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*Tatiana*

*Zubkova*

# *The City with the Name of Wind*

International Union of writers



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Татьяна Зубкова

# **The City with the Name of Wind**

«Региональное отделение продюсерского центра  
при Интернациональном Союзе писателей»

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The book describes the events that took place in Thailand and affected not only the present but also the period of Siam 300 years ago, as well as tsunami. The heroine goes through the drama of her husband's death. Suddenly, she meets a long-time friend, who was believed dead. Now he is engaged in the military service in the United States. The modern story is spiced with fantastic description of Thailand and its population, as well as Siamese cats, which are one of the symbols of this country.

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# **Tatiana Zubkova**

## **The City with the Name of Wind**

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***Tatiana Zubkova***

Professor, Doctor of Medicine Zubkova Tatiana was born in Donetsk in 1957, lived with her parents in India for several years. Tatiana graduated the Donetsk Medical Institute with a diploma of a general practitioner.

In 1981, she entered the postgraduate course at the Department of Pathological Anatomy.

The academic degree Candidate of Medical Science was awarded for her dissertation by the council of the Russian National Research Medical University and approved in 1987. Thesis topic: «Ultrastructural, Ultracytochemical and morphometrical features of placenta during gestosis». The doctoral thesis was defended in 1995 at the specialized board of the Research Institute of Human Morphology of RAMS (Moscow). Thesis topic: «Morphogenesis of heat trauma».

In 1997, Tatiana became assistant dean of the Faculty of Medicine and worked at the Belgorod State University.

In 1998, she established the Department of Pathology.

Now, it has the status of «Golden department of Russia». In addition, she was the author of the series «Medicine» in the journal «Scientific Records of the Belgorod State University».

The academic degree of Professor of Pathology (pathological anatomy and pathological physiology) of the Faculty of Medicine at the Belgorod State University was awarded on April 16, 2001. Under her leadership, 20 Candidates and one Doctor of Science defended their degrees. The scope of her work contains 400 pieces, including 150

on the list of the State Commission for Academic Degrees and Titles, Web of Science, Scopus. Tatiana is the author of 5 monographs. She was a member of the organizing committee for the 4th Congress of Pathologists on the basis of the Department. She is a member of several dissertation defence committees in Moscow and Belgorod, a member of the European Society of Pathologists. She presented papers at congresses and conferences in London, Paris, Prague, Lisbon, Rome and other European cities, had several internships in England. Tatiana has been repeatedly a speaker at international congresses. She is a well-deserved inventor of the USSR, a member of presidium of the Russian Society of Pathologists, and a teacher of the English language. There is an established laboratory at the Department: «Nanostructural Research in Medicine».

Zubkova Tatiana is the author of abstract paintings and portraits. She has already had more than ten exhibitions in Belgorod and Moscow, including «Nanoworld», «Mantras of India», «The Fifth Element» and others.

She has been engaged in literary work for more than twenty years. This year, Zvonitsa Publishing House published her novel «Adam and Eve after Hell» under the pseudonym T. Zubkova.

\* \* \*

*He has not called me and has not come yet. Maybe, he forgot about me or did not want to talk to me. Maybe, this communication is dangerous for me. But life goes on! Cats are aliens and telepaths, travelling the world, and I am the same!*

*I understand that there is a long, long life ahead, filled with Thailand, work, cats, dogs, and love. And we will meet again.*

*More than once, I travel the world like cats!*

*I watch TV and search for his silhouette in the Middle East. Sometimes, I think I see him.*

## Chapter 1

We were falling from a height of several thousand meters. Not a sound was heard in the cabin. And only one voice did not sound but squeaked. I did not even realise that it was a woman's or a man's voice:

– We are falling! – the voice was heard with almost no emotion and no colour! And then there was heard a professional, clear, although also without colour, response of the stewardess:

– No! We are slowly drifting down!

I shuddered and got out of half-conscious state. Forgotten emotions surfaced in the dream. At that time, I was going to defend my thesis. Finally: work was done, articles were published, papers were collected, abstract and thesis were printed, reports and gifts were delivered to opponents, clothes, documents and money were packed. Only one thing remained: defense! I was sitting on the plane that rose to the height of three or four kilometres. Twenty or twenty-five minutes later, the plane began to fall, and it was not gradually at all. There was complete silence. The stewardess, pale as a ghost, was running around and checking: whether the belts were fastened or not. I had three thoughts. First: «Was it worth to spend a lot of time preparing for defence and end up in a plane crash?» – and it seemed that it took me five years to get ready. Second: «I am too young to die!» – I was twenty-eight years old! And the third but the right one: «Who will take care of my little children?!» Probably, everyone had such thoughts! The plane stopped falling, turned around hardly, gliding quietly at such a height that even cars and people could be seen on the ground, and crawled to the airport. There was no panic. Everyone came out without crowding or pushing. When we were picking up our baggage at the airport, I heard one stewardess asking another one from our plane:

– What happened on your plane? – And she replied:

– Engine fire!

