

СОДЕРЖИТ

НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ

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D. G. Borrony L. G. Borrony

МойMy city 3

records Emmanuel

Dmitry Borrony

My city 3: records Emmanuel

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Borrony D. G.

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This story about how one doctor put the patient on drug. We always trust the doctors, and we always Fulfill their requirements. But sometimes, doctors hurt us. They experiment in public the medicines, and sometimes put the patients on drugs. And also here it is written about rest of a human soul, about its harmony and balance with a body. Here it is shown that there are souls rest, communication with the nature of the highest human pleasure. On a cover of a photo of the author. Содержит нецензурную брань.

Chast-I

Chapter-1

Arrival

– "The PLANE of AIRLINE (AIR FRANCE) MADE LANDING: PARIS – MOSCOW. The EXIT FROM the TERMINAL NUMBER THIRTEEN". – then the same female voice told. – "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. LANDED THE AIRCRAFT OF THE AIRLINE (AIR FRANCE): PARIS-MOSCOW. THE OUTPUT FROM THE TERMINAL NUMBER THIRTEEN".

Arrival. The plane landed at Sheremetyevo Airport two. At a window of a window of the plane the woman sat. She just left Paris, and having arrived to Moscow, expected something that she could not explain yet from this trip. This flight took place long. Sitting at a window window, she could not tell why to it it was terrible? She felt that her heart clenched in a lump, and became as if a stone. In her soul cats were scraped, and it did not find to itself the place. She felt something, something she was afraid. Something frightened her. She did not understand, what is it? She did not understand why to it it is so terrible? After what happened to it in France, In Paris. She could assume that this fear of inevitable, is not what other as simply peculiar panic. Now, going down on a ladder on the earth, she looked at the world surrounding it, and it became easily and freely. She sighed a full breast, and from her heart and soul everything got sick. Everything disappeared as if ever nothing was. Now she understood that all this in there was only panic, fear before new. Before novel. It also is clear. It arrived to Russia on extremely measure for the first time in the life. Though it it is possible, already was here, but she did not remember it. Called this woman Emmanuel. Emmanuel is the woman who passed through the hell, and having appeared in this country, the country of bears and the dense woods. Whether so it? Nobody knows it. In Russia there is a wood – a taiga. Boundless steppes and fields. Russia – you are the great power! But who knows? Such it is great? Emmanuel did not know it. Now, undergoing customs and passport control, she looked at the frontier guard, thought, is not present – reflected: "What do I do here? Really I here, in this country, the country, in the country from where all run. What is it? Simple misunderstanding of the power or pathology of the people? They got used to live where it is better, and it is necessary to live anywhere? Russia – you is big the power! Your open spaces are big and boundless. Why all flee Russia? Obviously, they just with a tail of years forgot to live freely. You got used to live under dictatorship of the power, and other life frightens you". With these thoughts, having undergone customs passport control Emmanuel Vyshla from the terminal of the airport, and having looked round, she saw the cars-TAXI parked near the terminal of the airport. She approached one taxi driver, and in clean English asked:

– How many will the trip to Moscow cost?

The taxi driver having stared at Emmanuel. He did not understand a uniform word told Emmanuel. He just did not know English and that English, he and Russian did not know. He was a guest worker. Arrived from the East, and having got a job the taxi driver in the company on transportation of people called "Let's eat up with a breeze". Which specialized in transportation of people, and control of one of gangster groups. Having employed cheap working force, they carried people from the airports to Moscow and back. However, as it they did? It is unclear. They did not know Moscow, only road from the airports to Moscow and back. In Moscow they were just lost, and not зная where to go further, they went anywhere, only not to a point appointment.

Having understood only one word "Moscow", and having understood that before it the foreigner, he immediately on mixed and unclear told an adverb:

– With доллар'с.

– Having understood only the unique word – dollar, Emmanuel asked again:

– How Much? – what means, "How many?". Emmanuel got the sheet of paper, and the handle from a handbag, and having told. – Write. – what means "to Write", she stretched to the taxi driver of the Caucasian appearance to a bunch, and let know that it should write cost, gave it in hands the handle, and that having written figure hundred on the sheet of paper, Emmanuel gave the handle and the sheet of paper back. That having looked at figure just was horrified. She counted on twenty, as a last resort fifty dollars. But hundred are too. Emmanuel wanted to bargain, but she did not know Russian, and east that Bol. What to do? Of course to go. To go with this person of the Caucasian appearance and to pray that he at least decently conducted this car. Russia – you are the great power, and unclear for anybody. However, the Russian people too hardly understand it, and having only crooked the elbow, they become great philosophers, and claim: "Russia – you is fine and wise". And in what she is wise? Nobody could understand it. There is such Russia. Russia – my mother.

Nobody understands, and will understand. Why drivers in Moscow and in all Russia, people from the Caucasian nationality. Arrived from the auls, they are capable to operate only donkeys and horses. Cars for them and for society – death.

Emmanuel wanted to tell something, she looked at the taxi driver, and perhaps understood that with him it is impossible to go. However, she understood that other taxi driver can appear not better than it, and perhaps and worse: "this at least took hundred, and another will take all two hundred". Well, there is nothing to do. The taxi driver put suitcases Emmanuel in a car luggage carrier, and that having sat down on back sitting, crossed. She knew that this trip will be flour. But it had no exit. This taxi driver, as well as other taxi drivers in this country was not able to go. And can and was able? Who knows? In any case, nobody knew for certain, it from the airport in the center will reach or not? Emmanuel slammed a car door, and having sat down on a driver's seat the taxi driver, having slammed a door, on some unclear for Emmanuel told an adverb:

– Shit. Again the motor knocks. It is necessary to tell Hassan that replaced.

He turned a key ignition, and the motor having pressed the accelerator pedal, heard as the motor zatarakhtet. However, this tarakhteniye reminded rather a knock of the ungreased cart of ezhzhayshchiya on the road with big shafts and jumping on them, top down.

Emmanuel seeing that the car-taxi is near death and instead of in it to go, most likely it is necessary to write the will to the relatives or to be a suicide kamikaze, Emmanuel as could told:

– Let me get out. – what means, "let me leave".

On what the taxi driver told:

– We go-go.

The car started. But she did not go in literal sense of it a word. It jumped up up. Then again, and only after it back wheels of a car turned the bend, and were started up by gallop on the road, there where eyes looked. Without having managed to come round, Emmanuel was pressed in a back seat of a car, and to her became painful is sick. The matter is that in back sitting it was entirely cut up, and stuck on it a sticky insulating tape adhesive tape, somehow hid the knifed sitting from which continually stuck out springs. Emmanuel from surprise screamed:

– Ouch! – what means "OUCH!". It was intolerably painfully the spring from a seat pierced it in a backbone. And the moment the car got to this on a hummock, and having jumped up so that at Emmanuel intercepted spirit, and it having screamed again. – Ouch! Hell is a taxi. I cam to this ... sit in this car? Yes? It's time to dump, or something that people carry. – what means. "Ouch! Devil take it this taxi. Why did I only approach it ... got into this car? Yes on a dump it is time for it, the fact that to carry people".

Without having understood that the passenger of the taxi told, the taxi driver heard as below, under the bottom of its car, something burst, and the car having decayed, nearly fell down on one side.

– Pyu-ty! – it struck with hands a wheel. – Devil you pobera! Again broke, a bough! – it will turn back to the passenger. That scaredly looked around, trying to understand, it already there, in heaven or still here, on the earth? The taxi driver with showed the smile. It seemed that he began

to hate something? Perhaps, it is its bridewealth or the fact that it should pay for repair of this stuff again. In any case it having given a hand, told. – Arrived. – and then as if derisively added. – from you hundred dollars.

Emmanuel did not understand sense of humour. She thought that the taxi driver jokes. Besides that it did not take it to the place appointment yet, it still slightly did not ruin it. Emmanuel took an interest:

– What? Is that a jock? – what means. "what? It that joke?".

The taxi driver ominously grinned. He cruelly demanded:

– Drive bucks, the BOUGH!

Seeing that the taxi driver does not joke, Emmanuel looked back on the parties. She saw the people who approached the place of accident. They looked at the car, and discussed something. But here and militia. The young man of the averted appearance. Rather it was similar to a pig, than to the police officer. He looked at a car, then approached a door sitting of the driver, and having knocked in a window, asked to go it out of the car. Then a deep voice asked:

– What has happened?

The autodriver who left the, told:

– Yes here, accident. – now its voice was appeasable and silent. It was as if as at a little lamb beaten off the mother and calling now her to the aid.

The militiaman examined a car, and saw the broken back axis, asked:

– Your rights. – then, having seen сидящую on back sitting the scared woman, he asked. – With you everything is all right?

But the woman did not understand a question. She asked:

– Sorry. What did you say? – what means. "Excuse. What did you tell?".

– Devil take it. – the militiaman swore. – The foreigner, she be wrong. – he grumbled. – it is not sat by it at itself, so they to us climb? Then he told one word clear in any language. – PASSPORT. – however, if the foreigner is from Germany, then he should tell the following. – Ihren Pass bitte. For the ignorant person language – a problem.

Well. Emmanuel having left the broken car, gave to the police officer the passport, and that having looked in it, decided that it is better not to contact it. Who knows? What can such meeting turn back? Then you will not unsubscribe. The militiaman told. – You can be free. – then having remembered that she speaks only English, told a word, from the school program which he remembered blindly. – GO. – he helped to pull out from luggage office its suitcases, and then having waved a hand, asked that they were approached by the taxi. There passed minute, and the car stood at the broken driver's car – east nationality. It left the young female driver, and having put suitcases Emmanuel in a car luggage carrier, opened a forward door, and told:

– You sit down.

Emmanuel though did not understand that this woman told, she understood one that to it suggested to get into this taxi. Emmanuel having contemptuously looked in a man's face of the Caucasian nationality, spat on asphalt, and having sat down in a car, told something in English as if sending this person to all devils.

Zhenshchina-taksistka the door closed, and having bypassed the car, sat down on the driver's place, and having included ignition, the pedal pressed coupling, and the car is smooth went on asphalt. On the road. There, towards to the unknown. What does Emmanuel there, in the city wait for? Whether it will find what looks for? Will meet the one who by it is necessary to be met? About it and about many other you learn about it later for now Emmanuel went by the car taxi to Moscow. To the capital of Russia. But it is boring to go without any conversation. Therefore I will tell, the small truth. Though and the truth you will call it. Just the female-taksistka knew English. Now setting the last examinations in MGIMO, she was forced to earn additionally a taksistka. And where still it is possible to earn so many money? The taxi – a gold mine for all.

Chapter-2

Female taxi driver

It is boring to go without any conversation. Therefore I will tell, the small truth. Though and the truth you will call it. Just the female-taksistka knew English. Now setting the last examinations in MGIMO, she was forced to earn additionally a taksistka. And where still it is possible to earn so many money? The taxi – a gold mine for all.

Taksistka asked:

– Where it is necessary to you?

But Emmanuel did not understand a question, she told:

– Sorry. I do not understand. – what means, "I do not understand".

Zhenshchina-taksistka understood that the woman the foreigner sitting near her. It, obviously arrived to Russia on affairs? Zhenshchina-taksistka asked *сидящую* near it the woman already in English.

– You, from where?

Having heard the English adverb, Emmanuel with relief sighed. She did not need to tell with whom that now or and know that it will not be understood. This woman. She speaks English. Zhenshchina-taksistka. Now it is possible not to be afraid that it will not be understood. Emmanuel branched off:

– I from Paris.

– Do you live in France?

– Lately.

– What brought you into Russia?

– Affairs. – answered Emmanuel, and then added. – Yes I wanted to look at Russia after communism.

– Yes. – the female-taksistka agreed. – In comparison with the past, now here paradise!

Emmanuel was surprised:

– Unless?

– Yes! – the female-taksistka confirmed. – You judge, at the CPSU we could not earn for free. Could not take bribes, could not earn additionally. For all this we were put. – she made a pause. – Here, for example my parents. They spent five years in prison in Kolomna for speculation, and now it becomes clear that they sat to no purpose. At a present economic situation in Russia, bribery and theft reached such limits that there is no place further. – it having made a pause, continued. – if before the teacher took only bribes, then now they take for study, for textbooks, for these or those collateral goods for improvement of schools, and lay down to themselves in a pocket. Here I remember there was such case. A certain teacher collected from pupils of parents a round sum, allegedly for fine tuning of school according to the Finnish standard. And what? On that all also ended. Money evaporated, and the Finnish extension and remained in the project. Yes, how many such cases! Not to count. So you want or do not want to live in Russia better now. – it having made a pause, added. – It is better to live for rich men, and legalists. The same who was poor, so and will remain to them. This person does not have the place in this life. – the female-taksistka cruelly grinned. – Losers. Want much, and give less than nothing.

Emmanuel was surprised to reaction of the female-taksistki. She did not expect in any way that it, arguing on charm of present life. Lives in years of reorganization of Russia, will speak on a similar subject. Emmanuel took an interest:

– Do you consider poverty defect?

– Well. – the female-taksistka threw. – I wanted to tell not that. – she made a pause, and then told. – Here I, study in MGIMO. How many I saw students and students who go all out to get an education. They learn everything that they to them set and even more. They try. But they are necessary to nobody in life. Do you ask – why? I will answer. There is the second type of students. They are billionaires. Their parents hold high posts, and some even supervise institutes. How not to teach such children and not to take on free training? A sin – and only. Lecturers argue so: – "Let pay those who cannot pay, and our place is expensive to us. All the same these blockheads will not be taken anywhere, and official goofs-off – another matter". Here so lecturers argue. – it having made a pause, continued. – Yes it is not necessary to go far anywhere. Here one of my acquaintances. It graduated from MGIMO, and in the specialty do not hire. And you know why?

– Why?

– This profession is not in Russia. Say to her: – "You fly abroad, there work will be, and in Russia is not present". There are such affairs. – she grinned. – You will be taught, and on the market, to strengthen trade relations between buyers and sellers. – then she as if in despair and violent usmeshlivy rage exclaimed. – And you speak in Russia to live badly. WELL!!! from school in worthless higher education institution, and from there on the market, tomatoes and apples extremely expensively to push. – then she specified. – and not easy to sell tomatoes and apples, and low freshness.

Emmanuel specified:

– Rotten.

– Rotten. – then she asked. – Did you read "Master and Margarita?"

– Read.

– And so, in one their heads Voland says: – "The freshness has to be the first and the last. Is not present semifresh. If fish semifresh, then it rotten". – the female-taksistka having grinned, having made a long pause, laughed the matter off. – Here we also live all in unclear freshness. It is unclear as from where deliver, and unclear what freshness. And to people only to fill stomachs, and from a grief then to drink. – it having made a pause, told. – The Russian drunk, you will also not tell in any way any more. Here I spoke somehow with one such drunk. So he told me that he will be happy for hundred grams. Here also the authorities use it. Spivat the Russian people and why? Not to feed him. And who after that from us the monster!? Only those who under a roof of the power, and we are people study, are forced to earn at first money, and then to arrive if take. So it is only possible to study having earned money and if to earn them that you will never be taught. It is simply impossible. – she heaved a deep sigh. – It is impossible physically.

Listening the female-taksistka Emmanuel understood that before her the woman who in the young years already passed through HELL sits. She saw on the century both black and white. The story which she told Emmanuel obviously happened to her best friend. And here she, is forced to earn money too at last to be taught, and to gain that diploma with honors of MGIMO which will tell it and all remained its zavidnik: "HERE I! Admire me! Here I am what. And at you such is?". Yes, for certain so it also is. Emmanuel was simply confident in it. She with care took an interest:

– Did you tell this story because you study or because at you in soul all this became painful, and now all this wants to be splashed out outside? And can because you want to tell me something?

– What? – the female-taksistka did not understand. – about what it you?

– So, about anything. – Emmanuel having made a pause, asked. – What is your name?

– Luda.

– And me Emmanuel. – then she told. – You know Luda, I, of course, have no idea of this country. But I will tell you as on spirit, concerning the doctrine you are mistaken. – it having made a pause, continued. – I, of course, do not know all situation in this country. Can you are right. Corruption both was, and remained. It in all countries, turn to me on a word. But as for a tuition fee, here a standard. – it having made a pause, told. – I studied hardly too. – then she added, kind of to

a consolation. – There, abroad, happens so that pay firms where we work for us. – it having made a heavy pause, heaved a deep sigh. – Unfortunately in Russia there is no it yet.

– From where do you know it? – Luda was surprised. – I did not tell it to you.

– I understood it from a conversation with you.

Luda thought. She looked at Emmanuel trying to understand who such this woman actually and why it arrived to Russia?

Luda asked:

– And who you are by profession?

– It is important for you?

– I do not want that what that there the woman wiped to me brains.

Emmanuel took an interest:

– What means wiped?

Luda as could explained this word:

– It means got into brains that to put them into place. – and then told. – with my brains at me everything is all right, and flattery in them I will allow nobody any more.

Having heard these words, and its reaction to them, Emmanuel pricked up the ears. She assumed that this woman, this woman Luda is not quite healthy. It obviously had problems, and one of them its unstable mentality. Yes, it is quite possible. In this country according to the story by Luda there can live only rich men. And this her statement on the fact that beggars have to die, and then her explanation. She wanted to present differently the judgment of poor and rich people, and she quite managed it. But now? It put a certain protection представляющею itself only the parody to its idea of life in Russia. She was not quite healthy, and was not sick. It had only a depression, the neurosis acquired in her life. Neurosis which was suffered by many people and continue to suffer. Neurosis – a way of life of the person. At one it is less noticeable, others have more. In any case one is clear. Neurosis does not respond to treatment. Only self-checking of the person over by itself. Only this way it is possible to cure it. Not to cure but only to cure. It, as well as many other diseases, are not subject to treatment. They are only muffled, but not treated. It is the life fact, and not to disappear from it.

Emmanuel told:

– I have a specialization in the field of psychology.

– You that? Brain is right?

– Absolutely.

– Then that?

– I am a psychotherapist.

– You? – Luda was surprised. – Psychotherapist?

– Yes. – confirmed Emmanuel. – I am a psychotherapist.

– Anything to? For the first time I see the psychotherapist. – Luda having made a puzzled pause, continued. – I communicate mainly with future lawyers and judges.

– Do you study on legal?

