it. About its character, habits, about what he likes to eat. Well about everything. By the end of a conversation of Nin asked the sister.

– You are sure that you do right thing, trusting care of Roman to me?

– I very much love it! – Nina answered. – I love so strongly that I cannot hurt it. – she made a pause, heaved a deep sigh. – He had to be happy, and... With me he will be never happy.

Understanding the sister, Nina could not understand in any way why Natalia acts this way cruelly? Agree whether that is flour that she trusts the person to the one who she is as like as two peas similar to it. Seeing every time to Nin, Roman every time would remember Natalia. Nina in Natalia. What can be to a zhestocha what it?

Nina took an interest.

– Did you sometime love Roman?

– What a question! – Natalia and as if you having shot was offended steamed. Of course, I loved it!? What a question!

Loved? Of course, she loved it, but whether she loved it so strongly that she would like to carry out with it all the life. To care for it, to preserve? It is unlikely? She loved it, but loved insufficiently strongly to go with it up to the end. Obviously, once he made something by it, and she this could not forgive him. But what occurred between them, this will remain a secret forever.

Nina answered.

– No. – You insufficiently strongly love it. – she made a pause. – Whether yes you love it, a question? – then she threw. – Well, where there your Roman? I want to meet it.

Yesterday Natalia acquainted Nina with Roman. This happened in cafe. Somewhere in the Moscow region. Nina came into cafe, and she was captured by small fear. What waits for it? Why it here? Really it went to it? Agreed to help the sister at the same time knowing that she the swine. Only the swine will agree to go to it! To live with the person and know that, looking at it, he in it

will always see other person. The suffering is his destiny. For what did Natalia so with it manage? Never recognized this Nin.

Now, sitting at a table, and talking to Roman, Nina saw in it the person who should not have been here, between two identical sisters. She learned about it a lot of things, and nothing of that kind that could cause Natalia's anger. Then Nina thought: – She can really it loves? But loves in own way? Her love, Natalia's love is peculiar. It unwillingly to hurt it, without realizing that inflicts on it suffering. Though sufferings it? To charge care of it to the sister? – on this question there is no answer.

After communication with Roman, having learned that Natalia leaves, wished Natalia happy journey, and having referred to urgent matters left, having left women alone, Nina admitted.

– To me it is nice.

Natalia took an interest.

– What you ont you can tell?

– Nothing of that kind that could be added that he is a good person, and loves you.

– This I know. – Natalia answered. – But I have to make so that he forgot me. – she addressed the sister. – Will you help me with it?

Nina promised.

– I will help.

Tonight Natalia leaves. Who knows? It will return or not. Nina felt that she sees Natalia in the last time in life. Something pricked in her heart, it wanted to break loose! And to shout a bad mat. – HELP! – but Natalia could not stop it, could not help it with this trip. She just looked from the airport building at the plane which was taking off into the sky. An instant, and it in air, having gained height was behind clouds. Good-bye Natalia. The fastest to you return.

## Chapter-10

### *Stranger*

She left the Sheremetyevo-2 airport building, got into the electric train, and went towards Moscow, to the Belarusian station. In the car of the electric train was nobody. Nina went one. It was boring for it, and unexpectedly the man of years of forty sat down by it. He took an interest.

– Saw off?

Nina did not understand that the man addresses her. She is quiet looked out of the window, and thought of something. However, this did not prevent the man to repeat the question.

– Woman. – he addressed it. – Did you see off someone?

Having understood that the man addresses it, Nina turned to him the head, and asked.

– What?

The man repeated the question again.

– Did you see off someone?

– Yes. – threw Nin, and having heaved a deep sigh, added. – Relative. – to it it was sad. Sadly and hard. Sadly because it remained one. In this mad world where everything is ephemeral. Where in a flash, it is possible to remain one in all this world. Where there is nothing except emptiness. Emptiness, here what was felt now by Nina. She felt that she lost someone. Someone very expensive and person close to it. She felt that it is never more with it to meet. That this meeting was the last in their lives. Then she added. – Sister.

– I understand. – the stranger told. – I saw off the person close to me too. – he made a long and long pause, then added. – I would like too that my wife was together with me. But this it is impossible.

– Why?

– Mr the wife is sick. – he admitted. – It departed to states, on treatment.

Nina felt sorry for this person. It had a grief, and he did not hide it. She saw grief and grief in his face. Pain and suffering. It seemed that he was ready to cry out very much. – WHY IT!? – but it restrained. The man did not afford excess emotions, did not afford weakness. But to it it was sore. Nina saw suffering in his eyes. Who will understand the man, only the woman. Hardly anyone will tell in a different way? Men will only tell: – Departed, the hell with her. – then they will list all its shortcomings and why he has to begin to hate it. Then the man, *наслужившись* friends, will spit everything, and will go to fornication. And next morning, will wake up in a bed together some woman whom friends invited for the night. The head hurts, breaks up into two parts. What was last night he does not remember, and only with awakening of this woman, he understands what occurred yesterday.

The woman is ready to listen to the man. It is created to listen to different stories from the husband and from other people too. In vain say that women the best psychologists. I do not say that men bad psychologists. But they studies as them, women, born psychoanalysts, and much of them can even not study as the psychoanalyst or the psychologist. Their brain in itself is developed so that the woman's thought already created their answer to the man when the man's question was only created, but did not sound yet. Here such this business, female psychology.

– I understand.

– You know, – the stranger told. – as it is terrible to see how the person close to you dies, and you nothing can make. – these words were pronounced with such melancholy and grief that at some point Nin it seemed that he will begin to cry now. Bol, bitterness of the bleeding wound saw Nin in his eyes. He really loved it. Loved the wife so strongly that it was ready to undertake her disease. Let better he would die than it. – only you sit and you observe how the person dies away. The young body burns down. Just about, and he will not become, and it still to live and live.

Nina with grief answered.

– I understand you. – then she added. – It is terrible when the person is powerless to help other person, especially it is terrible when this the close relative. – she made a heavy pause, then added. – Child.

The stranger told nothing. He knew what Nina speaks about. His wife once gave rise, and in a year found cancer in it. In half a year the child died, and in a month cancer was found in his wife. Now his wife departed. Whether it will return or not? He did not know it. He told.

– I lost the child too. Cancer it be wrong. And now wife.

Nina carefully asked.

– Your child was suffering from cancer?

– Yes, so it also is. It had an oncology. – then he added. – Damned cancer! – then he added. – Stole all family from me. – he made a pause, then thought. – Why exactly my family? What we were guilty before god of?

Nina assumed.

– Perhaps this test?

The stranger was indignant.

– TEST? – it *neistovat*. – No, you are mistaken. This is not test, but punishment! – he made a small pause. Then exclaimed. – For what?

On this question there was no answer. Nobody knows why the person has cancer? One say that this from food, others from an old age. The third try to inspire in us that cancer develops because it is put in genes of the person. But why it cannot be cured? Nobody knows it. It is possible to eat medicine against cancer, but erudite druggists so far on this subject are silent.

Seeing that the stranger was in despair. He could not recover, and this conversation brought him only suffering, Nina decided to give the conversation another turn. She told.

– We do not know why in life occurs. We will never understand it. – then she offered. – Let's talk about something another?

The stranger answered.

– I cannot speak about something another now. – then he added as if reproaching the woman with something. – I just saw off the wife, and hardly I will see her again. I tell you about my grief here, I confess before you, before absolutely unfamiliar woman. And YOU? – it having waved away added. – I understand, it is hard for you to listen to me, but listen, I ask you.

Nina told nothing. She understood that this person needs to unburden the heart, and she told.

– Excuse that I did not understand you. I thought, having given the conversation another turn you will cease though for a while to remember sad. Well, if it is easier for you, I am ready to listen to you. – then she added. – To tell foreign person about the grieves. – then she added. – I know it as nobody.

The man of nothing told. He just was silent. Looking at this woman, he understood that in vain he told: – I just saw off the wife, and hardly I will see her again. I tell you about my grief here, I confess before you before absolutely unfamiliar woman. And YOU? – it he had no right to speak. You never know who has what problems? It is possible to share them, but who will listen to them? Perhaps will listen to them, but whether will understand heard or to turn a deaf ear? Who knows? Who knows? The man carefully told.

– I understand that I the history could not eat up to you, but who knows how to me now at heart it is heavy. – he made a pause, then added. – Understand! I can any more never I will see Veronika! Maybe this flying away was the last in her life, and back it will not return any more.

Nina told nothing. And there was nothing to speak that. The man could not tell something that could transfer a conversation to other subject. He would like to make it, but could not. He could not think of anything except one now, his Veronika back will return to him or not. Cancer will make the business, will finish the work, and will kill this beautiful creature, his wife, his Veronika.

Nina answered only in a word.

– I understand. – she really understood it. It is difficult to lose somebody in the life. Especially it is difficult, is not present terribly, to lose the relative. At present sister. Where it now? What expects it there, abroad? She did not know it. She considered, everything is predetermined in this life. What will be, that not to pass. At everyone the destiny in this life, and there has to pass a person it, without any help: – All in this world what we got used to consider for the benefit. – she told. – It is necessary to pay for everything.

The stranger was indignant.

– To pay! Yes for what?

Nina heaved a deep sigh, and then said.

– For happiness. – hard she told. – Too it is necessary to pay for happiness. If not during lifetime, then after death.

– What do you want to tell these?

Nina tried to explain.

– Once and to all people the destiny gives you this or that happiness. But the destiny is cruel. Seeing as the person enjoys life it simply takes away from him happiness, tests the person, and gathers at it the most expensive, the most valuable in his life.

– Do you consider what me is tested by destiny?

– Perhaps. – assumed Nin, and asked. – What do you do in life?

– I am a businessman.

– Businessman. – said Nin in low tones. – Here you see, you the businessman. Obviously you do not know financial problems. Do you consider that everything in life can be bought for money? Even health. – she made a pause, then added. – Here you see, you are mistaken everything can be bought for money, especially health.

– You are right. – the stranger agreed with it. – Not everything can be bought for money. – he made a pause, and thoughtfully added. – now I understand it.

Yes, he this understood. Understood as well as possible what when that was. For all life it never helped anybody, on the contrary, he looked with contempt at those who had any disease. He did not notice these people, simply for him they just did not exist.

Now, having learned that his wife Veronika is sick with an incurable disease under the name cancer, he paid attention to those whom always despised. From which always avoided. He recognized these people, and those were such as he wanted to imagine them. Some of them were educated people. Happy-go-lucky he became a disabled person. Having lost hearing, a voice, having become the deaf-mute. Some were ill since the childhood. This many diseases, for example, same leukosis or in a different way cancer. Cancer scourge society. From it there is no rescue as well as from AIDS. From them all turned away. Nobody communicates with them. They are derelicts of society. They freak of nature.

But whether so it? I will not agree with it. They are the same people, as well as we. Can much better us, healthy people. Lyudey-poddonkov, got used to consider that they are right in everything. Even in about what they do not know. However not to me to judge them. Let they will take out to themselves definition who are they such is actually? People, or their similarity? Similarity of the people considering themselves just members of society. And can do it their mask. A mask under which to be designated the swine, the hypocrite, a poddonok and just indifferent person. Indifference to others misfortune, one of mortal sins God-given to Moisey on the mountain Blue.

– Life, interesting piece. – the stranger told. – Somebody does not know what she will prepare for us in following minute? What test wait for us in life?.

Nina was silent. She understood that to the man now, at present it is necessary to be uttered. To unburden the heart. To remove a stone from soul.

The man continued.

... – All life, this an instant. Time, and here it, villain death. Waits for us on a porch of the house or at work, and can on the way? Where we will finish life nobody knows. We go along the long road of the steppe. We enter the wood, we make the way through a bush. Then, if carries, we come to the road, and having again passed on it, we will come across an obstacle. Deep ravine of a bottomless abyss. To pass there is no opportunity. There is no bridge, and to jump? – he made a pause. – It too lengths to make it. Of course, it is possible to bypass it, but who knows where to go and whether in general there is a transition? However, all this is known by you and without me. – it continued. – You look at other coast of a ravine, this bottomless abyss, the person at last realizes that here now, at this moment he should make a choice. It has to turn and come back to an initial point, there, from where everything began or to risk and jump on other coast of this ravine, there, where life is better, than here. – he made a long long pause, and with regret told. – Unfortunately I could not jump on other coast of this ravine, I was afraid, and here result. – It having again made a long pause, added. – My Veronika dies.

Nina listened carefully to the stranger. He opened before it the soul, confessed before the unfamiliar woman as people familiar to it just did not want to listen to it. To listen to the friend's confession, they refused. However, me to judge them. People could never understand, the grief of one person, pok0a the same grief will not be knocked at their door.

Nina asked.

– Did not you jump over this ravine?

That hard answered.

– Could not.

Without knowing how farther to be, whether to continue this conversation or not? Nina saw that this person regrets for something. The ravine is a metaphor which always does not foretell anything good. Each person something is afraid in the life. The fear is an integral part of human nature, its psychology. Nobody knows from where the fear undertakes? What is it? Peculiar protection of a human brain? The brain giving us adrenaline of adventures and the blocked subconscious fear, sense



of danger? What eventually results in euphoria, without obsessed thirst of danger. So far the brain does not realize that this euphoria will result the person, and him in madness to self-damage, and at the very same time it issues information, sense of danger, and developing from it into sensation of fear. The person wants to make, this or that, and something disturbs him. He wants to look back, look what is there, behind his back? What frightens him so strongly that he cannot even move? He wants to turn back, but cannot. Cannot because something frightens him, something frightens him? Does not allow to look back. On his body the midges run. The body for a second clenches, and heart fades. The person costs as driven. Something keeps him from this or any other action. He costs as driven, cannot move. Then, at some point, the fear leaves, but parcels to it remain. This as the alarm button if to include it, then everything simply saving the lives to rush on the street. Creating panic, предвещающую fear and madness. Then the person to become such what he got used to feel, and the button of fear passes in sleeping the mode. Creating the person a contradiction, to do something or not.

Nina told.

– No, this not fear! – then she added. – You still are worth on break it of a ravine, and think, to jump to you there, on other coast or to remain on it? – she made a pause, then added. – Your wife risked and jumped on other coast of a ravine. Yes, she is sick, but she to be drilled with a disease does not lower the hands. She lives. – then she reproached the stranger. – You only are also capable of tears. To be cried in someone's skirt!? You look, and it will become easier, will pass. No. – it continued. – It will never pass. With it you will live to the death, and if God grant she dies, you it never forgive yourself. You will blame yourself for the fact that these last minutes you were not with it. Turned away from it, so to speak. – it finished.

Having listened to her, the man thought. It never before was in such situation. For all years carried out with Veronika, it never was so close and in too time is far from the truth. Really, he as if stood on the edge of this ravine, and could not jump through it, on other coast. Some invisible fetters tied his hands and legs. All of us consider that freight of our sins are the our chains which are holding down us from head to foot. But it so. These chains only lie heavily upon us, and they can easily be dumped. And having dumped them, we understand that they actually were not. We just invented them.

Simplification! End of sufferings and misfortunes. As it is fine when freight about heart falls down. Simplification. Pacification and relaxation of all organism. Euphoria of happiness, and joy because that freight about heart is removed. Freedom! True happiness of the person and all mankind to be free.