The next morning, I flew off on another plane. Everything that I had aspired to just happened: I defended my candidate's thesis, and after eight years – my doctor's thesis. A few years ago, we celebrated my fortieth birthday. I raised my children, organised the Department of Pharmacology and launched a similar business. I travel: now, I am going to my favourite Thailand once again.

It is known that only one animal is capable of falling from a great height and landing on all four paws. Although, this is not some sort of mark – not seven-and-something metres above the sea level! This animal is a cat! Its nature lives and waits for the right moment in every woman. No wonder that women are more likely to survive in disasters! Every woman has a genotype of the ancient Bastet – a goddess with the head of a cat. There is a dark side inherited from Sekhmet: a goddess with the head of a lioness. On Earth, the spirit of Bastet – Sekhmet protects every cat and every woman. As a nocturnal animal, the cat was dedicated to the goddess of the Moon, fertility and childbirth. But in Thailand, I realised: we are dependent on the Moon, which, based on its phases, carries the oceans with their tides. And only there, I came to understanding that the ocean was a terrible power.

In flight, I tried to read the guide:

– Animals were bored during the long voyage of Noah's Ark. And they began to look at each other. The monkey's male was fascinated by the lioness, and she, instead of eating him, reciprocated.

– It often happened at all times: sex out of boredom! – I thought and continued reading:

– And after a certain period of time, she gave birth to Siamese kitten. It was a wonderful animal with the habits of a monkey and courage of a lion. Indeed, of all existing cat breeds, the Siamese are the most unusual, combining grace of a panther, swiftness of a deer, strength of a lion, cunning of a monkey, and loyalty of a dog – this is a legend about the origin of cats from Siam! It is interesting to find out the duration of the lioness's pregnancy from the orangutan, – I continued reading:

– Moreover, the superstition about cats originated in Thailand. It says that in order for a marriage to be happy and prolific, the newlyweds should bring a cat into the bedroom on their first wedding night: preferably large, hardened, and with a long moustache!

I closed the guidebook to Thailand. The Russian «charter» flew to Pattaya: the city with the name of the wind. The flight took me about ten hours like and was quite tedious. I wanted to have a drink and sleep until the end of my flight. But alcoholic drinks were banned, ostensibly because the Russians (what a blatant lie!) were the biggest drunks and brawlers in the world!

We are like everyone else! I spent time in pubs in London, and in beerhouses in Munich, so I know clearly that everybody drinks – schnapps with beer and beer with whisky. It is a well-known fact:

– Beer without vodka – money for the wind!

One needs to fly Thai airlines, as it is one of the best in the world: you will drink what you ask, you will get a glass of water, girls change national clothes several times, and there are orchids, my favourite flowers, in the toilet.



## Chapter 2

The plane began to shook more and more, up and down, up and down: up and down, up and down, up and down. Outside the window, the giant Moon floated, and if it was not seventy degrees below zero outside one could touch it. I managed to doze off. And I had this weird dream, in which I was the Egyptian goddess Bastet, but with the face and tail of the Siamese cat, naked, with an outrageous manicure on extended, up to ten centimetres, nails, with the images of Oriental women on the bright, shiny, dark purple background.

The plane began to shake somewhere over India, and I continued to indulge myself in the dream. That goddess-cat-lioness was very musical and sexy. At the celebration in her honour, women, wearing long white clothing over naked body, floated in the boat, turned their back to people standing on the shore, lifted up skirts, and showed their bottoms to the crowd under applause. At these celebrations, people drank more wine than in a year, and lust was a mandatory part – all this was considered a very positive aspect of the cat. When the sun's rays are no longer visible to the human eye, they are reflected in the phosphorescent eyes of the cat, like the Moon reflects the light of the Sun.

I dreamed of being Bastet in the Siamese version, naked, but with the animal grin, big eyes, in which elongated pupils in the form of grains of almond covered almost completely blue eyes, a fanged mouth, occupying most of the muzzle – face, and beside me, there is the sun god Ra, which is usually with the head of a falcon, but may be in the form of a great cat. In the dream, I, screaming, biting and moaning, dealt with Ra in the form of a large Siamese cat, with whom, according to the legends, I was in both sexual and kindred relationship – some sort of incest of father-daughter love type!

## Chapter 3

Six years prior to this flight, we lived together: Me, my friend and the Siamese cat. The cat's body was thin, very flexible, coloured like milk with coffee, upon which there was a triangular head with huge, slanting almond-shaped eyes that changed colour from greyish blue to almost transparent, bright blue. Big, locator-like triangular ears stuck out on the head. The fur was very short, tightly coated the body and was unrealistically warm and pleasant to touch. With a long tail in the form of a whip, she could even hurt while playing! She sat down opposite me at the table, at which I was working, looked me in the eye, and read my mind.