– On it. – unclear expression of the person can be requalified somehow, but not in its true value. Therefore Luda explained. – At law department of MGIMO. – then she took an interest. – And you what was finished?

Emmanuel did not know that to answer this question, she would never tell the truth, and in this case it would reveal. Why it graduated from intelligence school if it ... well you understand.

Emmanuel told:

– Oxford.

Luda heaved a deep sigh. She dreamed though sometime to leave from this country to the country of free democracy where she could work and live. To live as she wants that.

– You know. – she told. – I probably when I gain the diploma will go to states. – it having made a pause, also told. – I never was free and happy. So let though there I will find that happiness of which I dream and each little girl.

Emmanuel having attentively listened to Luda, asked:

– And in what it is happiness?

– For me happiness it to become the lawyer. To know all laws that to you nobody pointed a finger, and said: "it goes, the ignoramus". – it having made a pause, having shown, it vyrugnutsya. Swine. Cost nothing, and something want. To humiliate the person, to tell him that he is a worthless degenerate, rabble society. – it having made a pause, continued. – And what we are such? – on her eyes tears appeared. – No, they to be mistaken. We are not such. – it having made a pause – exclaimed with all the might. – SWINE! – and having struck with hands a car wheel, I exclaimed obvious despair and with irritation. – I HATE! For what to me all this? For what?

Seeing that Luda fell into a hysterics, and it if has no nervous breakdown, then just about it will occur, Emmanuel hurried to tell:

– In France and in America people do not pay attention to these rumors. – it having made a pause, added. – They are not even there. – then she told. – I understand that you speak about yourself now. You that woman whom excuse for expression kicked up and down. – it having made a pause, assumed. – The difficult childhood was possible at you. – it having made a pause, told. – I at had not such childhood joyful as it was possible to imagine. Turn, I know about what I speak.

Luda having looked at Emmanuel, told:

– All of us – women, life have not a sugar. We never unlike men will reach those heights in the company of what they reached. And though we also try to resemble them, we will not be same as they.

Emmanuel was surprised to Luda's words. She with surprise asked:

– Why you so think? – Emmanuel having made a pause, objected. – We it is better than them – then it with feeling deep contempt, added. – these men. Will get a false idea of themselves god knows that, and then go as if roosters and that? Consider themselves best of all. Such roosters, having lifted up the head up go, notice nothing before themselves.

– You truly speak – Emmanuel. Men us do not cost women. They even cannot hold a candle to us. – she wiped tears, and told with obvious female pride. – Unless they have what we have – women. A breast, a uterus, eventually we are women we give birth. Unless men can give birth. They cannot present life. The birth gift is not given them. They do not know what is it, after long tortures and nine-months toxicosis to see as from us – women, new life appears.

– You are absolutely right! – agreed with Luda Emmanuel. – Men will never understand us – women. They will never be able to feel in themselves origin of new life. Will not be able simply to become pregnant. It is not given them. – By Emmanuel having made a pause, grinned. And as if with irony told. – They only are also capable to thrust the pod into our flower, are proud that they it is better, their little friend – a pod, and wants to make the way there to postpone the seed. And their self-conceit that they it is better than others, sometimes backfires them.

Women with all the heart burst out laughing. Both of them imagined this situation when the man tries, becomes exhausted, and at him nothing leaves. There is no erection, the little friend brings. Fiasco, and only. The word "I Can" turned into other word, a word which so pristyzhat men, does of them something similar to a floorcloth. And what still to do to them, they ... yes, you were not mistaken. This word "Impotent man". They are impotent men. Men only on a structure a body, according to their physiological data, they simply dying plant, and more than nothing.

– Damned impotent men. – Luda continued. – want to show us – women that they in force, and!?. damned impotent men. Lead the wrong life, and then accuse us – women of the problems – Luda grinned. – No. – with an obvious smile and irony told Luda. – Will not leave. You men will not become us a hindrance. Understand the problems, and we are women somehow we will understand the affairs. All to you to men to order us, time of government of men is over. And now we are women

you want it or not we will become equal to you, and not only equal, but also we will surpass you if not in everything, then in many respects. – it having made a pause, finished. – Turn to us on words.

Having listened to Luda, Emmanuel thought. She just saw before herself the woman in anger. It was embittered for the whole world. Yes that on the world, on each man separately. It was possible to assume that Luda's childhood was so joyful as could seem at first sight. She all heart, sincerely hated men. She despised them, despised sincerely all heart of soul. And this hatred was pathological.

Here it was possible to assume that Luda was subjected to violence in the childhood, and can she had an unsuccessful attempt connect the life with some man? He made by it the child, and was washed away. We think out to ourselves justification in the acts. Sometimes we block our consciousness what we create the character invented by us, we name it a certain name, and we say him all that we do not decide to tell our parents. It becomes our to the second "I", and we perceive it as the friend or the girlfriend. For example, we are our thoughts both our sorrows, and grieves we write to the diary. Everyone keeps such diary. If not on papers, then in the thoughts. We say what happened to us for this day, and we ask our the second "I", and it answers us. But sometimes, we cannot say about what happened to us. Neither with invented by us the second "I", nor with the diary, with anybody that either to others or another. Our consciousness in our consciousness locks all bad, and licks in it all that we try to forget. To us it is painful because that we ever endured in our childhood, and in life in general. We lock it, and we throw out it far, in depths of the ocean, human consciousness. Leaving subconsciousness locked. But happens when the subconsciousness cannot contain more in the subconsciousness any more and lock, all information human consciousness. In this case occurs inevitable, and all information which is saved up in our subconsciousness is splashed out outside. There is simply a failure. The hysterics developing into psychosis. Psychosis consciousness of a human hysterics. It also happened to Luda. All that accumulated in it for all years of her life now all this broke loose. Her subconsciousness could not cope with the fact that at present it was splashed out outside. Her subconsciousness could not keep more in itself that it was postponed in it for years. There is at the person a nervous breakdown. This nervous breakdown also happened to Luda now.

Emmanuel carefully took an interest:

– All what you spoke to me now about, you meant yourself?

On this question Luda could not tell anything certain. Yes, she probably, spoke about herself. Just as some people noticing that speak and speak, telling that without knowing all the life. This human mentality, his consciousness issues information, and tells it to someone to whom whom this person does not know. The stranger can tell what you will not tell others. It is the fact. Fact of human mentality. He is a person, will never tell the relatives that he can tell other person. The girlfriend, to the friend, mistress, lover. But never to the mother or father. There is our such mentality. Our consciousness, and subconsciousness. However: the nadsoznaniye of the person, is the reason of this factor. Remember expression: "Over subconscious level ...", as well as on a nadsoznaniye human level, we understand that in subconsciousness we want to speak about something with someone. Only with ourselves that turns our subconsciousness into consciousness, and we speak about the problems with the one whom we do not know at all, with our invented "I". We begin to keep the diary, writing down all our thoughts there, closing on the lock, or according to extremely Mary we so think. But we cannot sometimes tell the diary that at us boiled at heart. Emotions – which in us, were splashed out outside, and here we in full to emptiness. To emptiness of the feelings. We just fall into hysterical panic, and then and in hysteria all that in us boiled is splashed out outside, and we begin to damn all that we only can. And at last, we do not maintain, and having found ourselves a goat remission we pour out all that information which accumulated in our subconscious and irresponsible level outside. We remember all bad and good that was with us once. We comprehend and process this information, and we draw logical for this purpose the conclusion a conclusion: "another is guilty I, and someone". No matter who is guilty? Guilty will always be. We become embittered on all people, the whole country, and we do not consider ourselves guilty: – "Are guilty all but me". – so we speak or so

considers our subconsciousness? Obviously, here the riddle of our conclusion is also concealed. In our subconsciousness there are what that button, the button our subconscious "I". It blocks our experiences, she removes this blocking, and all emotions of the person come to light. Obviously – all to agree with me that so it also is actually.

The same situation happened also to Luda. It just did not sustain all that freight. Freight – her subconsciousness, also escaped outside. And Emmanuel was that woman – the stranger who could tell about the problems, without speaking at the same time: – "I told someone, and now this person can tell that I told him this story or any other, and he will give me with giblets". – Now Luda was not afraid of it. Was not afraid before the moment when Emmanuel carefully took an interest: "All what you spoke to me now about, you meant yourself?". – This question cast Luda into slight panic. She understood on Emmanuel and as if without understanding that that asked, Luda asked again:

– What? – then she asked. What did you tell?

Emmanuel asked the same question:

– I asked, all what you spoke to me now about, you meant yourself?

Luda did not know what to answer. Now, when she told Emmanuel, that she at her heart, and between other told it about what at it on heart, she did not know as to tell? What to answer a question Emmanuel? And having understood what to tell there is nothing, Luda told:

– No, I not about. – she used cunning, and added vaguely. – I generally.

Stretched to Emmanuel long:

– And – and – and-and ... – and having made a puzzled significant pause, added. – Means generally?

Luda perhaps understood that she did not want that, but nevertheless dared to speak that there is for her Russia. Yes, it perhaps without realizing made a mistake. She did not know who this woman, and having splashed out now all that information which it, apparently possessed, now she regretted for it. She wanted to return back, to the airport. Never to put this woman into the taxi: "let better it would be carried by this taxi driver. Taxi driver suicide. Than she got into its taxi. What by this foreigner it is not sat in Europe? All to Russia aspire, there is nothing to do here – there is no work, and here also they go". Luda told:

– You know – it having made a pause, continued. – You in vain here arrived.

Without having understood what Luda speaks about, Emmanuel asked:

– You it to what?

– Russia not for Europeans. – Luda told. – After the collapse of the USSR to be violated one justice here. Murders continually. – it having made a pause, continued. – Outside began the ninetieth. – it having again made a pause, heaved a deep sigh, and kind of with regret told. – These are not the eightieth. – it seemed that in her eyes the grief by those fine years her childhood when it was still a girl was visible. – AH! The eightieth or eightieth. The best years of my life.

Emmanuel immediately noticed:

– Childhood is always fine. – then she added. – we do not think of anything. For us childhood it is the whole world in the bosom of the family. – it having made a pause, told. – I perfectly understand you Luda. I once was a little girl, however, as well as all people on this globe.

Larisa quietly answered:

– Means you me you understand.

– Of course. – answered Emmanuel. – All of us are people, and all of us aspire to the better life. – it having made a pause, told. – Here you for example.

Larisa did not understand. She asked:

– What I?

– You, as well as many people in this world, want the better life for yourself, and I understand you. – Emmanuel having made a long pause, and having heaved a deep sigh, told. – Each person looks for the place where he will be to him become warmer.

Luda agreed with Emmanuel. She told:

– That's it.

Here Emmanuel took an interest:

– Tell, at the Soviet communistic system it was better?

This loaded question set Luda thinking. She never suspected this subject. For it nostalgia on the past, by years her childhood, there were happiest years in her life. But it were years her childhood, she entered adulthood only in the late nineties. When on the nineteenth of August one thousand nine hundred first years the communistic system at the head of his last leader was overthrown; M.S. Gorbachev. Its place in the updated Russia was taken by the leader of that time; B.N. Yeltsin. Russia endured the ninetieth crisis, and revelry of the criminal organizations in the beginning. Nobody thought then how to develop their life further? Then the power not to think of hunger, not to see rise in crime in new Russia, the government put people on dope for sufferers – series. That there is one Santa Barbara, it probably, the longest series in the world. The actors who arrived after numerous series, told that in it two and a half thousand series so for ten years will be enough. I remember that about all shown series satirists a joke tirovat them. About Santa-Barbara even spoke; "if to go to the USA, then it is necessary to go to Santa-Barbara. We so on extremely measure of all know". Here so on extremely measure we were given drug of the better life. We watched soap operas: "Iolanthe Lukhan. The rich cry too. Slave Izaura. Cain. Tropikanki's secret", and many others. Of course in comparison with that life shown on the TV screen, life in Russia seemed hell. And people could not live so. Most of them went abroad, its most part went to the USA.

Here so Russia, without having become independent yet began to brainwash, that is to continue to brainwash the people. Earlier the Soviet citizens were afraid of party, it is worse, than to take off from it it was not more awful than anything, than to become the derelict Soviet society and to receive a label: Enemy of the people.

Luda answered:

– I consider that at councils life was better, than now.

– Why?

– Then, someone was afraid of someone, and now one lawlessness went. Who has in hands a weapon and the power, that is always right. – then she added with regret. – The truth Russia nearby left from it from the CPSU. A difference only that earlier on the official it was impossible to complain – will put in mental hospital, and now for it just will not find the person, he will sink into a non-existence whether will disappear, however, he was born on light? It is unlikely?

Emmanuel was terrified:

– Really in Russia it is so bad.

– Worse than ever. – Luda answered, and then added. – Here I will gain the diploma and I will leave this country in states. – Luda then added to a reasoning on future life. – There I will come to Oxford – then she threw. – perhaps will carry, and I will get on in the world.

– And if is not present?

– Then I will go to Hollywood. – unambiguously Luda answered. – I will try the of good luck on a scene stage. – it having made a pause, added. – You know, I am a quite good actress, speak.

Emmanuel Ozadachlivo took an interest:

– Then why you did not come to theatrical at once? Why MGIMO?

Luda answered so:

– In this world where the governments is replaced as lotochny snow, it is quite good to know law. – then she added. – Without laws in this world – and the lawyer takes expensively anywhere moreover will not understand, he is bribed or not? You will give money, and the suit will be in advance lost. – it having made a pause, resolutely added. – No, it is better to know laws than not to know their – then she added. – It is easier to live when you know laws and it is possible to practice. They say, lawyers millionaires, just as lawyers, and about public prosecutor's check – a separate conversation.

Now, listening to Luda, understood Emmanuel that she hardly what will find in this country? behind what it arrived here could not be made. To find the truth in this country? It was equivalent as from hell to get to Heaven passing a purgatory. How it was possible to find in this country of the person? Selianu-Carla de Yron from Karl Zhyufiye's picture? Emmanuel did not know it.

Emmanuel told:

– Luda, in this world is a lot of injustice. – it having made a pause, added. – The law about which you speak will not save you from other law.

– What?

– The law of green pieces of paper with the American presidents on them. – it having made a pause, told. – I understand that in Russia now lawlessness. There is no power so that in Russia. Instead of it there is only a similarity of the power. – it having made a pause, with regret added. – There, in the West too is no power so that, instead of it there is other power, and it is more powerful than the first. – Emmanuel having made a pause in the affirmative added. – It is a money power. Who has more money, that at top of world supremacy.

– And elections?

– Perhaps they are a prerogative of the power, but the power is money. – then she added. – Who has them, that is accepted in the power. – then she added, by the way. – Agree, an election campaign not from cheap pleasures? And who finances it? – Emmanuel grinned. – Not voters, precisely.

– Who finances it?

– Parties. – unambiguously answered Emmanuel. – Pariahs in whom these or those candidates consist. – then she with regret added. – Unfortunately we elect them to the posts, but not to promotions in these or those candidates in any way. – then she claimed. – It is done by party – not the people.

Luda listened Emmanuel and thought? Whether correctly she made that she put this woman in the taxi? However, it had no choice. In the taxi this woman was put by the militiaman. Who such this woman? She speaks fluently on those subjects on which in Russia in the nineties only wanted to tell publicly: "PUBLICITY".

Luda asked:

– From where do all of you know it?

– I a lot of things that I know. – answered Emmanuel. – For example, I precisely know that with such reasonings you far will not leave.

Luda did not understand that she wanted to tell these Emmanuel.

– You it about what?

Emmanuel told:

– Only the silly person can talk on such subjects to the stranger.

Luda with insult asked:

– Do you so consider?

– I consider. – she claimed, and then told. – Present that you put the client, and that asked you that you think of situation in the country? To be pleasant to you the government, and. etc. You tell him the opinion on the view of the political atmosphere in the country, say that you would return an old regime better, and it having agreed with you, will politely ask to pass with it.

– It where will ask to pass with it?

– In FSB, it seems once was called KGB.

From these words Luda shuddered. She did not assume in any way that it is possible? And she with an ostrastka asked:

– I hope you not from FSB?

– Of course not. – smiled Emmanuel. – I not from FSB.

At Luda went away from heart.

– FAUGH!!! And I thought that ...

Emmanuel having killed it, asked?

– What did you think?

Luda waved away:

– So, nothing, forget.

– And nevertheless?

Luda answered:

– I thought that you indeed from FSB, here I to you told everything here, the fact that I think of Russia?

– But it can be actually.

– It is unlikely. – she waved away. – By Fsbeshnik there is nothing to do here. We are not spies.

– But you carry foreigners what not a reason for check?

Luda grinned:

– To you the CPSU – the Iron Curtain, is Russia! The country where everything is possible, and is even more.

Meanwhile the car of the taxi crossed border of the Moscow region and Moscow. Having passed MKAD, the car drove to the city, with the great and majestic name – MOSCOW.

Chapter-3

Luda's failure

Moscow! Moscow-Moscow, capital of Russia. The beautiful gold city – Moscow. What you are the beautiful capital of Russia. Moscow – a pearl of Russia. Way to St. Petersburg, and then open window to Europe. Which was laid by the great and powerful tsar – Pyotr the first. It is possible to tell much about Moscow. She endured many shocks for the years. The fires, invasion of foreigners, entry into the city of Napoleona with its army. Also it is impossible to avoid "Second World War". Great Patriotic War. How many lives were claimed by it for those four years so far it lasted. Generally it lasted about nine years, since September first of the thirty ninth year, on May ninth of the forty fifth year of the twentieth century. It is impossible to bypass also events of Russia of the seventeenth year. When after Great October socialist revolution Vladimir Ilyich Lenin moved to Moscow, and with him all party elite of the communistic proletariat. Now, having driven to Moscow, out of borders of MKAD, Emmanuel felt freedom smell. Yes, with falling of communist regime, Russia got prettier. It dumped hated fetters in which kept it more than seventy five years the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, and having spread the wide and big wings directed forward, to the better life. To life which promised freedom. Emmanuel opened a side window to a taxi door, and having looked at the street, on making the way the mime it the house of Dmitrovskoye Highway, it having sighed a full breast, told with full admiration and delight:

– As you is fine – Moscow. – she, and told, "YOU". Validly and courteous addressing this beautiful city – Moscow. – As your streets and avenues are good. It is a pity, I here for a while.