The man recovered, and immediately exclaimed.

– VERONIKA! – then it, having looked at Nina, told. – You are right! Ah as you are right! I never thought of what in this life is valuable. I thought that it is only money! But I was mistaken. This not only money? Whether and money they in general what can be given us in this life of valuable? I never thought of it. Now I know that the most valuable was near always. With me. And this my family, my wife, my children. – here he made a pause, and told. – Children. – he pronounced this word with grief. As though he reproached them with something. – What for vyrotok did I generate with Veronika? Only one word. – here he grinned. – Children? They became anyone, only not members society. One of them went to crime, the code-bound criminal now. The second became an addict, and cannot come off a needle in any way. And I spoke to him, it is worth going on friends, they bad also will teach. And my daughter, what whore light did not see before! Whatever you may say, family!?

Nina having listened to the stranger asked.

– Tell, you do not consider that your wife has cancer because you refused the children? What children would not be, they always remain children for parents. Let them be bastards and swine, all of them are equally in your children. – she made a pause, heaved a deep sigh. – Unfortunately you are right in one. – she told. – Our children forget that we at them are. – then she added. – Unfortunately it

occurs quite often. – she agreed with the man. – Children are forget about the parents, and happens. – she objected herself. – Children to care for the parents, cherish them, speak, MOTHER, MUMMY!

The stranger, having heaved a deep sigh, answered.

– It is a pity that sometimes this care, depends on a material condition of the parent. The more the state, the is stronger love.

Nina agreed.

– Unfortunately you are right. – then it told. – But I believe that there are children loving the parents disinterestedly. Without demanding anything in exchange.

The stranger it is heavy sighed.

– That is blessed at whom such sons and daughters. In the life I such did not meet. From parents something is necessary to all, and it is the fact. Idiom human existence.

Having looked at Nin on the stranger, asked.

– What did you decide about Veronika?

The man for a second having thought, told.

– What can I solve? – he made a pause. – Of course I will go to it to states. I do not want that these days, difficult for both of us, Veronika carried out alone.

The electric train left on the Savelovsky direction. She went further, to the Savelovsky station, and from there straight without any stops to the Belarusian station, one of legends of Moscow. Moscow of times of the Second World War. But we will talk about it in the following chapters of this history. And now we will return to the stranger and Nina.

Nina said in low tones.

– You fly to the wife, you fly to Veronika. She waits for you.

– I and will make. – the stranger answered. – Now I will reach to the Belarusian station and I will go back, I will buy the ticket, and I will fly to it.

Nina asked.

– And you have a visa? Whether you know without passport and the visa abroad, will not let in Armerika.

The stranger answered.

– Is, at me is both. I am married to the foreigner. – he admitted. – I have a dual citizenship, and it has the same. So we can cross border when we want.

Having heard these words, Nina was surprised?

– And YOU DID NOT DEPART WITH the WIFE? – she was terrified. – What you for the person?

– What is. – that answered, and added. – There is no other.

– Fly rather! – again with obvious enthusiasm that that will listen to her words Nina told. – She waits for you!

The stranger answered.

– I told, I will treat. – he got the telephony device from a trouser pocket, and having dialed number, asked: – It is Sheremetyevo Airport? – then he booked the ticket to New York. Switched-off the cell phone and then told the sitting next woman. – Flight tomorrow, at noon. – then he added. – Unfortunately places on other flights reserved and already bought.

– I understand. Unfortunately, we have no time. – then she added. – I am sure that this time for you will be the heaviest hours in your life. But I would like that for you these hours passed quickly.

The interested man asked.

– Do you offer something?

– I? – Nina thought. She, perhaps, did not know what can be advised in this situation. We never know what sodvigat us on this or that action, to wait for result which sometimes, torture. Time is played. Stands still. Who knows? Who knows why so occurs? We wait for something, we want to know the result somewhat quicker. We feel that our heart escapes from a breast. It wants to jump

out and to be exempted from the fetters connecting it with a body. During this process, time stops. It torments us as without knowing that. Looking at time, we consider that already came it is time to learn what should be learned or made so long ago. But we see, as there did not pass minute, ever since, as we looked at the watch last time. Expectation, the heaviest hours in human life. This uncertainty. Will be or not? It is possible to go mad, isn't that so? – you know. – Nina told. – I could offer you a lot of things, but I will not begin to do it. – then she added. – Too it is hard for me to sit with you and to listen to your story.

– I understand.

– But. – Nina continued. – I cannot advise you something how to spend this time. – she made a pause. – To solve it only to you.

The man told nothing. He understood that perhaps the woman is right. Who will want to listen, absolutely to the stranger and furthermore stories with him time. That with it to spend though some time, the person has to recognize at least him, and that will bring to the dark lane, and shout will not help. Everything will be as in a nightmare. Dreadful waking dream.

– Yes. – he agreed. – This my headache. But whatever you may say, it is necessary to sleep the same. – he made a pause, then smiled. – Well, I will think up something. – he told. – I will go home and alone I will take seat for the computer, and I will compose.

Nina took an interest.

– You write?

What the man answered.

– I am a master art a word.

– And, about what you write?

– About everything.

– Namely?

– I write about policy in the country and the world.

Nina did not understand.

– You journalist?

– No. – that answered. – I am not a journalist. – then he explained. – I just write books on optical to it.

– And you are not afraid?

– What?

Nina carefully told.

– Nevertheless policy?

– No, I am not afraid to write on this subject. I do not write what should not be written. – He explained. – I scoop information from mass media. For example, the politician something talked, I wrote down and here to you a subject for the book. And then let will tell what I invented or that broke a military secret and they break I will tell you. – then he added. – Here, telecasts, discuss policy of Russia and together with it and to politician of other countries. Unless it is correct? The politician was put by it I will tell you. Somebody all the same will remain dissatisfied, agents will provide a compromising evidence, and on the air will tell a uterus the truth. There is one famous politician, was not afraid of all to lay over at full scale, to send where far away. The foreign translator could not translate his foul language, and Russians on the air said that they absolutely accurately could translate the Russian abuse. Here so, policy! And still cultural people! – "I write these lines because it was actually, on the air. With one politician of Russia". – Than not food for history?

– This history is known, probably, by the whole world. – Nina confirmed. – It then for the whole world was broadcast as he on the air imposed all with a mat, and was not honored to apologize for it.

The man confirmed.

– That's it.

The electric train passed the Timiryazevskom station. Following the Savelovsky station, and there and the Belarusian station. Station of memory of heroes of the Second World War. Station of memory of our history, station of our victory.

The man having looked in a window, told.

– Soon final. – in his intonation the regret was felt. It seemed that he did not want to go out of this train. He wanted to go further and to talk to her, to this stranger whom he nevermore to see in the life but even if he will see, hardly he will approach it. He still is meanwhile married, and his wife needs in its supports. Savelovsky station. The electric train turns on the Belarusian direction, five more minutes, at most ten, and everything, the travel from Sheremetyevo Airport will come to an end. Parting. Heavy word, parting. Nobody wants to rustovatsya with someone, but to have. Sometimes this parting happens short, sometimes long. There is a bitter parting, and there is a sweet parting. Nobody knows how we will leave this or that person? Nobody knows it will be sad to us or not. To the stranger it was sad. He did not want to rustovatsya with it, with this woman. He wanted to be these minutes with it, to invite her somewhere, to sit in cafe or restaurant. But he could not make it, and the stranger did not want it the same. Obviously she understood that if it goes with it now, then it will be sore with it to both. Terrible this word, parting. On heart it is always heavy. The man looked at the woman. – You know. – he told. – You something remind me my Veronika.

Nina was surprised, and out of curiosity took an interest.

– Than?

– It same understanding, as well as you.

Nina smiled.

– All women understanding.

– No. – the stranger objected. – I met women nasty. Ready only to send the person where far away, without having allowed it to tell a uniform word.

– Yes. – Nina grinned. – We can.

Belarusians station. Final. The electric train stopped, doors opened. The woman and the man went out of the electric train.

The man took an interest.

– To see off you?

The woman wanted to refuse, but could not. She at this moment understood that she wanted to spend this time with it until it departs to America. It for it appeared interesting by the person, and the fact that he wrote about policy, interested her. Her sister, Natalia, to some extent too worked for political structure, and it, as well as this man departed and America. The truth it will depart tomorrow, and it already there will land. She wanted to know though something about its profession, and in it she considered, this stranger can help. She will ask him on this profession, and that it is possible, but she was not sure of it, will tell it about this profession.

– You see off. – she told, then added. – I live nearby, in Philly.

The man managed a smile.

– Philly?

– Yes. – claimed Nin. – In Philly. – then she with irony asked. – And you thought that, in the center?

The man positively pomotat the head, then having shrugged shoulders, told.

– Well, Philly – means Philly.

The woman grinned, then with irony told.

– Hero!?

The stranger, having looked at Nina felt in complete fools. He should not let have know to Nina that he did not assume that he thought that she lives in the center, and not on the suburb in any way. Well, this its mistake, and it was necessary to correct it urgently. He grinned, then told.

– I am a gentleman, and, as promised I will take you home.

Nina venomously inserted.

– To whom home? To you?

The man having strictly looked at Nina, told.

– You it is serious?

Having looked at Nina on the stranger, on his strict face which as if reproached her with something, she said that this thought not more familiarly that she not such as all. It is better than others. That is why he to it sat down in the electric train. Not because there was no place to sit down but because he counted it not such as everything, and it obviously same, as well as all women in this country and in the world are available too. This error should be corrected urgently. She told.

– No. – it was absolutely serious. Seriously, more than ever. She wanted to vanish into thin air for inappropriate irony. – I. – she admitted. – It is inappropriate joked.

The man slightly smiled. He was glad that the woman did not begin to continue this silly farce. He told.

– I am glad that you were the reasonable woman.

The woman having heard these words it was offended.

– You it about what?

The man answered.

– I think you know what I mean.

The woman immediately answered.

– Yes, of course. – then she added. – You are right.

– Well. – unexpectedly the man asked. – Let's eat by the subway or by electric train?

– By electric train.

Here on a public address system the dispatcher announced.

– "ELLEKTRICHKA to go TO ZVENIGOROD IN FIVE MINUTES". – then she told the same message in English. – "ON THE TRAIN ZVENIGOROD TOO IN FIVE MINUTES".

They passed through the bridge to other platform, and having got into the Zvenigorod electric train went towards area.

The woman asked.

– What is your name?

That was presented.

– Will.

– I am Nina.

– Very pleasantly.

– And me.

The woman took an interest.

– Will, this non-russian name?

– I told that I married the foreigner. – he reminded. – And so. – he explained. – I of England. Once my family moved to America. Then somehow time I arrived on work to Russia. Here I married on Veronika. She was born in Russia though her parents from Estonia. – also he added. – And Will, it from William.

Nina told.

– It is clear.

Moscow was outside the window visible. The flights of the railroad which are closed in one cloth. There and back. To the area, towards Usovo, to Barvikha, from time immemorial at the CPSU, there lived masters of this world. To the ordinary person there the way is ordered. Nobody will disturb rest of their majesties. Never.

Author: – In this chapter it is written that heroes go by the electric train express. But when there were these events of these electric trains was not. As well as there were no announcements in English. All this appeared much later to the described events. In general, I am surprised why at

stations advertize Russian in English? Native Russian. And foreigners come only to the Belarusian station. Let then speak in one language, English. And Russian will fall into oblivion. Though Russian are Slavs. And there is no Mefodiy and Kirill's Slavic language long ago. Only there was this language in orthodox church. And we talk in Russian. In such pies. To you to solve who is right or guilty of this misunderstanding with language. I consider that two official languages have to work in the world. That on which you speak since the birth, and international, English. But who on it speaks? Only we learn to take a walk in the abroad, and to communicate between ourselves, we have always a precedent. Except welcome also give, plainly we know nothing. Only politicians perfectly know this language. For them there are institutes, and for mortal only courses. Only to transfer money to burn. Will take to take, and to learn, hardly? How to speak after that on foreign language? Laughter and only. That's all my thoughts concerning written. Pleasant reading the following chapters.

## Chapter-11

### *Belarusian station*

Station, Belarusian station. Station of our history and patriotism. from here saw off young recruits on the front. From a bed and in a scorching heat of bloody slaughter of the military car murderers.

I remember the movie, the Belarusian station. Reminiscence of old fighters of the Second World War. Difficult there was time. Cruel time of our general fight with the enemy. Mozhaïsk, Vyazma, Smolensk, Minsk, Brest. Not to consider these cities, in everyone there was a war. There is no such corner on the planet where it did not enter, did not show the ugly shape. Billions of innocent people gave the lives for the sake of wellbeing, prosperity, and happiness of the living in poverty generations. It is a pity what sometimes we forget to whom we are obliged by happiness and freedom. Victory! Forty fifth year. As this day was long-awaited. As long we waited for it. How many efforts and unreasonable battles we had to undergo. Fights. Kursk arch. Smolensk copper, Brest fortress, border between Poland, Ukraine and Belarus. The assumed first blow of the enemy, the German plan BARBAROSSA. They to the death remained in the battlefield, without allowing the enemy to break on the territory of the USSR. Four days it was necessary for military commanders-in-chief to go deep rather far on the territory of RSFSR. And only there came frosts which were not known hitherto by aggressors as they gradually realized that war is lost. And only the Reich top, without entering on the earth of the USSR, sitting in the Wolf den did not want to listen about it. They sent on the death of the soldiers, exterminated not only other nations, but also the. All consider that the Second World War began on the twenty second of June one thousand forty first years. It so. War began much earlier. Even not on the first of September one thousand thirty ninth years when Germans occupied Poland. No. War began when Nazis came to the power. This there were on elections one thousand thirty second years. When Nazis won thirty three percent of votes having left behind all remained parties. And in January, one thousand nine hundred thirty second Adolf Hitler was elected German Chancellor and the head of his government. All considered Hitler the savior of the nation, and he nearly led the world to elimination. Nobody knows that was with the world win war Hitler? In my opinion we would be his slaves, obediently выполнявшею its mad will. Fortunately, it did not occur. And in many respects thanks to the Soviet wars. To wars the given life for the sake of rescue of mankind. Young soldiers, without having managed to graduate from school, taken a military weapon in hand went to war. Tears bitterness parting, hardly they will sometime return to a home. Most of them found the rest on fields of battles. Terribly. It is terrible when somebody does not come back home, dies. But it is even more terrible if swearing bury the children. They hate murderers, and take volunteers the field. On fields of battles to revenge for the death of the native person, to uproot this infection from the earth, and to bury her forever deeply underground. Belarusian station. How many did he such stories see for all

that time as it was constructed? How many stories can he tell us? Not to consider. We will always remember those years. Years of a cruel fight to death, for the sake of life and good.

All this it, Belarusian station. How many he saw for the life of tears and a grief. How many joy he saw. Belarusian station. Station of history of the USSR and Russia. Let's forget never about a feat of our people, all planet in fight against fascism. We have no right it to forget. We will always remember it. So far we live in this world. And we will have children, we will tell, and we will punish that never forgot about this bloody fight.