I used to go for a walk with my Siamese. During one of our promenades, the Persian cat of my neighbour warmed himself on the bench outside the house. My Siamese made a winning cry! Only the Siamese know how to use their vocal ligaments, changing the tone and the pitch of the sound to express their demands and feelings. Her not a little but a big muzzle turned into a solid mouth, and she, as I clearly felt the by the remnants of my animal instinct, was going to tear up the Persian cat! I became the third cat in this war and, mostly due to my weight, managed to resist the killing of the Persian! But my Siamese warrior was unhappy with this interference and skinned my hand badly in the heat of the moment. The owner of the cat ran up and began swearing that I had not brought up the cat well. Oh dear, what a mess: no child, no husband, no dog! And, frankly, I have no faith in education and re-education! But the lady, wailing and cursing, stuck to a completely different opinion and shouted:

– Like mommy, like the cat!

I cannot stand it at all! Women give birth to boys and girls! Bitches – to puppies! Cats – to kittens! And, having hissed, I said:

You are a bitch! – I confused a cat with a dog! My Siamese hissed too, and we proudly, with a triumphant expression on our faces-muzzles, marched back home! And the lady dragged her shivering, ragged and damaged pet, beloved by neighbours and the family. I did not hold my pretty cat in my hands. And she did not like it! And she, snorting and still being unable to calm down, as she had not been allowed to enjoy the victory, followed me to the elevator, and then to the apartment. I did not even wash her paws. I even wash her paws was gone. She rubbed against my legs, meowing gutturally but obviously not asking for forgiveness: I did not let her go hunting, you see! I was scared. My hand burned. I treated it with peroxide and bandaged. Then, I called the breeder who had sold me the cat. All over the world, the owners of the Siamese cats are servants of some cult, which has existed for many hundreds of years. I asked her at once:

– Listen! My cat scratched me! Maybe, she has rabies. Do I have to get a rabies vaccination?

The breeder, as always, sided with cats:

– And how did you interrupt her? What did you do wrong?

– I stopped her from tearing apart the Persian cat!

– Oh dear! You got off easy: what was the need to disturb cats? They are not fighting dogs, aren't they? They would sort everything out themselves! – She said with confidence.

I did everything right! You are cut from the same cloth! I see this now! – I commented her words tactlessly and hang up. I slammed the bedroom door in front of the pink little nose and went to bed.

I read a lot about the Siamese cats and I found out somewhere that, although the number of the Siamese cats was growing, they could not forget their ancestors. There were rumours that the owners of the Siamese cats knowingly created shortages of this breed. But I know: they do not do that. Cats themselves limit their number on the Earth in some mysterious way! From the very beginning, the Siamese cats are the masters of their owners. They have a unique character, and their appearance hypnotises their owners for more than several hundreds of years! Cats in Siam were always surrounded by legends. According to one of them, one day, when all the men of Siam went to defend their country,

the male cat Tien and the female cat Chuda remained to protect the Buddha's gold cup. And none of the enemies could touch it.

I also read that in 1926, when the young king of Siam was crowned, during his march to the Throne Hall, chamberlains of the court carried a white Siamese cat. The temple cats of the country, especially with golden eyes and black fur, played their part in religious ceremonies. They were often closed in gold cages, in front of which people lit frankincense and gave them edible offerings. Two hundred years ago, the Siamese cats could only be found in that part of the royal city of Bangkok, where the monarch and his court lived. At the end of the nineteenth century, the wife of the British Consul bought two cats and took them to Europe. In England, the demand for them immediately arose.

My cat, like a dog, stood close to the bed on the mat and waited: to jump on the bed when I wake up. Therefore, upon waking up, opening the eyes was a death like: either lie with your eyes closed or be free to comply with kitty's rituals. The Siamese cat was a descendant of cats of Eastern princesses and treated the rituals seriously. And they, these rituals, were given together and conquered both by the war and by negotiations, and even sealed with the blood of two equally temperament beings: women and cats.

One jump, and with a triumphant cry, she jumped on the bed, jumped several times on the blanket that covered me and climbed under my hand for affection. Then, she usually jumped down, and I had to follow her to the kitchen, take capelin out of the fridge and thaw it, since no Kitekat or some other newfangled thing did not help. The gentle kitty turned into some cougar. With a scary, even some vicious, intrauterine rumbling, my Siamese decapitated capelin, put heads in one pile and carcasses in another. I could not understand the secret of this culinary cutting for a long time because heads were eaten, like carcasses, sometimes alternately with them. Then, I guessed it: it was some ancient instinct of a fisherman, programmed into the gene. Having caught fish, it was necessary to immobilise it for not to sail back into the ice stream that might be still running over the stones of some foreign country, the home to the kitty's ancestors.