Listening to Emmanuel, Luda having looked at it, with pride asked:

– Whether lie beautiful city!

– Yes. – answered delighted with this show Emmanuel. – Moscow is beautiful! – it having made a pause with regret added. – It is a pity that the few cities such majestic and beautiful as Moscow!

Luda with interest took an interest:

– And what? There are cities in Europe are also beautiful as Moscow?

– Is. – answered Emmanuel, and without thoughts told. – Paris! – then she with admiration and pride told. – Paris is beautiful!

Luda with curiosity took an interest:

– It is fine Moscow?

Emmanuel could not answer this question unambiguously. For it the city – Paris was beautiful. The truth it grew in Denmark in Copenhagen. For it the city in what he lived all the life was beautiful. For us what this city it was – is beautiful. This city – the world! The world in which we live and another is not necessary to us.

Emmanuel answered so:

– I indulged in the nineteenth century, and I do not know how there lived people at kings. – it having made a pause, added. – Now I can tell only one ...

– What?

– Each city is beautiful in own way, it is individual. In the different cities the beauty, and it is fine to tell what city another, would mean to compare women with each other.

Luda answered nothing. Yes it was not what to respond to the speech said Emmanuel. She understood that Emmanuel is in own way right. it is impossible to compare two great not only on beauty, but also on the importance of the city. Moscow anyway differs from St. Petersburg. They are different. Everyone is beautiful in own way.

Luda told:

– You are right Emmanuel. – she told. – It is impossible to compare the cities on the beauty, each of them is beautiful in own way.

Emmanuel having looked in a window of an open car, told:

– And nevertheless Moscow is beautiful!

– You did not see Moscow yet. Do you want, I will show it to you?

Emmanuel with regret told:

– It is unlikely it it to turn out.

– Why?

– I will hardly have so much money to be passed across all Moscow.

– And – and-and – Luda told knowingly. – I understand. – it having made a pause, added. – But then follow my advice – Luda having made a pause, added. – But nevertheless I advise you to see this city – Moscow. You will not regret, impressions at you will be remained with you good memories of Moscow enough that leaving Russia.

Emmanuel answered:

– I will surely travel on this remarkable city. – then she added. – But only when I will find one person.

Luda burst out laughing, she asked:

– Do you expect to find the person here?

Emmanuel puzzly answered:

– Of course. – then she with astonishment asked. – What here ridiculous?

Luda answered:

– Nobody will find anybody in Russia. – then she added. – It is simply impossible.

Emmanuel puzzly asked:

– Why?

– Russia is the country where it is easy for person to get lost. – then she added. – If you want to find somebody in this country, then you should make official request in FSB or in the MFA of Russia. – after the next pause, Luda added. – Only there you will be able to be helped.

Emmanuel thought: "FSB or MFA? Where to go? In FSB it is known for certain, and in the MFA? Especially". Emmanuel did not know what to do to her? She did not know how to it to arrive in this situation? It needed to find those who knew the truth about the incident from Zhalovskaya. Who it could be? She did not know. Did not know who to it can help to find Selianu-Carla de Yron. The woman from a canvas of a picture of Karl Zhyufiye. She told it that it will find it, they to meet in real life. Somewhere in Russia, in Moscow. But where? When? Emmanuel did not know it. She asked Luda:

– Tell where it is possible in Moscow will stop?

This question set Luda thinking. She is Emmanuel to Moscow, but did not know where? Emmanuel did not tell the exact address. Though she even did not know it. You never know how many in Moscow of hotels? And not to count all. Luda told:

– In Moscow there are a lot of hotels, choose any. – then she added with an obvious smile. – But the prices in them transcendental.

Emmanuel specified:

– High?

– That word! Just transcendental. – then she added, kind of accidentally. – Now, clever people rent apartments – then she added. – So much is cheaper.

Emmanuel thought:

– In you consider that it is easier to rent apartment for a month?

Luda answered:

– Watching it from a purse so whether the person can live in the rental apartment? – then she added. – Whether neighbors you know at us nervous, slightly that in a fight. – it having looked at Emmanuel, and having seen her confused look, threw. – And however, whatever you may say, in hotel it is better. Entered the number, and do that you want. – then she added with an obvious jeer. – What then to pay money for if there is nothing to do?

Emmanuel having looked at Luda, told:

– You are wrong. – then she added. – Here in Europe ...

Without having managed to finish a phrase as suddenly Luda interrupted Emmanuel, having grumbled:

– In Europe in Europe that all of you with the Europe? We not in Europe, and in Russia and whether here you know the orders.

Emmanuel was surprised. She did not expect in any way that Luda will flare up. It seemed Emmanuel quite sane woman, and here? However, who wants abroad? That in subconsciousness understands that perhaps he makes a mistake, and emigration is a mistake. But there's nothing to be done. As they live, it is impossible to live in Russia. Emmanuel asked:

– Tell if there would be such opportunity, you would remain in Russia?

Luda having looked at Emmanuel told of nothing. She just looked at Dmitrovskoye Highway Road, and it was by the form visible that it is painful to it to speak about it. Russia – her house. The house where it grew, and lived all the life. How it is possible to throw the house? To leave the country where was born and carried out all the life on the foreign land? It seems to me, it is possible only in that case when this house became really others, and the foreign land the native ancestral lands.

Luda perhaps loved Russia, but here she could not live. She did not understand it. For it it became others house, and the abroad to the family. And though she regretted that she should leave this country, the chistika her heart perhaps will remain in Russia. She told Emmanuel weepingly:

– Of course I love Russia, but I cannot live in it. – Luda stopped a car, and I will look at Emmanuel with the female tear-stained eyes, admitted. – I always loved and I will love Russia. Whatever it was. – then she added. – Russia – my house. – she heaved a deep sigh. – What waits for me there, in the foreign land?

Emmanuel heaved a deep sigh. She understood Luda and wanted to help it. Help can be only in a word? To tell it what will encourage it will bring out of this crisis in which it is now. Emmanuel carefully asked:

– With you everything is all right?

– Yes. – Luda told wiping tears. Now, when from her face make-up was removed, and she became similar on broken by a grief and the dirty woman, it having stared at Emmanuel who looked at it, puzzly asked. – What?

Emmanuel told:

– You should recover and to make toilet.

Luda puzzly looked in a pocket mirror of a rear view, and having seen the blubbered and dirty person in its reflection, puzzly wondered. – It who? – then she having got accustomed, understood that she from a pocket mirror of a rear view watches its own reflection at her, hard told. – It not I! – having touched a hand the person, she understood that she nevertheless watches its own reflection at it, and then she told herself. – What for the ugly creature looks at me? I such. – then, it got from a car glove compartment, clean disposable napkins, and began to wipe tears around eyes, at the same time smearing the already removed make-up on the person. Then, seeing that nothing is impossible to it, she grumbled. – Yes that for misfortunes it?

Emmanuel seeing that things look bad. They stood in the middle of Dmitrovskoye Highway Road, to them the drivers who are running in their machine signaled, and pointing a finger at them, released obscene expressions in their address. Seeing all this, Emmanuel took business in hand, having told:

– Apparently here business will not do without beauty shop.

Without having caught that told Emmanuel, having turned to it the head, Luda asked:

– What?

Emmanuel answered:

– You should wash. – then she asked. – There is some institution that you could make toilet?

– Is. – answered Emmanuel. – Here, nearby.

– Will you be able to reach there?

– Yes. – Luda answered. – I will be able.

But she could not drive the car. The stress received by it did not allow it to drive the car further.

Emmanuel told:

– You cannot continue a trip in such state.

Luda agreed with Emmanuel. But at the same time told:

– I am a driver who will bring you to hotel?

Emmanuel unambiguously answered:

– I. – then she added. – If resolve.

Luda puzzly looked at Emmanuel. For all its practice, nobody offered it it.

– Do you joke?

– No. – answered Emmanuel. – I is quite serious.

– And you have rights?

– Is. – then she added. – Yes who will stop us? Taxi stop as well as all cars for violation of the high-speed mode.

– No. – Luda objected. – Only for it.

– And for what?

Luda grinned.

– To earn additionally.

Emmanuel did not understand humour.

– What do you mean?

– And even I mean – Luda blurted out with hatred. – The Russian militia wallowed in corruption. – then she blurted out. – They stop cars to earn additionally. – then she explained. – To take from us money for which violations we did not make.

Emmanuel was terrified:

– This crime! Where does the police look?

– At you the Police and laws which observe at us the law are a green piece of paper, that its advantages are higher, it is better for those. – then she threw. – And the law for fools.

Emmanuel puzzly questioned:

– And where watches the government?

Luda grinned, she carelessly threw:

– Government? XM? To them to deal with the power, and it could not care less of corruption. – it having made a pause, added. – Yeltsin took the country in hand, and now to him to hold the power. Whether joke, first president of free Russia. – then she added. – All want to be fed from its bucket, all want the power.

– Are sure?

– Absolutely. – unambiguously Luda said, and with not neglect threw. – How many parties divorced, yes will not put too much salt in salt-salt. All in the power climb, a coma laziness. – then she took an interest. – Tell Emmanuel, in Europe also?

Emmanuel shrugged shoulders, having told at the same time:

– The power is identical everywhere, and its achievements are various.

– There can be you and are right. – Luda agreed. – Power and money, interdependent from each other. – Luda having put itself more or less in order, having turned a key ignition, having pressed the accelerator pedal went further. It went without knowing that it will be with it. Now she should have calmed down and to bring Emmanuel to the nearest hotel. It having looked at Emmanuel, carefully took an interest. – Will not you object if I come to myself home? – then she assured Emmanuel. – I from you will not take money.

Emmanuel as the woman understood Luda. She could not drive the car in such state. Their harmless conversation led to unexpected consequences. Luda was in a hysterics. It could not conduct a car. But nevertheless she drove the car. Sitting in a driver's seat, she could not entrust a wheel of this car to whom was.

– Well. – Emmanuel agreed. Then she asked. – And where do you live?

– Nearby. – Luda answered. – In one quarter.

– Well. – told Emmanuel. Then it kind of encouraging her added. – Life for you only begins. Forget all sorrows and adversities, and live. Lead life, and rejoice it.

– You are right. – Luda agreed. – It is necessary to live it is happy. – she made a sad pause, and with grief on heart added as if approving the correctness. – Only in this country. – then she suggested. – Perhaps here it will be ever possible to live – it having made a heavy pause, and added. – But not now.

Emmanuel told nothing. She looked out of the car window, and thought of something. Perhaps she thought of that why it here? In this country. It perhaps will never find the truth here. Buried under a paper heap, it was handed over in archive, and hardly she will see the light sometime. The governments of all countries are able to keep the secrets and to share them or nobody is going to disclose them.

However, perhaps Emmanuel thought of Luda. Its attitude towards Russia. It was obvious that she did not want to leave this country, but in it it hardly became happy. Happiness for all the. It for each person individual, and hardly someone will share it with somebody.

So they approached one of houses. The car stopped near one of entrances to the address, Yablokov D. № 18 Street. Luda killed the car engine, and having addressed Emmanuel, told:

– Here we also arrived.

Chapter-4

Invitation on a visit

Emmanuel went out of the car-TAXI, behind her there was Luda. Luda told:

– Here I live. – then she added. – You have probably other houses.

Emmanuel having looked at the house and having examined the house, told:

– Houses are similar at each other, people different everywhere.

– You are absolutely right Emmanuel. – Luda agreed. – People everywhere different – then she added Voland's word from the work by M.A. Bulgakov "Master and Margarita". – The housing problem spoiled them.

Emmanuel having approached Luda to help to reach an entrance, admitted:

– I read Bulgakova too.

Luda having looked at Emmanuel, asked:

– Did you read only one his work?

– What you? – was surprised Emmanuel, and hurried to add. – Of course not. – then she added. – I read Mikhail Afanasyevich Bulgakov much. – then she added. – Whether you know, my relatives from Imperial Russia. They fled Russia in the seventeenth year.

Luda having knowingly looked at Emmanuel, with understanding assumed:

– Did you probably always want to return to Russia?

Emmanuel quietly answered:

– To that Russia which was at the CPSU – no.

– And in present?

– I always wanted to live freely as I want to live. – then she added. – I cannot recognize present Russia as the free country. – it having made a pause, added. – I cannot answer you this question unambiguously. Russia is Russia, it has to spread the wings from the Soviet mode now – its dictatorships. And then who knows? Maybe Russia will be the great country? Who knows?

They reached an entrance, and having opened a door entered an entrance. Women approached the elevator, and having pressed the elevator call button, Luda told:

– I am fast.

– You do not hurry. – answered Emmanuel. – I do not hurry.

The elevator opened the doors, and women having entered inside, and Luda pressed the button of the third floor. Doors of the elevator were closed, and the elevator having risen on the third the floor of an apartment house opened the doors. Women went out of the elevator, and having turned to the right, women approached to the leader's door in a corridor of apartments, and having got keys from a jacket pocket, opened a door, and having entered a corridor Luda locked for herself a door. Then they approached to the first door from an entrance on the left side, and Luda having opened a door a key, women entered the apartment, and Luda closed a door and locked it. Having taken off footwear, and having put on slippers Emmanuel asked:

– Where do you have a bathroom?

Luda showed the door on the left side from an entrance.

Emmanuel entered her, and Luda passed in a doorway which conducted to the room. Having entered the room Luda, saw the grandfather Grigory Ivanovich sleeping on the sofa. About it it was possible to write much and all the same you will not write what could be written about it. Let he will tell about himself. But not now. Now he slept on the sofa, and had a dream. It is unlikely I can write what dreamed the seventy-year-old person this day? Let it will remain a secret. But nevertheless one can be told about it now. It had a light sleep and when Luda entered the room Grigory Ivanovich asked:

– Luda, who with you?

Luda having looked at Grigory Ivanovic told:

– I thought you sleep? – then she in a polite courteous form added. – Father.

Grigory Ivanovich having opened eyes, reminded:

– I sensitively sleep, this is time to know.

– I know it.

– Then what to tell? – he got up from a sofa, and having seen a tear-stained face of the daughter, immediately asked:

– What has happened? Why you in such look? Someone offended? – then he assumed. – This is the guest? Or who?

Lisa answered:

– This guest, and it here and.

The father approached the daughter, and assumed:

– Again nightmares?

– No. – Luda assured him. – These are not nightmares. – then she added. – I cannot just live as I live.

– I know. – with a consolation the father told it, and having heaved a deep sigh added, kind of consoling the daughter Luda. – I know. – then he added. – Study the daughter, and it is possible at you life will be better, than at me. I lived it so that I had no choice, and you have it.

– Father. – Luda told weepingly. – I always wanted to leave this country.

– Well – the father agreed. it can so will better who knows? – it having lovingly looked at the beloved daughter, told. – ah you my silly fellow. – then he heard as the door in a bathroom was closed, and he told. – The guest waits. – then he took an interest. – from where it?

Luda answered:

– From France.

– Well, we will listen as is there, in the foreign land?

Luda told:

– I should make toilet.

– Of course.

He pulled trousers and having put on a shirt, told.

– Make toilet, and I will accept the guest.

She does not speak Russian.

– Anything. – Grigory Ivanovich promised. – Let's understand.

Meanwhile Emmanuel having left a bathroom the room, having called Luda, and not having waited for the answer, decided to pass at one of doors to find the hostess of the apartment. But without having managed to open one of doors as she saw the man leaving one of doorways. He closed behind himself(himself) a door, and having looked at the woman standing nearby, lost a speech power. It seemed to it at this moment that very long time ago the left ghost returned. Ghosts, they always come back. They live around us. We do not notice them also they and do not want that they were noticed. They are invisible. We sometimes feel their presence. But we do not see them. And not because we cannot see them but because they want that they were seen. However, there are past ghosts. They pursue us in our memoirs. Our brain does not want that we forgot them, and sometimes it returns our memory to that starting point of our life which we would like to forget and not to remember at all. Now, looking on Emmanuel, Grigory Ivanovich remembered what he tried to forget, and almost already forgot if this meeting. A meeting which changed in his life if everything, then a lot of things. The matter is that this woman facing it reminded him of its former adventures, it is a lot of years ago. In those times when Russia was the USSR. When the Iron Curtain of dictatorship of the proletariat fell by the earth. When all lived under the Iron Curtain. Then. Then and not earlier, Grigory Ivanovich met her in any way. The woman who subdued it. Called this woman Praskoviya Fiodorovna. That woman who was grandmother Emmanuel. Yes, this was it. Its exact copy. Praskoviya Fiodorovna's copy Grigory Ivanovich stood, looked at it without looking away. It seemed to it that the past returned. Praskoviya Fiodorovna here, near this woman. Near the guest who was brought by Luda, his daughter.

Seeing that the man left just the room froze. He looked at Emmanuel without tearing off the look, Emmanuel was taken aback. For some reason it seemed to it that this person in some confusion. He looked at it, and could not look away from it as if he did not expect this meeting or she reminded him something or someone.

Emmanuel it became feel ill at ease. She understood that something should be undertaken. She took an interest in English.

– Everything is all right? "Everything is all right?".

Grigory Ivanovich obviously, did not understand what asked him Emmanuel about. In response to her question, it just told two words:

– All right. – then he recovered, and having given it the powerful hand, it was presented:

– Grigory Ivanovich.

The woman gave it in reply the hand.

– Emmanuel.

– Very pleasantly.

– That. "What?". – did not understand Emmanuel that Grigory Ivanovich told, and in English asked again. – What did you tell? "What did you tell?". – then she added. – I do not understand. "I do not understand".

Grigory Ivanovich having understood that he with Emmanuel does not understand Russian a uniform word, having invited her in kitchen, and having put on gas I spin a teapot, and Emmanuel having suggested to sit down at a table, in clean French asked:

– Vous êtes venus de la France? "Did you arrive from France?".

Having been delighted that Grigory Ivanovich knows French, Emmanuel took an interest:

– Dieu merci! Et je pensais qu'excepté Ljudy je suis plus grande avec personne je ne parlerai pas. – then she took an interest. – Où vous appreniez le français? "thank God! And I thought that except Luda I more to anybody will not talk. Where did you study French?".

– À l'école, puis dans l'institut.

– Et comment vous avez deviné que je connais la langue française?

– Ma fille Ljuda a dit que vous de la France.