## Chapter-12

### *Do not twirl to what is inspired in you by darkness*

So, Nina and Uilli drove off by the Zvenigorod Electric train from the Belarusian station. Well, to business time as they say. Where now our heroes? And here they. Approach Ninov's entrance of the house. Turn towards an entrance and that they see. On benches the young man sits. To Uvidev Ning, he wanted was what to tell, but kept silent. Seeing as that looks at it, he saw this man. The rival in fight for the right to become for Nina something bigger what just a friend. Who knows? What feelings overcame it? Hatred, contempt for this person near Nina? Can do it and so it and was? Who knows? But in any case it the look did not show it. He just got up, and went away from here, from this woman who as he considered was useless. Who was this person? Her husband? Groom? Well it would be just familiar. But who knows? From acquaintance till a marriage sometimes one step.

Nina immediately turned back, and asked.

– What do you do here?

The man quietly answered.

– Arrived to you. – then he added. – But I see I at the wrong time.

Nina steamed.

– No! From what did you take it? – she looked at Will. – And! – she guessed. – I understood. – she hurried to acquaint both men with each other. – get acquainted. – she told. – Will, this Roman. Roman, Will.

Having looked at the novel on Will with some unpleasant look, having given it a hand, told.

– Very pleasantly.

Having understood a situation, remained to do nothing to Will as having just given Romana a hand to answer.

– To me the same.

Men shook hands each other. Stared each other in eyes, kind of speaking each other, here you do not fit. The pause lasted long enough until Nina told.

– What do you and awake to stand? Give at last. – here she made a pause. Seeing as two men look at each other, and nobody conceded to another. They were capable of everything. On everything on the fact that the man at jealousy is capable. Nina told. – But whether not to pay to you to me a visit, vyty to tea, you will get acquainted closer. – here it having approached it is rather close to both men, told. – I do not want that you because of me quarreled. World boys. – then she set a condition. – Or I will leave now.

Men looked at Nina. It seemed that they never to reconcile, but here Will told.

– I remembered, I still have for today affairs. – he politely smiled and told. – Allow to take the leave.

It turned, and went to the bus-stop as suddenly heard Nina's voice.

– The bus will be in hour – then she shouted. – Do not play the fool Will! Wait at me!

Will looked back.

Roman shouted.

– Well really, Will? Do not behave as the small child. – then he added. – Look at the sky, the rain gathers!

Will looked at the sky. Clouds captivated heaven. The sun just about to sroitsya behind clouds. Wind walked between trees. Driving their to the right, to the left. Branches swung as if wings, and foliage soared under a stream of strong wind, playing one of the playful songs on wind.

Nina hurried to shout.

– Go! – it showed a hand on trees. – You see, the HURRICANE! – then she as if demanded. – Go! Rather!

Will remained nothing how to obey to Nin. All three ran in an entrance of the multi-storey building, and wind closed behind them a door.

– FAUGH! – holding heart Nina with relief sighed. – were in time.

Wind howled more and stronger. It seemed that it gains strength, and just about will strike a thunder and the lightning will strike. So it also occurred. Did not pass also minutes ever since as all three ran in an entrance as suddenly, struck a thunder of such force that its echo was слышан not only in Philly and the next quarter, but also across all Moscow, and beyond its limits the peal of a thunder and its echo was distributed. Then, the lightning as Zeus's arrow struck a forest park of Filersky district. Tops of trees became black. They charred, and began to exhale an intolerable smell of smoke. Just about wildfire will run high, but it did not occur. Continuous heavy rain spilled to Moscow. Having dispersed all animals in different directions. They were hidden where it is only possible. At open entrances of houses, in the apartments, in holes. Yes! The rain such was not since the eightieth years of the twentieth century. I remember the most long rain, it poured the whole week.

But we will return to our heroes. Where they now? Swear or not? Let's look.

Having entered an entrance, they managed to avoid a peal of a thunder and lightning stroke. Nina was touched deeply, and told. – FAUGH! – holding heart Nina with relief sighed. – Were in time. – But you already know about it. What occurred then? And then there was a following. Will stupidly looked at Nina, his face was puzzled. He did not understand what now occurred. It came to be at this entrance as suddenly? – what suddenly? – he thought this minute, and represented if he was on street at this moment as this peal of a thunder was distributed. Thunder terrible deafening fight, and lightning stroke. – What now there, behind this door? On the street? – Will thought. What now there occurs? – and the most important question on whom it had no answer. – Why this thunder was distributed after it appeared here, with these people? At this entrance of a house? – on this question it had no answer. He asked Nina.

– What was it?

Nina shrugged shoulders, then told.

– I do not know. – she made a pause, then added. – Natalia. – she did not know why she told this name? She felt that something happened? Something that cannot be corrected. Her heart clenched in a fist. She felt how it shrank and as if the knife pierced her maiden heart. Everything is over. Nina told again. – Natalia. – she pronounced this word as if said goodbye to her forever. – NATALIA.

Men helped Nina to rise by the following floor, then by following. So far they did not reach the platform on which its apartment was located. Having opened an entrance door, Nina entered the apartment, with two men. Roman locked a door, and asked.

– Nina, with you everything is all right?

– Yes. – Nina answered holding heart, and panting. – With me everything is all right. – she asked men to lead her to the room and to put on a bed. Then she told: – Here is how everything happens. – she made a long long pause, then heaved a deep sigh and told. – Will.

– I listen. – he bent down to it and began to listen that she tells.

– You fly to the wife to Veronika. She waits for you. – then she assured him. – I know it, precisely. – she looked at Roman and tenderly smiled. – The novel, you found me. – she told. – Obviously this Natalia gave you my address. – then she made a pause and asked. – Make to me tea.



Roman hurried to answer.

– Of course.

It passed on kitchen, and Will remained with Nina alone. Nina told it.

– Will. Forget me. You have a wife. Is more useless to the married person to have the mistress.

– I know it.

– Then what the entrance had a representation? – Nina became angry and demanded the answer. – I wait. You speak.

Will answered.

– I am not guilty. – it came true. – This is Roman. – he told. Then added. – He was jealous of me of you. Here I also wanted to leave, but you asked me to remain.

Nina did not begin to justify herself. And Will continued to speak.

– This hurricane? – he questioned. – From where did it undertake? – he looked in a window for which he a solid wall poured a rain in buckets, told. – Long ago I did not see such weather. – he looked at Nina. – Hurricane Katrina. – he grinned. And as if through hysterical tears added. – How long it was.

Nina took an interest.

– You were there?

Will heaved a deep sigh.

– Children. – he told weepingly. – Their lives ... – he could not tell.

Understanding what occurred, Nina tenderly told.

– Turn, they in the best world.

Will, of course, wanted to tell something, something to answer, but he could not. To it it was sad that it now one. Was near nobody from his family. His children were carried away by the hurricane Katrina. And his wife went in Nü-Yorke to be treated for cancer. Yes, life did not present it any gifts. It mercilessly beat him. Bill everywhere where only could. What is it? Test? What does someone there in heaven want from it? And he can has to understand something? He did not know it. He heaved a deep sigh and told.

– I hope for it.

Here Nina unexpectedly asked.

– Postoyte, but you told that your children are alive! They just do not live with you as I understood or I am mistaken?

– You are right. – Will confirmed. – I said about the children what they represent actually. – then he made a pause, remembering what he told to Nina about the children. Then continued. – I spoke. – it began. – That my children became anyone, only not members society. – he made a pause, then continued. – I said that one of them went to crime, the code-bound criminal now. The second became an addict, and cannot come off a needle in any way. – then he added. – Still I spoke about the daughter. – he remembered. – What my daughter, what whore light did not see before.

– Yes. – Nina confirmed. – quite so you spoke. – then she asked. – Which of your children died in the hurricane Katrina?

Will asked.

– Do you want to know it?

Of course, she did not want to know what happened to his children. It was all the same as where happened to family of this person. But she also did not want that she was considered for the full idiot or the silly woman, and she told.

– I want.

– That ж. – Will told. – I have to admit.

– In what?

Will told.

– The matter is that I was married twice. – he admitted. – My first marriage was unsuccessful, and is tragic. I will not be passed in a detail. – He made a long and long pause. – My family. – it continued, and on his face tears appeared. – My family had a rest in California when flew a hurricane. – he made a pause. – On his face tears were already visible. These tears of a grief and pain from loss, loss of people dear to it.

Nina understood that she in vain asked it about it. She abused herself for the fact that she dared to understand, understand something that Will wanted to tell her. But what he wanted to tell it? Now she knew it. He was married twice. On that which loved and which presented to it beautiful children who died in the hurricane Katrina, and his second wife. Veronika! He loved it too, but is obviously not so strong as the first wife and her children.

Nina took an interest.

– How she was called?

– Whom? – Will did not understand. – You it about whom?

– About your first wife.

Will having looked at Nina answered.

– Laura.

– Laura. – Nina told. – Charming name.

This moment the room was entered by Roman. He looked on talking, and having noticed that Will cries, took an interest.

– I passed something?

Having looked at Nin on Roman, answered.

– Anything. – then she asked. – Did you bring to me to tea?

– Of course brought. – Roman hurried to steam. He approached it, and having given it a cup of tea from a tray, looked at Will. That wiping tears from under eyes, recovered after the conversation with Nina of a conversation. He told. – And nevertheless something happened.

Nina answered.

– We just talk.

Roman politely answered.

– I will disturb you. – He left from the room back in kitchen.

Nina asked Will.

– Do not you want to fly to states because there you are afraid to face the past?

– Yes. – Will confirmed. – I am afraid. – he sat down near it, then told. – You do not represent what this flour! – he roared from the pain which collected in it. – All the time to remember the incident.

Nina having taken a sip of tea throats, told.

– The past always pursues us. From it not to get to anywhere. It is always with us. Where we went where we would not go, it will pursue us. And even when we about it forget, it always reminds of itself. Anyway it an integral part of ours existence in this world ...

Will long was silent. He understood that Nina is right. The past will always pursue us eternally, to most to death. And when there will come time to die, the past will return. We will remember all past life. About our sorrows and grieves. About tragedies in life. About the happy moments of ours existence. About light days of this awful and at the same time wonderful life.

Nina continued.

... – you have to overcome yourself, meet the fears face to face.

Will answered.

– Perhaps you are right. – he made a long long pause. – You know. – he told. – I have such feeling that I run and I run on the road which has no end. Something inside to me shouts, stop! Stop! But I cannot stop. Something pushes me forward. There afar. "Now I understand. – he as if analyzing

all these years spoke. – I am driven by my fear". Fear of which I cannot get rid in any way. Fear of emptiness, fear of fear to learn the truth.

Nina immediately took an interest.

– What truth?

Will for a second thought. He could not understand what truth he was afraid to learn? All this time he considered that his first wife died when the hurricane Katrina blew over California. But what if it not so? What if all on the contrary? Bodies did not find. What if his wife and children are alive? What if did not they die? This guess horrified Will. Will told Nina.

– Can you are right. – he made a pause then added. – I am afraid to meet the fear face to face. "But. – he told. – I nevertheless will depart tomorrow". Whatever was my fear, I will meet it face to face. And let will be that will be, it will not be worse.

– I am glad that I could help you. – Nina told. – As I already told, go to Veronika. There you will meet the past. What there was it, it only yours, and anybody's is more. I think, you will meet Laura there. From its past, and yours. And when it to happen, you remember that there is a present, and that the past. Many do not understand it, and eventually you die. Die because you will not be able to release the past. It will come back to you if it seizes you, to you the end. Do not allow it. – then she added. – I ask you.

– You are afraid for me?

Nina answered.

– No, I just know as often the person meeting the past perishes. The past tightens the person, and he perishes.

– I understood. – he told. Also assured her. I will be careful, I assure you.

– Well all of us about sad? – Nina told. – We forgot about Roman where it? – she called Roman. – Novel. You where? Go here.

Roman entered the room.

– I dared to make fried eggs. – he told, addressing Nina. – In your state it would not prevent to be supported.

Will agreed with Roman and added: – This rain, obviously for a long time, can we will talk.

Roman asked.

– About what?

– About you. – Will told. – Tomorrow I depart to states. As soon as to come to an end this rain I will take the leave.

Nina and Roman understood that he wanted to tell. Will after the conversation with Nina decided that it should meet the fears. What they would not be.

Nina asked.

– You are sure?

– Absolutely. – that answered. – I am long ran on this long road which has no end. The time will stop and to turn back, meet the fear face to face.

– I am very glad to it. – Nina answered rising from a bed. – You are obliged to go to states. – then she added. – But you remember what I told you.

– Of course.

She got out of beds, and having asked men to see off her in the room, asked Roman.

– And fried eggs what?

– Fried eggs. – that answered. – At me fried eggs turned out.

– Well. – Nina answered. – I love fried eggs. – then she asked. – Did you get into my refrigerator?

– I repent. – Roman answered. – Climbed. – then kind of justifying oneself added. – But I got into it only for the sake of to prepare on is. – then he added. – After such thunder there is always a wish to have a bite something easy.

– You are right. – Nina answered. – Easy having a snack would not prevent now.

Having gone to kitchen, they sat down at a table. On a plate the teapot whistled. Nina looked at Roman with the reproaching look, and asked.

– The teapot boils long ago?

– No. – that answered. And then kind of justifying oneself added. – I wanted that there was a boiled water.

– What for?

– Wanted that there was a cold tea.

Nina was surprised.

– But it was also so hot. – then she with even greater to reproaches looked at Roman and told as though pristyzhy him. – Ah Novel-novel. And it is easy to make the fire. It is necessary to watch a plate.

– And that truth. – Will agreed with Nina. – One careless movement and all.

– It is guilty. – the shamed Roman answered. – I repent. – he got up from a table, and having approached the gas stove disconnected a ring.

Having sat down at a table again, he joined a conversation between Wil and Nina. Will said that for the life he never was in such family way as now. To it it was good with Nina. For it she was the native person. Nobody could listen, understand it. Especially to give real advice, but not to laugh at it and to tell some dirty trick: – Yes. – he considered and it was right. – There are no friends on light. There are only envious persons and hypocrites. Those who want that someone looked in someone's eyes worse, than he. If it is a poddonok, the thief and the drunkard, then why also another cannot fall to his level. These friends in quotes, it is worse than the worst enemy. Because though you know what to expect. From same anything good. A knife in a back and only. I write these lines knowing that such stories happen to pseudo-friends continually. These stories millions. you will not tell about all.

However, we will not be about sad. Let's talk about essential, and for this purpose we will return to the apartment to Nina. What there occurs? Let's look. Talking between itself, heroes of this history did not notice how night fell by the earth. Dark, dark night. There is an expression in the people, "NIGHT IN NIGHT TODAY". And so. This expression as well as possible would approach now by this night. In the sky were not a uniform star. The moon did not consecrate in a sky. Looking out of the window on the street, in a pitch darkness, all three felt how on their body ran a cold fever. However, this feeling was filled than really rather. They were in the apartment. And let this was their apartment, and Nina's apartment! Men felt defenseless. Both of them something feared. Something was stolen to them. Something awful and disgusting squeezed their hearts.

Nina looked out of the window, out of total darkness. She did not see in her anything except emptiness, and still she looked in it, something bewitched her in this darkness. Here something came in dream to it in total darkness. She did not understand, what is it? And asked men.