And I ground coffee that I often brought from overseas trips as coffee tasted differently in every country. I put cezve on the stove, then drank my favourite drink, and took a shower. The cat did not follow me. She knew that I would come home in the evening, tired and often almost sick, and she would comfort, lick and heal me long and carefully. In the end, she would lie on my heart. I would fall asleep, anxiously turning over in my sleep... Then, it would be very hard for the cat. But these were the rules of living together: one had to be useful to another.

My Siamese was completely extraordinary. When I was writing something at the table (I did not type everything on the computer at that time) she usually sat right on the table and, without moving her head, moved her eyes quickly after the letters appearing on the paper. And the quicker I wrote, the faster her giant purple irises of her eyes moved, the wider yellowish pupils extended and, as if from nowhere, quite mysterious, yellowish light in the pupils began to flicker. Having stumbled upon some of my misunderstood thoughts, I looked at the cat, our pupils narrowed and we smiled at each other.

My cat also loved to sit at the antique mirror that was not typical of modern apartments. It was so big that I simply put it on the floor where it almost reached the ceiling. It almost did not fade over time, did not get covered in muddy spots, and had no spider webs. The frame was also good, made from some dark and dense wood, carved, and lacquered. However, I had already restored it myself several times, cautiously removing old lacquer and covering it with the new one. And it was just near this mirror where the cat liked to spin around. At first, she came up and distrustfully turned with one side, then the other side, glancing at the rival with irritation. Then, she began to curve her back in a threatening manner, and her fur gradually stood on end. Seeing that the rival did not react to it, my Siamese began to lift her paw but, for some reason, never stroke the mirror. And keeping this in mind, I was scared neither for the mirror nor for the cat, even though the mirror could still fall on the cat.

We both had a passion for a long walk. After them, the kitty fell down right beside the door, at the rack, and remained there for about five hours, drinking water and taking a nap. But as soon as someone came up to the door, even if one could not hear the doorbell, she turned suspicious and cringed. In this case, she could attack the stranger without any warning, releasing claws aggressively. So, sometimes it was better to remove her to another room. She loved when people were afraid of her. In short, it was not almost a cat but a very aggressive guard dog!

She sensed me already at the front door and, straining, tried to determine what emotions she should express this time: tenderness, affection, care or wild fun with jumping, rumbling, and running in circles and even on the ceiling. And if one would guess it right... I joined her and was capable of all the same, except climbing on the walls and the ceiling.

## Chapter 4

The plane was announced landing. Almost at the same time with us, the American fighters landed, as there were some regular joint training. And the transport with the American soldiers overtook our bus. The strange airport was created in the same strange for the Russians war when the American soldiers fought «in shifts». Two weeks in Vietnam. Flight. Two weeks of rest: shorts, beach, massage, beer, and a Thai woman for two dollars. This is how the rare two-dollar bill was introduced. There appeared the modern Pattaya at the place of a small village that existed for centuries, at the place where the Monkey Leader, together with his army, helped the Thai army to defeat the enemy.

Undefeated Thailand is the part of the Great Empire. Its people know how to bow but not to give up. This is the country, the territory of which only once, three hundred years ago, was attacked by its enemies, the Laotians. For this, the Vietnamese still hate them. Its people are capable of combining everything: the example of the Russian army of the beginning of the nineteenth century, as it was in Petersburg where younger representatives of the current monarchy had been taught, and modern paintings by Merlin Monroe sold in small shops in the heart of Pattaya. So, the Russians and the Americans. Only they can buy property with land. The land of Pattaya where the American soldiers rested in shifts during the war in Vietnam. At the checkpoint, or whatever they call it, near the new Ambassador City Hotel with a separate building for soldiers and officers, rated now, forty years later, as having three stars, one could hear:

– Hi, John! – The visitor told the man on duty.

– Hi, John! – The man on duty told the visitor!

– How is the weather? – Like they could not see what was going on outside!

– Okay! – This traditional, «Everything's fine,» was said no matter what was happening: either war or tsunami!

– Is it your girl? – A cute, smiling, looking like a flower, Thai woman dressed in jeans and a t-shirt was stroking the back of a huge black American with huge biceps.

– My! – He answered with the intonation of a master. Most men sound like masters!

– Happy entertainment! – The Thai woman smiled, and one could see only dollars in her eyes. Two dollars, I'll remind you. But it was a very long time ago. This strange and terrible war was strange to both the Russians and the Americans. This was a war when almost the entire country, the mountains and the jungles, was flooded with napalm, and the eastern part – with chemicals. Now, apples there are like in Chernobyl. The Americans do not spend their vacations there!



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