– Ljuda votre fille?

– Oui, elle ma fille, et que?

– Rien. Simplement...

– Vous êtes étonnés que je un tel vieux, et j'ai une telle jeune fille?

– Vous non tel vieux.

– Et par quel?

– Le beau. Moi il sois plus aîné, il est obligatoire à vous est tombée amoureux.

– Et que? Maintenant vous empêche?

– Je pense que chez nous l'assez grande différence à l'âge pour penser de cela.

– L'âge n'a pas une importance.

– Vous n'êtes pas droits.

– Peut être. Mais quand même, pourquoi vous êtes venus à la Russie?

– Je dois trouver qui.

– Qui?

– Mal.

– Vous plaire Moscou?

– Je ne connais pas. J'encore ne la voyais pas clairement.

– Ljuda pourrait vous montrer toutes les curiosités et toute la beauté de cette ville.

– Je serai contente. Et où Ljuda?

– Se met en ordre. Elle est rapide sortira.

– Il est clair. On peut poser une question?

– Donnez.

– Pourquoi m'ayant vu dans le hall, vous m'avez regardé ainsi que comme si ont vu du fantôme?

– Vous avez remarqué.

– A remarqué.

– Vous m'avez rappelé une femme.

– Quelle femme?

I write the translation of this conversation below.

- At school, then at institute.
- And how you guessed what I know French?
- My daughter Luda told that you from France.
- Luda your daughter?
- Yes, she is my daughter and what?
- Anything. Simply...
- You are surprised that I such old, and have such young daughter?
- You not such old.
- And what?
- Beautiful. I be more senior, surely fell in love with you.
- And what? now disturbs you?
- I think that we have rather big age difference to think of it.
- The age does not matter.
- You are wrong.
- Can be. But nevertheless, why you arrived to Russia?
- I should find someone.
- Whom?
- No matter.
- To be pleasant to you Moscow?
- I do not know. I still plainly did not see it.
- Luda could show you all sights and all beauty of this city.
- I will be glad. And where Luda?
- Makes toilet. It is fast will leave.
- It is clear. It is possible to ask one question?
- Set.
- Why having seen me in the hall, you looked at me as if saw the ghost?
- You noticed.
- Noticed.
- You reminded me of one woman.
- What woman?

In it it is a high time the kitchen included Luda. Having seen the father sitting at a table and talking to Emmanuel she with astonishment looked at him, and bewildered asked:

– You that? Do you know English?

– No. – Grigory Ivanovich answered with regret. – I do not know English. – it having made a pause, declared. – but I perfectly know French.

Here Luda remembered that she Emmanuel said to her that it arrived to Russia from France, from Paris.

Luda sitting down to a table, with surprise told:

– I never heard that you the father spoke French.

Grigory Ivanovich answered:

– I still can surprise with much. – then he added. – You do not know about me a lot.

These words set Luda thinking. She knew the father better than somebody, but at the same time she felt that she does not know him at all.

– You it about what? Father.

– So. – Grigory Ivanovich, threw about anything. – then he told. – Well there will be to us a conversation. We still will manage to talk about all and bigger. – he looked at Emmanuel. That sat

at a table and it is clear it was visible that she feels ill at ease. She felt separated from all. Agree, to any person from whatever country he was, always it feel ill at ease when at his presence speak its language, and in some other language. In language which it does not know. Grigory Ivanovich noticed. – It is boring for the guest. We about the yes about the, and about the guest absolutely forgot. – he addressed Emmanuel, and in French took an interest. – Nous ne vous avons pas fatigué notre avec la conversation? "We did not tire you ours with a conversation?"

– Non. – hurried to answer Emmanuel. – Moi vous parlez pensait sur. "Is not present. – I so far you talk thought of the".

– Sur quoi? "About what?"

Emmanuel was in thoughts. She wanted to find the person. The woman from a canvas of a picture which she saw in Carle Jufille's house. A picture in which the imperious woman Seliana-Carla de Yron was represented. But the matter is that it could not trust in anybody, only itself. In general, all this was strange. It was in this apartment at people unfamiliar to it now. One of them spoke English, another French languages. She did not know why it here? Did not know why she got into the taxi which she nearly did her in, and then there was she, Luda. The woman who speaks English, and does not know that her father speaks French? Of course, Emmanuel did not know Russian therefore it was difficult for it to judge what these people spoke. But "French" and "English" she understood words. Now it asked to itself the one and only question; "why it here? What brought it into this apartment?". She told Luda that it is necessary to her will calm down. Luda brought it to this apartment. Whether but its this apartment? Emmanuel did not know it. Yes this old man. Whether it is valid it her father? It can absolutely her father. Words which Emmanuel distinctly heard, "French" and "English", it was possible to refer them only to one sense. To sense about language. Grigory Ivanovich spoke with it French, and Luda in English. And when Luda was included into kitchen, on her face there was an obvious surprise when she heard the French speech from the father. Emmanuel told:

– Connaissez Grigory Ivanovitch – she heaved a deep sigh. – je suis venue probablement en vain à la Russie. – "You know Grigory Ivanovich, I probably in vain arrived to Russia".

– Pourquoi? "Why?"

– Je dans ce pays trouverai peu probablement la personne. "I will hardly find the person in this country".

– C'est difficile, mais se trouve essayer. – she made a long sad pause. – Dites, qui vous voulez trouver? "It is difficult, but it is worth trying. Tell whom you want to find?"

Emmanuel can and wanted to tell whom she looks for. But she for some reason did not trust these people. They caused in it mistrust. But she already let out to both Luda, and Grigory Ivanovich that it arrived to Moscow to find for someone. But whom? She did not say it. And now asked it this question: "whom does she want to find?". Emmanuel did not know what to do to her? What to undertake? To tell these people the truth? And can lie? She did not know them. – Who are they such? Why it here? – on these questions it had no answer. However, here it. Answer to this question. It, that is she sat next. Only Luda could give this answer. Emmanuel looked at gas I spin on which already the teapot boiled, and she kind of for fun told:

– La bouilloire a bouilli déjà. – then she is kind of awkward added. – Connaissez, la conversation par la conversation, mais je veux me montrer impoli – it having made an ambiguous pause, added. – mais beaucoup le thé veut. "The teapot already began to boil. You know, a conversation a conversation, but I want to seem impolite, but very much tea wants". – then it having addressed Luda told. – I would like to see the city of Moscow today, you show round to me the city? "I would like to see the city of Moscow today, you show round to me the city?"

Luda immediately answered:

– Of course, I will show. "Of course I will show".

Grigory Ivanovich poured on cups tea on saucers on which tea spoons lay. Then pulled out from one shelf hanging on a wall struck and sugar. Put everything on a table, and told:

– "Be treated" with *Se régalez*.

Emmanuel thanked Grigory Ivanovich for an entertainment, and having put four pieces of sugar in a cup, stirred a small tea spoon which lay on a saucer, and having taken a sip of one drink, told.

– *Je veux communiquer ainsi avec vous par les deux, mais malheureusement vous connaissez selon une langue, et moi deux.* – then she repeated these words in English. – I so would like to communicate with you both, but unfortunately you know on one language, and I two. "I so would like to communicate to both of you, but unfortunately you know on one language, and I two".

Luda having immediately smiled, encouraged Emmanuel:

– Not important in what language we communicate, all of us understand each other, and this most important.

– Do you want to tell that you understand French?

– No. But I knowing English. And on it the Whole world talks.

– It so. But how to speak to me with both of you? if one knows one language, and other, other language?

– If you want, then we can communicate English.

– And Grigory Ivanovich?

– Unfortunately he knows only French and I did not know about it.

– Well, agreed.

– For now talk to Grigory Ivanovich. Perhaps it to you will help to find the one whom you look for.

– And it can help me?

– Believe, will be able.

Here translation of their conversation:

– No matter in what language we communicate, all of us understand each other, and this most important.

– Do you want to tell that you understand French?

– No. But I knowing English. And on it the Whole world talks.

– It so. But how to speak to me with both of you? if one knows one language, and other, other language?

– If you want, then we can communicate English.

– And Grigory Ivanovich?

– Unfortunately he knows only French and I did not know about it.

– Well, agreed.

– For now talk to Grigory Ivanovich. Perhaps it to you will help to find the one whom you look for.

– And it can help me?

– Believe, will be able.

Emmanuel turned to Grigory Ivanovich, and having looked at him with an attentive look as if studying it, she came to a Conclusion that you should not continue this conversation. In his look Emmanuel saw something. She did not understand yet that? But she understood that you should not trust this person. Here she looked at Luda, and felt, as it that person for whom she gives herself. Emmanuel can and was mistaken, but now she all the women's had a gut feeling that here something so. She suspected earlier that a case at the airport nonrandomness. Nobody would make what was made by this militiaman. In a standard situation, he would make the protocol, would ask to undersign the victim, and under the law he had to explain her her rights, and the fact that she can file a lawsuit against the driver. But nothing was. Except that he asked to bring it. This taxi. Why? Why this taxi?

The taxi in which talked in English. What? Someone wants to find out why it here? Someone knows what occurred then, in France? But who? On this question definite answer was not. Everything that she knew, so is what she told Luda if of course this her real name that she should recover, and it brought it here. On Yablokov D. № 18 Street. What's next? to Trust in these people or to look for further independently? Emmanuel understood that she will not be able to find the person in this big city. If only this person himself does not find it, and it is imagination. Nobody will look for absolutely the stranger especially in others city, and to help it with it, without the benefit, nobody will become. Emmanuel having addressed Grigory Ivanovich told:

– Je vous suis reconnaissante pour votre les le vouldoirs à moi aider, mais moi-même.

– Que, comme voulez. J'ai beaucoup de liens, et je peux vous aider trouver celui-là qui cherchez. Je sans toutes arrière-pensées veux vous aider.

– Je venais à bout toujours, et cette fois-ci aussi. – then she sharply added. – Je regrette déjà que chez vous est venu.

– Vous êtes venus parce que ma fille vous an invité.

– Cela ainsi.

– Et vous avez accepté son invitation. Ainsi?

– Ainsi, et non ainsi.

– Que vous pensez?

– Votre fille avait besoin de l'aide, et je lui ai dit pour que... Eh bien, vous comprenez.

– Oui, je vous comprends.

– Voici moi ici. De sorte que je suis venue chez vous seulement à cause de Ljudy. – Emmanuel having made a pause, added. – l'aide Féminine, si comprenez?

– Oui, je vous comprends.

– Oui, je vous comprends bien. Les hommes ont aussi une amitié solide et la solidarité.

– Je connais cela, mais je veux ne pas accepter avec vous.

– Pourquoi?

– Les hommes ne connaissent pas, qu'est-ce que c'est l'amitié et la solidarité.

Grigory Ivanovich with interest listened Emmanuel.

– L'affaire dans celui-là, que les hommes peuvent être liés seulement avec les hommes, et cela jusqu'à ce moment-là ils ne se disputeront pas, ou entre eux la femme deviendra. Ici à toute l'amitié et la solidarité la fin, et jusqu'à la fin de la vie vient, vous-hommes ne vous réconciliez jamais.

– Et vous-femmes non tels?

– Non. Nous trouvons toujours le compromis.

– Quel compromis?

– Nous-femme est toujours trouvé ce fil de notre amitié qui nous lie, et nous fait détruire tout cela cher à nous que chez nous est. Certes nous nous disputons parfois, et cela sans cela. Mais nous trouvons toujours le compromis, et nous pardonnons l'un l'autre même pour ce qu'une chez l'autre an emmené le garçon. Et vous-hommes. Que dites à la réponse?

– Moi? Peut – être? – Lui ayant fait la pause, continué. – vous êtes droits seulement dans un.

– Dans quoi?

– Les hommes luttent pour la femme, d'ailleurs ainsi que les femmes luttent pour les hommes. Cela se passera le monde se trouve. – then he kind of with a smile added – Si la sélection connaissez. – it having made a pause, added. – Est se passe du siècle aux siècles, et sera. – it having again made a pause, asked. – Signifie vous ne voulez pas pour que nous vous ayons aidé?

Emmanuel carefully asked:

– Et où vous travaillez?

– Je maintenant en retraite, mais chez moi suis les connaissances qui peuvent contribuer.

– Et où vos connaissances travaillent?

– Dans les organismes du droit juridique.

Translation:

- I am grateful to you for yours volitions me to help, but I am.
- Well, as you want. I have many communications, and I can help you to find the one whom you look for. I without all ulterior motives want to help you.
- I always coped itself, and this time too. I already regret that I arrived to you.
- You arrived because my daughter invited you.
- It so.
- And you accepted her invitation. So?
- So, and not so.
- What do you mean?
- Your daughter needed the help, and I told it that it... well you understand.
- Yes, I understand you.
- Here I here. So I arrived to you only because of Luda. The women's help whether you understand?
- Yes, I understand you.
- Yes, I well understand you. Men have a firm friendship and solidarity too.
- I know it, but I want not to agree with you.
- Why?
- Men do not know what is friendship and solidarity.

Grigory Ivanovich:

- Business is in that – continued Emmanuel. – that men can be on friendly terms only with men, and that until they do not swear, or between them will become the woman. Here to all friendship and solidarity the end, and until the end of life comes, you men never reconcile.
- And you are a female not such?
- No. We always reach compromise.
- What compromise?
- We are women always we find that thread of our friendship which connects us – women, and does not allow us to destroy all that expensive to us that we have. Of course We sometimes swear, and it without it. But we always reach compromise, and we forgive each other even for the fact that one at another took away the guy. And you are men, – these words were precisely intended not to Grigory Ivanovich, but all men of the world, and now he had to answer this question. – what tell in reply?
- I – thought Grigory Ivanovich. He understood that this question was addressed to it personally, and to all men of the world in his face. – Perhaps? – it having made a pause, continued. – You are right only in one.
- In what?
- Men fight for the woman, however, as well as women fight for men. It will occur so far the world stands. – then he kind of with a smile added. – Whether you know natural selection. – it having made a pause, added. – It comes from a century never, and will be. – it having again made a pause, asked. – Means you do not want that we helped you?

Emmanuel carefully asked:

- And where you work?
- I now on pension, but at me am acquaintances who can promote.
- And where your acquaintances work?
- In law enforcement bodies.

Emmanuel thought. She, was obviously right. All this was not casual. Waited for it in this country. Waited, and here it here. In this apartment. From which in the apartment it is obvious to it

not vyt. What was necessary for people from it? Who are they such? She did not know it, and could not know. In hope to explain a situation, Emmanuel addressed Luda. She told:

– I would like to walk whether you will keep me the company. "I would like to walk whether you will keep me the company".

Luda immediately hurried to answer:

– Of course I will make! that for a question. "Of course I will make! that for a question".

Then Luda told the father that Emmanuel wants to walk, and she will keep her the company. Grigory Ivanovich agreed, at the same time asked:

– Où vous vous êtes arrêtés? "Where you stopped?".

– Encore nulle part. "Still anywhere".

– J'ai à Moscou un appartement, vous pouvez to lodge là. Cela au center de Moscou. Je ne prendrai pas le paiement de vous. "I have in Moscow an apartment, you can lodge there. It in the center of Moscow. From you I will not charge a fee".

Grigory Ivanovich told Luda that he suggested to live in that apartment which is empty, and that told Emmanuel as if insisting on it.

– Agree, excellent apartment! It to be pleasant to you. "Agree, the excellent apartment! It will be pleasant to you".

Emmanuel looked on Grigory Ivanovich, to him fool in the face, and having understood that she has no exit that she would like it it or not, was forced to go with Luda or with Grigory Ivanovich to that apartment where to it is prepared to pass away some time, she shrugged shoulders and as if having thrown told:

– It agrees. "agrees".

Luda having enough smiled, answered:

– I am glad that you accepted our invitation. "I am glad that you accepted our invitation".

Emmanuel heaved a deep sigh. To it it was sad on heart and at heart, she did not understand what could occur? All events in France were hidden from public eyes. The only thing that came to mind, so is that the killer who killed Praskoviya Fiodorovna knew about Emmanuel. And it allowed it to arrive to this country here to finish the business. But what business? She did not know it. Emmanuel asked Grigory Ivanovich.

– Vous pouvez m'aider en effet? "Can you really help me?".

Grigory Ivanovich smiled and as if sneering at the fact that Emmanuel nevertheless accepted his help, with an obvious ironic smile said:

– Est compris. "Certainly".

– Bien. – told Emmanuel. – Je penserai. "Well. I will think".

In it it is a high time in the room stationary phone rang out. Grigory Ivanovich having apologized went to the room, having left women of one.

Luda asked:

– How about to have a bite? I know excellent restaurant. "How about to have a bite? I know excellent restaurant".

– I not away to have a bite. "I wish to have a bite".

But women did not manage to leave the apartment as Grigory Ivanovich entered a hall, he addressed Emmanuel, having told:

– Emmanuel. Je peux vous livrer sans cadeau. – it took a box from a table, opened it and Emmanuel stretched a box. – Voici. – he told. – Prenez. "Emmanuel. I cannot release you without gift. – it took a box from a table, opened it and Emmanuel stretched a box. – Here. – he told. – Take".

Emmanuel having looked in a box, was dumbfounded. In it lay a ring with sapphire. Apparently, very rare and expensive. The stone was rather big which smooth edges there were twelve. The stone played the beams and it seemed that in it there is the sun. It gave to a stone light and love.

Emmanuel categorically exclaimed:

- Quelle beauté! Je ne peux pas l'accepter.
- Acceptez. Tourne, cela de propre le coeur.
- Non. Je ne le prendrai pas.
- J'à personne ne faisais pas la regarder, cet anneau appartenait à une femme. Vous êtes semblables à celle-ci.
- Moi!? Je suis semblable à votre aimée? Je ne comprends pas?
- Vous me demandiez, quand je vous ai vu, moi stiffened. Vous avez remarqué cela même.
- Certes.
- Alors je comme ai vu du fantôme du passé. Je l'ai vu.
- Qui d'elle? À qui vous pensez?
- Ensuite ... Prenez.
- Bien, je le prendrai, mais j'ai une condition.
- Quel?
- Vous racontez m'en.
- Bien. Demain je viendrai chez vous et j'en raconterai.