– Did you see?

– What?

– Yes so anything. Threw Nin. – Forget. – Prompted something to Nina that is that it seemed to her with an ulterior motive. And to distract, she asked men. – What do you see in this darkness?

– Horror of my living in poverty. – Will told. – It seems to me that I will not see the wife any more.

Nina calming Will told.

– We look in darkness, and that shows us our fears. – she made a pause. Then added. – Do not twirl to what is inspired in you by darkness. It inspires only terrible thoughts. – the rain ended. In the sky through clouds small month appeared, soon in the sky flickered stars. It became quiet and peaceful around. On heart it became quiet. Nina opened a window, and fresh air after a rain rushed to the apartment. Rest and silence. It became easy for all on heart, and Nina told. – You see, after darkness the pacification always comes.

– You are right! – both men agreed. They were by the open window, and looked at the sky. Hectare newborn month and the stars flickering in a distance. Calm and rest around.

## Chapter-13

### *Dreams or maintaining*

I will begin this chapter with the fact that I will repeat. My theory about ... About what do I repeat? Of course, about madness or its effect on the person.

Dark, dark night. There is an expression in the people, "NIGHT IN NIGHT TODAY". And so. This expression as well as possible would approach now by this night. In the sky were not a uniform star. The moon did not consecrate in a sky. What can be felt in such situation? Probably nevertheless anything good. If you live about the wood or in the wood. Looking out of the window on the street, in a pitch darkness, we feel how the darkness tries to absorb us. We it fear, and she gets of us the best. Feeling, for example, a cold fever, our soul goes to heels. We try to find a shelter. If nearby the house, we run to it. If this desert street, then we try to find a secluded corner. But happens and so that darkness overtakes us in the apartment. – What is it? – ourselves ask ourselves this question. – Why we are afraid of the dark in own apartment? – on this question we look for the answer in us. Well, can do it and it is correct, but who knows? Where the fear is located? Where does he hide? In us or somewhere else? I consider that fear the integral part of the person inspired in it by consciousness of surrounding. Something awful and disgusting squeezed hearts. Nina looked out of the window, out of a pitch darkness, and felt, no, she heard how from darkness the baby's cry was distributed. She did not understand from where to reach this shout. Did not know who it publishes and whether publishes in general? Maybe this shout gave her mind? It can was in her head? But in this case she would go crazy? But it not the madwoman? If she is a madwoman, then she would know it. Mentally ill people never recognize themselves those. Whether she recognized herself that? She rationally thought, and could separate fiction from the truth. But what if fiction becomes the truth? What then? We try to understand where reality and where fiction, and sometimes fiction becomes more real than life. This is also one of kinds of madness.

Here, unexpectedly light went out, and Nina felt how something pulls her back. There, back to the room, on a bed. However, nobody knows where fiction and where the truth. Nina got up, looked back. She saw the body. The body sleeping on a bed. Then, something distracted it, she looked back, and saw the light. Light proceeded from a corridor. She pricked up the ears. She saw something unclear in the apartment. She watchfully took an interest. – who here? – her body clenched. She did not understand what occurs? Something appeared? There was something. It was warm and at the same time cold. Something said it to her that Nina approached it. But she opposed to the last until any force forced it to approach to something. At this moment she saw the light, brighter than she imagined light. It was bright, than light bright the sun. In this light she saw the girl's outline. It had brown eyes, a long thick hair, She looked at her white dress and saw an outline of a small breast. At its its age should not have been, but it was. Breast rather big and elastic. But this girl reincarnated. Also became the woman. The high blonde, with long hair. She gave to Nina a hand, and having called up her to herself, told by a sonorous voice of a nightingale told. – Let's go. – They passed back to the room, and told the female phantom. – The novel your destiny – your death. – then she added. – Will has the destiny. You helped it to understand, for it to you thanks. Well, I will pay back you for your efforts. – then everything disappeared. Evaporated as though nothing was trace.

What or who it was? On this question there is no definite answer. All have the theory of what was seen. I consider that this a prophetic dream. It is realistic.

Here Nina felt that some force returns back her in her body. She could not oppose to it, and she soon appeared at herself in a body. During this instant she woke up in cold sweat. And having

thought that it was? Reality or not? Decided that all this dreamed it. Here she saw herself being by the window. It stood absolutely nude. The person approached it. She immediately recognized in it Roman. Yes, this there was it, Roman. It as well as it was, without clothes. Having approached it, he embraced her and having kissed asked: – How our child? – the woman turned to it, and Nina saw that that is pregnant! She is pregnant! But how it could occur? She did not understand. She, of course, understood how it occurs, but she did not understand why she sees it? It met Roman two times. The first time when Natalia acquainted them, the second time today when it arrived to her. She did not make about it any plans yet, and here it? Nina's dream was realistic, or it was not the dream? Then that? Maintaining future? She did not understand it. She saw how both of them looked at her stomach, and having carefully touched the stomach the woman told. – Everything is all right. – then it, having looked at Roman added. – This girl. – then she offered. – Let's call her Vick. – Roman looked at Nina. – Vika? – she told thoughtfully. – Why Vika? – Nina answered. – I do not know? – then she added. – I like this name. And to you? – Roman thought. It, of course, liked a name of Vick! Or as it was possible to call still it Victoria! That is "WINNER"! And Vika, there was the same quite good name. Roman told. But my opinion to name her Violetta. – Nina grinned. – You that? Went crazy? – Roman with astonishment asked. – Why you so solved? Darling what it is bad to name the girl Violetta? In my opinion, name as name. – Nina objected. – Violetta? This name is rather to be associated with clothes. There is such material, violet is called. From it sew a coat. So? All the life it will be teased violetly. For the child this is worse than the worst. – Roman grinned. – Violetta also violet. – he told. – What nonsense. It absolutely two different words which are not associated with each other. – then he added. – Well, if the female logic associates one word with another, let there will be Wicky. – He made a pause, then added. – The truth this a name is far worse, than a name Violetta. – Nina took an interest. – Why? – what Roman answered absolutely seriously. – Wicky, as if you call up to yourself a doggie. – he made a pause, then added. – judge. Wicky-Wicky-Wicky. What it is similar to? – Nina understood that Roman wanted to tell. She never thought that this diminutive from Victoria, Vick means. Now she knew it. But without wishing to recede, she made a compromise. – I agree with you Roman. Wicky the name which it is impossible to call so the girl is valid. "Let will be so. – she told. – We will call our girl by Victoria". That is winner. – then she added. – And we will name her Vicki. – she made a pause, then asked. – Do you agree? – Roman answered. – He agrees.

Night light of the clear moon lit their bodies. They were by the window. Their bodies seemed dark yellow in moonlight beams. Silence and rest. The pacification and happiness was around this couple. Nina thought. – What they are happy! Anything else is not necessary to these two. They expect the birth a baby. What can be better. Birth of new life. Perfectly. And let it simply seems to me. I know that it will happen to me. This maintaining my possible living in poverty or a dream? All the same. – she looked at the stomach, and having put the hands on the stomach, felt the future pregnancy. She felt in her new life arises. Life of the new person. It is fine when you feel as in a body new life as what will soon seem on light grows in a body arises, and will light up the emergence by loud shout. Yes, it is fine. When after long painful toxicosis new life is born. Pleasures simplification of flesh, dreadful childbirth, and emergence of new life. As it is fine!

But here again Nina saw something. Something arose from nowhere. Something ominous, inspiring horror and fear. What is it? Brought it wind. From nowhere. Nobody waited for it. Female sovereign and queen. Yes, it was such. Imperious, povevayushchy bitch. It was by the window, dimming a moonlight which shone it in a back, and Nina saw its outline in black, gloomy light. Suddenly, unexpectedly she exclaimed. – NO! YOU DO NOT RECEIVE IT! My CHILD. – its voice sounded so terribly and awfully that at Nina intercepted breath. Her body shrank, and soul went to heels. The voice of this loud woman was awful also monotonous as if from an underworld. – PROSTITUTE! – she addressed Nina phantom. – What? SOMEWHERE ACQUIRED VYBLIDK, and NOW ON my SON. – She pointed to a stomach to the female phantom. – COVETED? WHAT? DID NOT FIND OTHER FOOL? – here she threatened it with a hand. – LOOK the KNOT, you

WILL REGRET. – this woman was so furious and uncontrollable in the rage that could put everyone and everything upside down now. It was nothing is terrible. She always went towards the aim. What it costed to it it always tried to obtain the. She tried to obtain in any way, disdained nothing. Called her Nadezhda. Hope – Roman's mother. Mother of the son. Ready for it to offer everything, even the life. Where now Nina and Roman? And here they. The novel costs near the mother. Small child, years of five. Do you ask why small child five years? I will answer so. For each mother her child will always be a child. The small defenseless child, needing the help small defenseless the child of years of five, and even it is less. Needing her caress and continuous care. So-called exhibitionism. "DISPLAY of ONE PERSON AS HE LOVES ANOTHER". However, it leads to disappointment. Sometimes parents so try to show that they love somebody that it leads to paranoia. However, me to judge these persons parents trying to cause anxiety children that results eventually in deplorable result. Children mount upon a neck to the parents, and those are forced to carry out all their desires, trying to prove that they love them even more than when they really were babies. The woman stood opposite to her and cried bitterly. She was not in the family way any more. Being kneeling, opposite to the little beautiful girl she sobbed. Sobbed and as if begged for forgiveness at the child. Looking at the little girl, Nina did not see her face. It as if was covered with something gray. As if the gray veil was on her face. Nina could not see this baby, her face, it was hidden from eyes of Nina and other people. She saw how the woman tries to remove this gray veil of a veil from her face, but as she did not try, than more she tried, the veil on the face of the little girl was that a crab. At some point Nina saw how the girl disappeared. It as if evaporated, turned into something, and disappeared in clouds of gray smoke. Did not understand Nin from where he undertook? This smoke? Gray smoke in which this girl disappeared. She understood that this smoke in which the girl disappeared was intended for the specific person. For this girl, for her daughter. Who as the daughter did she see in this maintaining? Who as did her daughter disappear in gray smoke? This woman crying in the room was she! It is most, and nobody other.

Here and third maintaining. In beams of the bright moon, from under heaven, going along the lunar road, the girl the woman of years ... It went to that window in which the woman's figure was reflected. Her eyes were drowned in tears. It could not stop bitter tears of loss. Grieving on the girl, she, having bent the person, having closed it hands, did not look anywhere, except half of the apartment. Everything was indifferent for it. She died, died when her child disappeared. Ever since she dined herself griefs and suffering. Who could not save the children from an inevitable trouble, that is not worthy to be called their parent if this person gave birth to him. Nina saw that the woman going to a window where there was she cannot reach it. Going on this road, she further and further left her, and kind of she did not try to reach this window, some force further and further alienated the woman going to this window and the woman плачущую in this window. They will never be together. Their destinies will not be crossed any more, on extremely measure till that time until the woman crying in a window sees to the public the moon. Reflection sun.

Here one more maintaining. The woman in a window who cried all tears at last turned the view of the moon. It was sore to it to look at the moon. Yellow light hurt her eyes. She closed them, and, in a touch second having opened them, saw before herself something similar to her daughter Vicki. From its beauty there is no trace left also. Her face was disfigured by scars, her body was emaciated. It seemed beautiful Vicki watched not her at Nina at all. The fallen woman looked at it. Sold herself for a piece of bread. This woman exclaimed. – You SEE THAT she MADE WITH me I S YOU! – Nina understood about whom there is a speech. It was talked of that imperious woman who obviously and promoted their parting. But why they left? Did not know this Nin. Though guessed that here was not without imperious woman.

The fourth maintaining was difficult. Nina saw herself, Roman and Vika again. Now they were all together. Standing on a balcony, they looked at stars. It was quiet and peaceful in a circle. Calm and pacification. They were happy. But happiness lasted not for long. The woman departed on the

sky, to stars there. Up, there, where rest and silence. The killed silence, the woman told one: – Find Natalia. – the girl exclaimed. – Mother! Do not abandon us. – but the woman could not but leave them. Its time has come. She carried out all the life tormently and sufferings, and now it is time on rest. There, in the best the world. Where there is no treachery and rage, to get also hypocrisy. Where the person is more important and that at it in a pocket. It departed in the best the world. Far away from everything that surrounded it. It departed, having left the daughter Vika on care of the father. Romana. He will always care for it, it will never leave her one. It, her father. Flesh of its flesh.

Nina woke up early. On hours was seven morning. To it, appear, that all that she saw now was really. What was it? Maintaining future? That part of the future which cannot be changed. But she can was mistaken, and all that she saw really? All these of maintaining were realistic so that it was possible to take them in all good faith. But then why it in a bed? She looked round. A bright sun of a star in a window. She got out of a bed and having thrown with a dressing gown approached a window. And here she thought. – No. It was only the dream. The dream, and nothing else is more. – She quietly sighed and her lungs were filled with fresh clean air. – yes, it was all in only a dream. Dream, and anything else. I saw the future. – here she pricked up the ears. – But why everything so ended in this dream? – here she understood. – This was my death. Death which cannot be prevented. only the idiot can consider that death it is possible to deceive. To remember only the movie by Ingmar Bergman, "the SEVENTH PRESS". The soldier, playing chess with death, tries will delay the death. But eventually loses. He understands that death cannot be beaten. Only it is possible to delay it, but when the person dies, he understands that no delay existed. Death only allowed to think that it granted this delay, but it not so. All of us die. Living, we die. Our body grows old day by day. This process is sluggish. It to last all our life. And if for us it is not prepared by destiny to die at early age, then we live to a ripe old age. Everyone dies in due time. Death inevitable part of the life of the person. In due time we will die all. Also that person who considers that he will live so long that death will just avoid him is silly.

In it t the instant, Nina felt how someone touched her shoulder and called it by name. She looked back, and saw стоящую behind her that woman whom she saw in bright sun light recently. She told: – I showed you your destiny if you decide to link life with Roman. – Nina asked. – What was it? – what that answered. – Your destiny. – Nina thought. She could not understand how to treat all these of maintaining? The first maintaining was clear, and the last too. But how to decipher two other maintaining? She did not know it. She took an interest. – I do not understand what will happen to me? – what answered with a female forfeit. – the child will bring happiness and suffering. – Nina thought. – How to understand it? – what answered with a female forfeit. – Life in suffering, here that to you waits. You are ready to it? – Nina specified. – To what? To suffering? – that answered. – Exactly. – then she added. – Sufferings is a highest degree of humility. – Nina did not understand the woman. She was not a religious person. She was an atheist rather. Without believing in anything, she always considered that suffering nothing else as a bad patch in life of the person. If the person poor was born, then he is doomed to torments and suffering. But if he was born in rich family, family of the politician, then to it nothing is terrible in this life. It in cash, and suffering to it at all. He buys everything and that cannot buy selects, being guided by the law which was created only for it. Nina asked. – Do you consider that in suffering pleasure? – that answered. – It so. – what Nina objected to. – I with you am discordant. Sufferings they are also sufferings. Nobody can understand sufferings still person will not suffer. Do you claim that I, having given birth to the child will suffer from Roman? I with it am discordant. "I will be happy. – she told. – Contrary to all I will be happy with my child, and let it will have no father, I will be happy!". On what told the female phantom. – Let's look.

