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The scent of bergamot

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The written story is acting in unison with the reality! Summer of 2009. Professor Mikhail Marmarov, magister in astrology, investigates a very complicated murder of a movie star. The murderer doesn't sharpening his knives and doesn't watch after his victims through an optical sight. His weapon is resonance flashes: he releases trigger, which is pressed on by us. By our own dimness or ignorance, but by us. Making sure that the virtual method works, the villain, making god of himself, tries to apply his methods to the members of 2009 G-8 summit. The story ends on that note. However, Mikhail Marmarov presents to the reader an antidote. It is curious, but in few following years the majority of participants of the 2009 G-8 had been involved into most outrageous scandals, grotesque accident, natural disasters or were kicked off their office chairs or... their own lives. Novella was written in 2009 – one month before prime minister of Japan Taro Aso's total defeat at the elections. Ten months prior to prime minister of the United Kingdom Gordon Brown's resignation. The story was in print four months prior to scandalous Berlusconi's resignation, three months prior to death of Qaddafi, ten months before Sarkozy's election campaign failure. Till now Angela Merkel is chased by ridiculous rumors and anecdotes doing injustice to her position. Even thou Obama had won elections with tiny margin in votes, yet didn't enjoy his victory with following natural disasters. This story is not another horror tale about Apocalypses. «Often the real power of villain is not in his personality, but in our unawareness» considers Mikhail Marmarov. He has given the «antidote» against invisible killer's hand not only to high-ranking individuals but to all of us.

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Rita Talverdieva

The scent of bergamot

And Then There Were None
Agatha Christie

Under disguise of the myth

...There were rumors in the circle of some very high and respectable class of people: some guy works in the network as a «flying killer». Nickname is Maestro. Term of order execution is six months.

The price issue?

Warning: mere mortals couldn't afford that.

Ilya Zvezditsky was mortal, but not a simple one, he was a movie star! By his talent he is married to his audience, by certificate – to Inessa.

«Married to the capitals», as paparazzi sting him.

Yes, he's on a short leash made of diamonds. It scratches his skin, controls insane impulses. So what is Inessa, his pretty wife? Mistake?! Not at all. Inessa is his only chance! Warranty from sudden defaults and problems, free pass to a ball of carefree life. Perhaps, he will take his guest mask off very soon? The status of the host looks better. Almost. Just the diamond collar gets on the way...

But he pecked on a super cool thing of Maestro : impunity was marketed as *guaranteed*. Myth? A publicity stunt? A trick?!

Suspicion calmed down by starting terms : Maestro works without deposit and even without any advance payment. Tempting...

But actually there was one little problem, just one little point in an escape clause : not *a single day for delay*, work is done – you pay! Instead of Black Mark he sends a death.

That's right, nodded Ilya, one good turn deserves another.

So there's hope. The dream was coming true, emerging through scabs of the time. He outlined the terms of these rumors and ... dare: whatever works! He will find Maestro.

...Well-known killer is really invisible : he got his order over the Internet and vanished. Now one must to wait for months. Or was it bluff? A sick joke of a network moran? We'll see...

Premonition whispered: under the disguise of the myth there was Maestro's playground.

Ilya

Moscow, two months later, January, 2009.

A sparkling bathroom in retro style : white, without frills, tile; stylish tub on bronze lion's paws. The scent of bergamot in water sets your mind to an easy dreaming.

Completely nude, with a fringe designed in a strange way, Ilya looked at myself in the mirror. Here he quickly held a hand on his heart and gazed into his reflection. Scarlet drops swelled under the left nipple and streamed down the body. Without changing his facial expressions, he gently slipped into the water.

«Done!» He shouted and dropped into a corner what was clutched in his hand. A tube of ketchup hits ceramic floor.

Now photographer can proceed.

On grimace of pain, immense surprise, and astonishment they worked half a of the day. It was an obligation of the «Corridors of Time» («CT») magazine's motto : *not a single tint of false*. Imagination awakened and theme of issue was «Under aim of Fate». He got the «role» of Marat, who was stabbed to death by insidious Charlotte in his own bath.

«Identical face!» tweeted producer enthusiastically. «On the left would be reproduction of the „Death of Marat“ picture. And next, to the right, you pretending to be Marat in the same posture. A little makeup, a wig ... Can't tell one from another, believe me» he sang the praises.