Translation:

- What beauty! – and then categorically added. – I cannot accept it.
- Accept. – Grigory Ivanovich begged. – Turn, it from clean heart.
- No. – unambiguously told Emmanuel. – I will not take it.
- I to nobody even allowed to look at it, this ring belonged to one woman. – it having looked at Emmanuel, added. You are similar to it.
- I!? – was surprised Emmanuel. – I am similar to your darling? – did not understand Emmanuel. – I do not understand?
- You asked me – Grigory Ivanovich reminded. – When I saw you, I stiffened. You even noticed it.
- Of course.
- Then I as if saw the ghost from the past. – Grigory Ivanovich admitted. – I saw it.
- Whom it? – did not understand Emmanuel. – Whom do you mean?
- Then ... – Grigory Ivanovich told. Emmanuel looked at it, and saw that Grigory Ivanovich just about and will begin to cry. He wanted to give it this ring, to give because she reminded someone to him. But whom? She did not know it. Grigory Ivanovich wanted to find suitable words, but could not find them. Then it simply gave it Emmanuel, having told at the same time. – Take.
- Emmanuel took a box in which there was a ring, and having looked at Grigory Ivanovich told:
- Well, I will take it, but I have a condition.
- What?
- You tell me about it.
- Well. – Grigory Ivanovich assured her. – Tomorrow I will arrive to you and I will tell about it.

In it it is a high time, Luda seeing that Grigory Ivanovich became unstuck, she approached him, and having embraced him, said in low tones:

- I am always with you. – then she added. – Father.
- I know it. – quietly Grigory Ivanovich answered. Then he looked at Luda, and told. – You have with Emmanuel a sightseeing tour today. – having reminded of it, Grigory Ivanovich added. – She waits.

Luda having looked back, saw nobody. Emmanuel, not to disturb family a conversation left in a corridor, and having come downstairs on the first floor, and went outside. Now, having visited this apartment she understood nothing. She was sure that these people waited for it, and here Grigory

Ivanovich's gift a ring with sapphire, and recognition it that it is similar to some woman? All this history brought her brain into bewilderment.

At this time the entrance left Luda. She approached Emmanuel, and having seen bewilderment on her face, told:

– Mon père a perdu autrefois le seul amour, et ne peut aucunement l'oublier. Et vous il est évident à lui d'elle ont rappelé. "My father once lost the only love, and cannot forget about it in any way. And you it is obvious to it it reminded".

– Est-ce que je suis semblable ainsi à celle-ci? "Really I am so similar to it?".

– Cela qu'est semblable, vous comme une personne. "The fact that are similar, you as one person".

They got into the car-Taxi. Luda having turned a key ignition pressed the accelerator pedal, and the car went down the street Yablochkova afar. Having hidden behind the turn, towards to the modern history. Rushed on the highway full cars.

Chapter-5

Ignorance, beauty and envy

– "Moscow! As much in this sound for heart of Russian came down as much in it responded". These lines from the poem by A.S. Pushkin as well as possible approach this chapter. The Russian soul – a riddle. Still nobody understood the Russian people as it understood itself(himself). The Russian – can live everywhere. He will adapt to any situation, to any situation. The foreigner cannot and could never understand Russians, their way of life, their mentality. Whatever you may say – the Russian person – a riddle.

Now, езжав across Moscow Emmanuel looked out of the car window, and thought. Thought of how this city – Moscow is beautiful. The center of the capital of the updated Russia. In any case the updated Russia, imperial Russia, events of the seventeenth year of the twentieth century. She endured everything. Nothing broke it. She stood after all sorrows having fallen down her shoulders. Moscow – the capital of Russia. Who knows what secrets Moscow hides. Under it labyrinths of tunnels. There is a subway, there is also a subway number two. It is located deeply to a pose be thrilled. Nobody knows what there occurs? And wash the subway in the dead of night, with incessant attention of law enforcement bodies, and FSB can even. The subway it will never cut out to us the secret; for what it was constructed? For transportation of people, or for something bigger? They say that in the subway there are pathogenic and abnormal zones. Zones which can transfer us in time. It can indeed. I will not quash these rumors, perhaps they are truthful. As well as hearing, somehow passed about the third subway somewhere under an earth subsoil. Who knows? Can do it so it and is, and can do it just rumors. Who knows? Moscow – the city full of riddles and secrets. In an earth subsoil still look for Ivan the Terrible's library. Whether there is it actually or this only a legend? The library in other place can? Somewhere in Sergiyev Posad the former Zagorsk. Ivan the Terrible's library somewhere there can? At its tomb? Who knows? It only assumptions. One of many which could be.

Now, when Emmanuel looked at this city from a car window, she did not know about anything what now here was described. She just looked at Moscow, and admired its beauty. She with admiration said in English:

– The beautiful city, I for the life did not see anything finer.

– Yes. – Luda agreed. – It is worth looking at Moscow. – then she added. – But you will not see Moscow, do not go down to the Moscow subway yet.

Emmanuel with obvious interest took an interest:

– And what subway?

Luda having looked at Emmanuel with pride inherent in it told:

– The subway is the heart of Moscow, the second for value.

Emmanuel with obvious female curiosity asked:

– And the first?

Luda having looked at Emmanuel carefully took an interest:

– And you as think?

– I? – did not know that to answer this question, Emmanuel having made a pause, having looked in a window, and having seen some churchlet which they passed by and which immediately disappeared, Emmanuel assumed. – Church. – these words at it took off from her lips mechanically. She did not know why she told "CHURCH", she never thought of it. She in general did not trust in anything. She hoped only for herself and on anybody it is more.

Luda ambiguously thought. She did not know that to answer this question. For it, as well as for many in Russia there was one precept. Grandfather Lenin's precept. In which it was said: "There is no god". This unambiguous "There is no god", and there was a doctrine about it. In general, the atheism practiced in the USSR. Nobody went to churches, all were afraid to take off from party. And since eight years when we were accepted in Little Octobrists, already then inspired in us doctrines of V.I. Lenin and his associates: – There is no god and never was. Our teachers inspired in us this theory which at that time was the Bible for the people. And having come to a higher educational institution. We had to besides the main subject whether you want it or not to know Marx's capital and Lenin's doctrines by heart. It was also the main subject of the doctrine. And then all the rest. But there passed time, times changed. The power of the CPSU fell, having left behind only a heap of unresolved problems. The power of dictatorship fell, on light came to light a huge number of parties. Such about which nobody till ninety first year heard at all. The religion became popular, all a coma laziness stretched in church. It turned out that all those people who abused church sent her, and. т д, and. т п, became jealous opponents of atheism, and believed in God. Strange? People who despised church and wanted to kill it in its germ became truly believing. It is unlikely it so. It is simply fashion. As fashion for expensive fashionable dress. When there passes on it the fashion, it will be just thrown out on a garbage can. As well with religion. Once you come to the power of other party and who knows? Where will the truth believers get to? Will go underground or again will change belief, and will become atheists as it already was at the CPSU. So Luda could not respond unambiguously to this answer Emmanuel. It as well as all left the USSR were atheists. Luda told the following:

– There can be you and are right, but nevertheless I consider that the first heart of Moscow it?. – Luda thought. – It is Moscow. – Luda, and then kind of in justification of the words answered, added. – Moscow – heart of Russia.

Emmanuel significantly looked at Luda. She understood that on this question there is no answer. On extremely measure the people living here have no answer in Russia. They just dumped fetters of the Iron Curtain, and for these two years of freedom given them, they still fully did not feel that taste of freedom which is in the West, in the USA – the country of freedom of democracy. Countries of Washington, Granda, Lincoln. Emmanuel told:

– Perhaps you are also right.

There passed some time. The car stopped around one from the house on (X) Street. It was the big twelve-floor house in the center of Moscow.

Luda told:

– Arrived.

They drove to the yard, and having parked a car at an entrance, Luda killed the car engine, and having addressed Emmanuel, told:

– Here you will also live.

Emmanuel having left a car looked around. It was the usual site on which at the playground played little children with the parents. Emmanuel paid attention to one woman. She stood together with other women and with them spoke about something. This woman was about to give birth,

probably six months gone. Emmanuel bitterly sighed. This minute it presented itself on the place of this woman. She was pregnant, and Emmanuel having looked at the tummy, touched it with a hand, and thought: what this fine feeling to be a pregnant woman! She wanted to become pregnant. She wanted to give rise, but who could become for it that person who would present it this joy? She did not know it.

In it it is a high time, Emmanuel heard behind herself Luda's voice. She told:

– Go what here to stand?

Emmanuel having looked at Luda, saw that that pulled out from back luggage office all bags and suitcases, looked at Luda, and heard who asked:

– What will you take?

Emmanuel understood that both of them should bear suitcases and bags. She approached the things, and having taken two weighty bags, having left to Luda a suitcase, asked:

– Where to go?

Having taken a suitcase, Luda showed on the closest door of an entrance, and told:

– There.

Women went to an entrance bearing on themselves things. In it it is a high time the young guy ran up to them and offered them the help.

Luda thanked the man for the help, and that helped to inform of bags and a suitcase the apartment.

The living space settled down on the fifth floor, this was the one-room apartment with the mixed bathroom. From the room there was an exit to a spacious loggia which lasted from the room to windows of kitchen. To apartments there was old furniture. Book shelves on which there were books of different years and subjects. On a floor the oriental carpet was put, and on a wall the carpet was hung up. One of walls had a double bed, the RUBIN-208 TV eight-channel was by the window on a bedside table. On which there were hours. On one of a wall the shelf on which there was stationary phone of red color was beaten. As for kitchen, here everything was ordinary. Table, chair. The gas stove, a table for cooking. On a wall regiments were beaten. The refrigerator ZIL was by the window. Radio Beacon hung on a wall. On which broadcast only one wave – the beacon. All as usually was in the Soviet ordinary apartments.

Luda told:

– Here so there lived once Soviet citizen.

Emmanuel took an interest:

– This whose apartment?

– Ours.

– I understand that yours, but who lived here earlier?

– My mother. – Luda answered. Then she with despondency and chagrin added. – She sits now. – then she explained. – For speculation during the Soviet period. – it having made a long pause, gloomy added. – Year remained.

Emmanuel having listened to Luda, heaved a deep sigh. She approached Luda, and having embraced her, in a consolation told:

– Anything. You awake together. – then having made a pause Emmanuel added. – Never it is necessary to despair. Despair sign of hopelessness.

Luda having looked at Emmanuel, firmly told:

– I do not despair.

Emmanuel having looked at Luda told:

– It is good. – then she departed from it, and having approached the refrigerator ZIL, opened it, and having glanced inside, saw that it is empty. Having looked at Luda, asked Emmanuel:

– And where here nearby grocery store?

– Nearby. – Luda answered and asked. – And what?

Emmanuel looked in the refrigerator again, and with chagrin told:

– It is similar that in the refrigerator is empty.

– Cannot be? – Luda was surprised. She quickly approached the refrigerator, and having glanced found in nothing. – We will probably have dinner and supper here.

Emmanuel took an interest again:

– Where grocery store? – then she kind of for fun added. – to go to bed on a hungry stomach ...

And without having managed to finish this phrase, she heard Luda's voice.

– It is similar that today we have a visit of shop. – then Luda asked Emmanuel knowing already that that will tell in reply. – How about that to go to grocery?

– I, for.

– I too.

Women left the apartment. Luda having closed a door gave keys Emmanuel. She told:

– They now yours. – then she added. – Live.

In the nineties, shops – supermarkets just that gained the steam. In few places it was possible to buy something from products, without overpaying and without being afraid that you will get poisoned. Tents occupied all center of Moscow. In any case Moscow! All Moscow region, all Russia. In each of tents there was the range of goods. But it was monotonous. Ninety nine and nine percent of the range of goods made alcoholic drinks and tobacco products. It seemed that those years Russia became an inveterate drunkard and smoked. And what? After Gorbachev crisis with alcoholic drinks – two bottles in hands how not to get drunk. Suddenly again alcohol will be gone – offensively. As for tobacco products, as for tobacco products, then too that for a sin to be smoked. I remember Gorbachev when I made crisis with alcoholic drinks then cigarettes disappeared somewhere. I remember malicious smokers and smokers nearly went for storm of the White House if only to achieve that cigarettes or at least cigarettes of "BELOMOR-KANAL" went on sale. Whatever you may say, life then was more interesting. We looked for something, stood in a queue, overpaid extremely expensively. Life was more interesting. As for Luda and Emmanuel, they had to go to do shopping to the center of Moscow. On the street being Gorky, the present Tverskaya. In Eliseysky shop. Having made purchases there Emmanuel approached cash desk, and having seen how many all their purchase costs nearly was terrified. The price was more than in Europe on extremely measure by hundred twenty times, and even is much bigger. Emmanuel having stupidly looked at Luda thought of what the cashier was mistaken, appeared is not present. The mistake was not. This was the actual price at the prices of the ninety third of the ninety seventh of years. Luda having paid off the cashier for purchases, left shop, and having addressed Emmanuel, told:

– This Russia – the mother, here everything is expensive, and salary is lower, than in the Third World country, for example in one of the countries of Africa.

– Yes? – agreed with Luda Emmanuel. – Whatever you may say, Russia is Russia. – then she asked. – As soon as here people live?

Luda it is multiple-valued shrugged shoulders.

– We can be ... – she said with grief. – Sometime in the future?

Emmanuel with grief sighed.

– Can be. – she said. – Sometime. – then she added. – But not now.

Having arrived back home, they met at an entrance of that guy which helped to carry them things to the apartment last time. He then hurried, and could not get acquainted with women. Now, when it returned after the urgent matters, he sat on a bench at an entrance and watching absolutely already dark sky thought of something. Having seen the women leaving a car, he immediately recognized them. He got up from a bench, and having approached them offered once again the help. Luda with it is inherent in the woman interest took an interest:

– Do you pursue us?

– No. – immediately the guy answered having taken bags in hand. – I do not pursue you, just passed by as last time.

Luda smiled:

– And at the same time sat on a bench at an entrance? – then she added. – We saw you.

The guy convicted that it nevertheless did not pass by, and сидев on a bench at an entrance told:

– My crime seems it is solved.

Luda with interest took an interest:

– And in what it consisted?

The guy looked at Emmanuel, and then at Luda, and said:

– I like your girlfriend. – not to offend the woman with whom he spoke he added. – I like also you.

Luda knowingly nodded, and then asked:

– And which of us is pleasant to you more?

The guy for a second thought. He did not want to be impolite to women. But something it was necessary to answer, and he told:

– You are pleasant to me both, everyone in own way. – then he added. – Both of you are beautiful and mysterious.

– Yes. – Luda smiled having agreed with the guy. – In the woman – a riddle. – then she told. – Well, help us.

The guy informed of bags their apartment on the fifth floor, and Luda having invited him on a visit, asked his name.

– Zhora. – having presented it having looked at the interlocutor, asked. – And you?

Luda did not understand:

– What I?

Zhora asked:

– What is your name?

– And. – became the woman awkwardly. Then it was presented. – Lyudmila. – she looked at Emmanuel, and presented it. – Emmanuel. – then she explained. – she arrived from abroad, and does not speak Russian. – then she added. – but she well knows English.

– I speak English too. – he addressed to Emmanuel in English. – I am very glad to get acquainted with you.

Though without knowing Russian, she understood that someone from them it was pleasant to this person. She answered in English.

– And me too.

Author: – Further dialogue happens in English.

Zhora went to kitchen, and having put bags on a floor began to get from them products. When women entered on kitchen, all products from bags already stood on a table.

Having seen that Zhora without asking permission began to manage in the apartment, Luda was indignant with his behavior, and with obvious hostility questioned:

– You nobody learned to ask permission before managing in others apartment?

Zhora immediately understood the mistake, and hurried to justify itself:

– I thought that you were tired, and will be me you to help better.

Emmanuel frowned. She did not love that someone the stranger without permission will do in others apartment what is not necessary. And to whom it will be pleasant? She told:

– Of course we are grateful to you for your help, but ...

Zhora heaved a deep sigh.

– Understood. – he told. – I leave.

Women exchanged glances. Both of them wanted that Zhora remained with them. To remain that to modify, and for a conversation, for communication. Luda strictly asked:

– Where do you go?

– On an exit. – sadly he told. Then added. – I showed tactlessness that without the knowledge of the hostess of the apartment began to manage ...

He did not manage to finish the offer as Luda told:

– We forgive you.

Zhora turned back.

Emmanuel added.

– We of course are angry that you laid out everything from bags, but you made it from good intentions.

Zhora immediately answered:

– I wanted to help you.

Emmanuel having approached Zhora, said in low tones:

– I know. – then she asked. – Help us to prepare it is fished.

Zhora immediately agreed.

– Of course.

It was soon fished it is ready. The baked chicken, soup kharcho, salads. Of course there was a tea. Generally whatever you may say we always ate monotonously. At the CPSU, and in Russia. There are no special delicacies in shops, and to go to restaurant expensively. Remember that Luda leaving from the father, suggested to have a bite Emmanuel. They of course, went to restaurant, but having looked at the prices, Emmanuel just was horrified. For the life, she of course saw the restaurant prices, but such!? It too.

Having sat down at a table, all three were accepted to first course. Concentrate, soup kharcho. In general, who knows, the concentrate was and remains to one of favourite food. And let after it getting thirsty, let after it to rise pressure, and the stomach will begin to play unknown games. A concentrate – the most favourite product of the Soviet and Russian citizen. Do you ask why? It simply in comparison with cooking of Russian cabbage soup or borsch does not take a lot of time, and it that the most important – cheap. And the Russian person – if only to fill to him a belly and if heartburn, that is the checked method – alcohol. It is possible to eat nothing, just drink hot and do not think of anything. For you everything will solve alcohol.

Having taken a sip of couple of spoons of soup kharcho, Emmanuel asked:

– What is it?

Luda having looked at Emmanuel puzzled with a look, answered:

– How that? Soup kharcho.

Emmanuel having frowned, questioned:

– And you eat it? – she did not understand how it is possible to eat it? It is simply a poison, and more than nothing.

– Yes. – Luda agreed. – It to you not America.

– What does it have to do with America? – did not understand Emmanuel. – In America there are concentrates too, and we eat them ...

– Then that?

Emmanuel with neglect answered:

– It is a lot of salt, and pepper. So to stomach ulcer nearby.

Luda frowned:

– Stomach ulcer? – it having made a pause, added. – I did not think of it.