Again dawn! Nina woke up from noise in the apartment. She looked round and having understood that it was only the dream. A dream, and nothing else, she was roused, and having thrown with a dressing gown, went to kitchen.



## Chapter-14

### *Philosophy on a subject ... and awful news*

Again dawn! Nina woke up from noise in the apartment. She looked round and having understood that it was only the dream. A dream, and nothing else, she was roused, and having thrown with a dressing gown, went to kitchen. Roman sat at a table, he had tea. To Uvidev Ning, he greeted, and having offered tea, added. – Today solar morning, isn't that so?

Nina looked in a window. Outside the window there was an early morning. A star in a window the bright red sun. From a night hurricane there is no trace left. The trees lying on the earth only broken reminded of this awful night. Nights when across Moscow and area the hurricane flew by. Nina told.

– Fine dawn. – then she took an interest. – And where Will?

– Left early in the morning. – Roman answered. – It hurried in the airport aboard the plane.

– It is clear.

Roman offered.

– Tea?

– I will not refuse. – she sat down at a table, and Roman having got up poured tea on glasses.

Nina asked. – Why?

Roman did not understand a question. It asked again.

– What why?

– Why you here? – asked Nin. – How did you find me?

– I here because wanted to see you. – Roman answered, having added. – Your sister, Natalia gave me your address. – then he asked. – By the way, where it now?

– Departed.

– Ah and. – Roman remembered. – She told something to me about departure. – he made a pause, then told. – But will be enough about it. – then he offered. – Let's talk about us.

Nina took a sip.

– About us? – she was surprised. Then she noticed. – It seems to me that we are not so well familiar to speak about us.

Roman agreed.

– I agree that we have to know well each other to speak about us.

Nina took an interest.

– What will we begin with?

Roman told about himself that he studies as the architect. He lives one with mother. However, to it was not what in general to tell about itself. He was a mother's sonny. Obeyed her in everything. Never had the opinion, and it was subject to its influence.

Nina told about herself even less. She lived together with the sister, but soon they parted. Natalia received the apartment in the center, and Nina remained in lists of people on the waiting list. For all their life they never swore always made a compromise. As for the story about her family in general, she told that she never knew them. They just in their life just were not. It was brought up by the street. She did not know what is love. Only later, when the street taught her to life, it became that Nina who was seen now by Roman.

Nina told.

– In fact, we about each other learned nothing concrete.

Roman agreed.

– That ж. – he told. – I learned about you a lot of things.

Nina having taken a sip of tea told.

– I too.

They talked for a long time, learning about each other all new and new. To two it was interesting to it to listen to the interlocutor. They spoke about fine. About art, about music, pictures. About all fine in this world. It turned out that at them much in common than they could imagine. Classical music. They it loved both. Bach, Liszt, Strauss, Tchaikovsky, and there are a lot more other authors of klastichesky music. As for painting, their tastes were ambiguous. If Roman loved abstractionism, then Nina was indifferent to it. She loved only portraits and still lifes. Said at the same time that in them there is a sense, unlike abstract art.

Roman told.

– Abstractionism not for all. – then he added. – It should be understood.

Nina immediately from ricocheted.

– Do you consider me the silly woman?

– By no means. – Roman hurried to steam. – I do not consider you the silly woman. I just told that the abstractionism should be understood.

– That ж. – Nina agreed. – The abstractionism should be understood. It not for all. – then she took an interest. – What artists of abstractionism interest you? – then she assumed. – probably Salvador Dalí?

– Salvador Dalí one of artists of the time. – there began Roman. – He painted pictures which are difficult for understanding. Contemporaries called him the madman of the time.

– But it was to some extent mad. – Nina agreed, and then added. – It was ruined by alcohol and drugs. If not they, then we saw a lot more remarkable pictures. – she made a pause, then admitted. – It is a pity that I did not see any its of works. They are not exposed at us in the country.

– This so. – Roman agreed. Then told. – its cloths display a certain human madness! I consider that he wrote the cloths as he saw madnesses! He can wrote cloths proceeding from own madness. Only madness generates genius, and brings the person to a madhouse.

– This so. – Nina agreed with the interlocutor. – The mad person is talented the person. – she told. – Only madness is sign of talent and genius.

– Genius and madnesses?

– Genius and madnesses, here sign of glory!

– Glory and genius this any and the same.

– What do you mean?

– The glory to us comes unexpectedly. – Roman told. – We made something, and unexpectedly our invention glorified us. And genius and madness agree, you do not tell that the person became famous if he is mad, and got, for example in mental hospital? – he made a pause, then asked. – I am right, isn't it?

Nina agreed with Roman. He was right. Madness and genius go together, but in any way not madness. However, who knows? What there is a madness, genius and madness? Nobody can precisely tell, answer this question? From madness to genius and madness one step. And it is the fact of the truth of the medical theory about madness. Based on medical terms and medical knowledge, we absolutely consciously turn geniuses into madmen and then mentally ill people. Doctors hide them in a madhouse, and they will see off there for the rest of the life. Do you ask why so occurs? I will answer. Nobody wants to recognize correctness of other people, it is easier for all to hide them in a madhouse, than to recognize that they are right.

– Perhaps you are right. – Nina agreed. – All of us want glory! But we cannot become famous. – she made a pause. – It is a pity that our dreams are not feasible.

Roman took an interest.

– You is ambitious?

– No. – Nina answered, then admitted. – Though did not refuse glory.

Roman took an interest.

– Salvador Dalí immortalized the name during lifetime, and than you could become famous?

Nina shrugged shoulders.

– I do not know? – she answered. I did not think of it.

– Here you see. – Roman told. – You do not know what to become famous, and want glory!?

– Each person wants that he was heard. – Nina told. – I many times tried to reach this or that person, but nobody I was heard. All sit in the offices and do nothing. Only the places stay and get paid. – she made a sad and heavy pause. – They would live for our salary. – she was angry. – I would look on them then what they would tell when in the house there is nothing, and getting hungry!

– To work.

– To work? – she burst out laughing. – yes how many earn, all the same it is not enough!? – then she added. – Choose, either food, or payment of utilities. The third is not given.

Roman asked.

– You beg?

– And you as think!?

Roman understood that the woman does not lie. She was not poor, but too it was impossible to call her rich. However, nobody knows where this side between wealth and poverty. Claim that there is still a spiritual wealth, but without financial aid it turns into something heavy and awful. Awful driving to despair and the integral death. Death spiritual go physical. However, it does not matter. Death, it is always death whatever it was. She will avoid nobody.

Roman took an interest.

– What do you do?

– Anything. – Nina answered. – I have no full-time employment. I still study and therefore I cannot constantly settle.

– I understand. – Roman told thoughtfully. Then he asked. – Do you need?

Nina steamed.

– Do you want to buy me?

– In any time. – Roman hurried to steam. – You misunderstood me!

– And how in your opinion, I have to understand you?

– I just wanted to offer you work.

– What work? – Nina steamed. – I do not need any work.

– Are sure?

– Absolutely.

Having calmed down, Nina asked.

– And what this for work?

– Do you precisely want to know it?

– It is interesting to me what work you are ready to offer me eventually to buy me with giblets. – then she asked. – It is interesting to know how many I in your opinion stand? I think that I learn it now.

Roman grinned.

– In vain you are so. – Roman told. – I in all sincerity.

– There would be you with pure in heart where far away! I know you, at first you will promise the world, and then in bushes! To you what, the slave is necessary? Look for somebody other silly woman.

– Enough! – Roman did not sustain. It was out of itself(himself) from Nina. He already regretted that he offered it the help. – if you do not want to accept the help, then do not accept, to offend that what for? I to you the little boy Oh, damn! Enough! you do not want as you want, I will not begin to force you.

Nina, having recovered, apologized for the behavior. It was a shame to it with the behavior, and she told that she flared up on in vain. Then she explained. – In my life there were so many well-wishers that ...

– I understand. – Roman answered. – Also you excuse me if I on bondage offended you.

– And you me.

They each other tenderly smiled. Nina told.

– And you know what my favourite artist?

– No, but I think you to me it now tell.

Nina told.

– My favourite artist Leonardo Da Vinci.

Nina answered.

– Leonardo Da Vinci is pleasant to all. There is no person to whom his creativity was not corrected.

– You wanted to tell art.

– Quite right. – then she added. – Salvador Dalí, too famous artist.

Roman confirmed.

– Quite right. – then he took an interest. – What it is pleasant to you in Leonardo Da Vinci's pictures?

– Mysteriousness. – Nina answered. – His pictures are mysterious. There is no such cloth in which there was no riddle. All his pictures are full are mysterious and mysterious.

Roman assumed.

– How woman?

It was pleasant to Nina that Roman compared Leonardo Da Vinci's pictures to women. Women inherently mysterious creations. They can never be understood and if you understand, then in the next second it will turn out that it not so. You did not understand it, and appeared in fools. Truly say: – To understand the woman of all life will be a little. – this statement is the truth.

Nina smiled, told.

– As woman. – then she added. – Somebody does not know how to understand the woman. It is inherently a riddle. Here an example, Mona Lisa or as she is called still, Gioconda. Agree, this cloth has a mysteriousness. Will not you understand who looks from this cloth, it or somebody else?

– What do you mean?

Nina explained.

– I consider that I on a cloth am represented the woman.

Roman with interest took an interest.

– Who is represented on this cloth?

– Perhaps. – assumed Nin. – On this cloth the man is represented.

Roman did not understand.

– What do you mean?

Nina explained.

– There will be transsexuals at all times. – then she added. – Her mysterious smile, smile of the woman or man? It is mysterious and unclear. – then she added. – The answer can be lies on a surface. Gioconda is a transsexual. – she made a pause, then added. – not for nothing she is named Mona Lisa and Gioconda, in Italian Gioconda is Mona Lisa. A double name meaning same. What if does this woman have other name? – assumed Nin. – For example Mokond. You look, from Mona we take Mo, and from Gioconda we take a root конд. Here also Mokond turns out. And if to change one more letter, oh, on and, then the man's name Makond turns out. Very few people considered such theory from scientists. They assumed that on a cloth it is represented that person, but who is he? Nobody found out it. – She made a pause, and added. – Do you see how many it is possible to philosophize concerning this picture? And how many still? Last Supper, (FRESCO). Concerning this fresco it is possible to philosophize eternally.

– Apropos?

– Concerning the people represented there. Nobody knows who on it is represented? By its blazhashchy consideration it is possible to see the represented not only men, but also the woman.

And even cup of the Saint of Graal. (Book by D. Brown DA VINCI CODE). The church, of course, rejects this theory, but judge, on all icons the Mother of God is represented with the child. What if it is the truth, and Jesus was married to Maria? And from it it had a posterity. Not without reason crusaders looked for sacred Graal, and perhaps protected something else. Perhaps the most important secret of mankind, Jesus's family.

The novel having listened to Nina took an interest.

– You believer or not? – he listened to it and it was interesting to it. It is always pleasant to learn new, but if this new is connected with religion, and threatens to bring down all church system, having turned it into ashes, it quite another matter. If the belief sways, what will remain? Then he added. – Somebody does not know whether Jesus was married or not?

Nina answered.

– I am a pragmatist. I believe only that I see that I can prove.

– And you can prove that Jesus was married?

– If it is necessary and.

– What do you mean, under these words?

Nina explained.

– We never prove anything without need. If it is required to somebody, then I will prove it.

– And if is not present?

– The secret will always remain a secret.

Roman grinned.

– And if secret any more not a secret?

– What do you mean?

Roman told.

– You just told me it.

– I? – Nina was surprised. – Yes by no means! – she was terrified. – I just told you my philosophical reflections.

On what Roman noticed.

– And in philosophical reasonings it is possible to learn many secrets.

– What secrets?

– Secrets which never have to be published.

Nina pricked up the ears. She understood that she told Roman something superfluous, but that? She did not know it. She asked.

– What from me it is necessary to you?

– That you were careful in the reasonings, and the fact that bad to happen.

– Do you threaten me?

– No, I advise. – then he added. – There is nobody the truth is not necessary. All prefer that they inspire in all long-long time. On volume the world keeps.

– I with you agree with it.

Nobody knows who such Templars. Someone will tell that they are descendants of a family of great antiquity, others will tell that they are pupils of apostles. Can they and peahens who knows? However nobody knows where now Templars. Where they disappeared. Many claim that Templars are modern masons. It is unknown where their bed. We only know that they exist. We believe that their bed is real. Well, it can indeed. There are a skull bed, a bed of a devil, and many other beds. There is a lot of them. All of them are governors. Many sit at parliaments, at the government. They, this secret for seven locks. Nobody knows whether there are they? And if exist, then know nobody what becomes in their beds.

Here and Roman, having convicted Nina of disclosure of a secret. He knew that Léonard Da Vinci's fresco hides a set of secrets as, however, all his pictures. They are mysterious also fascinating.

Looking at pictures, you always feel that they immerse you in other world. World fine and wonderful. To the world where we have a rest. We have a rest soul and a body. Roman told.

– Nobody knows where a secret and where he is present. Happens that this secret at all not a secret, but not a secret this secret.

– You about what?

– About Da Vinci's pictures.

– And what not so with these pictures?

– They have many secrets. – he told. – Secrets which will never be revealed.

Understanding what Roman means, she asked.

– Do you consider that these secrets will never be revealed?

– People are blind. – he told. – They have before a nose answers to sets of questions, and they do not see them.

– You about pictures? Or about something other?

Roman heaved a deep sigh.

– About everything. – he did not know that to answer this question? On it the answer so which was not. Whatever you may say, people are blind. To them it is allowed to see everything, and they see nothing. They are blinded thirst of the power and money. Dollar and euro, here their god. God Nenasytnosti of the power, and vanity. Thirst of the power, superiority over others. – The person is nasty. Maturing he to become more ambitious. Its ambitions eventually will stick together it. He does not see anything. And rescue from it is not present. – he made a pause, then told. – But pictures, their philosophy. – he told. – Their abstract thinking. In them our rescue.

– In pictures?

– Only. – he told. I speak about art in general. About music, poetry. They agree are abstract and philosophically wise.

– I agree with you. – then she took an interest. – Nevertheless, why you told that I divulged some secret?

– I told it because all veil of a fresco the Last Supper, has to remain a secret. To us to reveal her. Time will come, and church she would recognize what truth pernicious was for them. We believe that Jesus all the life was the monk, but why in some religions there are eases. And without being the monk, the person to become the priest, marries, brings children. And in Denmark female priests. That it as not the truth. Perhaps to one Jewish book it is written the truth. Bisexual god. It has no sexual character. This theory is rejected by all religions of the world, except Jews.

Nina with interest listened to Roman. Everything was interesting to it what he spoke about. She took an interest.

– And what book there is a speech?

– ZAAR. – Roman answered. – The book is called ZAAR.

– Did not read. – with regret Nina answered. Then she told. – However except the Bible on this subject I read nothing.

Roman immediately noticed.

– Did you tell that you the pragmatist, that is the atheist?

Nina steamed.