You bet! How not to sing to the favorite of Fortune? After the last TV series «A Blaze» Ilya woke up famous. All over the country.

One success leads to another: last year in Cannes, Inessa had dropped off on his tail, daughter of steel oligarch. She kept that habit of hers as of «dropping out of nowhere» even when been his wife. That's the other day: she had to get into a photo collage of the Joan of Arc. In the «CT» he got right into the same magazine issue about the fate. Rebellion of blaze will contrast with her skin color, forks of flame would highlight her green eyes ...

«I can clearly feel the plunge of her stylist,» he chuckled, relaxing in the hot tub (meanwhile photographer putting back his props). «In short. Inessa was approved. Reluctantly, thou. On a commercial basis. My paycheck depends on her ambition. And what money! Wow, scary even to think about. Even with a discount to print her photo on full page, which I had to tear out of magazine, it looks cool. But! To get the feel of the role you've got to without any discounts. And Inessa only sprang in the passion. Highly ranked journal attracts not only *nouveau riches'* children but politicians as well! One of them was quite arrogantly showing himself in robes of Alexander I or II, can't remember. Crown and Royal Scepter was instantly lent by Museum. ... that is how people are having fun!»

His palm strikes smooth surface of the water. Drops reached photographer.

«Yo, Sphinx ... Not even one flick of an eyelash, hah» noticed Ilya with some frustration. «However, the job is done, and all the feelings, emotions, courage, same way as props, are hidden away at the bottom of soul. This is worth to learn. Inessa's latest whim came back to bite her, even thou, her photo session ended a week earlier than my started. Can't get out of previous character or what? But that Joan turned out so well, a masterpiece. A genuine expression of pain gives me creeps: was she tortured for real?.. Well got to use Photoshop there. But! Most creepy was not that grimace of pain and fear but that frantic horror in her eyes. The eyes of Inessa, oh, Joan of Arc. Those guys are professionals, I say, they work for real. But my Marat should come out well. Who's else if not mine?! No wonder why that author of the most popular project had invited me.»

...Meanwhile, he froze again in front of the mirror. Without a wig he looks younger. Typical southern macho, the sweet dream of Juliets and mature business Ladies. Out of habit, he touched his temple's with a drop of bergamot – his favorite perfume. Oh! The bottle is almost empty? No worries. In France he bought a dozen of them.

Like his character from the movie «A Blaze» he had a bottle of sweet aroma in the pocket. *One can't be esthete only halfway* – that rule of *beau monde* he learned instantly. Thanks to Inessa. Trace of bergamot accompanied him everywhere. What is it, if not his trade card? Hah?! Sometimes one graceful touch builds an image much distinctive than published photo in top rated magazine.

With gloomy wink to photographer, Ilya left the scene dropping empty bottle on his way to the wastebasket.

Photographer, a slipper sleeper man with brushed beard, leaned forward grunting; the bottle made its way into his pocket. And as he didn't straighten himself up yet, he suddenly noticed a trace of actor's boot and, on the side, a tube of ketchup. «Bloody» mark on a white tile was immediately caught by camera's lens flare.

«And it will come in hand» finally stood straight photographer. His eyes flashed with a grim light.

Shadow Of Sherlock Holmes

Semigorsk, June 26, 2009

A briefing has come to an end. Everyone went down today but most of all Boris Batkin, correspondent of the local news. Arseny Danilov, Chief of Division, wasn't able to say anything in his defense. Awry.

«Don't leave yet» he nodded to Boris and Natalya. «In my office in five minutes».

Peter-newbie met them by the door.

«There is a guest» he nodded toward the office.

«Friend. A good old friend» Arseny caught curiosity of his colleagues and waved his hand.

An elegant elderly gentleman was sitting by the coffee table flipping through a binder of local press. A couple of phrases exchanged with Arseny had gave out his Moscow accent.

«Well,» Boris set himself at ease. «Looks like *brain washing* will not last long».

And he was wrong. They left the office by the dusk. But in a completely different mood. The tonus of Arseny was boosted up by their guest – master of astrology Mikhail Danilovich Marmarov. And not just toning up. The guest breathed a thrill, an enthusiasm and a courage into him! Without all of it any reporter sometimes degenerates into a servant.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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