Zhora got into conversation. He told:

– The ulcer an ulcer, and is it is necessary.

The woman having looked in Zhora's plate, saw that she is empty, and Zhora having looked at Emmanuel, told:

– Maybe in Russia trade in shit why all this shit is eaten?

Women shrugged shoulders.

– Because – Zhora continued. – ourselves buy this shit. – it having made a pause, added. – Here if nobody buys it ...

– Can you and are right. – Luda agreed with Zhora. – If nobody buys ... – she looked in a plate of soup kharcho. – this shit, would cease to produce it at all.

Emmanuel agreed, and having made one more spoon of soup, asked:

– And sour cream is? Luda, we seems her bought?

Women looked at Zhora.

Emmanuel asked:

– You spread everything from a bag. Sour cream was?

– Of course. – hasty Zhora answered. – It in the refrigerator.

Emmanuel having risen because of a table approached the refrigerator, and having taken sour cream, returned back at a table. She opened it, and having put itself two spoons of sour cream, put it on a table.

Luda having taken sour cream, also put to herself it in a plate, and having put the sour cream rest on a table, told:

– You are right Emmanuel. The concentrate is a muck. – then she added. – but all the rest that we prepared should be tried.

– Yes. – Zhora supported Luda. – Chicken turned out – it showed a thumb up. – In!!!

Emmanuel having looked at Zhora and then on Luda, unexpectedly told:

– Excuse me for the fact that I was impolite. – it having made a pause, deeply and a deep sigh heaved. Then she told. – But nevertheless this dirty trick without sour cream is it is impossible, and with sour cream still tolerantly.

Luda grinned, and kind of keeping up the conversation, and she agreed with Emmanuel playfully having told.

– You are not upset. All know that a concentrate – shit. – then she claimed. – But all ate it, еда and will eat. – then she unambiguously added. – because it is cheap.

Having looked at Elisabeth on Luda, being angry with itself, answered:

– I always come in rage when hungry. – then she added. – I did not want to spoil this evening.

– And you also did not spoil it. – Luda told unambiguously. – You just told the truth about Russian kitchens, and all. – then Luda told. – That all of us about this kharcho say yes, at us what, there are no other subjects for a conversation?

Zhora agreed

– Of course is.

– There now. – Luda told. – let's talk about something that to all of us will be interesting to three.

Zhora immediately steamed.

– I all hands, FOR.

– I too for.

They looked at Emmanuel. That sat at a table, and ate kharcho. Of course she felt ill at ease. She on a visit told that a table bad. The cooked food – shit. And all because she since morning was hungry. How here not to be angry with itself? Continuous a look from a plate of soup kharcho, it told:

– It agrees.

It is difficult for me to judge it acts Emmanuel, nobody will answer this question unambiguously: "why Emmanuel at a table was such what she was also any another?". It is obvious because she was really tired. On a visit at Grigory Ivanovich she solved: "it appeared in this apartment not casually. It was brought cunning there". She now also did not understand why it together with Grigory Ivanovich provided it this apartment? It for them absolutely foreign woman. The woman, which Luda if this her real name, brought to this apartment. To the apartment down the street Yablochkova д No. 18: "who were all these people actually?". Emmanuel did not know it. She addressed Zhora, having asked him about what it was interesting to it to know, namely:

– Tell why we?

Without having understood a question, Zhora having made a perplexed face, asked:

– What forgive? It you now about what?

– Well ... – made Emmanuel long *выжидающею* a pause. – I mean – having made the next pause, she asked. – why we?

– This question puzzled Zhora. He once again asked:

– You it about what?

It seemed that Zhora does not understand what asked him Emmanuel about. It had such person that from outside was it seems that it expresses full bewilderment and misunderstanding of what wanted to ask his Emmanuel about.

Emmanuel seeing that Zhora cannot still understand what she wants to ask him about, it is burdened having sighed, said:

– What all of you men are dull. – it having made a pause, having grinned asked. – Why you decided to help us? Because we are women or because of what still?

Zhora immediately steamed:

– You were pleasant to me at once – then he added. – Emmanuel.

Women exchanged glances. Both of them knew, and Luda in particular that Zhora approached them not accidentally, and not casually helped them. And the fact that he sat and waited for them on a bench at an entrance, spoke about much. Now women knew precisely that it was pleasant to Zhora Emmanuel. He did not even hide it when he talked to Luda, and Emmanuel kept aloof. Having learned that it to be pleasant to Zhora, to Emmanuel out of purely human and purely female curiosity asked:

– And what you found interesting in me?

Luda immediately asked as if foretelling quite difficult answer to it. Each person, and in particular women want to learn, than they are pleasant to men, continuation of their relations, or in this case their conversation depends on their answer.

– Yes, that?

Zhora looked at both women who waited for the answer. However, on their look it was possible to understand that they do not wait for the answer, and demand it from Zhora.

Zhora having looked at Emmanuel, having estimated her beauty and shortcomings, and having analysed everything together, told one word which the man in this situation, or its analogs has to tell.

– I do not know. – it having made an ambiguous pause, added. – You are pleasant to me, that's all.

Women exchanged glances the friend with an arch. They understood that Zhora did not want to speak about beauty and if they were about shortcomings Emmanuel. It was simply what is indecent on the attitude not only towards Emmanuel, but also in relation to Luda and all women on this planet. Each woman be she a beauty or the ugly creature, with all the shortcomings, will not wish to listen from the man for what it was pleasant to him. Women are attractive to men in itself as well as to the man's women. Nobody wants to know for what we fell in love with other person. It is simple to us to be pleasant it. As sexopathologists speak: "we are attracted in each other by fluids". Can they and are right. For us remains a riddle why to be pleasant to one one type of people, and another another. And how many scientists struggled with this riddle, all the same they will be able unambiguously to

tell what is "APPEAL". How does it work in our brain? As we find those with whom we want to live all the life. We will never answer this question if we are attracted by the partner or the partner. Fluids are ours desire to be pleasant to our second half and if these fluids are identical with that person to whom we are pleasant, and it to be pleasant to us, it also is – love.

Luda immediately steamed:

– How it? Do not you know? – it having made a pause, asked. – But something in it is pleasant to you?

Zhora having gloomy looked at Luda, asked:

– Tell if I tell that I like you, you would cease to ask me about why it was pleasant to me Emmanuel?

Luda frowned. Maybe Zhora was right. Luda the same, as well as Emmanuel was pleasant to Zhora Zhora. Now, looking at Zhora, Luda about herself thought: "why it? Why I? I what, Emmanuel is worse? I am not worse than it at all, and on the contrary, it is better than it. better it in everything. Well Zhora found in it? Of course it is in own way beautiful – as well as all women, but nevertheless, than it is better than me?". Arguing on this subject, Luda was angry. Was angry purely in a feminine way for the fact that it was pleasant to Zhora it, and Emmanuel. She wanted to understand what in Emmanuel is it that is not present at it. She wanted to find out it, and asking Zhora a question which sounded on extremely measure provocatively: "yes, that?". She wanted to receive definite answer from Zhora: "by what is Emmanuel more attractive than it?". "What is in it it that it does not have?". Women will agree with me that the female envy – is fraught. Now, when Zhora asked Luda this question: "tell if I tell that I like you, you would cease to ask me about why it was pleasant to me Emmanuel?", Luda wanted to lie. It of course liked Zhora, but to deep disappointment and a regret Luda it was pleasant to him Emmanuel.

– Well. – Zhora kind of continued emphasizing the correctness. – I am right?

Luda having looked at Zhora sad and at the same time a look of a full regret and chagrin, Luda admitted:

– Just for me as the woman it is a pity what you chose me, and her.

Emmanuel put the hand on her palm and as if consoling her she told:

– Let's forget all that now occurred. – it having made a pause, told. – look at the street – a decline. As he is beautiful – a decline.

Luda having looked at Emmanuel, told:

– What you good. – it having slightly smiled, self-critically added. – All of us are women – bitches. As we will see more or less normal man, and he is already busy. Well here to tell, bitches, bitches also are.

All three sat at a table. Outside the window grew dark. The sun already hid behind gloomy mountains of houses, the last beam leaving the sun peacefully lulled the town houses of Moscow standing in a row. Everything abated. Moscow prepared for sleeping.

Chast-II

Chapter-6

History

Outside the window grew dark. The sun already hid behind gloomy mountains of houses, the last beam leaving the sun peacefully lulled the town houses of Moscow standing in a row. Everything abated. Moscow prepared for sleeping.

Emmanuel got up because of a table, and approached a window. Looking at a window at this magnificence of paints leaving the sun, Emmanuel told:

– I saw many declines in Europe, each of them was unlike another. – then she addressed Luda sitting at a table. – Lyudmila. – she told it is courteous. – I for the first time in this city, show me it.

– Well. – Luda answered. – I will show it to you. – then she added. – I promised you.

Zhora having looked at women, told:

– Night Moscow – is beautiful! – then he added. – You will not regret if you see it in its gloss of night stages. – then he asked. – To me to go home or how?

Luda hurried hinted:

– We would like that we were accompanied by the man.

Zhora immediately steamed:

– I assure you that you will find your defender in my person.

Soon after a dinner all three went outside, to the yard. Emmanuel had high spirits. She wanted to fly, flit in the sky as if a butterfly. Having got into the car on forward sitting Emmanuel asked the satellites:

– Where will we eat?

Luda having got into the car, told:

– We will show you at first the center.

Zhora having got into the car on back sitting, told:

– The Moscow center, probably the most remarkable place in the city. Moscow also began with it once. – then he took an interest. – Emmanuel? And you know when Moscow was founded?

Emmanuel shrugged shoulders:

– About two hundred fifty years ago? – she told it is not sure. Then it added. – It was constructed, apparently, by Dolgorukiy?

Zhora understood what Emmanuel badly knows when and under what circumstances Moscow was constructed. At schools speak about it a little. Only what pupils from the school program, and only have to know.

Zhora decided to correct this error. He told:

– What? Of course you are foreigners you can not know when Moscow was founded. – he made a long pause, and then continued. – Moscow! – he told beginning the story. – The first annalistic a mention of Moscow is the indication of the Ipatyevsky chronicle on Friday on the fourth of April, one thousand hundred forty seventh when the growth and Suzdal prince Yury Dolgorukiy accepted in the town under the name Moscow the friends and allies led by Novgorod – the Seversk prince Svyatoslav. – then he added. – As for two hundred fifty years, you obviously confused this date with one more significant date. – it having again made a pause, added. – Date basis of St. Petersburg Pyotr the first. On the twenty seventh of May one thousand seven hundred third years. – it finished the story.

Emmanuel became inconveniently. She on the confusion or illiteracy mixed two significant dates. Date – year the basis of Moscow, and date – year the basis of St. Petersburg. How could it confuse these two dates, considerable for history of Russia? Moscow was really founded much earlier than St. Petersburg. Moscow is nearly eight hundred fifty years old, and St. Petersburg this year was two hundred ninety years old, soon – three hundred.

– To me it is so inconvenient. – told Emmanuel, and kind of in justification she asked forgiveness. – I mixed two dates. Excuse for this disrespect for history of Russia.

Luda exchanged glances with Zhora. Both of them understood that this reservation is connected simply with ignorance of history so, which. What is learned at schools, is quickly forgotten. History by and large is necessary to nobody. We remember only recent dates, approximately in hundred or two hundred years. As for profound history, here full disrespect for history. We remember nothing, we know nothing, and guides in the museums tell us the text of an excursion learned by heart. Will you try to argue at them something besides the excursion program? They will goggle at us the eyes, and will send us there where sends the Russian people of each other, and maybe further away.

Luda, understood Emmanuel. Of course, it is possible to be mistaken in any of dates. It was in the first turn – the foreigner. And it history of Russia was plowed up by the teacher only in the general for the school program knowledge. Agree, in most cases we are incapable even to call the capitals of all states in the world on the planet – the earth. What to tell about significant dates in the history of the planet when we know own history by hearsay.

Luda consoling Emmanuel told:

– All of us can be mistaken, anyway. – then she told, for example. – Here will tell I. – it having made a pause, told. – Ask me for example, all states of the USA, I will not call them. Ten biggest, and their more than forty. – then it, having made a pause, added. – And Russia! How many here is autonomous areas? I do not even know. – it having slightly smiled, added. – What to be upset? All of us sometimes are mistaken. There is nothing of that kind reprehensible.

Emmanuel having looked at Luda, slightly smiled, and seemed to her that from her heart the stone fell. She with relief sighed, and admitted:

– I too for example do not know all districts of Paris. – then she added. – though I there sometimes live.

Seeing that Emmanuel after his story about Moscow became sad as it whatever you may say mixed two dates, in a consolation Zhora told it:

– Do not mourn. – it having made a pause, continued. – I am a historian. I teach students in MGIMO. – then he added. – how many to me time had to hold exams at the blockheads, most of them do not know when to a throne there ascended the Tsar. All for some reason claim that the first Tsar in Russia was Pyotr the first, but it not so. – it having made a pause, added. – All for some reason forget about Ivan Vasilyevich Grozny. But also those who say: "he was the first tsar in Russia", are mistaken. Ivan Vasilyevich Grozny. It was венчан on the kingdom in one thousand five hundred forty seventh. As sovereign всея Russia and grand duke Moscow Ivan fourth Grozny. He was венчан a tsar, and accepted a full title: "Veliky sovereign, to Bozhiyey favor tsar and grand duke всея Russia, Vladimir, Moscow, Novgorod, Pskov, Ryazan, Tver, Yugra, Perm, Vyattsky, Bulgarian and others". – it finished the story about Ivan the Terrible, and passed to the pervo-tsar. – The first Veliky Knyaz Moskovsky Ivan the third proclaimed himself the tsar. The wedding already went to the kingdom from Ivan Vasilyevich Grozny since one thousand five hundred forty seventh. From a dynasty of Rurik dynasty, Vasily the third and Elena Vasilyevna Glinskaya's son. Ivan the fourth nicknamed subsequently Ivan the Terrible was born in one thousand five hundred thirtieth when to his father Vasily to the third, was already for fifty. As for Ivan the third. – it having made a pause, collecting thoughts to the necessary course, lived. – He was called Vasilyevich too. Also Ivan Veliky. Given rise on the twenty second of January one thousand four hundred fortieth years, and rested on the twenty seventh of October one thousand five hundred fifth years. – Zhora finished the long and interesting story about the first tsar. At the end he added. – So neither Grozny, nor Pyotr the first were the first tsars, and Ivan the third, just as is known as Ivan Veliky. Given rise on the twenty second of January one thousand four hundred fortieth years, and rested on the twenty seventh of October one thousand five hundred fifth years.

Having listened to Zhora, Emmanuel having estimated his knowledge in the history of the Russian country, thought. She thought now of what in fact nobody for certain knows who was the first tsar in Russia. Someone considered that Ivan Vasilyevich Grozny was the first tsar, someone considers that Pyotr great "FIRST" was the first true tsar. History the state of Russian knows many tsars and queens. How many revolutions were those times of troubles when there was a cruel race for power. The monarchy – so call governments of tsars and queens. The last emperor All-Russian was Nikolay the second of "Novels". All know its tragic destiny. Revolution of the seventeenth year. Ipatyevsky house, execution. Then ended thousand-year board of the monarchy. Instead of it dictatorship of the proletariat came. Dictatorship of the proletariat held on till August eighteenth, one thousand nine hundred ninety first, and the twenty first day of the same month and number Boris Nikolaevich

Yeltsin became the first president of Russian Federation. The monarchy consigned to the past, Russia accepted democracy. Imperial traditions were forgotten, parties were formed. Parties which were united in one party – United Russia. But nevertheless? If Russia was the monarchy of the millennium, then why it is democratic now? The answer to this poll it is necessary to look for board of the country in democratic system. But nevertheless the answer to this question is simple: nobody wants to let go the power, and to give to her lineal heirs tsars especially. Yes as under the law you will make it? They already subject other states. And it is fraught ...

Emmanuel asked:

– And Dolgorukiy?

Zhora did not understand a question Emmanuel:

– What Dolgorukiy?

– How do you think why it a table the tsar?

Zhora shrugged shoulders, assumed:

– In those days Russia was the princely country. – Zhora explained. – There were many cities, and respectively there are a lot of princes. – then he explained. – On a modern harmony – the MEDT. – then it continued. Obviously, then such life suited all, all ruled the city. – then he kind of emphasized. – The power is such piece, will never try once and any more ... – then he with sneered. – in janitors you will not go.

– It is right. – Emmanuel agreed, and then emphasized. – The power spoils the person as the person and as the personality.

Luda agreed:

– Quite right. – and then added. – The power is a scourge not only the person separately, but also society in general. – then she added. – To remember, for example, the fable by Krylov, a goat. There put a goat in this system, and all.

Emmanuel took an interest:

– What?

– It so there also remained. – Luda answered. – Did not get to anywhere. – then she added. – The power is such piece, will get to it, and will carry out all the life in it, and over time ... – it having made a pause, added. – When the person is sure that he stands on the feet, and him nobody will deprive his place, he will simply dump everything on the deputies, and itself will go somewhere to Miami.

Having listened to Luda, assumed Emmanuel:

– Your reasons smell of policy. – then she added. – You are not afraid that somebody learns?

Luda questioned:

– Learns that? – it having made a pause, having stared at Emmanuel, told. – I tell nothing of that kind. – then she added. – Only what is known by all. And if that to accuse to you me there is nothing. I say only what is known to all, and in general, we so do not talk that politics, we speak about history of the state Russian, and history anyway is always connected with policy. – Luda addressed Zhora. – Do you agree with me?

– Yes, – Zhora answered. – I absolutely agree with you.

– Well, – threw Emmanuel. – Yours took. – then she agreed. – History of everyone the state are anyway connected with policy of the countries or countries. – Then she added. – In the history of Russia there were many soldiers, this its history. – then she specified. – Its history, and history of that state with which Russia waged war.

Zhora and Luda agreed with Emmanuel.

– It so it also is.

Zhora added:

– Wars are the most tragic years in life of all planet – Earth, all its history.

The conversation was not really glued. A story of Russia of her pervo-tsar was told by Zhora in detail to the smallest details. There was nothing to tell more. The conversation passed into policy, and

here hardly anyone could answer a question accurately: who had to be now in power and what had to be this power? "Monarchy?", or "Democracy?". Russia from покои was centuries the monarchic state, democratic in any way.