– But I did not say that I do not know bible history. – then she added. – I put everything under doubts. I prove impossible. – then it it is proud finished. – This my specialty.

The novel having listened to Nina asked.

– Do you want to prove, what was in the history of the Bible did not take place? – he was terrified. – How then belief?

– In any way. – she waved away. – I do not force people to be undeceived in what they trusted already more than two thousand years in. I only call in question what is written to the Bibles.

Roman took an interest.

– And at what faculty you study?

– Historical and philosophical.

On what Roman told as if he cut off.

– It is clear.

We always choose a profession from going from those opportunities what to us provides life. But what if we want absolutely other what to us is imposed by parents? We argue with them, and eventually without achieving the end result. We become unfortunate. All life working where never wanted to work. What here you will tell, parents.

For Nina it was simpler. It arrived on the historical and philosophical university from the first. Nobody was against its choice. Always the being interested girl history, and philosophy, it simply did not want to arrive except this faculty anywhere.

Roman took an interest.

– Do you love history?

– I love. – Nina answered. She was never as proud as now. She will gain the diploma of the historian. Agree, to know everything than ever there was on the planet an earth, this happiness. – I just live it!

Roman smiled.

– Do you joke?

– In any time. I do not joke. History is interesting to me. As to the true musician music, and to the artist of art.

Roman noticed.

– But music is a same art as however, and theater.

– This so. – Nina agreed. – Everything can be defined in one word. Art.

The novel asked a loaded question.

– Tell, for you art and stories, this same?

Nina specified.

– Meaning?

– In sense of history. – he explained, and then added. – The matter is that art integral part of history.

– This so. – Nina told. – Art history will always be with us. It integral part of our history. Pictures, music. Anything! This our history.

– It is clear. – Roman told. – But I meant something another?

– What?

– And you did not understand?

– Frankly speaking did not understand.

– I meant history in art of history of antiquity.

– Now I understood you. – Nina answered. – History informs us of echoes of the history. That history that we know what is written in all textbooks on stories. But there is also other history. It a little bit differs from written in textbooks. It can only be studied with the lecturer of history, and if he knows that its such what it was actually.

Roman took an interest.

– What do you mean?

– Here take, for example recent our history. – Nina told. – This it is not written in textbooks on stories. – she spoke.

Its novel interrupted.

– What it?

– Tell? – Nina asked a question to the Novel. – What do you think of Lavrenti Beria? It was a large figure in public authorities in due time?

– How that? – Roman was surprised. – He was the head of People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs or KGB. – he made a pause, then rejected. – I am always confused in these terminologiya.

Nina corrected Roman.

– Then KGB called People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs.

– And what from that?

– And that. – Nina told. – Can you tell who it was for the person?

– How who? – Roman was surprised. – He was a murderer and terrace.

– It is so written in books on stories. – Nina told. – I know what it was actually?

– From where?

– Our rector, somehow on classes in a subject history of communism told: – Lavrenti Beria was a person resolute and direct. It never changed the decisions, and correctly did. At that time the people needed the heroes and tyrants. Here history also created anti-heroes in persons Lavrenti Beria and Joseph Stalin. The power demands the victims. Here and they in the thirtieth years of the twentieth century became anti-heroes. And who made their such? Party. It is dear. Not without reason say that the first member of the politburo does not rule the country. This only symbol of the power.

Roman was terrified.

– Do you so consider?

– And only I am one. – Nina told. – Here simple example, chess. On a board thirty two figures, on each party of a board their sixteen. Will you tell who plays party? Do not you know? I will answer you. All figures except the king. There is no king, and a game ended.

Roman noticed.

– In your opinion in all countries the president is not necessary? Who, in your opinion, governs?

– Party. – immediately it steamed. – Not the first secretary general, but party rules the state. As she will tell so it and will be.

– But then who makes decisions? Party or first person of this state. – he made a pause, and added. – I consider that the decision is made by him.

– Perhaps you are right. There are decisions which have to be accepted by one person. But, I will tell you. It in exceptional cases. If war for example or natural cataclysms.

– Means. – Roman noticed. – After all he has the right to vote!?

– In exceptional cases. – Nina agreed. – But in the majority cases of the king it is necessary to protect. – then she carefully added. – And that God grant revolution, or coup. There are also no times, the state. The states without leader this not the states, but just neutral earth.

Roman agreed.

– It so. – then it asked. – But than or whom then the party governs?

– State. – Nina answered. – As the party needs so it and will be. Here, for example, the present. We lived at socialism, did not know a grief. And here to grow – please capitalism appeared suddenly. Who, in your opinion, put it in action? Of course party. – she made a pause, then added. – parties became more favorable to live under capitalism, than at socialism. Tell, than to us it was bad the CPSU? Lived in the USSR or in RSFSR. Lived did not grieve and to grow – please. Hungry capitalism appeared suddenly. He ate everything, in grists left nothing. Tell to whom this it was favorable, only parties. She made the decision and realized it. And here result. As you see I live in poverty, I make ends hardly meet. There is always no money, salary small, and the government claims that we still something have to it. To go here to DPRK. There is full socialism. Also lucky persons trade with other countries!

Roman listened to it and was terrified. He could not understand why Nina so hated capitalism? He took an interest.

– Do you hate capitalism only because you have no money? But whether you know? It is necessary to earn.

Nina answered.



– Yes under capitalism how many earn until the government raises a basket of a living wage though work on fathers-in-law works, all the same will be a little, and work comes out there is nothing.

– How there is nothing? I am discordant. Work always and. It is only necessary to know, where to settle.

– And you have such plush job?

– Perhaps.

Nina understood that they approached an essence of this conversation. Now she at last learns that from it it is necessary to it.

– I listen to you.

– That ж. – it began. – I suggest you to help the sister.

– Meaning?

– I will explain now. – he made a pause. At this moment the phone call of stationary phone sounded. The novel having risen from a table passed to the room, and having picked up the receiver from the telephone set, put it to an ear, and told. – Hallo.

That time, having remained one, Nina thought. She did not know what work this person wanted to offer it? And she could not understand why she told Roman all that she told him? Who made her concerning this Damned policy talk? You never know she thinks there? To speak to every first comer about everything? Still this call? Nina did not know who called on her phone number? She was not even sure that all that happens to it a reality. This can a dream? But too it is realistic to be a dream. Everything was real. She got up from a table, approached a window. Looking at the trees growing opposite to its windows, it seemed to it that something hid in them something awful, frightening. Something that she could not explain. Trees as if spoke to her, take care. Something terrible is also inexplicable awful it felt coming from this park. It was dreadfully awful. What is it? she could not understand It. She saw how in trees someone's small eyes directing horror flashed. They as if looked at it, to its apartment, and waited for something. But what? Could not understand this Nin. Her body was captured by horror. Heart shrank, and on all body ran goosebumps. Some terrible the presentiment did not leave her body. She felt that something to happen, but that? She did not know it. She turned back, looked in a corridor, and saw стоящую behind her Natalia. She looked at her and tried to tell something to her, but that? It could not be understood. She was silent, and having only pointed by a hand to a window, disappeared. Having immediately looked at Nin in a window, felt something that never felt. Full emptiness heart and all organism. As though someone pulled out from it all joy of life, all that it is necessary for the person for joy and life. In it there is no joy left, only full bottomless emptiness.

In it someone is a high time touched her shoulder, she sharply turned back, and having seen Roman, scaredly asked.

– What happened?

Roman heaved a deep sigh. He did not get used to bring bad messages, but this message was the fact that bad, it was awful. He told Nina.

– Your sister.

– What my sister? – scaredly asked Nin. – What happened?

– The plane by which it flew crashed. – he told her tragic news. – Truth ...

Here he saw that Nina changed countenance. It was lifeless. Lifeless and white. White as measure. Trees brought it a bad message, and Roman confirmed it. Seeing that Nina falls on it unconscious, he picked up her, and having taken her on hands incurred to the room, and having put her to bed tried to bring her round, and then called the ambulance.

Having recovered, Nina saw near beds of the standing Roman. She did not know what now with it was? It was in confusion. Having looked at Roman, she quietly took an interest.

– Where Natalia? – then she asked – she died?

Having calmed Nina, Roman answered.

– I do not know it. "The plane made landing in France. – he told. – At Charles De Gaulle's airport". There several people descended from the plane. – Roman calmed Nina, and then added words which became optimistical for Nina. – Perhaps among descended there was your sister. Now it is checked.

– It is checked? – did not understand Nin at once. it is fixed looked at Roman, and asked: – Who are you such actually? And what from us it is necessary to you? – then she fainted again, and Roman having laid her on a bed, said in low tones.

– In due time you learn it. – he kissed her bluntly and having touched with a hand her hair, added as if admiring it. – Beauty!

## Chapter-15

### *Two: I, and my the second I*

"The plane made landing in France. At Charles De Gaulle's airport". There several people descended from the plane. These people were the most different nationalities. French, Spaniards, Africans. All arrived to Paris, someone on the personal records, someone on business, someone to have a rest. Among them there was a young woman. The young person who arrived by this flight to go further. Its plane was, departed in three hours. So she could take a walk in the city of haute couture, walk on shops, buy something for itself. Having passed passport – customs control, she left to the city, got into the taxi, and went to the city. Ekhy with the taxi driver, she thought: – Kind of it was good here, for Cardan. In the Damned country called by the USSR, and here on freedom, in the country where it is possible to open the business, to get on feet, to become the person. It is a pity that it is impossible! But whether it is impossible in general or in principle? Of course, it was possible. Was to go to the French Embassy here, in Paris enough and to ask political a shelter. To tell where it worked and to lay out everything about construction of the Soviet helicopters and the defensive industry. And here, she would receive that she wanted long ago freedom! Everything would be as she would like and in any way differently. – but what's next? Here in what a question? – what will be farther with me? Of course it is possible, I some time will hide? But whether I will be able to hide eternally? Somebody all the same recognizes me. I will be searched by investigation, and perhaps the Interpol department of capture of spies. Such department is, I perfectly know it. I of this system. What I am a silly woman that went to study to them! What on me found? Would live as all normal people now, and here?. – it interrupted the thoughts. To it, appear, that they climb to it in the head as if testing it. Watched what it will do next? There is such concept as influence of human mentality on the person. He thinks, analyzes, and makes decisions. All as always. Thoughts paste on us at once. There is a lot of them and they are so chaotic that our brain itself selects the thoughts, necessary for it, and gives them in our thinking, providing to ourselves to solve this or that problem of our life. The woman continued to reflect. – do you live as незнамо what? You execute orders, you kill people. – she made a pause. – And it is given everyone. Everyone who to study as the intelligence agent, dooms himself if not to loneliness, then to difficult, difficult life. And it is the fact. So I advise really to think before solving whom to you to become. But it is fine. Think of thoughts, and in France I am for a while. Is necessary though something to look. D'Eiffel tower, for example. Speak from there all Paris is visible! Ah! Paris-Paris! There is no city, probably, in all this world more perfectly. Many artists and writers created the masterpieces here! Dumas father, Dumas son. They created the best works in France. The lady with butts, three musketeers. Prisoner of Château d'If. I list all the famous works by these authors, those which know the whole world! And artists? Let's remember all the favourite abstract artist, Salvador Dalí. Who knows, he would paint all these pictures if he does not live in France? It seems to me that is not present, did not write. I cannot but also tell about Anjelica and her all stories. Anjelica is the woman who fought for the love, and eventually found the prince. "They

drove to Paris". Here it is this remarkable, beautiful beautiful and stately city! Why stately? Let's remember at least its Parisian secrets? Kings! Kings, it is proud the palaces standing on balconies. Their internal furniture, beauty of pictures, frescos in halls of the palace. What can be velichavy more majestic? Perhaps only the Amber room? But where it? It perhaps will never be found? And someone can found, but holds it secretly from others? Who knows? And how many Russians in Paris? Running by the seventeenth year from the approaching socialism. How many them here? Not to count! – Natalia made a pause in the reasonings, and assumed. – France can it is so good because in it there are a lot of Russian people? Knowing what is honor and the word of the officer? It is quite possible. The Russian people differ from the Soviet citizens. Yes. – she unexpectedly concluded for herself. – It so it also is. Present France, this partly merit and officers of its Majesty of Nikolay the second. – They approached the Eiffel Tower. Natalia paid off the taxi driver, and went to her, the Eiffel Tower. Having bought the ticket, it passed in the elevator, and having risen by the osmotrovy platform, went out of the elevator. At this moment fresh clean air struck with it in a face. Her brains were filled with euphoria, she deeply sighed, and having extended hands before herself, told. – freedom! – Then she exclaimed. – FREEDOM! AS it is FINE, FREEDOM! – she could not think of anything, her brain gave the command – relax, have a rest from everything that collected for all these years! Did you long wait for it? You deserved it. – in it it is a high time as if flushed as a butterfly of soul. It soared in the clear clear sky, over all these points below. – What they are small? – she thought. – These points. – she burst out laughing, approached the region of the osmotrovy platform, leaned the elbows on a handrail, and having waved with one hand that whom she saw below, shouted: – Hey you, there below! What do you go there? Go here! Here it is so fine! – in it she is a high time heard reaching it sounds of church bells. She looked round, and saw in the distance Notre Dame de Paris. – here it was occurred by Victor Hugo at once. Its novel which is perhaps based on the real facts from life of this cathedral. Notre Dame de Paris. She immediately remembered Gipsy Esmeralda, the monk Frodo, and of course the humpback, how without him? Paris! How many secrets does he hide? How many still will present to us to learn about it and about all France? – Hey! I here! – Nina exclaimed that was urine. Looking at cathedral. Then she thought. – Freedom! This it is so fine! – She did not see around herself anything. It was alone with by itself and with freedom wind her foaming brain. Everything was fine these minutes. She forgot about everything. Now it did all this for itself. It was not to anybody any put. Her soul soared in freedom to this osmotrovy platform of the Eiffel Tower. She was happy. An instant of the fine stupefying happiness of a fine female soul. The soul which broke loose, and soaring now under clouds on this osmotrovy platform, clean air of freedom.

In it it is a high time the woman approached it, and told it that it draws attention. What she answered that to it all the same. It on freedom and it all the same that look at it.

– Yes. – the woman told. – Freedom is always fine. – then she added. – Unfortunately, it sometimes plays with us a mean joke.

Having felt that here something not so, Natalia ceased to smile. The mask of bezustolny desire of happiness of joy which flitted in her soul descended from her face. She looked at the stranger, and asked.

– And in what actually business?

The unfamiliar woman reminded Natalia is absolutely serious.

– Do not forget your purpose a task. – then she added. – Councils of traitors do not forgive.

Natalia became absolutely serious. She precisely knew now who she is? The woman standing near her. It flew with it by that plane that landed at Charles De Gaulle's airport. Yes, it flew together with it, and perhaps only it. Perhaps still someone flew together with them. Now someone watches them? Natalia thought. – What is it? Mistrust? What occurs Oh, damn? – she did not understand. – What this, check? Check which I failed? And this can just the assistant? But there I about it was told nothing. – She made a pause, then came to a conclusion. – It is a tail. If that, then these people will help me to come round. Means, I for them an expendable material. – She understood. If I am

for them valuable an employee, then they would not approach me. They watched me, but would not find themselves in any way. In what I was involved? – she did not understand. – In what did I walk smack? – she asked the stranger. – Who are you?