– All right. – Zhora told. He looked in a car window. On the street it was already dark. He looked at the wrist electronic clock which showed one minute to ten, told. – We became engrossed in talking here I will tell you, and promised to show Emmanuel Moscow. – it having made a pause, addressed Luda. – I am a quite good guide. – he told. – Time already ten evening, is a high time to see Moscow now. – it having made a pause, added. – Well? Who wants to see beautiful Moscow? This remarkable city! You Emmanuel? Luda went, Moscow is so beautiful at this time!

– Yes. – Luda agreed. – We really became engrossed in talking, and time goes. – it having made a pause, asked. – Emmanuel, all of you still want to see Moscow?

– Certainly. – answered Emmanuel, and led Luda. – Then why we sit in a car?

– Truly. – Luda answered. And then added. – Zhora told you a story of Russia – her tsars, now he to you will be a guide. – Luda having made a pause, Emmanuel assured. – We will show round to you the city in his beauty.

Emmanuel it is intrigued answered:

– I hope for it.

Luda turned a key ignition, switched the lever management of speed, and the car left back, then having again switched transmission speed, Luda pressed gas, and having jerked a car from the place, came out to the route, and disappeared in a stream of night headlights of cars, having got lost in a distance of their luminescence.

Moscow lived. It burned bright full of joy of lamps in apartment houses light burned. It seemed that houses recovered. Even if for this short time, till the dawn. They lived. Smiled to the joyful cars passing by them on the brisk route cheerful fervent, all. Kind of watching them leave afar, and envying them. Houses unlike cars always stand on the place, and cars travel about all over the world, seeing a lot of interesting, opening something new. Whatever you may say, at cars life is much more interesting than at the multi-storey buildings standing along the road.

Now, the ezzha in the car on streets of Moscow, Emmanuel looked out of the car window, and having put out from side to a door of an open window the head, she felt inflow of joy and happiness from striking its face of the prankish wind. It demolished its hairpin from hair, and her beautiful hair as if under wind blew on playful, naughty wind. Well! Perfectly! Remarkably! Emmanuel did not feel such violent joy and euphoria of happiness for a long time. Whether yes she felt this joy? Joy of freedom and life? Probably not. She worked all life on the government. And there what happiness of life? Only work, work, and once again work. There you do not even marry still appropriate authorities will not check you for professional suitability. For them their work this second Gestapo. God forbid to miss the spy, for all life you will not be washed. However all the rest – is fine. Perfectly. Have a rest I do not want. Emmanuel having pulled in the head in salon of a car-TAXI, Emmanuel told:

– What beauty! – she Emmanuel pronounced these words with admiration and envy. With white envy. She never before saw such beauty. Old Moscow. What beautiful it is Moscow. There is Bulgakovsky Arbatsky Lane. The lane where the Master got acquainted with Margarita. He carried flowers in hands, and having presented them Margarita, she told: "I do not like these flowers". She threw them on asphalt and went down the street, and the Master, having lifted flowers, followed for it. Love. The love between Master and Margarita flashed suddenly. And not that suddenly, and in that second as the Master saw Margarita. Pure, serene love. Love which lasted so not for long, and so long. It is possible to tell eternally. In general, it is possible to speak about this work by Mikhail Afanasyevich Bulgakov eternally. Nobody will come to the general opinion on the one who

was according to Bulgakova Margarita? Priests of church claim that Margarita sold soul to the Devil of "VOLANDU". Therefore it was unworthy according to priests – light. As for – the master, he was unworthy too light as went after Margarita. But whether so it? I consider that Master as well as Margarita were worthy light. But. Always is – but. The master, was isolated from society in psychiatric hospital. Will you tell why I so think? The answer is simple. Remember when the Master came to other chamber where the writer Bezdomny lay, he in the course of the conversation told: "I have no place to go", and then on the question asked Bezdomny: "where you met it?". Received the answer: "on Patriarchal ponds". he answered: "ah, if I met it again, I would show it". What can be told here? The master was in psychiatric hospital – on penal servitude. He was tormented there and operated. The majority them them was not maintained, and they died. Here from there is the one and only question: "what happened to the Master in psychiatric hospital it was real or already not?". There can be Bezdomny having gone crazy began to see ghosts? Perhaps. Nobody can answer this question directly, remember when Azazello destroyed the master and Margarita, it went only to Margarita, there nothing was told about the Master. And only, when Margarita in the apartment died, Bezdomny heard groan of the person behind a wall of the chamber. He then already knew that it the Master died. The master, without name and a surname. The person – the ghost. Without name and without ... that without? The person – anybody. The person – the ghost, the person from nowhere. As for Margarita, it is about self-sacrifice here. Margarita offered herself for the sake of the beloved. It went to the transaction with Voland for the sake of the beloved. For the sake of the Master. She wanted to pull out it from this nightmare. A nightmare to which it got perhaps by the nonsense. Everything goes to lives, as well as in the novel the turn. We sacrifice ourselves for the sake of someone, and we reunite with them in heaven. Ability self-sacrifice for the sake of the native person – this highest extent of self-sacrifice. It is also rest: "he read the book". The apostle Matfey told. "he wants to present it rest". Voland asked: "why you do not take it to yourself, to the public?". Matfey told: "he did not deserve light, he deserved rest". Self-sacrifices, and then – rest. Rest – because we break the Lord's commandments. But I will tell about this work another time, now we will return to Emmanuel, Luda and Zhora. Where they now? They approached Patriarchal ponds. Patriarchal ponds, we come back to Bulgakov Moscow again. Again same work "MASTER AND MARGARITA". The place where Berlioz and Bezdomny, met Voland and his suite. Where Voland told the interlocutor about Pontius Pilate and Yahshuah Ganotsy. Patriarchal ponds – the place where this history began. Master and Margarita's history. The place – where everything began. Where Annushka poured oil where Berlioz got under the tram wheels. Where Bezdomny went mad, and running across Moscow for the foreigner Voland, came running in underpants to the house of writers, and having told about everything got to lunatic asylum where made it the diagnosis – schizophrenia. What Ivan Nikolaevich Bezdomny's foreigner on a bench on Patriarchal ponds warned about. It is a lot of secrets and legends store Patriarchal ponds. Who knows, can Patriarchal it is an entrance to something other? Mystical. Somehow time I sat on a bench at Patriarchal. Among the people passing there I sometimes wrapped the head as though someone looked at me, and I watched someone the leave afar. Perhaps, it is just my prejudices, and on Patriarchal I saw nobody, and can and is not present, and ghosts of old Moscow have a rest on Patriarchal here. Looking at ponds by the light of night lamps, it is possible to notice on water hardly noticeable floating boat, or boats. It seems anything special. But having got accustomed it is visible more attentively that there are no boats. These are it is simple their hidden outlines – the phantom as would tell now. Quietly water, a light air peacefully rustles as if the messenger to share gossips about last day on Patriarchal ponds with the trees growing nearby. They as if a gossip hotline carry between themselves all modern and modern histories ever occurred and occurring at present here, on Patriarchal. Zhora with the companions went on a path on patriarchal, and he for some reason felt ill at ease. It was captured by some fear, he felt that someone as if watches it and his companions. Someone's hidden look looked at it from far away. He looked afar, and felt how someone approaches them. Someone, obviously, very much did not want that they were present here.

On his body ran a fever. He looked at women, and those saw that his face turned white. Turned white obviously for horror of the attendee here, on Patriarchal. Women felt it too. They felt how on their body ran a chill. Easy chill, but such dreadfully – ice that women having crossed hands on a breast, a polozh of a hand on hands, having looked around itself, and having felt cold which proceeded from water, having looked at each other, told Zhora:

– We feel ill at ease. – Luda having made a pause, took an interest. – To you the same?

Having recovered for slight fear of what he felt, Zhora trying not to give to women any look that to it it is terrible, asked:

– From what it, did you, take it?

It was absolutely clear to women that Zhora to be afraid of that cold that on Patriarchal was even worse, than they. And it was visible on his face which was more white white, white – as death.

Luda told:

– Yes you have all white face. – then she specified. – White – as death.

Zhora touched the person. It was valid cold. It seemed that the fear – integral from the person, captured it only. Now it seemed to Zhora that not he faces women and tells them about Bulgakov Moscow. About its novel "MASTER AND MARGARITA" not it tells It about it, it is the novel tells about itself(himself). Patriarchal ponds, present Clean Ponds. How many secrets are hidden by them? How many events took place there? How many still will be? We never learn it. Only the wind and loving couples sitting on benches at Patriarchal know that exactly here, among fallen leaves of trees, the dissatisfied janitor going with a broom always, ezzhushchy around Patriarchal ponds of the tram without number, and only with the one and only letter "A" which according to many inhabitants at the next houses is capable to disappear, and in the same second appearing on tram flights again, goes to uncertainty. To that Bulgakov Moscow where there lived the Master and his darling. In the work Margarita Bulgakov describes her as the mistress. But actually she was his wife. Agree, only really loving the person it is capable to sacrifice himself for the sake of other person. Zhora knew all this as well as knew all this his companions. Luda many times read this novel, and only after several of its readings she understood its final sense. Self-sacrifice – here the main sense of this work. Works, but not the work. Master and Margarita are two separately connected in common works. The first: Master and Margarita, and the second about Yahshuah Ganotsri and the Procurator of Judea. Two absolutely different stories, and at the same time such similar. Love, treachery, self-sacrifice, death. Mikhail Afanasyevich Bulgakov also tried to inform of it us. Where we lived what we did. We always have to have courage to offer ourselves for the sake of ... for the sake of what? Well to solve it to you. Each to their own. But we will return to Zhora, Luda and Emmanuel. On what did we leave them? And, here on what. On told Lyudmila: "yes you have all white face. White – as death". Zhora touched the person. It was valid cold. He with uncertain fear answered:

– Really?

– Yes. – confirmed Emmanuel having touched with the palm brush back his face. – You white as death.

Without knowing what to answer, Zhora having looked in eyes Emmanuel which were full of alarm, managed a smile which was similar to something unclear but only not even not to similarity of a smile rather, he told:

– Everything is all right. – then he kind of added to a consolation. – All this from local legends, you will tell whom and itself you will believe in it. – he made a pause, and then kind of purposely to himself and to prove to women that he the prejudices and legends which are not making any sense cheerfully told only all this:

– And what? Poorly here at least hour to stay!? You will see, to happen nothing. – it having made a pause, felt a cold fever on all the body, and then quickly added. – These are only prejudices, and only.

Women burst out laughing heartily. To spend on Patriarchal any time, and the whole night. Yes that night!? Now behind a fence the dividing tram ways from the road on which there were women now and listened to the story by Zhora what night, minute and was to spend on them not without that soul did not go to heels. All know "the MASTER AND MARGARITA", some people are in particular Muscovites, know much more legends about these ponds. Legends – fascinating soul and frightening terrifying narrations. But we will not be about mysticism so which. Moscow – full of riddles and mysticism – Moscow. What does she hide from us? What secrets are not revealed yet? Moscow – the land capital of mystical stories and its underground heritage. Heritage of ghosts of bygone days. Beginning from Yury Dolgorukov, to Nikolay the second. From Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov-Lenin, to Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev. And from the new President of Russia – Boris Nikolaevich Yeltsin ... and Dalia. Maybe someone knows a little it secrets? Can do this FSB, and the police can just? Who knows? Moscow capital of Russia. Who knows how many at it secrets?

Luda nervously answered, trying not to give the fear of Emmanuel who also wanted to run away quickly from here and to return when the sun is in a zenith when there are people. Well people, though somebody.

– Yes that hour! – she told it is not well-cared with obvious a smile. She wanted to overcome the fear and to send it where far away. Having told at the same time itself: "here I what, am afraid of nothing. Fear? Yes it to me is not terrible. I wanted to sneeze on this fear. Fear it only auto-suggestion, and anything else. Just at first somehow it feel ill at ease. It feel ill at ease that you one, and around you just emptiness. This emptiness rushes into you, and sitting down on heart, and getting into a brain, gives the command to our consciousness which gives the command to subconsciousness that there in the dark someone or something is. We begin to depart back, inspiring in ourselves that it so it also is. There in the dark someone hid. Someone bears us the malice. And this evil approaches us closer and closer, trying to hook us. But, once itself tells that there is nothing, and having inhaled a full breast, to breathe a sigh of relief, everything disappears. To evaporate – as does not happen in anything. And we then laugh over by itself, and we speak to ourselves: – What we are fools. – here and the fear leaves. And on heart it is easy. So fear, it no other than auto-suggestion of the person to hopelessness of his situation, suppression of feelings and emotions happiness, and admission in heart a certain defect of hopelessness. At the same time fearing that it will become more than now. As occurs further. The fear captures us, and does not release already anywhere. And only the person is capable to overcome the fear, those demons that it inspires in us. And only then the person will find peace of mind. Only when he will meet the demons face to face, and will tell them: – Away. – Only then it will find peace of mind and harmony with with itself(himself)". – Luda knew all this. Knew more than ever. And it as many inhabitants on the planet – the earth, was subject to simple human fear. To fear which is inherent in all the inhabitant of the planet – the earth. – In any case hour! – she told with obvious hysterical laughter. – I can stay here till the morning. – having fallen into a hysterics, she hysterical burst out laughing. She did not want that somebody saw it in such state, but in this situation it could not restrain. – Here you see, – she hysterical laughed at to a hand and by that a forefinger afar, somewhere in a darkness. – it, you see there. – she spoke as if believing that there on the road about Patriarchal there is someone whom she saw clearly.

Zhora and Emmanuel looked at each other. They could not understand why Luda went crazy? She saw something or someone? What is it? Impact of the novel of Bulgakov on its mentality? It is for certain known; the novel Master and Margarita is shrouded in essence in mysticism. Many directors put on the stages of theater and shot films on this novel. But how fate of the actors who played in this movie was? At many problems on the shooting stage began. Someone after played a certain role in it works – died. At someone family life went wrong. What to say yes, Master and Margarita are the most famous work in the world, and most mystically – mysterious. Zhora and Emmanuel looked around, nothing. They did not see anything and anybody, only gloomy darkness, dimly burning lamps along a pond, and the small comer obviously from ponds – fog. Fog. From

where did it undertake – fog? On the street there was a clear sunny weather. Foretold nothing – a rain. But here, on Patriarchal ponds, obviously, time went differently. Sometimes going lengthways along the street and having come on Clean ponds "Patriarchal ponds" willy-nilly, you look at water of ponds. It is silent and quiet as if sleeps. Covered in the fall with a leaf fall of yellow leaves, it something bewitches. Something in it is it that everyone will understand. And having only seen beauty a fascinating look – you understand that in these ponds among serene rest and sincere balance, is still something? Something mysterious and mystical. Philosophers and romantics, people with a certain imagination and also people of art "Artists and Musicians" will understand me. But we will return to heroes of this history. So, unclear from where the undertaken fog, quickly vanished on all road. Something became so. Something changed, something occurred. All three attendees at Patriarchal ponds felt that everything changes. Patriarchal ponds changed. Something occurred around them. Or someone watched something at them the hidden eyes. On their bodies ran cold. Soul went to heels, and on a face sweat acted. It was fear sweat. Horror inherent here and broken loose. None of three knew that it was? It seemed to them that they are now here – on Patriarchal, and somewhere in other place. Somewhere not in that world where they got used to be and where they were only guests. It seemed to them that someone or something took away them. A visor somewhere there where there is no road the mere mortal. And it meant ... really they were dead? Their souls crossed borders of time and space, as well as Master and Margarita, and appeared on that side. On that side of reality. In other world. The world – where Bulgakov wrote the novel "Master and Margarita". In the world where time passes absolutely differently. In the world where there live past ghosts. In the world of old Moscow – her intelligence. Yes, exactly here, and in other place there were all three anywhere. Emmanuel, Luda and Zhora. Having come here at night, they obviously intruded in the world not subject to understanding of the person. And can them the destiny brought here? Who knows that? We always want to learn unknown. We interfere for sides of possible. In a world behind the looking-glass of the destiny, the world. There, where we cannot come. not that to come, and to open this door and that is impossible. We break the law. Law of space. The law – on that side. To speak in any case, sometimes we break the law too. But we will continue. So, fog dissipated. What was seen by heroes of this history? Empty will give all the best stone blocks a path. The benches standing along ponds. Old lamps hung on columns. They reminded grandfather's times about revolutionary years. They burned dimly. From outside it seemed that they as if wait for someone or something. Without understanding what occurs and how they appeared here? All three decided to sit down on one of benches under a lamp. They did not know what occurs? Where they now? To what time did transfer them? They knew only one. They somehow appeared here, on Patriarchal ponds. Perhaps someone wanted to show them something? But what? They did not know it. But here, from where do not undertake, the stall nearby appeared. Then on stone blocks the person appeared. This was the corpulent woman of years of thirty. On it there was a white apron, on the head there was a white cap. She looked back, and cried out to more rough smoked from tobacco smoke of cigarettes by voice:

– Hey! Vaska. Soon there the rascal you will be. – she grumbled. – And that products so were not and is not present, and I have to open through a quarter of hour. That me without products you wish to leave Vaska-podlets, all with this girlfriend you will desire to walk, and all of you could not care less of me.

Chapter-7

Night of the full moon

So, this chapter we will begin with the end previous chapters.

... she looked back, and cried out to more rough smoked from tobacco smoke of cigarettes by voice:

– Hey! Vaska. Soon there the rascal you will be. – she grumbled. – And that products so were not and is not present, and I have to open through a quarter of hour. That Vaska – the rascal without products you wish to leave me, all with this girlfriend you will desire to walk, and all of you could not care less of me.

There is Vaska.

– Yes what is it really, do not allow to gather quietly. And I on base flew, got fresh beer and Eskimo ice cream. And you Claudia Ivanovna are eternally dissatisfied will desire to be.

– Well-well, rascal. The language around should be kept. You never know where you will desire to go there, and desire not to be late for work, or I will quickly replace – the rascal.

– In vain you so Claudia Ivanovna, I all for the sake of you try. What bad is that in a tent there will be a lot of food and binges. All will be happy. You know what contingent happens, will not guess sometimes that to whom it is necessary.

– And that is right. The contingent went now. That in days of old.

– Precisely.

– Well, Vas! Bring products, and that we became loose, and midnight is close. Look – showing on Patriarchal ponds – on their reflection in water, the well-fed a hand was told by Claudia Ivanovna. – the moon already rose, looked out the bright yellow in color because of clouds. – she raised the head to the sky, and told. – Moon! As she is beautiful – the moon. The moon in night. It always consoles the travelers who got into difficulties. It lights with it a way, gives hope.

Vasya specified:

– Moon, and sun? It grants light and heat too.

– It so. – Claudia Ivanovna agreed. – It grants us light. Light and life. – it having made a pause, loving a look looked at the moon, and told the following. – The sun is a sun. It would always spare people life what they were, angry or kind. People on the nature are that, and nobody will change them. If the sun is gone – it will go out, then people will just go crazy. There will be nobody them to protect, to give them life.

– It so. – Vasily agreed. – But and here moon?

– Moon? – for a second Claudia Ivanovna thought. She could answer this question, but her answer could contradict all the law the universe. The sun – the only thing shone in this galaxy, its light falls to the moon, and stars – flickering somewhere is very far, in depths to the galaxy. To them hundreds of billions light years and as one sun can light all this galaxy – a secret. However, if to assume that the galaxy is one big mirror, and beams from the sun being reflected in certain objects simply reflects the light on other space objects, and those in turn reflect sunlight beams on other objects – with the amendment that the reflected beam from other object is reflected with much smaller light energy than originally from the sun, then it is absolutely clear to become how light beams of sunlight are capable to give light all object in space – in this galaxy in which in the house we live. Knowing all this, Claudia Ivanovna told. – It will never go out. – having told these words, Claudia Ivanovna cast Vasya into confusion, but immediately explained the words. – The sun can go out for the earth. On that is there are a lot of reasons. One of them is banal to impossibility. – it having made a long pause, having heaved a deep sigh, added, kind of claiming for certain. – Clouds – here the only thing one of real explanations which can really happen to the sun. Dark clouds – outer darkness, and only one night shone – the moon. It will give hope to people on the fact that it is still lost.

Listening to Claudia Ivanovna, Vasily looked at the sky, and represented that the moon – one of heavenly bodies of the universe which gives to the person hope for the future. But, suddenly, it suddenly presented that the moon is shrouded in dark clouds. Around dark haze. Having thought of it to it became terribly. On his body ran an easy chill, and horror which already gushed over it, and he felt it from head to foot, became more terrible and dreadfully cold. Vasya with horror exclaimed:

– And if the Moon is shrouded too by dark clouds what then?

– Then? – for a second Claudia Ivanovna thought. – Then everything, end. End to all mankind. The end to the planet – the earth. – having told these words she having terrified from the thoughts aloud, threw. – To all end. To all this universe. – then she claimed. – Because without light there cannot be also darkness. Only infinite emptiness, and fear of inevitability of the helplessness. Helplessness before emptiness. – here Claudia Ivanovna looked at the watch weighing on one of lampposts on Patriarchal ponds. Without ten twelve. – Well we became engrossed in talking here, and guests will not wait. – then she hasty threw. – What do we cost? Let's desire to philosophize another time, and now it is necessary to work, and that guests will be dissatisfied.

Sitting on a bench at a lamppost, Zhora with companions, looked at the events kind from the outside. All that occurred this night – on Patriarchal ponds all seemed to them something mystical. Something unclear. They could not understand, all that happens to them – really or it is only a fruit of their imagination. Having plunged into a reasoning on the work by Mikhail Afanasyevich Bulgakov "Master and Margarita", they obviously without understanding that got to his world. The world where the reality is crossed with reality. Voland's world, the Bassoon, it is checkered. His friend – the Hippopotamus cat. Beauty Gella. Azazello. Heart-broken women – Margarita. Her Master, and many other heroes of this remarkable novel. The novel – who cannot still answer the main issue of this novel – we are worthy that rest which Voland with the suite presented at the end of the travel across Moscow. Whether we are worthy that rest which granted them Yahshuah Ganotsri asking about it Voland – the force of evil. Voland – the evil. And as is well-known the good and evil are incompatible. Though according to Voland who said Levi Matvei that the shadow is an integral part of light, and the fact that the world will die in a bright ray of sunlight if without awaking a shadow. Perhaps he is right. The person and each animal hides from scorching the sun in a shadow. That if this shadow is not, and the sun would stand on the sky is immovable, burning everyone and everything on the way. Everything would die. Even the dead desert and that would burn down from scorching on it the sun what to tell about its inhabitants? They would burn down alive. What awful death. So angrily – the integral part is kind, and kindly the integral part is evil. It was, is and will be always. Let's remember at least Judas from Kariaf. Tell – he is an angry person or not? He betrayed Jesus, sold it for thirty silversmiths. But without having betrayed it Jesus, there would be no Golgotha, and there would be no death and revival. And the most important in this history, would not be what priests call: "Acceptance of sins of all mankind". Jesus went down to Hell, and saved all guilty souls, having assumed their sins. What is it? no other than self-sacrifice. Here main sense of this novel. Margarita offered herself for the sake of the Master, and Yahshuah Ganotsri offered himself for the sake of all of us – inhabitants of the earth. But we will return to ours, and Emmanuel sat on a bench. Looking at the events, they could not believe the eyes. They as if were in other world, the world – where there is no pain and violence where calm and a smooth surface. The world – full of rest and a pacification. It was pokoyno at heart. All fussiness and disorders disappeared without trace. They felt absolute rest and composure in the hearts. As for Emmanuel, she despite all silence and a smooth surface inherent here, she nevertheless did not believe that all this really happens. "It is only possible to dream about all this only, and that junked". So she considered. She considered that all this cannot be actually. It everything deprive someone's suggestion. Suggestion of that it in other world. The world – not subject to neither her understanding, nor understanding somebody. Possibly it to be absolutely in other place now, and all that it conducts this consequence of the drug injected by it at present. Medicine which suppresses mental consciousness of an individual of the person, and replaces it with another. Even if for insignificant time. Everything can be. One – an integral part of the second as the second – an integral part of the first or third, how it is deeply possible to suppress consciousness of the person and to make of it that the object a research which is necessary for the experimenter. These and similar experiments were made by Nazis, they left behind cruel heritage, nobody will begin to contradict it. But after all, if to see their medical records concerning human consciousness, then perhaps the science would move ahead much more. Here so again same statement: "Without the evil there is

no good, and without good of the evil". This truth of centuries, and nobody will disprove it – ever. Emmanuel quietly asked Luda:

– Tell, really we see same? – it having made a pause, took an interest. – In general, where we? What occurs?

– I do not know. – the understanding Luda answered little. She did not know that to answer this question. At first it seemed to it that they simply see what said about that the story by Zhora found reality, and just about now everything will disappear. But she was mistaken. Disappeared nothing, only got the form. A form in the form of Claudia Ivanovna and her assistant – Vasily. – Obviously, – Luda assumed. – now we are somewhere between the worlds. Real or otherworldly. – it having made a pause, added. – Moscow, city of mysticism and secrets. – then she claimed. – In it everything is possible. – it having made a pause, added. – Even to visit the past and to return to the present. – it having made a pause, cautiously added. – Though there were cases when crossing this line – ultraboundary, from there did not come back any more.

Having outright frightened Emmanuel, that with an ostrastka looked round. This minute it seemed to it that it to be somewhere in space. Space between the real world and the other world. The world where there live heroes of novels. The mystical novels written about Moscow. She felt that it one of heroines of these stories. Stories – old Moscow. How many does it store secrets? It can with time and will open to us – mortal the secrets, but not now.

Emmanuel admitted:

– You know, I feel like one of heroes of the novel though I also sit on a bench now as the invited viewer, I all the same feel an integral part of some history. – it having made a pause, added. – I cannot tell what history yet, but I know, that is I feel that I we am not casual here, and still I should play a role in this play of life. I do not know what yet? But I precisely know that I, as well as you it is not casual here.

Zhora took an interest:

– Do you want to tell?.

– Yes. – did not allow to finish speaking to it Emmanuel. – We here that to understand something, to experience something. – it having made a pause, added. – We here that showed something to us. I do not know yet that I, but am fast we we learn about it. – finished Emmanuel the speech.

Luda took an interest:

– You are confident in it?

Emmanuel claimed:

– Absolutely.

But we will return to Claudia Ivanovna and to Vasily. What do they do? Yes perhaps anything. Having brought all goods in a tent, Vasya and Claudia Ivanovna opened a stall tent window, and having looked at the watch on which was already one minute to twelve, having looked at the sky, at a yellow siyayushcheyu with joyful light – the moon, Claudia Ivanovna told Vasily:

– Now on a path at Patriarchal ponds guests will appear.

And here, from far away, as if, the person appeared from nowhere. It was high growth, in a dress coat. On the head of it there was a cylinder, and he held a klyukha in the right hand, and in the right eye at it the monocle was visible. About such speak; "kalancha". However, many people used this term. Both in the ancient time, and now. We about the tall person say: "It! The Kalangcha went". About the little person we say: "Dwarf". Each of us is forced to suffer offensive nicknames. But unless the person is guilty only that he grew up in the Uncles Stepa size or its genes did not give it growth, and he became "Dwarf" or as we sometimes say: "It the Liliputian went". Offensively. It is a pity that we attribute to people those titles which they do not deserve. Well and that such is – they are great growth or not? Maybe they in something surpass us – normal by growth of people. But they will never tell it to us. Will not tell because we are not able to communicate with such as they.

They are forced to live in the world, and only books their constants and loyal friends. Especially it is not sad to concern people of small growth. Those which it is more than meter and it is less of that. I know such people. They live one. They have nobody, except same as they. Sometimes looking at them, I feel ill at ease to become. They are one. One, in this mad very madly huge world. The world where everything submits to the rules. In the world where tall persons – masters of this world govern. It is a pity that they do not notice little people. People who were dissolved as superfluous in this big and mad world of future technologies and progress. They disappeared – as superfluous. With such as they it is so difficult. Better to forget about them. To forget and to remember never. But they are, and from them not to get to anywhere. Little people – they it is never blown from a shadow. They it is not blown because others will not even notice them. Will pass by, and ... as? They are absent. They are not in madness of life. It is a pity that all quite so, so, and differently. Can having seen at itself a log in an eye, we will cease to see sticks at others. It is a pity, can among little people, perhaps there are living in poverty professors and academicians. It is a pity, we never learn it. But we will return on Patriarchal ponds. What occurs there?

The tall person went on the laid-out stone blocks to a path. It went easy looking around. It was cheerful more than ever. About such say that these people were born with obvious desire "to live". Yes how not to want – to live? Whatever you may say, life this the most expensive, of course after family that is given us by nature. Agree, a miracle the birth the child's woman. Of course from a medical point the sight is clear how all this occurs. But from the philosophical point of view – the life given by the woman nothing else as a miracle. There is even such expression: "wonderful birth of new life". As we appreciate this life. Ourselves kill ourselves. Terribly. And that it is even more terrible, we do not understand that ourselves destroy ourselves.

But we departed from history. Having described in detail who such – the person in the cylinder, I will leave philosophical reflection, and I will pass to further history. The person in the cylinder went looking around. Who could tell about it something? Perhaps anybody. Let he will tell about himself: – I am a doctor. Practiced in the eighteenth eyelids in France. Moved to Russia by the invitation of His Most Reverend Eminence Knyazya of Razbulytkov. Great there was a prince. So flogged the lackeys when drinks too, and God forbid in cards to be lost, do not wait for mercy. To speak in any case, here, for example Troyekurov of "Pushkin". Yes that was much more indulgent than this. Then I fell in love with its daughter, and that learned. The wedding with a certain Bogachyov was prepared for it. At that money was – it is unknown how many. And Razbulytkov was a bankrupt. Here also the party turned up. Rather he the daughter sold – that for the rascal. Well I also suggested it to run. And he is a devil, her daddy found out it. The daughter under the lock, and me to a column and to flog. And all interiors to me also beat off. I had an internal bleeding, and I died. His daughter, having found out my death, committed suicide. It was drowned. – it finished the story.

Here second guest, that is guest. Young slender dark-haired woman. The woman appeared from nowhere. As if from air. From gone down on the earth down a cloud. From a fuzz of a heavenly smooth surface. Easy feather of purity of her soul. However, this purity was saddened hanging on her neck to a rope. To a rope which attached a stone. Stone of her sin. But it was not heavy it. It though hung on her neck, it was a burden on it not, and in joy. Here decreased it is told about that; that there is a life miracle. However, it is it is unlikely possible to judge this woman for what she made. What sined. As they say – a deadly sin. Who this woman? Her name is Katerina Razbulytkova. That woman who was wanted to be married not at her will wanted to marry, and that wanted in marriage for another: for the tall person in the cylinder. Yes probably was not on the cards. Katerina most likely could not live with such father and after her darling, by order of her father hammered and, she did not sustain it. The cruel father it left one. One with his demons, with its nightmares. Knowing that even if she will run away from it, that having found her will make with her everything that will wish, that it easily could give it on an entertainment to men, and then expel her from the estate, and in this case its destiny would be predetermined, she decided to commit such suicide. Last time

сходив in church, and исповедовавшись, it went to the small river, threw with a stone a neck, and was drowned. Having learned about her death, her father simply threw: – There to it and the road – the whore. – Here such history of Katerina. Who is guilty of the incident? It is possible to reflect on it infinitely. Who will tell that it was made by the tall person in the cylinder. If he does not try to run away with Katerina, then there can be she survived it there was a cruel father? All life after he became a widow/widower – he drank. Saws blackly. Then still badly knew a disease – delirium tremens. Aberration. Accompanied with full madness. To speak in any case. Madness is a way of self-expression of the person capable of inadequate acts, sometimes passing into schizophrenia. And schizophrenia is a splitting of brain cages, and issuing information of what actually does not exist. There can be all what we were told by the person in the cylinder about was actually, and only the consequence made infuriated Razbulytkova. It neistovat in the indignation, and having killed very much flogged the doctor so that that died. Then it transferred the anger to Katerina – the daughter. And that made that she made. In any case nobody can tell for certain: who is guilty of the incident? In my opinion only she is guilty one – a bottle, and more nobody.

But we will leave the past, and we will pass to the present. The woman went on a path at Patriarchal ponds. It went slowly as if floated over a path. Here she saw the tall person in the cylinder. He went on a path and looking at the sky of the full moon and flickering stars waved a club and cheerfully whistled something. It is obvious how it was already written to a wound it had excellent high spirits. But here he stopped, and began to peer in dark light, quiet and so pacifying a human look – the sky. It reminded it rest and silence. Silence and sweet love which he felt once on service of His Most Reverend Eminence Knyazya Razbulytkova to his daughter Katerina Razbulytkova. What those were fine times! They were together. Together in night. Whereas and now the full moon shone. Brightly got dark stars. Then, their last night it seemed to them that the whole world before them clearly. Here it is the world of serene beauty love. World of rest and sincere balance. Here it is the world. World of full beauty and temptations. He looked at the sky and to it it became for some reason sad. Sadly because he sees this beauty so seldom now. Only two times a year or four. Who knows how often we see this beauty of the real nature. The nature – life. One moment released to us on it. Agree, every second looking at something, we see it differently. Nothing happens identical. Even simple second. Not to catch it. The moment, is also not present it. And all over again. We look for this lost second, and it further and further from us. Minutes, hours, centuries, centuries. There somewhere it. Got lost among a scope space open spaces. Look for, you will not find. The missed second will never come back, only with time to turn into a moment of life. Already it is time for life which flew by as a moment and to think of death. And looking back you understand that so we in this life achieved nothing. We made nothing in life, and to make – any more there is no time. Here so. Second – life a moment. Will depart you will not catch. This is the person in the cylinder, and with a monocle knew. Now remembering the past he understood that everything is lost. You will not return the past. He heaved a deep sigh, and unexpected for himself heard behind himself to Bol a voice familiar to it. This there was a female gentle voice. That voice that he did not hear already much any more – many years. Centuries of centuries. Passed before his eyes as one moment. The female voice told:

– Hello Mikhail Petrovich. – then she added. – How are you?

The person in the cylinder froze. For a long time nobody called it by name: "Mikhail Petrovich" quite so he was called during lifetime. Mikhail Petrovich Katts. Mikhail Petrovich turned back. He could not believe that he will see Katerina Razbulytkova now. That Katerina whom he so strongly once loved, and with whom could not be together. As her father Razbulytkov killed him, and brought the daughter to suicide. It is unlikely it is possible to compare on cruelty and cruelty of whom that or from parents. And it is impossible to compare. It is simply impossible. For the life I saw cruelty, but the cruelty of parents to the offsprings is just some madness from their party. Katts trembling because that just about he will see that woman whom did not see already much – many years. On his body ran a chill of small fear. He was afraid to see now that beauty Katerina – his love, and already

пострапевшею from a grief the woman. He was afraid not to recognize her. He was afraid to see in it something that will frighten him. He did not know that he was afraid? But having looked at the woman who called to him, and having seen that he is faced not by who other as that Katerina, he sighed a full breast. From his heart went away. As if pood of very heavy freight slept from his heart. He saw before himself that Katerina whom he knew many years. Which he lost many years ago. Which he did not hope to meet sometime again. In his eyes it did not change at all. Did not grow old. On the contrary, she became even more beautiful and more beautiful. It is unlikely somebody could tell that to it it is a lot of years. So many years old as far as it looked were it. And she looked it is young. I will not speak, how young, let it will remain a riddle. Nobody wants to disclose true age. Even in an extreme old age we always or almost always remain are young. Are young at heart. We flit on life wings, and we laugh at those who want to make old us before our time. "The person – he over anybody is not imperious, only over by itself". Also the one who thinks differently is silly. Only death is inevitable. It creeps imperceptibly, and takes away us to other world. World of rest and silence. World of love and pacification. The world – where wait for us. Our far and close relatives wait. The world – the happy world of my and your childhood. But we will return to Mikhail Petrovich Katts and Katerina. Katts looked at Katerina and could not believe the eyes. He thought that he lost it forever, and she here, faces him, on Patriarchal ponds, looks at him a tender look of the woman in love. Good-natured smiling. It seeing Mikhail Petrovich's indecision and his full confusion, a tender gentle voice said:

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