What that answered.

– It is not essential. – she told, and then reminded. – Do not forget, your plane soon to land. – then it left, was dissolved in crowd of people on the osmotrovy platform of the Eiffel Tower. Having left Nina one смотрящую in crowd to the osmotrovy platform and a little, and even there is nothing without understanding what in general occurs.

Passed a quarter of hour. Natalia went down from the osmotrovy platform on the elevator. It slowly went along streets of Paris, thinking of something. She wanted to understand something. To understand why it here? Here and that would not be anywhere somewhere else? That its government wants from it. What is it? the Setup for the sake of some purpose, or want to get rid of it? But if they wanted from it to get rid, then why they sent it for a cordon? What this, check? Check before a task? And can do it just adaptation? Probably, it so it also is. Not for nothing this woman approached her. It was in euphoria from freedom from the Iron Curtain, and this woman lowered it on the earth. Yes. So it also is actually. Natalia never went abroad, and these people are put to her in order that it did not remain here forever. And a task a task, it has to execute it. To execute at any cost. She did not notice how on its way the wood appeared. Bologna wood of Paris. She looked at the watch. Time still was enough. She looked round. was around nobody. Uniform live soul. No uniform birdie was heard. The wood stood. It seemed that in it there was something now? Something terrible and awful. Something forcing to tremble before what there was. Natalia felt that this wood pushes away her, warns about something. Suddenly, some force began to attract it to itself. There, to afar, on the road lit with lamps. Paris! Night fell by Paris. Natalia even did not understand how it occurred? Just in the sky there was the sun, and now? Unexpectedly she was called by someone's female voice. Natalia looked back, and, here she costs. Behind it. The same woman, that was with her on the osmotrovy platform of the Eiffel Tower. She said in a low voice. – You are surprised as it is possible? – the woman looked around herself and added. – Isn't that so, perfectly!

Natalia was shocked. It was in confusion. In confusion because that she saw now. She tried to analyze the events. She tried to analyse all possible options how in general it is possible? But kind of she tried, she did not find the answer to this question. The stranger told. – do not try to understand what occurs? You where have to be and anywhere in other place. – Nina asked. – I died?

The woman answered.

– No, you are alive.

– Who are you?

– My name is Anabel.

– Natalia. "however you know it and so" – then she asked. – You from the USSR?

– No.

– Then from where you? – Natalia did not understand. – You approached me on the Eiffel Tower. You told me there that I have a task. – If you not because of the Iron Curtain, togas, from where you?

– You want to know, this it is good. I have to you a conversation too.

– What conversation?

Anabel offered.

– Let's walk on the wood. There nobody will prevent us. Will you accept my offer?

– I have exit?

Both women passed on the road of the Bologna wood. They went slowly, quietly speaking with each other. They said about what perhaps will happen in the future to the world. Danger of the approaching wars, the wars in Chechnya. In the close East, about terrorism threat. Women spoke about all this and many other. Natalia did not understand how all this is possible? This woman says

about what did not occur yet? About what will be in the future and how it is possible to change this future? However, whether it is possible to change the future if it is predetermined? Perhaps it is also possible to change its some part, but not all together. The future cannot be changed, it is unchangeable. It is predetermined by human destiny. All in this world is chaotic. Chaotically and our destiny if you want to tell our karma. Also do not twirl by that predictor who will tell you that your destiny is changeable! No! This full lie! Nonsense invented by people swindlers. They claim that they can change the fate of the person. It is a lie! The person is cast in the lot with his time spent on the earth. Whether somebody can change time, and is even better stop it? It is impossible. Time cannot be stopped, it is possible to reduce its speed only. Course of hours of your integral death. It is not proved why the person dies at different times the life. One dies without having been born, another in youth, the third in old age and what to tell about long-livers? They can be counted on fingers of hands. Natalia took an interest. – From where do all of you know it? – then she told. – Such feeling that you from the future. – the woman answered. – I not from the future and from the present.

– From where you?

Anabel smiled. In her smiles some mysteriousness, mystery was concealed. It is obvious, was not from here, she was not an inhabitant of the earth. She could never make what was now. Madness and only. Natalia could not be here now? In this wood. At night when there has to be a day. Anabel answered a question.

– You are right, I not from here.

– From where you?

– No matter. – She answered Natalia's question, then continued. – I know all this because I it know also all here. – she made a pause. – I offer you something bigger than a task which to you was charged. It is failure. It is doomed to a failure. You will not find what look for.

– From where do you know it?

– Turn. – she assured Natalia. – I know it for certain. – she made a pause, then continued. – You can help the world. In the future it will change. Also you change, people. All will understand life value. Because they will exterminate themselves. And only then, when rich men will keep the own opinion, them with all their riches nobody will deliver them products food when one chicken costs as the present cost of the lands of France, then they will become those at whom all the life scoffed. Then they will also become people.

– And who they are now?

– Bad people. The bad people trying to tidy up more to itself the fact that the currency is called. They deceive each other, kill for the sake of it. How such it is possible to call people? Language does not turn. Bad people, bad people also are. Murderers! One word, murderers.

– And what you offer me?

– To go With me.

– Where?

– In the future.

– In the future? – Natalia was surprised. – But it is impossible! It is impossible to get to the future. The time machine was not invented yet. – then she added. – It from area of a fantasy.

– It agrees. It is impossible to believe in it and nevertheless? If to you suggest you to go to a similar travel, you went to the future or to the past?

But this question is not present definite answer. Who loves the past, who wants to visit the future? And nobody wants to remain in the present. It Is hated to most of people. They want more better life than now.

– I do not know. – Natalia answered. – This offer for me is unexpected.

Anabel told.

– And you think, I do not hurry you.

Natalya thought second.

– I was tired of this life. Lives of cares and efforts. – then she added. – If it is possible to find rest. Calm, and pacification.

Anabel asked.

– Do you want rest?

– I want. – Natalya answered, and added. – You do not know how I was tired of this life.

Anabel was surprised.

– Unless it is possible to be tired of life?

– It is possible. – Natalia confirmed. Then she added. – From such life as at me, it is possible.

Natalia's life was not sugar. She stuck at the plant as damned, any private life. Yes it also could not be. She put all the life on service to the fatherland, and here to her patience the end came. She wanted rest, but considered the state that to it early at its age to retire. It considered: – let will die for the fatherland than will retire. From there nobody retires, only death is the reason of resignation from life. Only death.

– I understand you. – told Anabel. – Sometimes we make fatal mistakes which cannot be corrected. – then she with regret added. – Sometimes the burden is heavier than we assumed.

Natalia told.

– I absolutely agree with you.

– What did you solve? – Anabel took an interest. – Where do you want to go? In the past or in the future? Or you want to remain in the present?

Natalia did not know what to answer what to solve? It was in doubts. Doubts overcame it. It had them in the head. She understood that everything that happened to it, it was not real. But if it is unreal, then where it is now? Where reality, and where fiction. Fiction her subconsciousness? Where now it? In reality or not? On this question it had no definite answer. The reality sometimes is so deceptive, and fiction is real. Sometimes there is a wish to leave from reality, on everything to spit and be forgotten. To be forgotten and go to the reality. Everyone has it the. Reality of rest and pacification. In it there is no evil and there is no good. There just person. That he wants what dreams of, this reality gives everything to him.

So in what reality there arrived Natalia now? We know that its plane crashed. She survived in that awful accident? Accidents over the huge ocean. Ocean of hopes, pipe dreams human subconsciousness. Natalia indecisively told.

– I?. What did I solve you ask?

– Yes. – Anabel asked. – What did you solve?

I cannot answer this question unambiguously. Of course Natalia something solved, but that? Now we perhaps learn about it.

– I solved. – indecisively Natalya told. She still doubted correctness of the act. Only to think? Offer you the choice. For the person who never chose nothing, for him everything and all chose and solved? Agree, it is not simple. Here Natalia unexpectedly told: – I never was in the future. I know the past, and the present for me is awful. – she made a pause, then asked. – Tell, it is in the future also awful as now? – then she added. – If this is so, then I better remain here. I precisely know what expects me in present time, and that in the future, a question?

Anabel smiled.

– Means if in the future better than now? Means you there?

Natalia positively shook the head, having told at the same time.

– There.

Anabel immediately asked.

– And if you are necessary now, at this time? The country demands from you something? And you want to run away?

Nobody will answer this question unambiguously. Each person wants happiness, let small, but happiness. Big human happiness.

Natalia this question nonplused. Now she precisely knew that this check. But who checks it? It remained a riddle. Natalya understanding it, told so.

– If the country wants that I for it served, I will serve. If she demands from me self-renunciation, I will accept its conditions. If the country demands from me to betray, I will never make it. Because I swore an oath, to serve for the good of my homeland.

Anabel took an interest.

– And if the country demands to betray it for the sake of justice to understand action of the enemy? What do you solve?

– If treachery of the homeland is for the good of the homeland, I this will make.

Anabel asked.

– Will you betray for the good of the homeland?

Natalia answered.

– I will not betray the Homeland. I will never make it. I will just execute the order, to come over to the side of the enemy to find out at it his secrets. Here no speech about treachery the speech can go.

– Do you so speak because you so consider? Or, because you so learned to speak?

– I so consider. – firmly Natalia Anabel answered. – And only I consider. – she claimed. – I trust in it. – here she made a pause, is heavy sighed. On her heart it was heavy. It seemed that on her heart huge freight lies. She quietly added. – I know people who do not understand it. Consider that their homeland where they is at present. Where went to bed, there and the homeland.

– Unless it not so?

– No. – Natalia answered. Of course not. And how there can be it differently? The homeland is a home ground, that where the person was born. Where he lived and lives with the birth. Where was born and where grew. And it is unimportant from where his parents what they are nationalities. The person defines the homeland. But it remains invariable. It is unimportant that the person demigrirovat, or emigrated. This it is unimportant. The homeland this that earth within which you were born and which is protected from an impact of the internal and external enemy. Here that the homeland means. – she made a pause, then added, then told. – In my opinion I intelligibly explained a concept the word "HOMELAND".

– Yes! I was not mistaken in you. – Anabel answered. – You are not devoted to the business. Yes! – Anabel agreed. – I as the woman understand you. Not the lung is a business, investigation. Sometimes it is necessary to sacrifice himself for the sake of what that? Self-renunciation, here main precept of the intelligence agent, and his damnation.

– It so. – Natalia agreed. – This damnation. To be always alone. – here she is cruel grinned and on her face the sneer grimace over by itself appeared. – Damnation! Devil of its pobera! – on her face bitter tears seemed. – You truly told, a damnation.

Here Natalia immediately steamed.

– Do not cry. – as could it calmed Anabel. – That did not occur at you in life, you change nothing any more.

– You are right. – Anabel wiping tears answered to a tear scarf. – That there was that was. "It is impossible to change anything" – here she unexpectedly asked. – And how Nina? how your sister?

Without having understood what the question consists in, Natalia asked.

– What do you mean?

Anabel quietly and excruciatingly painful for herself and for Natalia asked.

– Did you think what will be with it?

Natalia thought. To it it was unclear from where she knew about her sister? They never communicated with it? And were not familiar? From where then did Anabel know about Nina?

– Do you know about Nina? – Natalia was surprised. – From where? – she fixedly stared at Anabel studying a look, then having terrified took an interest. – From where you Oh, damn? From where you know it, my sister, Nina.

Anabel took an interest.

– It is important?

– We talk already whole hour – looking at the watch determined on a column in the Bologna wood, Natalia took an interest. – You as I see about me know much, I suspect that practically all.

– And?

– But I about you know nothing at all. – Natalia answered and asked. Tell about yourself. Who are you such?

The stranger grinned.

– Did you just understand that you know nothing about me? – Anabel smiled. – Well, I can tell something about myself. – she told with a smile on a face. – But whether you will believe me? – she looked around herself. – You look. – Showing to a hand on the road she in the dark told. – Do you consider all this really? You here on the road, somewhere in the wood, around anybody. On hours three o'clock in the afternoon. You here, with me. – then she asked. – Do you consider all this really?

Natalia did not know what to answer. It was in full confusion. Nothing not understanding woman, looked at other woman, and did not know what to answer? She understood that all that now occurs this some madness. The madness happening to it now, at present. Who was this woman? Natalia did not know it. She understood now that she told it practically everything that she thinks how the military person about the homeland, the country, and oaths to it. Why she told this woman about all this, a question? She made a complement.

– You cunning woman. In my opinion, is more cunning than me. You made so that I told you everything about what I think of, and I did not learn about you words. Do you ask whether all that now here happens to me is real? I will answer, no. This unreality in that concept as all of us got used to think ...

Anabel killed it.

– And what it in your opinion?

– I think. – there began Natalia. – This certain reality between the worlds. I do not understand as? But we met.

– Met? – Anabel was surprised, asked. – we that? Are familiar?

– Perhaps. – Natalia assumed. – And perhaps is also not present.

Anabel asked explanations told by Natalia. She wanted to know whether Natalia understands what happens to it or not?

Natalia answered.

– How many I watch at you Anabel, I all am surprised to our similarity. – she told seeing that Anabel is similar to it as like as two peas. – I assume that a certain being of mine subconsciousness which controls me and does not allow to make mistakes. – then she emphasized. Fatal mistakes.

Anabel carefully took an interest.

– You are confident in it?

Natalia firmly and finally without povorotno said.

– On all hundred.

– Do you want to tell that you talk to yourself? – Anabel was surprised. – And I am not here? – Anabel surprised with such unexpected news exclaimed. – But I here! Here I, living person.

– No. – Natalia continued to claim. – You my subconsciousness. – then she added. – You it I. And I it you. – then she added. – You my mind, you are my thoughts, you my consciousness.

– But if so, then how you explain such fact that you talk to me?

– I do not talk to you. – Natalia told. – I talk to the thinking. – then she reminded. – Do you remember where we met?

– Certainly I remember.

– What did you then tell me? – Natalia made a pause, then reminded Anabel's words. – do not forget your purpose a task, councils of traitors do not forgive. – then she added. – I then did not



understand from where you? I thought that you flew with me by that plane that landed at Charles De Gaulle's airport. I then thought that you not one. With you still someone is? I then thought that you me check. But I was mistaken. I understood that I you am unreal just now.

– From what did you solve it?

– Your questions. – Natalya began to be at suitable loss for words. – They? – Natalia made a pause, then continued. – Personal. – having made the next pause Natalia added. – Any intelligence agent will not ask private matters at once, here so bluntly. He at first will make to the woman something pleasant, will lull into a false sense of security, and then, in a conversation, so, between business, something will ask such?

– Truly. – Anabel agreed with Natalia. – The professional would act this way. But what if this not the pro? This person was sent to you that he took you and found out everything that it is necessary to him? Agree, it is simpler to nonprofessional to make it?

Natalia agreed.

– Perhaps you are also right. But whereas it is possible to explain that the chain of questions is built so what to answer them and it is necessary to lie?

Anabel explained.

– This psychology of the person.

– What do you mean?

– Person. – Anabel's beginnings. – In the majority of the nature, cannot lie. He can only tell some lie. But to lie he is incapable. Of course there are people who all the life lie, but this individuals. They sit in tops of the power. Having only lain, it is possible to achieve something. And then this lie turns into a way of life. Human lives, got used to luxury and not to refuse to themselves anything.

Natalia was terrified.

– But this madnesses!?

Anabel answered.

– Perhaps, but who knows that such madness? – in her words there was a shade confusion. She said about madness so that as though it was mad!? – agree, madness a concept relative? There are madmen geniuses, and there are madmen loonies, and just people subject to mad passion. Volition something that never happens in their life. They are called madmen too. But whether so it? Unless the dream is a madness? It is unlikely? To go to the dream all life and to die, thinking that it nevertheless will sometime be carried out. Let it was not carried out with you, but it is possible to be carried out with your children or grandsons. Will you tell that it is not fine?

– What fine is that dying, the dream was not fulfilled? Dream, this only dream, and anything else. What use in a dream if it is impracticable? – then Natalia added. – The person living in a dream, is just the ghost, and nothing more.

– Do you consider that dreams will never come true?

– Looking what.

– For example?

– If the person dreams of something that to him never to see, in this case he is a full idiot. But if his dream perhaps is fulfilled, but for this purpose it is required efforts and time, then about what idiocy can there be a speech here? This person is rather a dreamer, than the idiot? In the ancient time, someone wanted to rise into the sky. Then these people were considered heretics, and idiots. Now they would be called dreamers. It is only dreams, to depart to other galaxy and to look how live there. Of course, we know something about it, but to see it with own eyes, agree Anabel, this absolutely other.

Anabel smiled.

– Let at first to Mars to land and will master it, and there we will look where still to direct their look.

– Do you know Anabel what will happen in the future?

– Do you consider that I it you? – told Anabel. – Means you know that I know, and I do not know the same yet.

– I understand you. – Natalia understood Anabel. She if did not know, then guessed what Anabel wants to tell about. It was it. Its the second I, so to speak. Was at Natalia's tip of the tongue anything. Any thoughts, except those that treated her, but not to them with Anabel to a conversation. Nobody knew from them that that will occur further. What decision will be made by Natalia. Nobody knows what decision the person will make. It is only possible to assume, but the person has to make the final decision. It can change the decision at the latest moment. Even without expecting that. This state is called unstable mentality. Though I call this state final the decision, analizations of this situation or the project. It is so easy to make the final decision when the decision demands the analysis. Final analysis. The decision which needs to be accepted otherwise. Fast thinking, and answer to the most important question? Whether there is this solution of these works that enclosed in it? And what the person will receive in exchange? – ours the decision can be changeable. Though you it I, I all the same do not know that will occur in the future. – Natalia made a pause, then added. – We can see only its part, what will occur on extremely measure this year. But all!? It is impossible to see. It is only possible to see what to you is allowed to see, and anything else.

Anabel asked.

– Do you know what will happen to you in the future? – then she was surprised. – Do not you try to change the destiny?

– No. – Natalia answered. – What for? There is no escaping fate. It is only possible to correct it and all.

Anabel was surprised.

– To correct? And you do not want to change it?

– Why. – Natalia answered. – I know the destiny. I saw it at the birth. Turn. – she heaved a deep sigh. – In it there is nothing good. Only one grief and disappointment. – then she added. – If the person was born in that time and not in that place, what to do? We are only small screws ы big life. Someone already solved everything for us, and to us the choice did not leave. – she grinned, added. – Democracy for fools. Everything is already solved for us long ago, and to us only allow to think that we choose something. – Natalia made a long long pause. – All this is chosen for us, and the fact.

– Everything is correct! – Anabel exclaimed. – All power this dictatorship! For you people everyone and everything was solved already for a long time. In this world is not present and there will be no justice. – then she added. – Accept my gift, rest.

Natalia took an interest.

– What do you mean? Rest.

– Calm and smooth surface. A pacification with by itself. Rest.

Natalia quietly asked.

– Death? – on her face the calm and serenity was visible. She guessed that all that happens to it, happens not to it, and to someone another. It could not happen to it. Rest. That there can be a beam Rest. Rest. Rest. Only in death it is possible to find rest. If the person stays idle all the life, then he is already dead. There are, of course, exceptional cases, but they are individual, and are connected with these or those diseases of the person. – This death?

Anabel answered.

– This not death.

– What it?

– Life. – Anabel answered. – I offer you life. That life of which you all life dreamed.

– Where it?

– You know where it. – told Anabel. – You only should wish, and I will comply with your request. Solve! You wish to live all life as now you live, in fear. And I offer you something bigger, rest

and joy of life. Do you agree or not? You tell the decision. I offer you it only once. Speak! whether you agree or not?

Natalia thought. She wanted rest, but could not give up the work. The oath kept her from it the decision. What will be chosen by her? Let's look.

– Difficult decision. – Natalia told. I should make tough decision. To leave with this woman, with the I or to remain here. In this reality, in this life. And at last Natalia made the difficult decision. She told. – I solved.

– What?

– I ...

I will not tell yet what decision was made by Natalia. Let it will remain its secret so far. For now we are transferred presently. In Cafe where Roman, Vera and Dimitrii sat. What do they do there? Now we will see it.

## Chapter-16

### *Maintaining*

We will be transferred presently. In Cafe where Roman, Vera and Dimitrii sat. What do they do there? Now we will see it.

Having told all history, Dimitrii told.

– Who knows where now Natalia? It can it is alive and lives somewhere in clover, and can during this time it departed in another world. Who knows? Perhaps, already when you Roman were with Nina, she was already dead? We do not know whether there was it on that plane which crashed over the ocean? We know that all passengers sat on the places, and who exactly, a question?

The belief addressed Roman.

– I did not know that you work for FSB? Did you go to this system consciously?

Roman frowned, then told.

– I had no choice. I made something, and got. I was suggested to be become the agent, and I agreed. – he heaved a deep sigh, and then threw. – Now it seems to me that then all this was arranged. But what to tell about it now? Time passed much, will change nothing even if to want.

– And you would like it?

– I do not know. – sadly Roman answered. – Maybe yes, and can is not present. – he made a pause, then quietly added. – I do not know.

Dmitry grinned.

– Yes! – he told with an obvious smile. – There was a business! I as nobody remember it. Itself was an involuntary participant of these events.

The belief was surprised.

– You were a participant of those events? Interestingly? Roman never told me about this history.

Dimitrii answered.

– There is nothing to tell. – he told and having grinned added. – You know that such affairs do not discuss. – he made a pause, and having looked in Vera's eyes, added absolutely seriously. – This classified information. – then he kind of added. – Do you understand?

– Yes. – with understanding Vera told. – Such this business?.

Roman agreed.

– That's it. – then he added. – Investigation it put? She is not one to be trifled with. – then he added. – She is not one to be trifled with.

Dimitrii agreed.

– Many people died, disclosing the state secrets. We simply destroy them.

The belief took an interest.

– How?

Dimitrii grinned.

– And you do not guess?

The belief in all seriousness answered.

– No. I do not guess.

– All of them in prison. – Dimitrii told. – There is their place.

– And when it is blown?

– Will live then once, death on a threshold will be become. Here not it is necessary to think of a state secret, and of the soul.

– Yes. – Vera agreed. – In old age it is necessary to think not only about the remained lives, but also too it is necessary to think of the soul.

Roman told.

– Soul soul and what we will do with Natalia? Nobody knows where it now? None of attendees us know it here. – he made a pause, then added. – She can it is already dead, and can it is alive? Who knows?

– It precisely. – Vera answered. She made a pause, then added. – It is terrible when you lose somebody dear person. Especially if this person your sister, mother or somebody from native, from family.

Men completely agreed with it.

– Terribly, you are right.

The belief took an interest.

– Means you do not know where Natalia now?

Dimitrii answered.

– We do not know.

– Why it to you? What is the time passed?

Dimitrii answered.

– You see, we consider that Natalia did not die.

The belief with care asked.

– What do you mean?

– It was not by that plane. – Dimitrii told. – She did not die with all. But where it now? This secret. A secret which we have to open. He agrees, time passed much, but we have Nina's corpse. – He made a pause, then added. – Everything will deliver to DNA on the place.

The belief made the assumption and at this time something frightened it. Some inexplicable feeling captured it. She did not understand, what is it? Fear? Horror? Or all together? She did not know it.

– Do you want to tell that in a grave not Nina lies? in a grave Natalia lies?

Dimitrii answered.

– It only assumption.

Roman was terrified.

– It is impossible!

The belief exclaimed.

– Cannot be?

Dimitrii answered.

– It is impossible, but it is possible. Which of them lies in a grave, we will find out it. But if it is not there? And there Natalia, where then Nina?

The belief thoughtfully answered.

– Question? – she made a pause, then she addressed Roman, and asked. – And you noticed nothing when you met Nina?

– No. – Roman answered. – There is nothing. – then he added. – I so long did not see it that forgot what it is actually.

The belief noticed.

– Did you love it? If loved, then never forgot it. And you as I see, forgot it. Maybe you forgot it because you did not love Natalia any more, t talking to Nina, you talked to Natalia. Therefore you did not make out its essence. Perhaps, it found children once given Nina in orphanage. She was perhaps guilty to Nina, and it found her children, and found you Roman. – she made a pause, then asked. – Do you understand me Roman?

– Yes, I understand.

The belief continued.

– Perhaps, she was ill, and knew that she will die soon. Having connected you, she executed the last will of the sister, and then with quiet heart died. – Vera finished the story.

Having listened to Belief, the Novel thought. He never thought of what was told to it by Vera. He never even could assume that it is possible. Nina and Natalia perhaps same person, sisters. Two sisters different and identical at the same time. How it is possible? It he, of course, understood, but his brain could not realize this situation in any way? Roman exclaimed.

– Some madness and only.

The belief did not agree.

– It not madness, this love.

AUTHOR: – So what's next? Nobody knows what will occur further? How will events develop? Sometimes it the author of it does not know the work. He writes history, and does not know that with the hero will be farther? What will we look at?

There passed minute. In cafe there was a following. Everything that was seen by all there attendees, disappeared. All as though changed. Walls disappeared, and instead of them appeared a certain similarity to the desert. However, this was not absolutely the desert. This it was similar to a picture, the three-dimensional image to this desert rather. It approached the people who are present there, and soon reached them, having stopped directly near their legs. What is it was? Nobody knew it. However they also could not know it, it was out of their human mind. Bottomless desert of yellow sand. Task on which nothing grew. Only boundless yellowness scope. The yellow sand running afar for the horizon.

The belief did not understand what occurs in this room. What deception, deception of optical sight was, or their brain sent them the picture which they did not expect in any way. What is it? Mysticism? Reality? Vera could not understand it. She asked men.

– Do you see the same as I?

Nothing not understanding Roman asked Vera.

– Do you see the same as I?

The belief carefully took an interest.

– And what you see?

Dimitrii told.

– We have no relation to it. – at it the person was anxious. He did not know that he really happens, and it was visible. Then he swore. – What for the Devil?

In the distance, among the boundless desert the figure appeared. It appeared from nowhere. Its outlines not were it is clearly visible. It was as if a mirage. A mirage in the middle of this desert. Moving closer and closer, it became clearly visible. Who it was? Nobody could answer this question posed. But here the figure approached a table for which Vera, Roman and Dimitrii sat. Now it was possible to define that this was a woman, and in hands she had what that notebook. She approached Vera, put a notebook on a table, and having bent down to Vera's ear, whispered to it on an ear.

– It is time to wake up.

## Chast-II

### Chapter-17

#### *Diary*

Belief woke up early in the morning. She made potyagushechka, and having looked round remembered that she just was in cafe. She did not understand how it is possible? In her head there was a porridge. She badly thought where it was and where to be now? And in general, all that she saw was real or all this simply dreamed her? She could not know it? In general, she considered that she all that she saw, just dreamed her. And how differently? All dreamed it, anyhow? Cafe, two men, and their story about?. here she became thoughtful, she precisely knew that it had a sister, the sister Natalia. Its blood and flesh. It having called her and not having heard the answer, got out of a bed. It threw with a dressing gown absolutely nude body, and having passed across the apartment, having found nobody, she passed on kitchen, and having put on a plate a teapot with cold water, sat down at a table, thought. She thought of what happened to it? She remembered that it was in that cafe, talked to men, but at the same moment it seemed to it that it absolutely one. One in this world. It has no sister, and that woman by the name of Natalia, only a raft her imagination. At some point it seemed to it that Natalia and it the same person. No Natalia is absent, there is only she. It is one, Nina. She got up from a chair, left in a corridor, and having looked in a mirror which hung on a wall, asked to herself a question:

– Who am I? Who this woman? The woman looking in a mirror? Natalia? Nina? And there can be somebody else? She did not know it. At some point she saw in a mirror absolutely other person. Woman absolutely unlike it. In general I will tell you, a mirror such piece, in it it is possible to see the finest that to be in the person, and the most awful in it. Not without reason say about mirrors that the mirror is reflection of soul of the person. It shows all fine that is in it, and all awful. Shortcomings common to all mankind. The mirror, is the second I the person, and what in it he will see, depends only on the person. Whom did the woman see in a mirror? And she in it saw the late Nina. That Nina, that was once her sister. Her girlfriend, so far they because of Roman did not quarrel. At this moment she remembered who she is such is actually. They remembered the name and joyfully smiled. About her heart as if heavy freight fell. Having with relief sighed, She told only the unique word. – remembered. – yes, she remembered who she is such? Neither Natalia, nor Nina who is she? Belief. Yes, she is Vera. The woman the saved Nina and her child from Roman whom Vera married, and lived with him many years. This minute, she as if for some reason to direct command departed from a mirror, put on, having taken a ladies' handbag where there were all female accessories and also its passport, she left the apartment, locked for herself a door. Then she went down on steps, and having gone outside from an entrance, went on the way to post office. It went along the street without knowing why it goes there. On mail. She had nothing to do there. She did not wait for any letter, nobody wrote her and there was absolutely nobody absolutely nobody to write. All her parents died, relatives were not. But nevertheless she came to mail, and very much was surprised when she asked the woman sitting at a rack.

– Something for me is?

That answered:

– To you parcel. – then she added. – A month at us lies, we wanted it to send back and there is no return address.

The belief asked:

– It is possible to receive? – the female mail carrier answered. – Of course. – She got up from a chair, and left to look for a parcel. Soon it returned, with a big envelope in a hand. After all necessary formalities, Vera took at last a big, weighty envelope, and having put it in a handbag, went home.

Houses, having opened an envelope, she took from it a big, commonplace book, and having opened it read on the title page the following.

– This diary about my life. I bequeath it to Vera, my best friend. Let she will read it. In it I told the truth about my sister Natalia. Let her name will not be forgotten.

Nina.

Having read these lines, Vera understood who conducted her on this road who wanted that she took this diary in hand and read it. This was, of course, Nina. that Nina who had to Hate Vera for the fact that she took away at her Roman. But she entrusted it the most expensive in the life, the diary, the thoughts, the most intimate desires, the secret thoughts. The belief did not understand why it made it? Why it, and to nobody Bol she entrusted the diary. The most secret thoughts? Belief having sat down in a chair Ninin opened the diary on the first page, and read the following.

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.